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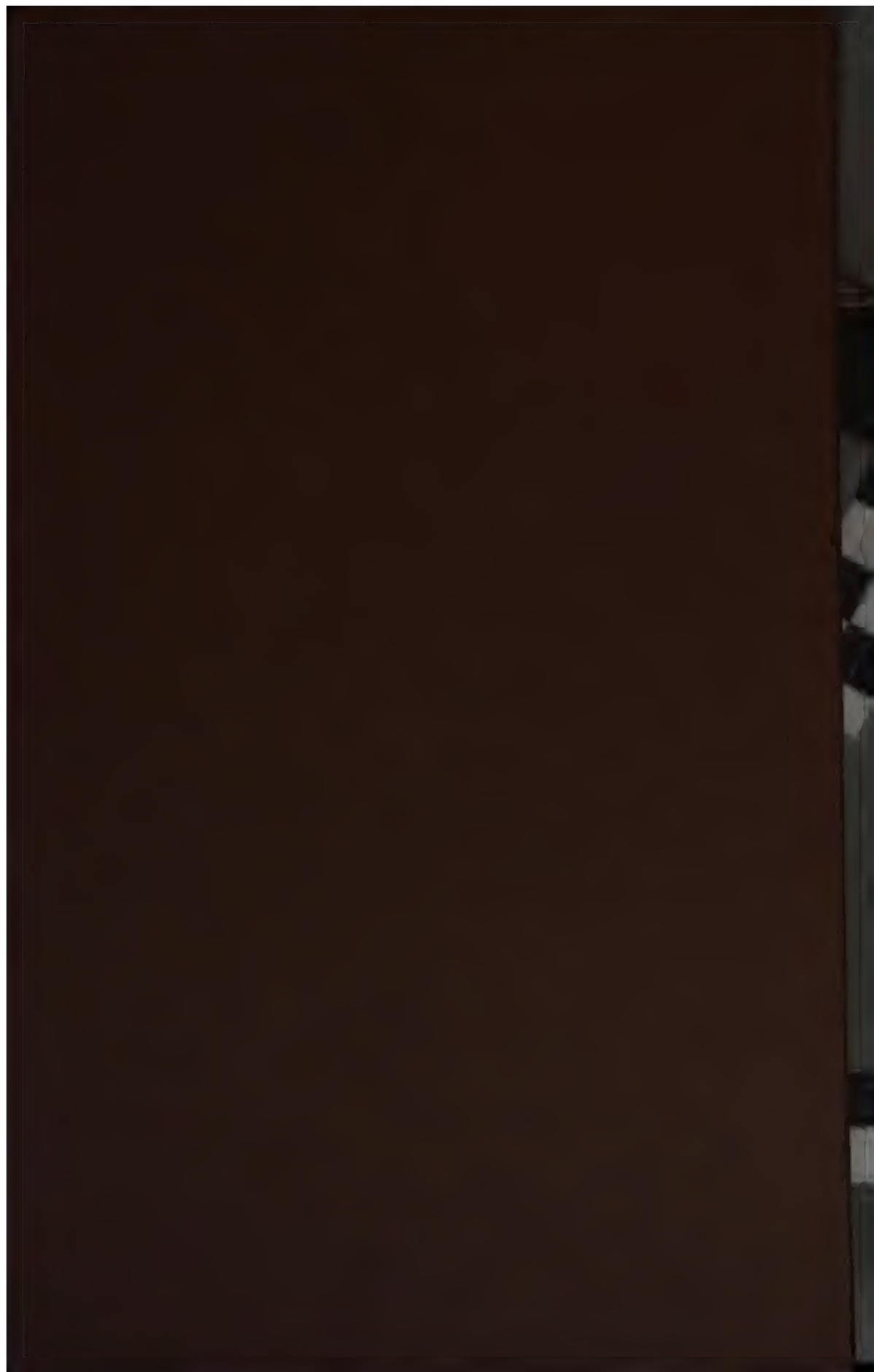
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THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW

VOLUME XXXVI. SEPTEMBER—DECEMBER, 1879



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CONTENTS OF VOLUME XXXVI.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

	PAGE
The Future of China. By Sir Walter H. Medhurst	1
Animals and Plants. By Professor St. George Mivart	13
The Artistic Dualism of the Renaissance. By Vernon Lee	44
The Social Philosophy and Religion of Comte. By Professor Edward Caird. IV. .	66
The Problem of the Great Pyramid. By Richard A. Proctor	93
Conspiracies in Russia under the Reigning Czar. By Karl Blind	120
The First Sin, as Recorded in the Bible and in Ancient Oriental Tradition. By François Lenormant	146
Political and Intellectual Life in Greece. By N. Kassis	164
Contemporary Books :—	
I. Biblical Literature, under the Direction of the Hon. and Rev. W. H. Fremantle	182
II. Essays, Novels, Poetry, &c. under the Direction of Matthew Browne . .	187

OCTOBER, 1879.

India and Afghanistan. By Lieut.-Colonel R. D. Osborn	193
Critical Idealism in France. By Paul Janet	212
On the Moral Limits of Beneficial Commerce. By Francis W. Newman . . .	232
The Myths of the Sea and the River of Death. By C. F. Keary	243
Mr. Macvey Napier and the Edinburgh Reviewers. By Matthew Browne . .	263
The Supreme God in the Indo-European Mythology. By James Darmesteter .	274
Lazarus Appeals to Dives. By Henry J. Miller	290
The Forms and Colours of Living Creatures. By Professor St. George Mivart .	313
Contemporary Life and Thought in Turkey. By an Eastern Statesman . . .	321
Contemporary Books :—	
I. History and Literature of the East, under the Direction of Professor E. H. Palmer	350
II. Classical Literature, under the Direction of Rev. Prebendary J. Davies .	359
III. Essays, Novels, Poetry, &c. „ „ Matthew Browne	366

NOVEMBER, 1879.

	PAGE
On Freedom. By Professor Max Muller	369
Mr. Gladstone: Two Studies suggested by his "Gleanings of Past Years." I. By a Liberal.—II. By a Conservative	398
The Ancien Régime and the Revolution in France. By Professor von Sybel . .	432
What is the Actual Condition of Ireland? By Edward Stanley Robertson . .	451
The Deluge: Its Traditions in Ancient Nations. By François Lenormant . .	465
Suspended Animation. By Richard A. Proctor	501
John Stuart Mill's Philosophy Tested. IV.—Utilitarianism. By Professor W. Stanley Jevons.	521

DECEMBER, 1879.

The Lord's Prayer and the Church: Letters Addressed to the Clergy. By John Ruskin, D.C.L.	539
India under Lord Lytton. By Lieut.-Colonel R. D. Osborn	553
On the Utility to Flowers of their Beauty. By the Hon. Justice Fry . . .	574
Where are we in Art? By Lady Verney	588
Life in Constantinople Fifty Years Ago. By an Eastern Statesman	601
Miracles, Prayer, and Law. By J. Boyd Kinnear	617
What is Rent? By Professor Bonamy Price	630
Buddhism and Jainism. By Professor Monier Williams	644
Lord Beaconsfield:—	666
I. Why we Follow Him. By a Tory.	
II. Why we Disbelieve in Him. By a Whig.	
Contemporary Life and Thought in France. By Gabriel Monod	697

THE FUTURE OF CHINA.

THE late reconquest by China of some of her former possessions in Central Asia, and the firm tone in which she is urging her demands upon Russia, in respect of the *Kuldja* territory, are giving her a prominence as a factor in Asiatic politics which she can scarcely be said to have claimed before. These signs of tenacity of purpose, if not of actual vitality, acquire an additional interest when viewed in connection with the recently modified policy of her Government towards Western States; a policy which, whether induced by an honest intention to forego the traditional exclusiveness of past ages, or by a shrewd determination to cope, if possible, with more advanced nations upon the advantageous footing secured by the cultivation of the progressive Arts and Sciences, has had the effect of bringing China into diplomatic relations with the principal Powers of Europe and America, and introducing her as a recognised element into the political calculations of the civilized world. The issue of the *Kuldja* controversy has a special interest for England, as the mistress of adjacent territory in India; but a far greater importance attaches to the result of the larger efforts which China is making to take up a position amongst the nations, and upon the success of which all her political future must depend. It is of that future, and of its bearing upon the interests of China's two great rivals in Asiatic dominion, Russia and Great Britain, that this paper proposes to treat.

It cannot be predicated of the Government of China, at any rate at present, that it is greedy of territory. On the contrary, its responsibilities are already as serious as it must feel at all competent to fulfil with credit to itself and satisfaction to its people. But, on the other hand, it is remarkably tenacious of parting with a single rood of ground, to which it may claim the right of traditional possession or more recent

conquest. When portions of its territory have been torn from its grasp by successful rebellion, it has for the moment yielded to the inevitable. But the earliest opportunity possible has been seized for re-entering upon possession, either by force or craft. The late recovery of the province of Yunnan in China proper, and of Chinese Turkestan in Central Asia, after crushing defeats and years of alienation, affords notable instances of this tenacity of purpose. But such successful re-entries upon lost dominion have only been effected where the usurping power has partaken of the same or a similar Asiatic character with that of the Chinese themselves. Where circumstances have brought the Government into collision with the more energetic and enterprising people of the West, it has had no alternative but to make material concessions, and to confirm these by treaties of perpetual amity and commerce. Russia and England are the only Western Powers that have thus benefited themselves at the expense of China: Russia, with a view to the enlargement or rectification of her frontier, which from the mouth of the Amour to the foot of the *Tien Shan* is conterminous with that of China; and England, for the protection and promotion of her trade, which must have languished, if not perished, under the constraints of the old *Co-hong* system.

Whether the resubjugation of entire provinces by the Imperial Government may be regarded as a blessing or a curse to the populations concerned, it is difficult to decide. For them it is unhappily a mere choice between being at the mercy of unscrupulous adventurers, elated with a series of successes, and rendered ferocious by a life of rapine, but utterly unprepared to introduce any serious system of reform; or being restored to a rule which, although worn out and feeble, has the advantage of an old-established organization, and can prove, by its general policy at any rate, that it has the welfare of the governed seriously at heart. On the whole, setting aside the wholesale cruelty which has unhappily too often distinguished such governmental triumphs on the part of the Chinese, and to which, indeed, the unlucky people seem liable whichever party may happen to gain the ascendancy, the preferable conclusion would seem to be that resubmission to native authority is perhaps the mildest fate that can be desired for those subjects of China whose country has unfortunately been the scene of civil war. But an entirely different result may be looked for when foreign dominion—that is to say, European—has taken the place of Chinese. In the case of England, there can be little fear but that, in spite of the notable mistakes which have at times marked her colonial administration of Asiatic peoples, the primary object to which she has always set herself has been the welfare of the governed, and the development of the resources of the country which they occupy. And even as regards Russia, however irresponsible her system of government, selfish and unscrupulous her foreign policy, and corrupt her executive, may be regarded from an English point of view, still

there can be little question that her assumption of authority over any tract of Asian territory must be considered preferable in the interests of philanthropy and general expediency to its restoration to an intrinsically weak and unpractical Government like that of the Chinese.

Assuming that the above proposition is a reasonable one, it follows as a fair inference, that the sooner China or any part of it is brought under the sway of some strong and progressive Power the better. And really, looking at the matter from a purely philanthropic and utilitarian point of view, that is about the best fate that can befall its inhabitants, as well in their own interest as in that of the world at large. Many things conspire to show that the days of the ruling dynasty are numbered; and who can say, when the catastrophe does come, whether the huge but crumbling fabric will ever be reconstructed? or, if so, whose will be the head and hand that will accomplish the task? The probability is that the empire will, in spite of the marvellous homogeneity which characterizes its people, at once lose its cohesion, and break up into a number of petty chiefdoms; and one may well imagine the grievous and protracted misery that must follow upon such a dissolution. It would be ridiculous, nay wicked, to suggest that this contingency might be anticipated, and an endeavour made to avert it by the timely absorption of a portion or of the whole of the Chinese territory. But we are entitled to express the hope that the course of mundane affairs may so shape itself as that such a calamity may be indefinitely delayed; or, if it be inevitable, that it may fall to the lot of some nation to take up the reins which shall have the will as well as the power to use the opportunity to the best advantage of the millions concerned.

The speculation seems here to suggest itself, whether there is a Western Power at all likely to find itself placed in this position, or which may be considered a suitable instrument for carrying out the work of reconstruction. The sphere of selection is limited. England and Russia, as far as can at present be foreseen, appear to be the only two Powers whose mission or interest seems likely to impel their influence Eastwards. Any idea that England will ever deliberately enter upon the possession of even a part of Chinese territory may at once be dismissed as unworthy to be entertained. Although her vast trade and world-wide associations are perpetually landing her in perplexing complications with Eastern tribes, complications, too, which at times, in despite of herself, end in conquest or annexation, still her modern policy is anything but aggressive; and if there be one collision which the English people would be less inclined to tolerate than another, it would be that of a little war entered upon for the mere purpose of territorial acquisition or philanthropic reform. China, moreover, is no mere petty principality like Abyssinia, Ashantee, or Afghanistan, that she had need be liable to the risk of annihilation or annexation, even should she again unhappily venture to take up arms against England on account of a mere trade dispute. But with Russia the case is materially

different. An acquisitive policy has been traditional with her ever since Peter the Great, with prophetic foresight, laid down the lines by which her future conduct was to be guided ; and political interest has done the less urged her on to extend her possessions Asia-wards, and to secure as much seaboard in any direction as will suit her ambitious designs. Conquests in Asia, moreover, provide a convenient safety-valve for adventurous, discontented, or unscrupulous spirits, who might occasion mischief at home, and who cannot otherwise be readily disposed of, whilst they at the same time have the effect of furnishing that outlet for a through trade which has always been the Russian merchant's dream. Russia has already, as is well known, rectified her frontier on the north and west of China, seriously to the diminution of the area not so long ago comprised by the latter, and, by a well-directed combination of courage and craft, she has within the last twenty years succeeded in conquering or annexing extensive and fertile tracts of country in Central Asia. What more likely, therefore, than that, octopus-like, she should continue to stretch out her huge tentacles further and further, until they embrace some of the broad and fair provinces of China within their omnivorous grasp? The advantage of such an acquisition to Russia cannot be over-estimated. The Russian press, it is true, deprecates the acquisition of new territory, as being calculated to hinder the economical development of the people, and seriously to increase the present difficulties of the empire ; and there can be little doubt that the dominions of the Czar are far too disproportioned to the numerical sum of his subjects to admit of their having realized, as they might have done, the immense natural riches of the empire. But with the acquisition of almost any part of China proper, Russia would gain territory already thickly peopled to her hand, and possessed of rich resources of every kind ; and, could she approach the sea in any direction, she would acquire—what is so important to her maritime and commercial development—a coast-line that would go far towards giving her the commanding position as a naval Power which has always been one of her most cherished ambitions.

And what a glorious field would thereby be afforded her for developing her political designs ! Instead of beating her wings to her own discomfiture against the bars which England must always throw about her as long as she persists in her attempts to absorb Turkey, or exercise a covert influence over the tribes on our Indian frontier, she would, if she pressed China-wards in preference, find unlimited opportunities for increasing her resources, enlarging her territory, and extending her sway, no nation caring, or being called upon, to say her nay. That she would prove the most suitable Power to be entrusted with so tremendous a responsibility, is an assertion that few would care to hazard without large qualification. The pitiless despotism which characterizes the Russian rule at home, the unrelenting harshness with which she has treated her Polish subjects, even to the studious stamping out of the nationalism of

the people, and the license which has distinguished the grasp by Russian officials of civil power in Central Asia, scarcely tend to render the prospect of the extension of her sway to China very encouraging. But, as has been already advanced, a Russian administration is not without its advantages, as compared to a Chinese, and, unless a radical reform can be looked for in the existing system of government in China itself, a prospect at best problematical, it may safely be said that her people might fare worse than pass under the domination of the Czar.

For the Chinese concerned, as has been suggested, the loss might be almost, if not altogether, construed into a gain. They would acquire an autocratic and despotic Government very similar to their own, only more powerful and practical in its operation and results; and, if only one could hope that the rights and prejudices of the people could be respected, and their general interests consulted, the change would on the whole prove an advantageous one for the annexed territories generally. In one respect, at any rate, such a substitution might certainly be expected to bring about a material amelioration of the present condition and prospects of the country at large; and that is the improvement of general communication throughout the empire. Railways would undoubtedly be forthwith introduced, telegraphs laid down, river channels cleared and deepened, canals restored and maintained, and the many obstacles which now clog a might-be flourishing trade permanently removed. China, in fact, only needs a lion-hearted, capable, and progressive Government in order to encourage the enterprise of her people, bring out their many excellent characteristics, and develop the prolific natural resources which she undoubtedly possesses, in her own interest and that of the world in general; and, provided always such a result can be attained, combined with a discreet and paternal care for the people themselves, no one had need deprecate the substitution of a foreign for a native yoke.

It might be objected, Why should not such a thorough reconstruction and subsequent healthy development be attainable under the present dynasty, or, at any rate, under a purely native rule? To this we reply, that it is not in the nature of the Chinese to initiate reform or carry it honestly and steadily out. Neither the rulers nor the ruled appreciate its necessity; and, could they be enlightened sufficiently to perceive it, they do not possess the strength of character and fixity of purpose to follow out implicitly the course pointed out. A curious example of this lack of interest and resolve was to be observed as regards the foreign-drilled levies raised at the instance of their foreign advisers after the treaty of Tientsin. Men and money were readily provided to the extent suggested, and the men easily learnt the drill. But the foreign instructors had always to superintend the paying of wages in order to prevent peculation by the native officers, and, the moment their vigilant eyes were removed, drill and discipline were voted a nuisance by officers and men alike, arms and accoutrements ceased

to be kept in order, and the force rapidly assumed its purely Chinese character. Relics of these levies exist at this moment, but the most unremitting patience and effort have been needed on the part of the foreign officers to maintain them in a state of anything like respectable discipline or effectiveness. A recent writer* calls attention to the stupendous efforts which the Chinese Government has of late been making towards a reorganization of its naval and military resources upon Western principles, and to the remarkable success which has in consequence attended its campaigns in Western China and Central Asia. But these measures have all owed their conception and execution to foreign energy, enterprise, and ability; and, as will be presently shown, wherever the salutary influence of these is weakened or removed, disorganization and relapse are sure to be the result. Something has, no doubt, been accomplished within the last twenty years towards opening the eyes of the Chinese Government to the wisdom of assuming a recognised place in the comity of nations, and inducing it to introduce various domestic measures of a useful and progressive nature. But, after all, pressure from without, and that of the most painstaking and persistent character, has been needed to effect what little has been done. Let this influence be removed; let the able customs organization now in vogue be taken out of alien hands; let foreign Ministers cease to impress upon the State departments the imperative importance of waking up to international and domestic responsibilities; let arsenals be deprived of foreign superintendence; let steamers throw overboard their foreign masters, mates, and engineers; in a word, let China try to keep afloat without corks, and what will be the consequence? Corruption would inevitably fatten on and extinguish foreign trade; foreign representatives would find Peking too hot to hold them; arsenals would gradually languish and cease to work; native-owned steamers would leave off plying the waters; and the whole country would eventually fall back into a condition of even more rapid decadence than that in which it was found when England first interfered to prop it up. What is perhaps more melancholy to contemplate, there would be few, if any, of her most ardent patriots but would congratulate themselves on the miserable change.

China may, perhaps, be saved from an eventual collapse, or from falling under the sway of all-grasping Russia; but it can only be by a universal development of the existing system of extraneous aid. What has been done for her customs revenue must be extended to all departments of the State, and the employment of foreign heads and hands must be rendered so general as even to permeate the ramifications of the executive in the eighteen provinces. But then the difficulty suggests itself, Where is the *personnel* needful for such a mighty organization to be found, with the talent and probity equal to the charge?

* Captain C. A. G. Bridge, R.N.: "The Revival of the Warlike Power of China," *Fraser's Magazine*, June, 1879.

England has proved it possible, in the case of India, to produce a corps of administrators who possess a character for ability, uprightness, and high-minded devotion to duty, to which the world can show no equal. But, as experience has so far proved, political balance at Peking demands that the prizes open to competition in the Chinese service should be distributed equally amongst subjects of all nationalities in treaty relations with China; and in such a huge army of *employés* as the exigency would require, and most of whom would probably owe their selection to patronage rather than to merit, it could not be but that many would find a place who might prove even greater curses to the governed than the worst type of the Chinese mandarins themselves. Moreover, such an innovation would practically amount to placing the entire nation under foreign authority, and it may be queried whether it would not be more advantageous for the people to have one uniform foreign rule universally substituted for the native, than to be at the mercy of an executive formed of such heterogeneous materials as those we have described.

It may not be out of place to consider here a suggestion, which has been thrown out by more than one representative of the English press, as to the identity of British interests with those of China in resisting the insidious advances of Russia eastwards, and the expediency of giving the former our sympathy, if not material support, in her endeavour to recover *Kuldja* from Russian cupidity. What British interests comprise in that quarter of the globe may be summed up in a few words. Rectification and consolidation of certain portions of the frontier of British India, the maintenance as far as possible of neutral and independent Khanates to act as "buffers" between her territories and those of Russia, and the development of a free and active trade between the Indian and Central Asian markets. It seems scarcely worth the trouble of refuting any arguments that could be brought forward to prove that the concession of a covert or direct support to China in the *Kuldja* controversy would be likely to advantage England in any one of these respects. On the contrary, her interference would more probably imperil her interests under each head, and would most certainly have the effect of greatly incensing a Power which, with all its ill-will, has already shown its desire to conciliate, by withdrawing at our request the influence which it had been tempted in view of certain contingencies to use to our disadvantage in Afghanistan; a Power, too, which must and will pursue its career of acquisition in Central Asia, whatever we may say or do to the contrary; and with which, in view of its probable future there, it is manifestly to our interest as holders of India to live on neighbourly terms. To quote a recent writer on the subject,⁹ "Our object now should be rather to initiate a frank understanding with Russia as to the aims of our respective policies, to secure her agreement to definite boundaries to the spheres of influence of

⁹ See *Blackwood's Magazine*, July, 1879, pp. 120, 121.

both Powers, and to form, so far as is possible, a union of interests with her in the future development of Asia."

Even were China to pledge herself to grant us all the advantages which we should have to bargain for as a consideration for committing ourselves to the serious step of affording her aid, it may be doubted whether she is sufficiently strong to maintain her ground, not merely against Russia, but against any adventurer like Yakoob Beg or rebels like the Panthays, who may suddenly rise up and wrest her territory from her. Then, again, it must be remembered what an alliance with such a Government as that of China is likely to involve. Her civil administration, based although it may be on a system excellently well suited to a people like the Chinese, is so weakened, save in a few isolated instances, by the incapacity, and so debased by the venality of its executive, that it has long since forfeited the confidence and goodwill of the masses, and rebellion has only to raise its head to find a fruitful soil for its speedy growth and development. Her army is numerically large, and can be recruited without difficulty, and she has constantly at command any quantity of the most approved war material, so long as there are foreigners to sell and she has the money to buy; to say nothing of what she can now to a certain extent manufacture for herself. But of strategy and the general science of war her officers are entirely ignorant, and beyond the capability of hurling huge masses of men at the enemy, irrespective of all consequences, she is in no way formidable as a military Power in the European sense of the term, nor could her troops permanently hope to hold their own against those of any Western State. Even the Japanese, in the little affair with China which threatened the peaceful relations of the two countries not long ago, showed themselves quite equal to the occasion, and their sailors and soldiers pined to exhibit their prowess, and prove the value of their recent acquirements in the art of war, as against the conservative and unpractical Chinese. If the rules of civilized warfare are to the Chinese a sealed book, still less can they be said to appreciate its humane side. Their officers fail to value the necessity, and indeed do not seem to possess the power, of protecting their own countrymen from the general license which marks the march of soldiery through, or the military occupation of, any peaceable district; and in the wholesale barbarities which invariably distinguish their triumphs over a conquered foe, they are scarcely to be surpassed by savages of the lowest type. Little more can be said in favour of the Chinese in respect of their relations with England and other Western nations. They have treaties of peace and commerce with the leading Powers, it is true, and they do not fail to act up to the strict letter of these engagements as construed by themselves. But the whole history of their foreign intercourse since 1842 has shown that the Chinese Government has borne with ill grace the restrictions thus imposed upon it, and has embraced every opportunity to evade them in spirit, whilst professing to carry them

out in the letter. Trade has been everywhere hampered by vexatious imposts cunningly introduced on all kinds of pretexts, and as pertinaciously persisted in, in spite of pointed remonstrances on the part of foreign representatives. Outrages of a glaring kind have been passed over without redress, or perhaps with a show of redress so ingeniously conceded as to evince distinct sympathy with the perpetrators of the deeds complained of; and the case must be rare, if not unheard of, in which the initiative has been voluntarily taken by a Chinese official in righting a wrong suffered by a foreigner at the hands of a Chinese. Amicable relations prevail between the various foreign communities and the native population by whom they are surrounded; but these may be traced rather to the innate good-nature of the people, and the forbearing conduct of the "strangers from afar," than to any direct effort on the part of the native authorities to encourage and develop friendly feeling. The Chinese Court still affects to regard the Emperor as the Supreme Ruler of all People under Heaven; its recognition of foreign Ministers accredited to it seems never to have advanced beyond the not very flattering ceremonial which accorded them a so-called audience in a body a few years ago; and the relations between the representatives and the high officials at Peking cannot as yet be said to have entered upon a phase which may strictly be styled cordial; and all this, notwithstanding that Chinese representatives to Western Courts have been treated with all the ceremony and consideration due to their official position, and have been received into the highest society of foreign capitals, not only without demur, but with a warmth and hospitality which, whilst on the spot, they have themselves been the first to acknowledge.* Under these circumstances, with a civil administration so effete and corrupt, a

* Apropos of these remarks it is worth while quoting here a memorial by the ex-Ambassador Kwo Sung-t'ao, published in the *London and China Telegraph* of 7th July, 1870 as the first presented to the Throne on his return to China, and in which the best that he can say of England, notwithstanding his cordial reception and marvellous experiences, seems to be that he was "excessively cast down in a strange country," where, "had he been put into a ditch, there would have been nobody to cover him with earth." The very name of the place to which he was accredited appears to have been beneath mention to his august master. The *Peking Gazette* of the 3rd moon, 3rd day, contains the following memorial from Kwo Sung-t'ao, late Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, to the Emperor:—"Your servant," he writes, "has suffered from many bodily infirmities. Relying upon the heavenly (i.e. your Majesty's) grace, I was appointed to go abroad on service of heavy responsibility. I am now feeble with age, having served at so great a distance. I also deplore my stupidity, and am extremely apprehensive of my inability in performing the functions devolving upon me. Since the sixth or seventh moon of the year before last I have suffered from an asthma. A year ago my spirits became daily more debilitated. In the second month of last year I suddenly experienced phlegm rising in my mouth, and vomited fresh red blood, without being able to stop it, so that in a brass basin would get quite full. I consider that my life has been marked by increasing afflictions, my respiration is impeded; I am agitated and nervous, already I have contracted an asthma, and this I certainly had not formerly. Excessively cast down, in a strange country several tens of thousands of li away, I thought that if I were put in a ditch there would be nobody to cover me with earth. Fortunately, by virtue of the heavenly (i.e., Imperial) compassion, having been graciously permitted to give up my office all that remains of me, practically wearing out my failing breath, is due to the overflowing grace of the Holy Lord (the Emperor). During the two years I have been abroad I have passed under the hands of foreign doctors not a few, who felt my pulse and administered medicine in a manner very different from native practitioners. In relieving my indigestion and removing the torpor

military Power so unpractical, a style of warfare so barbarous, and a Government so wanting in the honest desire to conciliate, can it be thought politic to go out of our way in order to further its pretensions, and that to the prejudice of a Power which, with all its faults, is progressive in its tendencies, and prepared to acknowledge our international rights, and which more nearly approaches us in recognising the duty of consulting the material interests of the people subjected to its sway? The little experience at any rate which we have had of the results of co-operation with the Chinese Government has not been such as to encourage us in a repetition of the experiment. Take, for example, the important aid given by England in clearing the province of Kiangsu of rebels in 1862-63, and thereby bringing about the eventual extermination of the Taipings. Such a service, it might be presumed, would have earned the lasting gratitude of the nation, and induced a cordiality of sentiment towards their benefactors which would have exhibited itself in an endeavour on the part of the Chinese Government to relax the restrictions and remove the vexations by which mutual relations had up to that time been beset. But nothing of the kind transpired. No special and national recognition of the service rendered was ever accorded; and, so far from any improvement being observable, as a consequence, in British relations with China, these were marked in the sequel by some of the most trying and difficult crises with which we have had to deal. More than this, the very moment of triumph was disgraced by an act of treachery in the deliberate murder of the surrendered rebel chiefs at Soochow, which must have induced in the mind of Colonel Gordon, R.E., the keenest regret that he had ever embarked his honour and expended his labours in the cause of such allies. The only other instance in which British influence was brought to bear towards rescuing the Chinese Government from an awkward dilemma was when the Japanese threatened reprisals for outrages committed against their subjects, and went the length of sending a considerable force to occupy the island of Formosa. Hostilities had commenced, and the war might have proved a protracted if not hazardous one for the Chinese, had not H.B.M.'s Minister volunteered his services as mediator, and succeeded in arranging matters to the satisfaction of both parties, and with as little loss of prestige to the Chinese

[of my liver] they occasionally produced some little effect but my constitution became weaker every day, and there was no restoring it. After casting about this way and that, there seemed but one resource left to me—to take advantage of a steamer bound for Fu (i.e., Shanghai), and then to return by way of the Yangtze River to my native place and put myself under medical advice. Prostrate I implore the Heavenly Compassion to grant me three months' leave of absence, in order to establish a complete cure, so that perhaps I may not contract disease that will prove incurable. After your servant has got home it will be his duty to report early the day of his arrival, and he earnestly desires that he may be restored to health. Then I will return to the capital to resume my functions, and implore that a most trifling post may be given me that I may testify my gratitude by strenuous exertions, like a dog or a horse. Wherefore I, your humble servant, now beg for leave of absence on account of my ill health, and respectfully present the petition in which my request is lucidly set forth, entreating with reverence that the sacred glance may rest upon it.'

as they had any right to expect. Here, again, if any gratitude was felt, there was no public recognition of the service rendered, and the obligation certainly left no appreciable trace upon the subsequent policy of the Government; for, in the very next difficulty with China which occurred not long after—namely, the official murder of Margary—it needed the pressure of our demands to the very verge of war, in order to procure the vaguest attempt at redress, and then we had to rest contented with commercial concessions as a makeweight for the substantial justice which could not, or would not, be granted.

To conclude, China, nationally considered, is in a state of decline. The very efforts which the more enlightened amongst her statesmen are now making towards rescuing her from the collapse which threatens show how desperate they consider her case, and how anxious they are to prevent or even delay the catastrophe. Her history, it is true, shows that although she has passed through a series of such periodical lapses, she has ever exhibited a wonderful power of recuperation more or less effective in its nature and extent. But these changes have been experienced at times when she was comparatively isolated from the rest of the world. Her political crises were never before complicated by the interposition of a foreign element, such as must be the case in any revolution through which she may hereafter pass. Mr. Robert Hart, the Inspector-General of Customs, Joseph-like, has done China good service in reorganizing the maritime revenue department, and advocating reform generally in the policy and practice of the State; and did China know her own interest she would largely develop and extend the advantages of a foreign admixture in her whole system of executive. But Mr. Hart's efforts must have a limited result at best, and they can only serve to put off the evil day. He cannot reform the nature of the Chinese mandarin; and until there is a radical change in this respect there can be little hope of reconstruction and progress under purely native guidance. The process becomes the more embarrassing and futile with aggressive foreign Powers pressing on all sides with their irresistible influence and exacting pretensions. China must in time, and as at present constituted, yield to one or the other, and Russia promises to be the one whose ambition and interests will probably lead her to turn the opportunity to advantage. It may not be the best fate that can befall any part of China to be Russianized, but it will be a better alternative for her people to be subjected to the sway of a civilized and civilizing Power than to become the prey to interminable civil wars. It will be better, moreover, for England and other nations, whose interest in the question is mainly commercial, that China's millions should be brought under a vigorous and progressive Government, able and willing to develop the vast trade resources at their disposal, than that they should decimate themselves and ruin their country by perpetual internecine strife. Whether it will be to the interest of England in a political point of view that Russia should attain the com-

manding position which the possession of any part of China would undoubtedly secure her, is an entirely different question. If it be a danger, it is a danger which she must look in the face, for everything seems to point to the possibility of such a consummation. But no consideration of political expediency or self-preservation can certainly warrant her in interfering as yet; and it is to be hoped that the time may never come when she shall be called upon to thwart the ambitious designs of her great rival in Asian dominion in the extreme East, as she has so long and so successfully endeavoured to do in countries more directly affecting her political power and prestige in Europe and India.

WALTER H. MEDHURST.

ANIMALS AND PLANTS.

IN the first of the present series of Essays it was pointed out* that the number of kinds of living creatures is so prodigious that it would be a hopeless task for any man to attempt to grasp the leading facts of their natural history, save with the help of a well-arranged system of classification. Such a system enables the student to consider the subjects of his study collectively in masses—masses arranged in a series of groups, which are successively smaller and more and more subordinate. By “subordinate groups” are meant groups which are successively contained one within the other. As an example of such subordinate grouping we may take the group of familiar objects denoted by the word “money.” This group contains within it the large subordinate groups, “paper money” and “metallic money;” the latter group again contains the more subordinate and smaller groups, “gold money,” “silver money,” and “copper money,” and these respectively contain still more subordinate and smaller groups. Thus, the group “silver money” contains the subordinate groups—(1) crowns, (2) half-crowns, (3) florins, (4) shillings, (5) sixpences, &c.; and any one of these (*e.g.*, shillings) is farther divisible into groups of “shillings” of the coinage of different reigns.

Reversing the process we may, as another illustration, select the group of articles of furniture called “chairs,” which (with other *co-ordinate* groups, such as “tables” and “sofas”) is contained within, and is subordinate to, the larger group of objects, “wooden furniture.” This latter and larger group is again classifiable (together with its *co-ordinate* group, “metal furniture”) in the yet higher and larger group of “furniture made of hard material,” to which the wooden and metal groups are both subordinate. *Co-ordinate* with the group of “hard material” we

* *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, May, 1879, p. 261.

have another group (carpets, curtains, &c.) of "furniture of soft material," and these two groups are again subordinate to the larger group of all "furniture."

It was also pointed out in the introductory Essay* that there are two kinds of classification, one artificial, the other natural—the latter (the kind aimed at in this Essay) being such a system of classification as leads to the association together in groups, of creatures which are really alike and which will be found to present a greater and greater number of common characters the more thoroughly they are examined.

The system of classification which zoologists and botanists adopt is a system founded upon the form, structure, number, and relation of the parts of which each living being consists. It is, therefore, a morphological system, and rests rather upon the appearances of parts and organs than upon the offices which such parts and organs fulfil. It rests, that is to say upon their forms, not upon their functions.

The mode in which animals have been arranged in zoological grouping affords an exceptionally good model for classification generally, as has been noted by the late John Stuart Mill.† In fact, the number of subordinate groups is very great in zoology. Thus, the kingdom of animals is subdivided into a certain number of very large groups, called *sub-kingdoms*. Each sub-kingdom is again divided into subordinate groups termed *classes*. Each class is again divided into still more subordinate groups called *orders*. Each order is again divisible into *families*; each family into *genera*, and each genus into *species*, while a zoological "species" may be provisionally defined as "a group of animals which differ only by inconstant or sexual characters."

It could be wished that the reader should pursue his further inquiries into the natural history of animals and plants, with a knowledge of biological classification already acquired. But this is, unfortunately, impossible, since biological classification reposes upon anatomical facts and cannot, therefore, be really understood until the main facts of anatomy have been already mastered. Yet something in the way of a classification, or at least of a definitely arranged catalogue, must be even now attempted for the following reason:—

In the second of this series of Essays‡ we indicated the lines of inquiry which must be followed up by any reader who would become acquainted with the natural history of animals and plants. We saw that their gross and minute structure, their very varied functions, their relations to past time, and their geographical relations as well as their relations to the physical forces and to their fellow organisms, would all have to be successively considered. Obviously, however, it is impossible to

* *L. c.* p. 262.

† "A classification of any large portion of the field of Nature, in conformity to the foregoing principles, has hitherto been found practicable only in one great instance, that of animals." *Logic*, third edition, 1851, vol. 1, chap. xiii. § 5, page 279.

‡ *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, July, 1879, pp. 710 and 717.

make known the facts of anatomy, physiology, and lexicology* without constant references to animals and plants which may be expected to be either altogether unknown, or at least very incompletely known, to persons as yet unacquainted with zoological and botanical science.

References to creatures so unknown or so little known would plainly be of small profit and less interest, unless the reader was already furnished with some mental images of such creatures and groups of creatures—images calculated to sustain his attention and excite his interest in the various kinds of animals and plants, otherwise unknown, which will have to be again and again referred to. Accordingly, an attempt must now be made to set before the reader a rough and general sketch, or catalogue, of what the creatures and groups of creatures are, the names of which will have so frequently to appear in the pages which are to follow. In a word, as the preceding Essay† was devoted to explaining what are the special characters of living beings—i.e., what the phrase “animals and plants” *connotes*; so the present Essay is intended to explain what that phrase *denotes*. It is not by any means intended at present to place before the reader a definitive and complete system of classification—that task must be reserved for the conclusion of the series, as it will be the expression of all the facts and inferences which will have been in the meantime brought forward.

For the purpose now in view it will be well, perhaps, to follow the suggestion of the great naturalist, Buffon, and begin with creatures which are amongst the best known and most familiar, and thence proceed to speak of less and less familiar forms.

In this Essay assertions will be freely made as to the natural affinities which the author believes to exist between the creatures to be enumerated, but no attempt will be made to give the reasons for such assertions. The justification of such affirmations will, it is believed, become apparent later, when the organization of living beings shall have been portrayed as far as the space and the ability at the command of the writer may enable him to portray them.

As before said the object now in view is to endeavour to present a general view of living beings—of animals and plants—in the hope of fixing in the reader's memory the names of species, and of groups of species, to which names reference will have to be more or less frequently hereinafter made. At the least, such a catalogue may serve for reference whenever the reader may come upon the names of animals or plants, or of groups of animals or plants, the meanings of which names may have escaped his recollection.

The animals most familiar to us, our domestic cattle and our dogs and cats, all belong to a group of animals technically termed *mammals*, from the circumstance that the females have milk-glands (or *mammæ*), by which they nourish their young. The name “beasts” may be set

* *L. c.* p. 717

† *Contemporary Review*, July, 1879: “What are Living Beings?”

apart for the brute animals belonging to this group; but they do not altogether form it, since man himself—the most individually numerous of all the large animals—is, structurally considered, also a mammal.

For various reasons, which will appear later, the domestic cat (which is a member of the genus *Felis*) may serve as an instructive, as it is a familiar, example of a highly-organized mammal. Allied to the cat, and formed on so completely the same model as hardly to differ, save in size and colour, are the lions, tigers, leopards, jaguars, pumas, ocelots, lynxes, and wild-cats of different kinds. What are commonly called pole-cats are not really cats, but belong to a different "family;" while civet-cats are not cats in the strict sense of that term. Civet-cats pertain to a group of beasts called *Viverrines* (*Viverridæ*), to which all ichneumonians and mongooses (which appear to have been the domestic cats of the ancient Romans) as well as the bone-eating hyenas also belong.

The viverrines and the cats, however, together form one great family to which the scientific name *Felidæ* has been assigned. The pole-cats, together with the ermine, ferret, weasel, marten, sable, skunk, badger, the otter and the bear, raccoon, coati-mondi, with the kinkajoo, panda, &c., all belong to another family. Of this family the bears are the largest in size, and constitute a small group or "genus" called *Ursus*, whence the whole family bears the designation *Ursidæ*.

Our dogs (genus *Canis*) are, as every one knows, first cousins to jackals and wolves and near allies of the different species of fox, the whole forming a family—*Canidæ*.

The otter has been already referred to, and it may be thought that mention of the seals and sea-lions has been unintentionally omitted. But the seals and sea-lions, in spite of a certain slight resemblance to otters, due to similarity of habit, are not really near allies of the latter. They (*i.e.*, seals and sea-lions), together with the walrus, form, indeed, a very distinct family, which is termed *Phocidæ*, because its type, the common seal, belongs to a subordinate group, or "genus," named *Phoca*.

All these families, *Felidæ*, *Ursidæ*, *Canidæ*, and *Phocidæ* form together one greater group or "order," to which, of course, these four families are subordinate. This order is called "*Carnivora*," because it is made up of carnivorous or flesh-eating beasts.

The other familiar beasts first referred to—our domestic cattle of all kinds—form, together with all swine, horses and all asses, deer, antelopes and camels, another great order of beasts called *Ungulata*, because the nails of their feet are so large and solid as to form "hoofs." This order of hoofed-beasts, or ungulates, is a very large order, and is divided into two sub-orders, and in each sub-order are various families containing more or fewer genera.

The two sub-orders are characterized by the structure of the foot. The toes of the hind foot, which are made use of in progression, are even in number in one sub-order and are odd-numbered in the other sub-order.

The sub-order of odd-toed ungulates, or *Perissodactyla*, includes in our day only the horses, asses, zebras, and quaggas (united together in the family *Equidæ*); the tapira, the rhinoceroses, and the little hyrax—the coney of Scripture. In ancient times, however, this sub-order was a very large one, but the great majority of the forms belonging to it, which formerly lived, have now become extinct.

The sub-order of even-toed ungulates, or *Artiodactyla*, comprises all oxen, sheep, goats, antelopes, giraffes, deer, chevrotains,* llamas, and camels. All these, from their practice of “chewing the cud,” are called “ruminants,” and they are multitudinous in kinds. The great plains of Southern Africa are the special home of most kinds of antelope, and the giraffe is exclusively African. Deer have their head-quarters in Asia, though they exist in South America as well as throughout the Northern Hemisphere.

Besides the ruminating artiodactyles there is also an extensive group of non-ruminating artiodactyles, made up of all the various kinds of swine (including the American peccaries), together with the hippopotamus, now found nowhere but in Africa. Distinct as are the ruminating and non-ruminating artiodactyles now, they were in ancient time connected by a great number of intermediate forms which have utterly passed away.

The llamas of South America represent the camels of the Old World, where the latter are to-day exclusively found. When South America was discovered by the Spaniards, llamas were the only beasts of burthen found there, and, indeed, the only cattle of any kind then and there existing; although horses had formerly abounded and had become extinct in South America at a long anterior period.

Somewhat allied to ungulates, but distinct from them, are the elephants, which form an order (*Proboscidea*) by themselves—an order once rich in many species widely distributed over the earth.

Hardly less familiar than our domestic animals, are our hares, rabbits, mice, squirrels, and their allies, which together form an “order” called *Rodentia* from the gnawing habits of its members which nourish themselves on vegetable substances. This order of rodents is very rich in species, and consists of many genera grouped in several distinct families—such, *e.g.*, as the family of mice and rats (*Muridæ*), of squirrels (*Sciuridæ*), of guinea-pigs and spine-bearing porcupines (*Hystriidæ*), &c. The largest form of rodent is the capybara (or river-hog of the Rio de la Plata),—which is preyed on by the jaguar. Though a near ally of the little guinea-pig, it is as large as a hog. Amongst the more interesting rodents may be mentioned beavers,† the fur-bearing chinchilla, the jerboa (*Dipus*), the musk-rat (*Fiber*), and the rat-mole (*Spalax*). The jerboa has very long hind legs, and a habit of jumping, so that it resembles superficially (but not really) a small kangaroo.

* Very small deer, commonly called in India musk-deer.

† The European beavers have abandoned the dam-building habit. They retained it, however, as late as the thirteenth century.

The *Spalax* is quite blind, and has the burrowing habit, and somewhat the shape of the common mole. Some rodents are fitted to flit through the air in long jumps, by means of the wide extensibility of the skin of their flanks, which, when stretched out, acts as a parachute. Such forms are the flying squirrels, and a curious rodent called *Anomalurus*, from the exceptional clothing of the base of its tail, which is furnished with large scales at its under part.

Another order of beasts may here be referred to, because it affords interesting examples of the co-existence of external resemblance without any real affinity. This order includes the insect-eating beasts, or *Insectivora*, and comprises the moles, hedgehogs, shrew-mice (which are not really "mice" at all), and their allies. The *Insectivora* and *Rodentia* present us with a singular parallelism in the respective modifications of structure, which are found in these two very distinct orders. But the insectivorous forms (as might perhaps be expected from their less abundant food) are always smaller in size than are the parallel vegetable-eating groups of rodents. Indeed, one insectivore of the genus *Sorex* (the shrew-mouse genus) is the absolutely smallest mammal which is known to exist.

As examples of the parallelism referred to may be mentioned the moles (which resemble the rat-moles), the shrew-mice (which resemble true mice), the hedgehogs, and the less known spiny tauree of Madagascar (which resemble porcupines in their clothing); certain graceful and active tree-frequenting insectivores of the Indian Archipelago, *Tupaia* (which resemble squirrels); an aquatic African form, *Potomogale* (which resembles the musk-rat); certain elephant shrews—long-legged, jumping, African insectivores (which resemble the jerboa amongst rodents); and, lastly, the so-called flying lemur of the Philippine Islands, or *Galeopithecus*, which resembles the flying squirrel, and the curious rodent *Anomalurus* before referred to.

The only beasts, however, which *truly* fly are the bats, which form an order by themselves, well-named, from the structure of their wings, *Chiroptera*. The bats which fly about in the twilight in this country, or sometimes in the afternoon of a warm day in winter, are all insect-eating forms. But in the warm regions of the Old World, and of Australia, there are large fruit-eating kinds, called "flying foxes;" while in South America there are blood-sucking bats, or vampires, some of which, as we shall hereafter see, present the most curious and interesting modifications of structure in harmony with their peculiar habits.

The creatures which are in some respects the most interesting to us, because they are the most like ourselves in form, are the apes. Moreover, not only are they so like us in form, but they are so widely marked-off from all other creatures except ourselves, that it seems impossible they can have any real affinity to one more than to another group of mammals below man. Apes and man then together form one order, which as ranking first was named by Linnaeus, *Primates*. With the

apes are commonly associated certain animals called Lemurs, which inhabit the vicinity of the Indian Ocean, especially Madagascar. They have not, however, any real affinity to apes; and if they are to be placed in the same order at all, they must be well distinguished from its other members. It has therefore been proposed* to divide the order Primates into two sub-orders (as the hoofed order is divided into the "odd-toed" and "even-toed" sub-orders), one of these to include man and apes, and to be called, from the resemblance to the human form pervading it, "*Anthropoidea*;" the other sub-order to be termed "*Lemuroidea*."

The first "sub-order" is divisible into three "families." One of these (*Hominidæ*) contains man (forming the genus *Homo*), the second (*Simiadae*) contains all the apes of the Old World only, while a third (*Cebulæ*) contains all those of America.

Amongst the *Simiadae* are the orang, the chimpanzee, the gorilla, and the long-armed apes (or Gibbons), which are the most man-like of all the apes; and there can be no question but that there is very much less difference in structure between these four kinds of apes and man, than there is between them and the lowest of the apes—i.e., the marmosets.

Concerning this resemblance, Buffon has observed, when speaking of the ape, the most man-like (and so man-like) as to brain:† "Il ne pense pas: y a-t-il une preuve plus évidente que la matière seule, quoique parfaitement organisée, ne peut produire ni la pensée, ni la parole qui en est le signe, à moins qu'elle ne soit animée par un principe supérieur?"

As to the second sub-order, it contains some very curious forms. The typical lemur (which inhabit Madagascar) have long fox-like snouts and long tails. Certain African forms (the genus *Galago*) are very active in their movements, and great leapers. A tailless group (the slender loris) is interesting, as presenting a diminutive quasi-human form, reflected, as it were, through a Lemurine prism, just as the rat-mole shows us a mole-form reflected through a rodent prism.

A little animal, the Tarsier, which is found on the islands of Celebes and Borneo, is very exceptional in its structure. Still more so is the aye-aye (*Cheiromys*). This very remarkable species was discovered by Sonnerat in Madagascar in 1770, and was never again seen till 1844, when a specimen was forwarded to Paris. It has now, however, become well known.

Inhabiting the sea are many beasts, which are, by mistake, popularly spoken of as "fishes." Such are the whales and the porpoises—animals which, in spite of their form and habit, suckle their young, and have hot blood, as all other mammals have. These creatures form an order by themselves, called *Cetacea*.

Another order of aquatic beasts is termed *Sirenia*, and the animals which compose it were long confounded with the *Cetacea*, from which, however,

* By the Author in a Paper read before the Zoological Society in Nov. 1864. See also his "Man and Apes," Harbinger, 1873; and the article "Ape" in the "Encyclopædia Britannica," vol. II. p. 148.

† "Histoire Naturelle," tome xiv. p. 61, 1766.

they are widely divergent in structure, in spite of the general similarity which exists between them in external appearance. The order *Sirenia* contains but two existing genera. One of these is the now well-known manatee (*Manatus*), the other is the dugong (*Halicore*)—an animal very similar to the manatee, and found in the rivers of regions about the Indian Ocean. A third form, the *Rhytina*, existed in the Aleutian Isles till recent times, but was extirpated almost as soon as discovered, from its incapacity for flight or defence, and from its flesh affording a welcome change of diet to hungry sailors.

The *Cetacea* and *Sirenia* are examples of creatures organized for a completely aquatic life—for never coming to land.

The forest-regions of South America offer to animal life so enormous a mass of foliage that it may not unjustly be termed a sea of verdure, and creatures there exist which are specially organized for a completely arboreal life—for never coming to the ground. Such creatures are the sloths, which pass their lives hanging back-downwards, suspended to the branches by their huge claws. Thus, they sleep without effort (from the peculiar mechanism of their limbs), and they move slowly from tree to tree, having no need to hurry after food, since they live suspended in the midst of a perennial banquet.

Nearly allied to the sloths were certain huge beasts, now extinct, which formerly inhabited the same Continent—such as the *Megatherium* and *Mylodon*, which rivalled or exceeded our largest rhinoceroses in bulk. They fed on the same food which nourishes the sloth, but obviously the branches of no tree could sustain such monsters. They obtained their leafy pasture, therefore, by a different method. Rearing themselves on their massive hind legs and powerful tail, as on a tripod, they embraced the trees with their vigorous arms, and swayed them to and fro, till the tree embraced was prostrated, and literally fell a prey to their efforts. These bulky creatures were protected against that danger which such a mode of life rendered imminent by a specially strong skull structure, which enabled them to bear a broken head with but little inconvenience.

In the same region of the earth are found the ant-eaters and armadillos, and more or less allied to them are the pangolins (*Manis*) of Africa and Asia. The horny scales which cover the bodies of the last-named animals caused them for some time to be associated with reptiles rather than with beasts, though they are true and perfect mammals. Lastly must be mentioned the aard-vark (*Orycteropus*) of South Africa.

All these creatures, from the sloths to the aard-vark, are commonly associated together in an order which is termed *Edentata*.

The whole of the orders of mammals yet mentioned agree in certain important details with respect to their reproductive processes, as well as in certain smaller anatomical peculiarities, and the whole of the creatures included within these orders are (and will be) often spoken of as *Placental Mammals*.

The only beasts which it yet remains to speak of are grouped in two other orders.

The first of these is called the order *Marsupialia*, and comprises all opossums (*Didelphys*), kangaroos (*Macropus*), phalangers (*Phalangerista*), the Tasmanian wolf (*Thylacinus*), the dasyures (*Dasyurus*), the bandicoots (*Perameles*), and their allies. With the exception of the true opossums (*Didelphys*), all the members of the order are found in Australia or its vicinity, and nowhere else in the present day; although, as we shall better see hereafter, Europe once possessed animals closely allied to Australian forms of to-day—notably to a pretty little quadruped which bears the generic name *Myrmecobius*.

As last of the class of beasts, we have two extremely exceptional mammals (both found only in the Australian region), the duck-billed platypus (*Ornithorhynchus*), and the *Echidna*. The first of these, as its name implies, has a muzzle quite like the bill of a duck, with a squat, hairy body, and short limbs. The echidna is covered with strong, dense spines, and has a long and slender snout. These creatures together form the order *Monotremata*—an order which differs very much more from any other Mammalian order than any of the other orders of mammals differ one from another.

Thus, that great group which embraces man and beasts, and which group ranks as a “class”—the class *Mammalia*—comprises (as we have now seen) a number of subordinate groups termed “orders,” the orders being made up of families, and these again of genera.

It would be impossible as yet (when hardly any anatomical facts have been even referred to) to give the characters of the class *Mammalia*. It must at present suffice to point out that, in addition to mammary glands, the creatures have hot blood, and the body bears more or less hair—at least at some time of life.

We may now pass to the next class, that of birds—the class *Aves*. In spite of the great multitude of kinds which ornithologists enumerate—upwards of ten thousand species—there is very much less diversity of form amongst birds than there is amongst beasts.

Starting in the present class as in the preceding one from the most familiar kinds, we may begin with the domestic fowl. This is one of an “order” to which belong the peacock, all pheasants and tragopans (three forms which have their home in Central and Southern Asia), also the Guinea fowls (African forms), and the turkeys and curassows, which are American representatives of the order. Besides these may be mentioned partridges, grouse, black-cock, the capercaillie and quails, and, lastly, the megapodius or bush-turkey of Australia. This last is the only bird which hatches its eggs by artificial heat, depositing them in a mound of earth and decaying vegetable matter, wherein they are hatched fully-fledged, so that they can fly away immediately on leaving the egg. All the birds yet mentioned are called gallinaceous birds, or *Gallinae*, and sometimes *Itasores* or “Scratchers.”

More or less allied to them are the doves and pigeons, which form the order *Columbe*, in which the curious ground-pigeon *Didunculus* is included—a form which presents an interesting resemblance to the celebrated and extinct dodo of Mauritius, long known only by certain pictures, and a foot and head preserved, one in the British Museum, and the other in the Ashmolean Museum of Oxford.

Our sparrows, robins, and all our song birds are members of an exceedingly numerous "order" "*Passeres*." In it are included the crows (with those gaily-decorated crows, the Birds of Paradise, found only in New Guinea and the Moluccas), the bower birds and the lyre bird of Australia; the flycatchers, the pittas (or ground thrushes), the water-ouzel, the weaver birds, the wrens, the tits, the creepers, the honey-eaters, those African gems, the sun birds, and also the swallows.

To another order—the order *Macrochires*—belong those most beautiful of all birds, the humming birds, found only in America, and long thought to be allied with the really very different sun birds just mentioned. With these may be associated the swifts (which have such marvellous powers of flight) and the wide-gaped goat-suckers or night-jars.

Woodpeckers are considered to form an order (*Pici*) by themselves, while the cuckoos are thought to be near relations of the beautiful and eccentric toucans, the plaiutain-eaters, the touracous, the kingfishers, the hoopoes, the bee-eaters, the hornbills, and the trogons, all, from the cuckoos to the trogons, being included in the order *Coccyges*.

The parrots form an isolated group of birds—the order *Psittaci*. Their most peculiar forms are the macaws on the one hand, and the brush-tailed lorises on the other. The order *Accipitres* includes all the birds of prey—that is to say, the eagles, falcons, hawks, buzzards, vultures, and owls. In this order is included the long-legged secretary bird, which looks like a cross between a hawk and heron.

Pelicans, gannets, cormorants (or shags), and darters go together to constitute the order called *Steganopodes*. The flamingoes are isolated, and by themselves form the order *Odontoglossæ*. The same is the case with the penguins, which have the order *Impernes* assigned exclusively to them.

The ducks and geese form alone the order *Lamellirostres*, in which is included the curious bird *Palamedea*, which is a goose adapted to live in trees in harmony with its South American forest habitat.

The rails and coots go with the bustards and cranes to constitute the order *Alectorides*. Similarly the auks, divers, puffins, terns, and grebes, noddies, and guillemots may be associated together in one order—the order *Pygopodes*. The gulls and petrels form another association—the order *Gaviæ*; while the plovers, snipes, curlews, peewits, turnstones, &c., constitute the order *Limicolæ*. The order *Heridiones* includes the herons, the bitterns, the storks, spoonbill, ibis, &c.

All the foregoing birds have a multitude of points in common; indeed, so close is the similarity of their structure that their subdivision

into orders is a matter of much difficulty and dispute. They are collectively spoken of as the *Carinatae*, from the keeled form of their breast-bone.

Widely apart from them stands another group made up almost entirely of large birds, which agree not only in having no power of flight, but also in certain significant structural characters, amongst which may be mentioned the absence of a keel on the breast-bone.

This latter group is sometimes spoken of as the order *Struthiones* from the ostrich (*Struthio*), which is its typical form. Sometimes these keelless birds are called *Ratitæ*. Besides the ostrich, the rheas, cassowary, and emeu are included within the group; also the small and nocturnal *Apteryx* of New Zealand and those giants of featherdom, the huge species of *dinornis*, all also of New Zealand and all now extinct.

With this our list of birds might close, but for a bird which anciently existed in Europe so strangely different from all modern kinds, that it must certainly be here adverted to. This bird is the *Archeopteryx*, found in fossil in the Solenhofen States.

The class *Aves*, like the class *Mammalia*, consists of animals with hot blood, but all birds have feathers and a number of other peculiarities of structure, as will appear later.

The next class to be adverted to is the class which includes all reptiles properly so-called—the class *Reptilia*.

The reptiles which exist in the world to-day may be classed in four well-marked sets, each of which has the value of an "order"—(1) crocodiles, (2) lizards, (3) serpents, and (4) tortoises. The names of these creatures alone suffice to indicate the fact that the class of reptiles presents us with an extraordinary amount of diversity of form as compared with the class of birds with which, nevertheless, reptiles have, as we shall hereafter see, very close relations. Indeed, in the diversity of kinds which it contains, the class *Reptilia* at the least fully equals the class *Mammalia*, especially if the extinct kinds are taken into consideration. The number of species of reptiles, both living and extinct, much exceeds also the number of living and extinct mammals.

To begin once more with forms which are the least strange and unknown, we may start with the little elegant and harmless lizards of our heaths and commons, which will serve as types of the order to which they belong—the order *Lacertilia*. That order is an extremely numerous one, containing many families, differing much in form. Our English lizards are true lizards, belonging to the typical genus *Lacerta* and to the typical family *Lacertideæ*. The rather well-known large American lizard, *Iguana*, is the type of another and very extensive family (almost entirely confined to America), while a nearly-allied family (*Agamidae*) is an Old World group. Amongst the curious forms found in the latter family may be mentioned the frilled and moloch lizards of Australia, and those little harmless lizards of India which go by the formidable name of "flying dragons" (*Draco*). They are the only existing aerial reptiles—not that they can

truly "fly" at all, but they are enabled to take prolonged jumps, and to sustain themselves to a considerable extent in the air by means of the extremely distensible skin of their flanks which, when extended, is supported by a peculiar solid framework hereafter to be described. Some of the largest lizards are called "monitors," and are common in Egypt, they belong to the family *Monitoridæ*.

In the warmest period of the year, certain lizards are found in the South of Europe, called geckos. They have a power of running, not only up walls, but across ceilings by means of a peculiar structure of their toes. They are types of a large family (*Geckotidæ*) widely spread over the world.

Another large family (*Scincidæ*) has also its type in the South of Europe in the skink (*Scincus*), which was formerly supposed to possess much medicinal value. This large family contains a number of species which exhibit a series of gradations in structure leading to forms which have the external aspect of serpents. One such form is the perfectly harmless slow-worm, or blind-worm, of our own country, which in spite of its scientific name, *Anguis fragilis**, is a legless lizard, and no snake.

Other lizards of a very different kind forming the family *Amphisbaidæ* are also legless, with the single exception of the genus *Chirotæ*, which has a pair of anterior limbs, but no posterior ones. The name of this family is derived from the similarity of appearance presented by both ends of the body, so that either end looks as if ready to take the lead as "head."

A family of lizards familiar by name to us all from our childhood is the family of chameleons (*Chameleonidæ*). There are many species of chameleons, but they are found in the Old World only; they are among the most exceptional and peculiar of all lizards, but there is one form which is yet more so.

This most exceptional of lizards is one found in New Zealand, and named *Sphenodon*. Its external aspect would not lead the ordinary observer at all to suspect that it is so remarkable a creature as its anatomy shows it really to be.

The order *Crocodylia* contains, of course, the true crocodiles which are found both in the Old and New Worlds. It contains besides the alligators (which are peculiar to America), as well as the long and slender-snouted gavials which are now found only in India and Australia. At one time the number of kinds of this order was very much greater than at present, and interesting structural modifications have taken place in it during the course of ages, as will be pointed out later.

On the whole, the order of crocodiles makes a much nearer approach to mammals and birds—especially (strange as it may seem) to birds, than is made by any other group of existing reptiles.

Reptiles, however, once existed have left their remains fossilized (in

* For an explanation of the zoological system of nomenclature which has been adopted since the time of Linnæus, see CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for May, page 202.

the rocks of what is termed the "secondary" or "mesozoic" period), which reptiles in the structure of their skeleton approach much more closely to birds, and especially to birds of the ostrich order, than crocodiles do. Amongst these reptiles may be mentioned the huge *Iguanodon* (type of the extinct order *Dinosauria*), which once roamed over the Weald of Kent, and has left its remains in the Isle of Wight and elsewhere. Such remains were collected by its discoverer, the late Dr. Mantell, and are now preserved in our British Museum.

The crocodilia and some of the lizards of our own day are aquatic, but none live constantly in the ocean, as do the cetacea amongst beasts. This was, however, by no means always the case. In the secondary period just adverted to, huge marine reptiles (*Ichthyosauria* and *Plesiosauria*) lorded it over the other then inhabitants of the deep, and presented some noteworthy resemblances to the whales and porpoises which have since succeeded them.

But other remains preserved in those same secondary rocks show us that in that period which has been so deservedly called "the age of reptiles," not only did many huge species of the class stalk over the land (either browsing on its foliage or preying on their fellows), and many others swarm in the then existing waters, but it shows us that the atmosphere also had its reptilian tenants. Flying reptiles which formed the now extinct order, *Pterosauria*, and which were some of small, some of very large size, as truly "flew" as do the bats of our own day fly, and by a very similar mechanism. Moreover, if the *Dinosauria* present, as they do present, very noteworthy and interesting resemblances to birds of the ostrich order, no less noteworthy and interesting are the resemblances presented by these flying reptiles to ordinary—i.e., to "carinate"—birds.

The orders of extinct reptiles just referred to are not the only ones which formerly existed and have now passed away. There were reptiles with peculiarities in their teeth such as to have caused their order to be named *Amnodontia*, and it is members of this extinct order that the lizard *Sphenodon* more or less resembles, and it is this resemblance which gives it that special interest before noted.

We may now return from these very various extinct forms to enumerate other kinds of reptiles which exist to-day. But before doing so the fact may be adverted to, that though amongst beasts many forms have become extinct, yet the proportion borne by the known extinct forms to the living kinds is much less than amongst reptiles, and that while it is the most highly-organized reptiles which have ceased to exist, the highest mammals which are in any way known to us are those which at present inhabit the earth's surface.

In passing from the orders of crocodiles and lizards to that of serpents—i.e., to the order *Ophidia*—we might select as first to be mentioned kinds which much resemble the legless lizards; but such kinds are not familiar ones in Europe.

The only serpents met with in England are but of three species—two harmless snakes and the common viper, which latter is the only really poisonous reptile in this country.

Of the harmless snakes, the ringed or collared snake (*Tropidonotus*) is much the commoner and more widely diffused. It ought to escape destruction on account of the ease with which it may be discriminated from the viper by means of the white collar-like mark which appears conspicuously just behind its head.

Our viper is the type of a large and poisonous family, but by no means all poisonous snakes are vipers. The deadly cobras belong to a different group, having much more affinity with our own harmless snakes than with the vipers. The rattle-snakes again form a family (*Crotalidæ*) by themselves.

There are such things as true sea-serpents, and they are poisonous. They are not, however, allies of any "sea serpent," such as every now and again figures in startling paragraphs in our journals. The true sea-serpents are snakes of small or moderate size, which have their tails flattened from side to side, and which inhabit the Indian Ocean. Of other serpents which are not poisonous, the family of boas and pythons (which kill by crushing) is tolerably familiar to all who have visited zoological collections. There are many beautiful and harmless snakes, such as the families of tree-snakes and whip-snakes, but the snakes which more or less resemble legless lizards are burrowing forms which have the habits and more or less the appearance of earth-worms, such as those which form the families of *Uropeltidæ* and *Typhlopsidæ*.

The last existing reptilian order (*Chelonina*) includes, besides the land tortoises of very various dimensions, a variety of aquatic forms.

The best known of these in this country, is the marine family (*Chelonidæ*), to which the edible and tortoise-shell turtles belong. The best known family in the United States and in the Continent of Europe is the *Emydæ*, to which pertain the terrapins or ordinary river tortoises. Besides these, however, there is a very small family (*Trionycidæ*) of curious and exceptional forms, called mud-tortoises (*Trionyx*).

The creatures which have next to be glanced at are those familiar forms—the frogs, toads and efts, which, together with their allies, form another class,—the class *Batrachia*. These animals were long confounded with reptiles but are really widely distinct from them. They are arranged in four orders, three of which have living representatives. The creatures of the first order (the order of tailless Batrachians or *Anoura*)—frogs and toads—exist over almost all the habitable globe; and though the number of their kinds is very great, yet they are all extremely alike in organization. Many kinds (of both frogs and toads) are found to live in trees, the ends of their fingers and toes being dilated to enable them to cling to the surfaces of leaves. The most exceptional species of the whole group are the two tongueless toads, the *Pipa* of South America and the

Dactylethra of Africa, the last-named kind being the lowest of all known animals provided with finger nails.

Closely related to the frogs and toads are the efts so common in our ponds. These familiar English forms are represented in other countries of the Northern Hemisphere by creatures, some of which (as we shall hereafter see) are of very great interest indeed. The whole group constitutes the second Batrachian order—the order *Urodela*.

One of the most noteworthy forms of the order is the eft *Proteus*, which inhabits the dark, subterranean caverns of Carniola and Istria. Allied to this is the *Menobranchus* of North America and the Axolotl of Mexico. Other forms of the order are the American eft-genera *Spelerpes* and *Amblystoma*, the *Menopoma*, and the gigantic Salamander (*Cryptobranchus*) of Japan and China, the eel-like *Amphiuma*—with its very long body and minute legs—and the two-legged *Siren* of the United States.

The third order of Batrachians is one which contains very few species, but these are very strange, for though allied to frogs they have the appearance of snakes, or rather perhaps of worms. With long and slender bodies (marked by many transverse wrinkles), devoid of every rudiment of limb, they remind us of the before-noticed *Anguis*, *Typhlops*, and *Uropeltis* amongst reptiles. The Batrachians in question (which belong to the genera *Cecilia* and *Siphonops*) form the order *Ophiomorpha*.

The fourth order of Batrachians is one which has entirely passed away and become extinct. It is the order *Labyrinthodonta*, and the species which composed it were, some of them, of large size, with great heads like those of crocodiles. Others bore more or less resemblance to enlarged *Ophiomorpha*.

Every one knows that frogs begin their existence in the water as tadpoles, which have the habits and mode of life of fishes. Thus, the class *Batrachia* naturally conducts us to the class *Pisces*, the class of true fishes. This class contains a prodigious variety of forms, and is far more rich in species than any other of the classes before enumerated—even that of birds.

The fishes most familiar to us—such as the perch, carp, mackerel, cod, herring, sole, turbot, salmon, pike, dory, and eel—all belong to one great order called *Teleostei*, and which is made up of what are called “bony” fishes, though there are some bony fishes which do not belong to it. To the same order also belong the *Muraena*, the electric eel (*Gymnotus*), the flying fishes (*Exocoetus* and *Dactyloptera*), the sucking fish (*Remora*), the pipe-fish and sea-horse (*Hippocampus*), the diodon, the ostracion, the file-fish (*Balistes*), the largest of all fresh-water fishes (*Sodus gigas* of South America), with a multitude of other forms.

Certain more or less singular Teleosteans are classed together in a subordinate group of “Siluroids” (of which fish the *Silurus* is a type), and which group includes, amongst others, the singular, cuirassed fish *Callichthys*.

A group of fishes, which is now very small, but which at an earlier period of the world's history was very large, includes within it all those fishes which will be hereinafter occasionally spoken of as "Ganoids," as they compose the order *Ganoides*. Of all the forms of this order, the sturgeon is that which is least unfamiliar to us. The Ganoids are mostly fresh-water fishes and consist of the spoon-bill-fish (*Polyodon*), the bony-pike (*Lepidosteus*), the African *Polypterus*, the mud fish (*Lepidosiren*), and the curious Australian fish *Ceratodus*, which last is a singular instance of piscine survival.

Another order, *Elosmobranchii*, is made up of the sharks, together with the skates (or rays) and the curious *Chimera*. Amongst the skates may be mentioned the celebrated torpedo or electric ray.

The three groups above enumerated contain almost all known fishes, but a few other kinds, all of lowly organization, constitute two other groups of very different structure.

One of these groups is called *Marsipo-branchii*, and contains the lamprey, the *Myrine* (or Glutinous Hag), and the *Bdellestoma*. They are fishes of parasitic habits and of relatively inferior structure.

Last of all comes a creature of such exceptional build, so widely different from, and so greatly inferior to, any kind of animal yet noticed, that it may but doubtfully be reckoned as a fish at all. The animal referred to is the lancelet (*Amphioxus*), which is a small, almost wormlike animal, living in the sand on our own coasts, and also widely distributed over other parts of the world. The *Amphioxus* has no distinct head or heart, and its breathing apparatus—its gill structure—differs so much from that of all other fishes as to give a name to its "order" (which contains it alone)—the order *Pharyngobranchii*.

We have now, then, hastily surveyed no less than five "classes" of animals—(1) *Mammalia*, (2) *Aves*, (3) *Reptilia*, (4) *Batrachia*, and (5) *Pisces*.

But, as was said in the first beginning of this Essay,* "classes" are the groups into which "sub-kingdoms" are divided, and which, by their union, make up such "sub-kingdoms."

The five classes above-mentioned together constitute the highest of those sub-kingdoms into which the whole animal kingdom itself is divided. This highest sub-kingdom is named VERTEBRATA, and is called the vertebrate sub-kingdom, because every creature which belongs to it possesses a "spinal column," which is generally built up of bones, each of which is called a "*Vertebra*."

We ourselves are members of the genus *Homo*, of the family *Hominidae*, of the order *Primates*, of the class *Mammalia*, of the sub-kingdom *Vertebrata*, and it is desirable to treat this sub-kingdom at considerable length, both because it is, to us who are members of it, the most interesting and important, and because, by treating it somewhat fully, a good example can be once for all given of biological classification.

* See ante, p. 11.

But the number of animal kinds which belong to other sub-kingdoms vastly exceeds the total number of vertebrate animals, and the structural contrasts found between different non-vertebrate species is very much greater than any such contrasts as can be found to exist between any two members of the highest, or vertebrate sub-kingdom. This is only what we might expect; for non-vertebrate animals—often spoken of collectively as "*Invertebrata*"—form several distinct sub-kingdoms, each of which has a rank approximatively co-ordinate with that sub-kingdom to which we ourselves belong. Nevertheless, since the members of the invertebrata sub-kingdoms are, speaking generally, much less known and familiar than are vertebrate animals, and as the structural differences between them cannot be pointed out till an initial acquaintance has been made with comparative anatomy, for these reasons we may treat the various animal sub-kingdoms which have yet to be noticed at much less length than we have treated the vertebrata. The details of their peculiarities and the various degrees of significance and interest which they present will begin to appear when we proceed to treat of "*The Forms of Animals*."

The last class of vertebrates is, as we have seen, constituted by the fishes, which are fishes properly so called. But there are many animals which are familiarly and improperly spoken of as "*Fishes*," but which are even more below true fishes than whales and porpoises are above them. Thus, we hear of cuttle-fishes, and a variety of creatures are spoken of as "*shell-fish*," which are not in the least related to true fishes. Indeed, the many so-called "*shell-fish*" are not even nearly related one to another. Thus, the oyster and the lobster are both commonly thus named, but they belong respectively to two altogether distinct sub-kingdoms of the world of animals.

The oyster is an animal which belongs to a vast assemblage of species, with much variety of form and structure, which, on account of their soft bodies (whether or not enclosed in shells), are called *MOLLUSCA* or "*Mollusks*." This assemblage ranks as a sub-kingdom and contains within it at least four subordinate great groups or "*classes*." All snails and whelks, with their allies, and also all cuttle-fishes, belong to the sub-kingdom of "*soft animals*."

Amongst the most familiar of mollusks is the common snail, which may serve as a type of the "*class*" of mollusks to which it belongs—the class *Gasteropoda*. The snail, with the slug, are representatives of land-forms of mollusca, but the bulk of the class and of the whole sub-kingdom are aquatic animals, such as the whelk (*Buccinum*), periwinkle (*Littorina*), limpet (*Patella*), &c. The Gasteropods generally possess spirally coiled shells like the cowry or whelk, but some kinds have their shells in the form of simple cones—like a Chinaman's cap—as, e.g., the limpet. There are a few Gasteropods in which the shell consists of a series of similar segments as is the case with *Chiton*, while many are altogether naked. In some kinds the soft body is drawn out into a number of

tufted processes, as in *Doris* and *Eolis*, and sometimes the body is almost worm-like, as in *Phylliroe*, or provided with a pair of ring-like lateral processes and a rudimentary shell, as in the sea-hare *Aplysia*.

Next above the Gasteropoda comes a group of animals forming the class *Pteropoda*. These pteropods are small, active, oceanic, surface-swimming creatures, many of which live in delicate glass-like shells, and some of which form a large part of the food of the whalebone whale. They slit through the water by the aid of lateral processes which much resemble those before-mentioned as existing in the sea-hare. Allied to these pteropods is a curious little animal, the shell of which resembles a miniature elephant's tooth and which is named *Dentalium*.

Highest of all the mollusca stand the cuttle-fishes, forming (with the *Nautilus* and many extinct animals, such as ammonites and their allies) the great class *Cephalopoda*. The *Cephalopoda*, such as the cuttle-fish (*Sepia*) and the Poulp (*Octopus*), have now become familiar objects through our aquaria, where their very eccentric forms and remarkable movements naturally attract attention. To this group also belongs *Spirula*, the coiled and chambered shell of which is found so abundantly, but its soft tenant so very rarely. To it also belongs the extinct *Belemnite*, which was provided with a dense, conical internal shell, specimens of which found in rocks were at one time taken for thunderbolts. Of a lower grade of organization is the *Nautilus*, sole existing representative of a great group of *Cephalopoda* (including the ammonites and other forms) which has, with the above exception, long become entirely extinct.

The oyster is an animal which belongs to a much lower class of mollusca—namely, to the class called *Lamellibranchiata*, from the plate-like (or lamellar) structure of the gill. To that class also belongs the scallop (*Pecten*), the mussel (*Mytilus*), the fresh-water mussel (*Anodon*), the razor-shell (*Solen*), the cockle (*Cardium*), species with a long fleshy tube such as *Mya*, stone-perforating shells such as *Pholas*, and the well-known wood-boring "ship-worm" (*Teredo*)—which is no "worm" at all—with a multitude of other forms.

Certain other animals (which, like the *Lamellibranchs*, all have a shell divided into two valves) form another still lower class called *Brachiopoda*, a class which we may, at least provisionally, consider as belonging to the mollusca. These *Brachiopods* are also called "Lamp-shells," from a certain resemblance which many of them show to the form of a classical lamp. They are interesting, because in very ancient times they seem to have held that place in the world's animal population which is now held by the *Lamellibranchs*, by which, as they died out, they have been gradually replaced till but comparatively few forms survive. Some of these, however, are of great antiquity, and one of them, *Langula*, is, though still living, one of the most ancient of all known animals.

We may next pass to a small sub-kingdom which includes the curious and inert animals before referred to* as "Sea-squirts," *Tunicaries*

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for July, p. 710.

or Ascidians, and which constitute the sub-kingdom TUNICATA. These are marine organisms of very simple but very peculiar structure which sometimes grow up in compound aggregations. Certain forms (e.g., *Pyrosoma*) are luminous at night and may be seen swimming about in the ocean like so many red-hot urn-heaters. As we shall hereafter see, the reproductive processes and the earlier stages of existence of these creatures possess much interest, and have afforded strong grounds for regarding them, in spite of their lowly organization, as very close allies of the highest animals or *Vertebrata*.

Returning now to the "lobster" (lately mentioned as one of those animals commonly called "shell-fish") we may regard it as an example of what is by far the most numerous of all the sub-kingdoms of animals. This sub-kingdom is made up of animals with jointed feet or "Arthropods," and the ARTHROPODA are subdivided into four classes—1, *Crustacea*; 2, *Myriapoda*; 3, *Arachnida*; and 4, *Insecta*; and it is to the first of these four classes that the lobster belongs.

The class *Crustacea* contains, besides the lobster (and its near allies, hermit-crabs, prawns, shrimps, and cray-fish), all crabs, including those very quaint-looking animals (now so often seen in our living collections), the king-crabs (*Limulus*), and a variety of more or less strangely different forms such as the following:—

Certain Crustaceans, of the group called *Ostracoda*, have the hard outer coat of their body so peculiarly modified that they have quite the appearance of Lamellibranch Mollusks, and this resemblance is even more than skin deep, as we shall see later.

Some of another group, called *Copepoda*, become, when adult, so degraded in structure as to have the appearance of mere worms, as *Lerneocera* and *Tracheliastes*, and become strangely unlike the typical forms (crabs and lobsters) of their class.

Other animals of the class *Crustacea*, which animals form the order *Cirripedia* (barnacles and acorn-shells), bear such an external resemblance to mollusks that they were actually classed by Cuvier in the class *Mollusca*. In some of them—the Barnacles which commonly attach themselves to the bottoms of ships—the head grows from above downwards to a relatively enormous degree, forming the long stalk or "peduncle," at the lower end of which the small body with its limbs hangs suspended.

In another group, *Rhizocephala*, the form of the adult becomes yet more strange. These creatures are parasitic on other crustacea. Having attached themselves to the surface of the soft abdomen of the Hermit crab, the head of the Rhizocephalon grows out into it as so many root-like processes, from which condition the group has received its name.

The numerous and long extinct group of *Trilobites* also belongs to the class *Crustacea*.

The next class, *Myriapoda*, consists of the hundred-legs (centipedes), and thousand-legs (millipedes), which present us with some of the best

examples of creatures the bodies of which are composed of a longitudinal series of similar segments. Allied to them is a very exceptional animal found in Africa and New Zealand, and called *Peripatus*, the anatomy of which presents many significant peculiarities.

The third class of Arthropoda (*Arachnida*) consists of the scorpions and spiders with their poor relations, the mites and ticks, together with the very peculiarly-shaped *Pycnogonida* (which present us with a good image of "no body"—being all legs and no body), and the singular worm-like parasite *Linguatula*. Lastly, we come to the most zoologically important and numerous of all the classes of Arthropods—namely, to the "class" of insects—*Insecta*. Therein we meet with the power of flight in its most perfect form—i.e., in the Dragon-flies—and most of the species are aerial in their adult (or *Imago*) condition. Some, however, are burrowers as, for example, the mole-cricket—an insect which presents some curious analogies in structure to the beast referred to in its name. Amongst insects may be mentioned the most familiar of all, the House-fly (which belongs to the order *Diptera*), and Beetles of all kinds (which constitute the order *Coleoptera*), some of which latter are luminous, as is the well-known glow-worm, and the exotic beetles *Pyrophorus*. Another order (*Orthoptera*) is made up of the earwigs, cockroaches, crickets, grass-hoppers, and their allies the locusts, with Bamboo-insects and the curious walking-leaf (so-called from their resemblance to a Bamboo twig and a foliage leaf respectively), the praying mantis, and other curious kinds.

Bees and Ants, which belong to the order *Hymenoptera*, are, as every one knows, celebrated for their wonderfully complex instincts and community-life (which will occupy us later), and to the same order also belong the Ichneumon insects, which are provided with long appendages at the hinder ends of their bodies wherewith to pierce the bodies of animals in order to deposit their eggs within them, or to pierce the substance of plants, so producing "galls" which are structures of much interest from several points of view.

Butterflies and Moths form another order of insects called *Lepidoptera*, amongst which may be mentioned as (having to be referred to hereafter) the true butterflies (*Papilio*), and the hawkmoths (some of which in their flight so much resemble Humming-birds), the clear-wing moths, and those moths the grubs of which are known as "silk-worms," and certain moths of the genera *Solenobia* and *Psyche*.

The numerous group of bugs is allied to the plant-lice (*Aphides*), which so often infest our Pelargoniums when kept in dwelling-rooms. Allied to them, again, are the small creatures the nature of which was so long disputed, though familiar to commerce as "Cochineal." Really, they are small, singularly inert, plant-lice, which adhere to the surface of certain "Cacti."

The Dragon-flies, before referred to, are the types of the order *Neuroptere*.

All the insects above mentioned, save the House-fly, have four wings, or else none; but that familiar form may serve as the type of the two-winged order (*Diptera*) to which belong all flies and gnats—including, of course, the Mosquito—and the numerous "Bots," one of which (the Tser-Tser fly) is so fatal to cattle in Africa.

Finally, amongst insects may be mentioned the wingless, but active order of fleas (*Aphaniptera*), the wingless but sluggish lice (*Aptera*), and the jumping and wingless springtails (*Thysanura*).

In leaving the class of insects, we leave all the more highly-organized Invertebrata. But the next group to which we may direct our attention is one which is exceedingly numerous, and contains a very varied assemblage of forms. This group is the "sub-kingdom" of Worms, VERMES. First amongst its contents may be mentioned the higher or true "worms," such as the earth-worm (*Lumbricus*), the leech (*Hirudo*), the sea-mouse (*Aphrodite*), and their allies, together with the worms which live in tubes, which are called *Tubicolous*—"Annelids," because the whole class of these higher worms bears the name *Annelida*.

In this connexion may be mentioned certain exceptional vermiform creatures, about the affinities of which naturalists dispute.

One of these is a marine creature (called *Squilla*, from the way in which it shoots like an arrow through the water), which has many affinities to Arthropoda.

Another is a most remarkable worm, which has been found in the Bay of Naples, and is called *Balanoglossus*. It is the type of a group called *Enteropneusta*. To it reference will have again and again to be made on account of certain singularities in its structure.

A very distinct class of creatures is termed *Bryozoa* (or *Polyzoa*), and is composed of very minute animals which live in compound aggregations, and often grow up in an arborescent manner. The common sea-mat (*Flustra*) is one example of the class, and another—a good type—is called *Plumatella*. The *Bryozoa* have many affinities with the *Mollusca*, to which some naturalists consider them to belong.

Other worms form the class *Nematoidea*, of which many are parasitic and many not so. Amongst the better known of the former may be mentioned the worms which tease children (*Ascarides*), the guinea-worm (*Filaria*), the scourge of Germans who eat raw meat (*Trichina*), the deadly blood-parasite of the Nile (*Bilharzia*), and many others.

Another class (*Trematoda*) is made up of parasites called "Flukes," to some of which (e.g., *Monostomum*) reference will have hereafter to be made with respect to their processes of development.

The class *Turbellaria* contains a variety of other worms of a lowly kind, one or two of which (e.g., *Borlesia*) live coiled up in complex tangles which, if unravelled, would attain a length of forty feet. Amongst the commoner kinds may be mentioned the worm *Nemertes*, and all worms called *Planariæ* (which are mostly fresh-water, though some live on land), allied to the flukes.

The class of tape-worms (*Cestoidea*) is one most numerous in its kinds, which are all completely parasitic in habit. Some of them are so fatal in their effects that they are estimated to occasion every seventh death which occurs in Iceland, and they cause mortality amidst our own flocks, producing in sheep the disease known as the "staggers."

Certain minute organisms, familiarly known as "Wheel-Animalcules," or Rotifers, form the "class" *Rotifera*. They have gained their name through an apparently (though, of course, not really) rotary motion, of that end of their bodies at which the mouth is situated. Here also may be mentioned certain curious aquatic worms called *Gastrotricha*, which are closely allied to the wheel animalcules.

Finally may be mentioned the class *Gephyrea*, containing animals, worm-like indeed in form, but which have much apparent affinity to the group next to be spoken of—the group of star-fishes and their allies. Amongst the *Gephyrea* may be mentioned the worms called *Sipunculus* and *Priapulidæ*.

This leads us to the sub-kingdom containing the star-fishes—the sub-kingdom ECHINODERMA, which includes, besides the star-fishes (or *Asteridea*), all sea-eggs or sea-urchins (*Echinidea*), the brittle-stars *Ophiuridea*, as well as the elongated soft animals called sea-cucumbers, or *Holothuridea*, some of which latter are known as the Japanese edible, "Trepang."

Besides these groups there are still surviving a few creatures (*Comatula* and *Pentacrinus*) belonging to the class of "sea-lilies," or *Crinoidea*, creatures which once lived in countless multitudes, but have now almost entirely passed away. All these crinoids were like star-fishes on stalks, and of the existing forms, *Pentacrinus* still passes the whole of its life, and *Comatula* its youth, in a stalked condition.

The next great primary division, or sub-kingdom of animals, is COELENTERA, and a good type of the coelenterates, the sea anemone (*Actinia*), has now become a familiar object to us in our aquaria. These animals are plant-animals, or zoophytes, and some of them build up coral-reefs, or islands, and it is one kind which produces the red coral of commerce. Forms essentially similar, but the solid supporting framework of which is of a softer nature, are such as *Alcyonium* and *Pennatula*. All these belong to the "class" *Actinozoa*. There are other coelenterates of an active free-swimming habit, such as *Berbe* and *Cydippe*, which are balls of glassy transparency displaying iridescent hues as they move rapidly through the water by means of their peculiar locomotive organs.

Other coelenterates, of the same essential type but of simpler structure, form the class *Hydrozoa*. Amongst these may be mentioned the little *Hydra* of our ponds, which will often come before us in our survey of animal life. Some compound forms of *Hydrozoa* simulate the compound *Actinozoa*; such are the calcareous millipores, and those with a softer

structure, called "corallines," such as *Eudendrium* and many others. The Portuguese man-of-war (*Physalia*) and the various forms of jelly-fish (*Medusæ*) all belong to the *Hydrozoa*, as also does a very curious and very elementary form, to which the name *Tetraplatia* has been given.

Next we come to the group of sponges, *SPONGIDA*, some of which—as the now well-known *Euplectella*—are of marvellous beauty and delicacy of structure; while others, as the sponge of commerce, are of much greater simplicity of form. Simplest of all the sponges is the sponge called *Ascetia Primordialis*. Some sponges have a horny, some a calcareous, and some a siliceous skeleton, and (strange as it may appear) some have a habit of boring into shells, and living in the excavations they make.

An animal recently discovered, *Dicyma*, may at this initial stage of our inquiry be left with its place and affinities undetermined. It is a minute worm-like creature of most exceptionally simple structure, which lives parasitically within cuttle-fishes.

We now pass to animals (if so they are really to be considered) which are the lowest and simplest of all, and which are mostly microscopic in size, and may be grouped together under the term *HYPOZOA*, or under the generally employed name *Protozoa*. With very few exceptions these animals are aquatic, and if terrestrial they are found in damp localities. Some are marine, others are fresh-water organisms.

The highest of the group are the animalcules, which are named *Infusoria*, most of which are freely swimming organisms, though a certain number of them live fixed to some supporting body.

Another group of *Hypozoa* is that termed *Gregarinida*, a group made up of very lowly parasites, such as are often found tenanted the intestines of insects as well as those of higher animals. Finally, we have the group of *Rhizopoda*, animals which have the faculty of projecting and retracting (so to say, at will) filamentary or conical processes of their semi-fluid substance, such processes being the *Pseudopodia*, which were referred to earlier.*

Amongst the *Rhizopoda*, the most complex and beautiful are the delicate and symmetrical creatures known as *Radiolaria*,† the siliceous skeletons of which are amongst the most remarkable of microscopic objects.

Allied to them are the simpler *Heliozoa*, of which the after-mentioned *Actinophrys* may be taken as a type.

Next come the *Flagellata*, or minute creatures which swim about by means of one or two whip-like processes, whence the name of the group.

Last of all is the group of *Foraminifera*, animals which are well worthy of note, seeing that, though they are each but as it were a minute particle of structureless jelly, they manage to build most complexly-formed, generally calcareous, shells, or to pick up from the sand of the

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, July, p. 710.

† For a summary of our knowledge respecting this group, see the "Linnean Society's Journal," Vol. xv. (Zoology), p. 136.

sea minute particles, which they agglutinate around them with marvellous neatness and precision. Their calcareous shells are generally pierced by a multitude of minute pores, through which the little creatures protrude their *pseudopodia*. It is from these pores (or *foramina*) that the group receives its name. All *Foraminifera*, however, are not provided with shells. Some, as the *Amœba*, are naked, and the simplest of all animals, *Protogenes* and *Protamœba*, consist of but a minute particle of semi-fluid jelly, or protoplasm, naked and as devoid of every external protection as it is of internal organization.

We have thus descended to the bottom of the animal kingdom, and passing from these rudimentary forms, which are generally reckoned as animals, we may next survey in ascending order the different organisms which together compose the kingdom of Plants, a group much less rich in species than is the animal kingdom.

At the bottom of that kingdom are very simple creatures, but little different, to all appearance, from the lowest animals. As an example of such we may take the minute plant *Protococcus*, which is an humble member of the great group of *Algæ*, to which all sea-weeds belong. Not all of this important tribe, however, are marine. Many are found in fresh water—such as the *protococcus* itself, and many of the green vegetable threads known as *Conferæ*. Some even live on land, and draw their moisture from the atmosphere. The *Algæ* are exceedingly varied in their structure; some, like the *protococcus*, being of extreme simplicity; others attaining a large size, and presenting the appearance of a stout stem with branches and leaves.

The *Algæ* are divisible into the green-spored* (*Chlorospermæ*), the rose-spored (*Floridæ*), and the olive-spored (*Melanospermæ*).

It is in the first division that the *Protococcus* may be placed, as also those microscopic plants called *Diatoms* and *Desmids*. The former, the *Diatomaceæ*, are a very numerous group of minute organisms, some of which are used as test objects for microscopes. They contain in their outer coat or case a relatively large portion of siliceous matter, and their remains here and there form deposits—vast beds many feet in thickness—known as “tripoli,” and used for polishing. The minute particles of their protoplasm is contained within the siliceous case. They may be entirely free, or cohere in aggregations, or be attached to a supporting surface by a slender stalk, which may ramify and bear a little siliceous case or “frustule” at the end of each branch.

The *desmids* (or *Desmidiaceæ*) are green and devoid of siliceous matter, though their protoplasm is enclosed in hard or flexible cases, often marked with beautiful and characteristic patterns.

Both *diatoms* and *desmids* may cohere together, forming more complex masses; but another creature allied to *Protococcus* is noted for its mode of cohesion. This is the microscopic plant *Volvax*, the individuals of which cohere so as to form spheroidal aggregations, which swim about

* A “spore” is a minute reproductive particle.

by the action of filamentary prolongations of their protoplasm, such prolongations reminding us of the pseudopodia of radiolarians and other rhizopods.

Amongst these simplest plants may be also mentioned the curious thread-like organisms, which, on account of their remarkable and as yet unexplained movements, are called *Oscillatoria*.

Another curious vegetable organism which may here be mentioned is *Vaucheria*. It is a green, thread-like plant, which may be several inches long, and which at one stage of its existence (when it is what is called a "spore") swims about by pseudopodial prolongations of its protoplasm.

Some few of the *Chlorospermæ* are large and conspicuous organisms. Such, e.g., is *Caulerpa*, which abounds on warm, sandy coasts, and on which turtles browse. Though, as we shall hereafter see, it is really as simple in structure as a particle of yeast, it yet presents a very complicated external figure.

Some of the great group of *Algae* attain enormous dimensions. Thus, *Macrocystis* (one of the *Melanospermæ*), of the Southern Ocean, may be even 700 feet in length. Another kind, *Lessonia*, forms submarine forests, with stems like the trunks of trees.

The group of *Fioridæ* includes the delicate and elegant sea-weeds, which are amongst the most admired vegetable productions of our coasts. They are of interest, on account of various peculiarities in their reproductive processes.

Other lowly plants may, at least provisionally, be placed in the great group to which mushrooms and truffles belong—the group of *Fungi*—a group the members of which agree in certain exceptional phenomena of function,* as well as of structure and composition—as they are exceptionally nitrogenous.

Amongst the lowest which we may for convenience provisionally include in this group may be mentioned minute *Vibrios*, such as the *Bacteria* so much talked of in connexion with spontaneous generation, and the small plant which by its growth produces fermentation—the yeast-plant (*Saccharomyces*).† Closely allied to the yeast-plant are the "moulds" which grow on organic matters such as *Penicillium*, *Mucor*, *Saprolegna*, *Phytophthora*, the last of which is the potato disease.

A singular group of organisms goes by the name of *Myxomycetes*. These enigmatical creatures have been classed in turn as animals and as plants, and, indeed, at one period of their existence they seem to have more resemblance to the former, while at another stage of their life history they must unquestionably be ranked as plants. When young, they are in a semi-fluid condition, and so move that they seem, as it were, to flow over the body on which they rest. They grow

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for July, 1879, p. 714.

† Some botanists think that yeast is no true and definite kind of plant, but that it is only a conglomeration of fungoid spores of divers sorts.

upon the bark of trees or on leaves and decayed wood. They exhibit movements like those of the amæbæ and are said to engulph nutritious matters which come in their way.

The dry-looking, green, grey, red or yellow vegetable structures which encrust our rocks, walls, and trees, and which are called *Lichens*, form a group of plants curiously intermediate between Fungi and *Alge*.

Plants somewhat higher in the scale of vegetable life are those which are termed liverworts (*Hepaticæ*), including the scale-mosses (*Jungermanniaceæ*) and *Marchantia*. These plants, as we shall see, are interesting on account of the variations to be found in the forms of different genera. In many, there is no stem, but only a connected series of green disk-like expansions, while others have a distinct stem with leaf-like outgrowths.

Two genera of aquatic plants (*Chara* and *Nitella*) constitute another group of plants called *Characeæ*. These will be hereafter referred to both on account of peculiarities in their structure and on account of a peculiar motion of protoplasm which is easily to be seen* in them.

Mosses (*Musci*) are familiar objects to every one in this country, and allied to them are the so-called "club-mosses" or *Lycopods*, which form a sort of green sward in so many parts of the warmer regions of the earth. To one of the lycopods, called *Selaginella*, reference will hereafter be made in connexion with its very instructive reproductive process.

Certain humble plants, in some of which the foliage leaves present a superficial resemblance to those of a four-leaved clover, are popularly called pepperworts; by botanists, *Rhizocarpeæ* or *Marsiliaceæ*. They are creeping or floating stemless plants which inhabit ditches or inundated places. They are scattered over both the Old and New Worlds, but are chiefly found in temperate latitudes.

The horse-tails (*Equisetaceæ*) are also found in most parts of the world, though wanting in Australia and New Zealand. They inhabit wet and sandy places, and sometimes are of a considerable size even in the present day, but in ancient geological periods they attained the proportions of trees.

This group leads us on to their allies the ferns which form a very large natural group *Filices* or *Pteridophytes*—a group now familiar to every one interested in plants. Common as ferns are in our own country, they are far more abundant and attain to a much greater size in southern latitudes—notably in New Zealand and various Pacific islands.

All the plants hitherto enumerated, from the protococcus to the tree-ferns inclusive, together form what is commonly regarded as one great primary division or "sub-kingdom" of vegetables called CRYPTOGRAMIA. In no plant belonging to this sub-kingdom—in no single cryptogam—is

* This motion is that referred to at the bottom of page 296, in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for July, 1873, at *Agave*.

any flower ever developed. These form the great group which is often spoken of as "flowerless plants."

The other primary division of vegetable organisms consists of all plants with flowers, and is termed PHANEROGAMIA, and is subdivided into two sections,* very unequally numerous. To the first section of phanerogams—a section containing comparatively few kinds—belong all firs, pines, yews, junipers, araucarias, and a most remarkable African plant, *Wehrenschia*, which has never more than two leaves, though these attain enormous dimensions. All these plants are collectively spoken of as conifers, or *Coniferæ*. Besides these, certain curious southern forms called Cycads are also associated in this section. To this section, thus composed of conifers and cycads, the name GYMNOSPERMUS is given, from the naked mode of development of their young seeds. These gymnosperms are also characterized by having such peculiar and inconspicuous flowers that the ordinary observer would hardly apply that term to denote their floral organs.

All the plants which yet remain to be noticed, and which belong to the second and very much larger section of the PHANEROGAMIA are spoken of as *Angiosperms*. Their seeds are, from their first appearance, in a very different condition from those of gymnosperms, and their flowers are generally conspicuous. To this group, therefore, belong all the familiar ornamental plants of our gardens, and all the brightly coloured natural ornaments of our fields, as well as a number of herbs and trees, the flowers of which, though truly flowers, are not commonly recognized as such.

This group of Angiospermous flowering plants is divided into a great number of natural groups or "orders." Of these there are about 275, and they are grouped in two sets or classes, which are separated one from another, as we shall hereafter see, by differences as to their modes of growth, the structure of their seeds, the numbers of the parts of their flowers, and the course of the veins in their leaves.

First amongst the Angiospermous flowering plants may be mentioned the grasses forming the order *Gramineæ*, including under that term the tree-like bamboos (of multitudinous uses), with the rice plant, and all the grain-bearing herbs, all of which are grasses. Thus, with much reason may it be said of man, that "all flesh is grass;" for with the exception of the piscivorous Esquimaux, the exclusively flesh-eating Gouehos, the population of Australia, and the people of the Molluccas who nourish themselves on sago—which is the produce of a palm—with these and a few more exceptions, the staple food of the human race is one or another form of grass. It is, indeed, a remarkable fact that men of such varied races so widely spread should have thus selected as their food objects so little tempting in appearance, and so small and so inconspicuous as the seeds of grasses!

* Some readers may be startled at the mode here adopted of primarily dividing the Phanerogams, and may object to it as opposed to usage; but reasons will be given later for the mode of division here adopted.

Allied to the grasses are the sedges (forming the order *Cyperaceæ*), and the rushes (*Juncaceæ*). The apparently insignificant, but really interesting duckweeds (*Pistiacæ*) should also be noted with the bull-rushes (*Typhææ*), and the arums (*Araceæ*). This last-mentioned order, familiar to us by the kind known as "Lords and Ladies," presents some climbing forms in tropical countries. Generally acrid, some species, when in flower, even produce headache and vomiting; at least an explorer was attacked with these symptoms after gathering forty specimens of *Arum dracunculæ*. The order is also interesting from experiments as to vegetable heat, which have been made with the flowers of some of its species.

The screw-pines (*Pandanaceæ*) are not "pines" at all, any more than "pine-apples" are pines. They are, indeed, trees or shrubs, which, from one point of view, may be regarded as gigantic bulrushes. The flowers of certain species are in some places eaten as the solid equivalent of a love potion. Allied to the plants of the last-mentioned order are the palms (*Palmeæ*), which are the first really large trees we come to after leaving the tree-ferns and the gymnosperms. Amongst the more noteworthy palms may be mentioned the palmetto (*Chamærops*) of Southern Europe (a summer ornament of our public gardens), the date palm, the areca palm, the sago palm, the cocoa palm, the rattan palm—a natural cordage—and *Seaforthia*, so remarkable for its graceful and elegant form.

Next may be enumerated the great order of lilies (*Liliaceæ*), to which the homely and useful onion, leek, garlic, chive, and asparagus belong, no less than a multitude of lovely flowers.

The New Zealand flax (*Phormium tenax*), and all the magnificent yuccas and aloes, together with our English butcher's broom (*Ruscus aculeatus*), which has not a little botanical interest (as being the only British shrub which belongs to the group called "Monocotyledons") also belong to this order. Closely allied to the lilies are the amaryllids (*Amaryllidaceæ*), amongst which are the agaves, with their gigantic flower stems, sometimes forty feet high, supporting a multitudinous crop of flowers, the product and termination of a life.

To these follow the pine-apples (*Bromeliaceæ*) all originally from America, the useful bananas and plantains (*Muraceæ*), and the ginger-plants (*Zingiberaceæ*), tropical herbs, generally of great beauty.

The underground parts of certain tropical plants (*Dioscoreaceæ*) are known as "yams." A representative of this order exists in England in the climbing black bryony (*Tamus*) of our hedges, and to the same group belongs the very singularly stemmed elephant's foot, or tortoise-tree (*Testudinaria elephantipes*). The last-named plant is a native of the Cape of Good Hope, where it has been known as Hottentot's bread, because the soft interior of its swollen base was at one time eaten by the natives of that region, who have, however, now abandoned it to the baboons.

Lastly, in this connexion may be mentioned the very interesting and beautiful group of orchids (*Orchidaceæ*), many of which live high up in

the air, supported on the branches of trees, from which their roots hang freely down. Such orchids are sometimes spoken of as "air-plants."

All the Angiosperms as yet mentioned, from the grasses to the orchids inclusively, belong to the lower of the two great groups or classes into which, as was lately said, the whole mass of Angiosperms is divided.

This great group is named *Monocotyledones* (on account of the structure of the seed), and it is sometimes spoken of as *Endogens*, in reference to a generally prevalent habit of growth. The members of this whole class will then hereinafter be spoken of as "*Monocotyledons*."

All the plants which yet remain to be enumerated belong to the other and still greater group of Angiosperms called (also in reference to their seeds) *Dicotyledons*, a group sometimes spoken of as "*Exogens*," in reference to the habit of growth prevalent amongst its species.

All our familiar trees which are not conifers, and most of our flowering shrubs and herbs, are "*Dicotyledons*."

Amongst the many orders which compose the *Dicotyledonous* group the few following may be selected for enumeration, either on account of the general interest they possess, or because they will have to be more or less referred to hereafter.

We may thus note the singular order of vegetable parasites, the *Loranthaceæ*, an order containing some thirty genera with four hundred species, and including the mistletoe, which is traditionally venerable in our island. The great group of catkin-bearing trees (*Amentaceæ*), contains a great assemblage of plants, familiar in England, such as the hornbeam, hazel, oak, beech, Spanish chestnut, birch, willow, poplar, &c.*

The largest and one of the most remarkable flowers in the world, *Rafflesia*—a parasite found in Java and Sumatra by Sir Stamford Raffles—is the type of the small order *Rafflesiaceæ*. The eccentric pitcher-bearing plants form the order *Nepenthaceæ*. The English herb called "Spurge" (with its milky juice), belongs to the order (*Euphorbiaceæ*), which is a large cosmopolitan group, some species of the plants belonging to which attain, in hot countries, the size of trees. Certain African species strangely resemble different kinds of *Cactus*. The elm order (*Ulmaceæ*) may come next. The hop, the hemp, the mulberry, the fig, and the dorstenia are all nearly allied, the first two belonging to the order *Cannabaceæ*, the last three to the *Moraceæ*. The bread-fruit of the South-Sea Islands belongs to the same order (*Artocarpaceæ*) as does the deadly upas-tree of Java. Garments made of the inner bark of this plant are like the shirt of Nessus, and will produce intolerable irritation; and even climbing the tree to obtain its flowers is said to have produced severe effects on the climber. In proximity to the last-mentioned plant comes appropriately (as also in its proper botanical order) the

* The above named plants may for our purpose be thus conveniently grouped together, according to the older fashion of botanists. Strictly speaking however they should be divided amongst several orders—the oak, hazel and hornbeam (*Corylaceæ*), the oak, beech, and chestnut (*Fagaceæ*), the larches (*Retulaceæ*), the willows (*Salicaceæ*), &c.

† Containing upwards of 2500 species.

group of stinging-nettles (*Urticaceæ*). The curious Australian plants which delighted the eyes of Captain Cook's botanical companions belong to the order *Proteaceæ*. Besides these may be mentioned the dead-nettle order (*Labiata*); the broom-rape (*Orobanchaceæ*); the order of snap-dragons and foxgloves (*Scrophularinæ*); the potato group (*Solanaceæ*), which includes the deadly nightshade and the dulcamara of our hedges; the parasitic order (*Cuscutaceæ*); the beautiful group of convolvuluses (*Convolvulaceæ*); the gentians (*Gentianaceæ*); the primrose group (*Primulaceæ*); the heaths (*Ericaceæ*); the graceful hair-bell and its allies (*Campanulaceæ*); the very large group to which belong the daisy, dandelion, and thistle (*Compositæ*); the honeysuckle order (*Caprifoliaceæ*); the ivy (*Araliaceæ*); the large order containing the fennel, hemlock, and a multitude of other forms which, though mostly ranking as herbs, attain gigantic dimensions in some species found in Africa and Kamskatka (*Umbellifera*); the very singularly-shaped group of cactuses (*Cactaceæ*), with leafless fleshy stems, which sometimes look like dry columns and sometimes are globular; the begonias (*Begoniaceæ*); the cucumbers, melons, and vegetable marrows (*Cucurbitaceæ*); the singularly-formed passion-flowers (*Passifloraceæ*); the myrtles (*Myrtaceæ*); the carnivorous group containing the sundew and Venus's flytrap (*Droseraceæ*); the fleshy houseleek and stonecrops (*Craon-laceæ*); the Saxifrages (*Saxifragaceæ*); the rose group (*Rosaceæ*), which includes within it most of our fruits, such as the apple, pear, strawberry, cherry, peach, plum, almond, and others; the very large order which contains the peas, beans, and their allies (*Leguminosæ*); the horse-chestnut order (*Hippocastaneæ*); the maples (*Acerinæ*); the hollies (*Ilicinæ*); the oranges and citrons (*Aurantiacæ*); the cranesbills and pelargoniums (*Geraniaceæ*); the flaxes (*Linaceæ*); the limes (*Tiliaceæ*), in which the useful jute is included; the mallows (*Malvaceæ*); the St. John's worts (*Hypericaceæ*); the order of pinks (*Caryophyllæ*); the pansies (*Violaceæ*); the rock-roses (*Cistaceæ*), the mignonette group (*Resedaceæ*); the great wall-flower and cabbage group (*Crucifera*); the poppies (*Papaveraceæ*); the water-lilies (*Nymphaeaceæ*); the berberries (*Berberideæ*); the custard-apples (*Anonaceæ*); the magnolias (*Magnoliaceæ*); and, finally, the great group (*Ranunculaceæ*) containing the anemones, the clematis, hellebore, monkshood, and the buttercup, which last is of great use to the student of Botany because it is an excellent type of all flowers.

The above may serve as a brief enumeration of the more generally known or more interesting orders of flowering plants, as also of the most noteworthy forms of cryptogams. The much more numerous and complex groups of animals have also been catalogued in the earlier and larger part of this Essay, which may thus, it is hoped, answer the purpose of an introduction to those multitudinous forms of organic life, the leading points in the structure and functions of which are hereafter to occupy us.

The main groups of Animals and Plants may be provisionally tabulated as follows:—

ANIMALS.

- | | |
|--------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (1) VERTEBRATA
(Back-boned
Animals) | {
<i>Mammalia</i> (Man and Beasts)
<i>Aves</i> (Birds)
<i>Reptilia</i> (Serpents, Crocodiles, Lizards, &c.)
<i>Batrachia</i> (Frogs, Efts, &c.)
<i>Pisces</i> (Fishes) |
| (2) MOLLUSCA
(Soft Animals) | {
<i>Cephalopoda</i> (Cuttle Fishes)
<i>Pteropoda</i>
<i>Gasteropoda</i> (Snails, &c.)
<i>Lamellibranchiata</i> (Oysters, &c.)
<i>Brachiopoda</i> (Lamp-shells) |
| (3) TUNICATA | (Ascidians, Tunicaries, or Sea-squirts) |
| (4) ARTHROPODA
(Animals with
jointed feet) | {
<i>Crustacea</i> (Crabs, &c.)
<i>Myriapoda</i> (Hundred-legs, &c.)
<i>Arachnida</i> (Scorpions, Spiders, &c.)
<i>Insecta</i> |
| (5) VERMES | {
<i>Annelida</i> (Earth-worms, Leeches, &c.)
<i>Enteropneusta</i> (Balanoglossus)
<i>Bryozoa</i> (Sea-mat, &c.)
<i>Nematoidea</i> (Thread-worms)
<i>Trematoda</i> (Flukes, &c.)
<i>Turbellaria</i> (Planariae, &c.)
<i>Cestodea</i> (Tape-worms)
<i>Rotifera</i> (Wheel-animalcules)
<i>Gasterotricha</i>
<i>Gephyrea</i> (Sipunculus, &c.) |
| (6) ECHINODERMA | (Star-fishes, &c.) |
| (7) CœLENTERA | {
<i>Ctenophora</i> (Beroë, &c.)
<i>Actinozoa</i> (Coral animals)
<i>Hydrozoa</i> (Jelly-fishes, &c.) |
| (8) SPONGIDA | (Sponges) |
| (9) HYPOZOA | {
<i>Infusoria</i> (Animalcules with mouths)
<i>Gregarinida</i>
<i>Rhizopoda</i> (Foraminifera, Radiolarians, Flagellata, &c.) |

PLANTS.

- | | |
|-------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| (1) CRYPTOGAMIA
(Flowerless
Plants) | {
<i>Algae</i> (Sea-weeds, Confervæ, &c.)
<i>Fungi</i>
<i>Lichenes</i>
<i>Hepaticæ</i> (Liverworts and Scale-mosses)
<i>Characeæ</i> (Nitella, &c.)
<i>Musci</i> (Mosses)
<i>Marsiliaceæ</i> (Pepperworts)
<i>Equisetaceæ</i> (Horsetails)
<i>Filices</i> (Ferns) |
| (2) PHANEROGAMIA
(Flowering
Plants) | {
A. <i>Gymnosperms</i> (Firs, Yews, Cycads, &c.)
B. <i>Angiosperms</i> {
<i>Monocotyledones</i> (Grasses, Palms, Lilies,
Orchids, &c.)
<i>Dicotyledones</i> (the great mass of Flowering
Plants and Trees). |

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

THE ARTISTIC DUALISM OF THE RENAISSANCE.

I.

I NTO the holy enclosure which had received the precious shiploads of earth from Calvary, the Pisans of the thirteenth century carried the fragments of ancient sculpture brought from Rome and from Greece ; and in the Gothic cloister enclosing the green sward and dark cypresses of the graveyard of Pisa, the art of the Middle Ages came for the first time face to face with the art of antiquity. There, among pagan sarcophagi turned into Christian tombs, with heraldic devices chiselled on their arabesques and vizored helmets surmounting their garlands, the great unsigned artist of the fourteenth century, Orcagna of Florence, or Lorenzetti of Siena, painted the typical masterpiece of mediæval art, the great fresco of the Triumph of Death. With wonderful realization of character and situation he painted the prosperous of the world, the dapper youths and damsels seated with dogs and falcons beneath the orchard trees, amusing themselves with Decameronian tales and sound of lute and psaltery, unconscious of the colossal scythe wielded by the gigantic dishevelled Death, and which, in a second, will descend and mow them to the ground ; while the crowd of beggars, ragged, maimed, paralyzed, leprous, grovelling on their withered limbs, see and implore Death, and cry stretching forth their arms, their stumps, and their crutches. Further on, three kings in long embroidered robes and gold-trimmed shaven caps, Lewis the Emperor, Guccone of Pisa, and Castruccio of Lucca, with their retinue of ladies and squires, and hounds and hawks, are riding quietly through a wood. Suddenly their horses stop, draw back ; the Emperor's bay stretches out his long neck sniffing the air ; the kings strain forward to see, one holding his nose for the stench of death which meets him ; and before them are three open coffins, in

which lie, in three loathsome stages of corruption, from blue and bloated putrescence to well-nigh fleshless decay, three crowned corpses. This is the triumph of Death; the grim and horrible jest of the Middle Ages: equality in decay; kings, emperors, ladies, knights, beggars, and cripples, this is what we all come to be, stinking corpses; Death, our lord, our only just and lasting sovereign, reigns impartially over all.

But opposite, all along the sides of the painted cloister, the amazons are wrestling with the youths on the stone of the sarcophagi; the chariots are dashing forward, the Tritons are splashing in the marble waves; the Bacchantæ are striking their timbrels in their dance with the satyrs; the birds are pecking at the grapes, the goats are nibbling at the vines; all is life, strong and splendid in its marble eternity. And the mutilated Venus smiles towards the broken Hermes; the stalwart Hercules, resting against his club, looks on quietly, a smile beneath his beard; and the gods murmur to each other, as they stand in the cloister filled with earth from Calvary, where hundreds of men lie rotting beneath the cypresses, "Death will not triumph for ever; our day will come."

We have all seen them opposite to each other, these two arts, the art born of antiquity and the art born of the Middle Ages; but whether this meeting was friendly or hostile or merely indifferent, is a question of constant dispute. To some, mediæval art has appeared being led, Dante-like, by a magician Virgil through the mysteries of nature up to a Christian Beatrice, who alone can guide it to the kingdom of heaven; others have seen mediæval art, like some strong, chaste knight turning away resolutely from the treacherous sorceress of antiquity, and pursuing solitarily the road to the true and the good: for some the antique has been an impure goddess Venus, seducing and corrupting the Christian artist; the antique has been for others a glorious Helen, an unattainable perfection, ever pursued by the mediæval craftsman, but seized by him only as a phantom. Magician or witch, voluptuous, destroying Venus or cold and ungrasped Helen, what was the antique to the art born of the Middle Ages and developed during the Renaissance? Was the relation between them that of tuition, cool and abstract, or of fruitful love, or of deluding and damning example?

The art which came to maturity in the late fifteenth and early sixteenth centuries was generated in the early mediæval revival. The seeds may, indeed, have come down from antiquity, but they remained for nearly a thousand years hidden in the withered, rotting remains of former vegetation, and it was not till that vegetation had completely decomposed and become part of the soil, it was not till putrefaction had turned into germination, that artistic organism timidly reappeared. The new art-germ developed with the new civilization which surrounded it. Manufacture and commerce reappeared: the artisans and merchants formed into communities; the communities grew into towns, the towns into cities; in the city arose the cathedral; the Lombard or Byzantine

mouldings and traceries of the cathedral gave birth to figure-sculpture; its mosaics gave birth to painting; every forward movement of the civilization unfolded as it were a new form or detail of the art, until, when mediæval civilization was reaching its moment of consolidation, when the cathedrals of Lucca and Pisa stood completed, when Niccolo and Giovanni Pisani had sculptured their pulpits and sepulchres, painting, in the hands of Cimabue and Duccio, of Giotto and of Guido da Siena, freed itself from the tradition of the mosaicists as sculpture had freed itself from the practice of the stone-masons, and stood forth an independent and organic art.

Thus painting was born of a new civilization, and grew by its own vital force; a thing of the Middle Ages, original and spontaneous. But contemporaneous with the mediæval revival was the resuscitation of antiquity; in proportion as the new civilization developed, the old civilization was exhumed; real Latin began to be studied only when real Italian began to be written; Dante, Petrarca, and Boccaccio were at once the founders of modern literature and the exponents of the literature of antiquity; the strong young present was to profit by the experience of the past.

As it was with literature, so likewise was it with art. The most purely mediæval sculpture, the sculpture which has, as it were, just detached itself from the capitals and porches of the cathedral, is the direct pupil of the antique; and the three great Gothic sculptors, Niccolo, Giovanni, and Andrea of Pisa, learn from fragments of Greek and Roman sculpture how to model the figure of the Redeemer and how to chisel the robe of the Virgin. This spontaneous mediæval sculpture, aided by the antique, preceded by a full half-century the appearance of mediæval painting; and it was from the study of the works of the Pisan sculptors that Cimabue and Giotto learned to depart from the mummified monstrosities of the hieratic, Byzantine and Roman style of Giunta and Berlinghieri. Thus, through the sculpture of the Pisana the painting of the school of Giotto received at second-hand the teachings of antiquity. Sculpture had created painting; painting now belonged to the painters. In the hands of Giotto it developed within a few years into an art which seemed almost mature, an art dealing victoriously with its materials, triumphantly solving its problems, executing as if by miracle all that was demanded of it. But Giottoesque art appeared perfect merely because it was limited; it did all that was required of it, because that which was required was little; it was not asked to reproduce the real nor to represent the beautiful, it was asked merely to suggest a character, a situation, a story.

The artistic development of a nation has its exact parallel in the artistic development of an individual. The child uses his pencil to tell a story, satisfied with balls and sticks as body, head, and legs, provided he and his friends can associate with them the ideas in their minds: the youth sets himself to copy what he sees, to reproduce forms and effects,

without any aim beyond the mere pleasure of copying: the mature artist strives to obtain forms and effects of which he approves, he seeks for beauty. In the life of Italian painting the generation of men who flourished at the beginning of the sixteenth century are the mature artists; the men of the fifteenth century are the inexperienced youths; the Giottesques are the children—children Titanic and seraph-like, but children nevertheless, and, like all children, learning more perhaps in their few years than can the youth and the man learn in a lifetime.

Like the child, the Giottesque painter wished to show a situation or express a story, and for this purpose the absolute realization of objects was unnecessary. Giottesque art is not incorrect art, it is generalized art; it is an art of mere outline. The Giottesques could draw with great accuracy the hand, the form of the fingers, the bend of the limb, they could give to perfection its whole gesture and movement, they could produce a correct and spirited outline, but within this correct outline marked off in dark paint there is but a vague, uniform mass of pale colour; the body of the hand is missing, and there remains only its ghost, visible indeed, but unsubstantial, without weight or warmth, eluding the grasp. The difference between this spectre hand of the Giottesques, and the sinewy, muscular hand which can shake and crush of Masaccio and Signorelli, or the soft hand with throbbing pulse and warm pressure of Perugino and Bellini,—this difference is typical of the difference between the art of the fourteenth century and the art of the fifteenth century; the first suggests, the second realizes; the one gives impalpable outlines, the other gives tangible bodies; the Giottesque cares for the figure only inasmuch as it displays an action, he reduces it to a semblance, a phantom, to the mere exponent of an idea; the man of the Renaissance cares for the figure inasmuch as it is a living organism, he gives it substance and weight, he makes it stand out as an animate reality. Thence, despite its early triumphs, the Giottesque style, by its inherent nature, forbade any progress; it reached its limits at once, and the followers of Giotto look almost as if they were his predecessors, for the simple reason that, being unable to advance, they were forced to retrograde. The limited amount of artistic realization required to present to the mind of the spectator a situation or an allegory had been obtained by Giotto himself, and bequeathed by him to his followers, who, finding it more than sufficient for their purposes, and having no incentive to further acquisition in the love of form and reality for their own sake, worked on with their master's materials, composing and re-composing, but adding nothing of their own. Giotto had observed Nature with passionate interest, because although its representation was only a means to an end, it was a means which required to be mastered, and as such became in itself a sort of secondary aim; but the followers of Giotto merely utilized his observations of Nature, and in so doing gradually conventionalized and debased these second-hand observations. Giotto's forms are wilfully incomplete, because they aim

at mere suggestion, but they are not conventional: they are diagrams, not symbols, and thence it is that Giotto seems nearer to the Renaissance than do his latest followers, not excepting even Orcagna. Painting, which had made the most prodigious strides from Giunta to Cimabue, and from Cimabue to Giotto, had got enclosed within a vicious circle, in which it moved for nearly a century neither backwards nor forwards: painters were satisfied with suggestion; and as long as they were satisfied, no progress was possible.

From this Giottesque treadmill, painting was released by the intervention of another art. The painters were hopelessly mediocre; their art was snatched from them by the sculptors. Orcagna himself, perhaps the only Giottesque who gave painting an onward push, had modelled and cast one of the bronze gates of the Florence baptistery; the generation of artists who arose at the beginning of the fifteenth century, and who opened the period of the Renaissance, were sculptors or pupils of sculptors. When we see these vigorous lovers of nature, these heroic searchers after truth, suddenly pushing aside the decrepit Giottesque allegory-mongers, we ask ourselves in astonishment whence they have arisen, and how those broken-down artists of effete art could have begotten such a generation of giants. Whence do they come? Certainly not from the studios of the Giottesques; no, they issue out of the workshops of the stone-mason, of the goldsmith, of the worker in bronze, of the sculptor. Vasari has preserved the tradition that Masolino and Paolo Uccello were apprentices of Ghiberti; he has remarked that their greatest contemporary, Masaccio, "trod in the steps of Brunelleschi and of Donatello." Pollaiuolo and Verrocchio we know to have been equally excellent as painters and as workers in bronze. Sculpture, at once more naturalistic and more constantly under the influence of the antique, had for the second time laboured for painting. Itself a subordinate art, without real vitality, without deep roots in the civilization, sculpture was destined to remain the unsuccessful pupil of the antique, and the unsuccessful rival of painting; but sculpture had for its mission to prepare the road for painting and to prepare painting for antique influence, and the noblest work of Ghiberti and Donatello was Masaccio, as the most lasting glory to the Pisani had been Giotto.

With Masaccio began the study of nature for its own sake, the desire of reproducing external objects without any regard to their significance as symbols or as parts of a story, the passionate wish to arrive at absolute realization. The merely suggestive outline art of the Giottesques had come to an end; the suggestion became a matter of indifference, the realization became a paramount interest; the story was forgotten in the telling, the religious thought was lost in the search for the artistic form. The Giottesques had used debased conventionalism to represent action with wonderful narrative and logical power; the artists of the early Renaissance became unskilful narrators and foolish allegorists almost in proportion as they became skilful draughtsmen and colourists;

the saints had become to Masaccio merely so many lay figures on to which to cast drapery; for Fra Filippo, the Madonna was a mere peasant model; for Filippino Lippi and for Ghirlandajo, a miracle meant merely an opportunity of congregating a number of admirable portrait figures in the dress of the day; the Baptism for Verrocchio had significance only as a study of muscular legs and arms; and the sacrifice of Noah had no importance for Uccello save as a grand opportunity for foreshortenings. In the hands of the Giottoesques, interested in the subject and indifferent to the representation, painting had remained stationary for eighty years; for eighty years did it develop in the hands of the men of the fifteenth century, indifferent to the subject and passionately interested in the representation. The unity, the appearance of relative perfection of the art had disappeared with the limits within which the Giottoesques had been satisfied to move; instead of the intelligible and solemn conventionalism of the Giottoesques, we see only disorder, half-understood ideas and abortive attempts, confusion which reminds us of those enigmatic sheets on which Leonardo or Michel Angelo scrawled out their ideas—drawings within drawings, plans of buildings scratched over Madonna heads, single flowers upside down next to flayed arms, calculations, monsters, sonnets, a very chaos of thoughts and of shapes, in which the plan of the artist is inextricably lost, which mean everything and nothing, but out of whose unintelligible network of lines and curves have issued masterpieces, and which only the foolish or the would-be philosophical would exchange for some intelligible, hopelessly finished and finite illustration out of a Bible or a book of travels.

Anatomy, perspective, colour, drapery, effects of light, of water, of shadow, forms of trees and flowers, converging lines of architecture, all this at once absorbed and distracted the attention of the artists of the early Renaissance; and while they studied, copied, and calculated, another thought began to haunt them, another eager desire began to pursue them: by the side of Nature, the manifold, the baffling, the bewildering, there rose up before them another divinity, another sphinx, mysterious in its very simplicity and serenity—the Antique.

The exhumation of the antique had, as we have seen, been contemporaneous with the birth of painting; nay, the study of the remains of antique sculpture had, in contributing to form Niccolo Pisano, indirectly helped to form Giotto; the very painter of the Triumph of Death had inserted into his terrible fresco two winged genii, upholding a scroll, copied without any alteration from some coarse Roman sarcophagus, in which they may have sustained the usual *Dis Manibus Sacrum*. There had been, on the part of both sculptors and painters, a constant study of the antique; but during the Giottoesque period this study had been limited to technicalities, and had in no way affected the conception of art. The mediæval artists, surrounded by physical deformities, and seeing sanctity in sickness and dirt, little accustomed to observe the

human figure, were incapable, both as men and as artists, of at all entering into the spirit of antique art. They could not perceive the superior beauty of the antique; they could recognize only its superior science and its superior handicraft, and these alone they studied to obtain.

Giovanni Pisano, sculpturing the unfleshed, caried carcases of the devils who leer, writhe, crunch, and tear on the outside of Orvieto Cathedral; and the Giottoesque painting those terrible green, macerated Christs, hanging livid and broken from the cross, which abound in Tuscany and Umbria; the artists who produced these loathsome and lugubrious works were indubitably students of the antique, but they had learned from it not a love for beautiful form and noble drapery, but merely the general shape of the limbs and the general fall of the garments: the anatomical science and technical processes of antiquity were being used to produce the most intensely un-antique, the most intensely mediæval works. Thus matters stood in the time of Giotto. His followers, who studied only arrangement, probably consulted the antique as little as they consulted nature; but the contemporary sculptors were brought by the very constitution of their art into close contact both with Nature and with the antique; they studied both with determination, and handed over the results of their labours to the sculptor-taught painters of the fifteenth century.

Here, then, were the two great factors in the art of the Renaissance—the study of nature, and the study of the Antique; both understood slowly, imperfectly; the one counteracting the effect of the other; the study of nature now scaring away all antique influence; the study of the antique now distorting all imitation of nature; rival forces confusing the artist and marring the work, until, when each could receive its due, the one corrected the other, and they combined, producing by this marriage of the living reality with the dead but immortal beauty, the great art of Michel Angelo, of Raphael, and of Titian: double like its origin, antique and modern, real and ideal.

The study of the Antique is thus placed opposite to the study of nature, the comprehension of the works of antiquity is the momentary antagonist of the comprehension of the works of nature. And this may seem strange, when we consider that antique art was itself due to perfect comprehension of nature. But the contradiction is easily explained. The study of nature, as it was carried on in the Renaissance, comprised the study of effects which had remained unnoticed by antiquity; and the study of the statue, colourless, without light, shade, or perspective, hampered, and was hampered by, the study of colour, of light and shade, of perspective, and of all that a generation of painters would seek to learn from nature. Nor was this all: the influence of the civilization of the Renaissance, of a civilization directly issued from the Middle Ages, was entirely at variance with the influence of antique civilization through the medium of ancient art; the Middle Ages and Antiquity, Christianity and Paganism, were even more opposed to each other

than could be the statue and the easel picture, the fresco and the bas-relief.

First, then, we have the hostility between painting and sculpture, between the *modus operandi* of the modern and the *modus operandi* of the ancient art. Antique art is in the first place purely linear art, colourless, tintless, without light and shade; next, it is essentially the art of the isolated figure, without background, grouping, or perspective. As linear art it could directly affect only that branch of painting which was itself linear, and as art of the isolated figure it was ever being contradicted by the constantly developing arts of perspective and landscape. The antique never directly influenced the Venetians, not from reasons of geography and culture, but from the fact that Venetian painting, founded from the earliest times upon a system of colour, could not be affected by antique sculpture, based upon a system of modelled, colourless form; the men who saw form only through the medium of colour could not learn much from purely linear form; hence it is that even after a certain amount of antique imitation had passed into Venetian painting, through the medium of Mantegna, the Venetian painters display comparatively little antique influence. In Bellini, Carpaccio, Cima, and other early masters, the features, forms, and dress are mainly modern and Venetian; and Giorgione, Titian, and even the eclectic Tintoret were more interested in the bright lights of a steel breastplate than in the shape of a limb, and preferred in their hearts a shot brocade of the sixteenth century to the finest drapery ever modelled by an ancient.

The antique influence was naturally strongest among the Tuscan schools; because the Tuscan schools were essentially schools of drawing, and the draughtsman recognized in antique sculpture the highest perfection of that linear form which was his own domain. Yet while the antique appealed most to the linear schools, even in these it could strongly influence only the purely linear part; it is strong in the drawings and weak in the paintings. As long as the artists had only the pencil or pen, they could reproduce much of the linear perfection of the antique; they were, so to speak, alone with it; but as soon as they brought in colour, perspective, and scenery, the linear perfection was lost in attempts at something new; the antique was put to flight by the modern. Botticelli's crayon study for his *Venus* is almost antique; his tempera picture of *Venus*, with the pale blue scaly sea, the laurel grove, the flower-embroidered garments, the wisps of tawny hair, is comparatively mediæval; Pinturicchio's sketch of fauns and satyrs contrasts strangely with his frescos in the library of Siena; Mantegna himself, supernaturally antique in his engravings, becomes almost trivial and modern in his oil-paintings. Do what they might, draw from the antique and calculate its proportions, the artists of the Renaissance found themselves baffled as soon as they attempted to apply the result of their linear studies to coloured pictures; as soon

as they tried to make the antique unite with the modern, one of the two elements was sure to succumb. In Botticelli, draughtsman and student though he was, the modern, the mediæval, that part of the art which had arisen in the Middle Ages, invariably had the upper hand; his Venus, despite her forms studied from the antique and her gesture imitated from some earlier discovered copy of the Medicean Venus, has the woe-begone prudery of a Madonna or of an abbess; she shivers physically and morally in her unaccustomed nakedness, and the goddess of Spring, who comes skipping up from beneath the laurel copse, does well to prepare her a mantle, for in the pallid tempera colour, against the dismal background of rippled sea, this mediæval Venus, at once indecent and prudish, is no pleasing sight. In the Allegory of Spring in the Academy of Florence, we again have the antique; goddesses and nymphs whose clinging garments the gentle Sandro Botticelli has assuredly studied from some old statue of Agrippina or Faustina; but what strange livid tints are there beneath those draperies, what eccentric gestures are those of the nymphs, what a green, ghostlike light illumines this garden of Venus! Are these goddesses and nymphs immortal women such as the ancients conceived, or are they not rather fantastic fairies or nixen, Titanias and Undines, incorporeal daughters of dew and gossamer and mist?

In Sandro Botticelli the teachings of the statue are forgotten or distorted when the artist takes up his palette and brushes; in his far greater contemporary, Andrea Mantegna, the ever-present antique chills and arrests the vitality of the modern. Mantegna, the pupil of the ancient marbles of Squarcione's workshop even more than the pupil of Donatello, studies for his paintings not from nature, but from sculpture; his figures are seen in strange projection and foreshortening, like figures in a high relief seen from below; despite his mastery of perspective, they seem hewn out of the background; despite the rich colours which he displays in his Veronese altar-piece, they look like painted marbles, with their hard clots of stone-like hair and beard, with their vacant glance and their wonderful draperies, clinging and weighty like the wet draperies of ancient sculpture. They are beautiful petrifications, or vivified statues; Mantegna's masterpiece, the sculpin "Judith" in Florence, is like an exquisite, pathetically lovely Eurydice, who has stepped unconscious and lifeless out of a Praxitelean bas-relief. And there are stranger works than even the Judith; strange statuesque fancies, like the fight of Marine Monsters and the Bacchanal among Mantegna's engravings. The group of three wondrous creatures, at once men, fish, and gods, is as grand and even more fantastic than Leonardo's Battle of the Standard; a Triton, sturdy and muscular, with sea-weed beard and hair, wheels round his finned horse, preparing to strike his adversary with a bunch of fish which he brandishes above him; on him is rushing, careering on an osseous sea-horse, a strange, lank, sinewy being, fury stretching every tendon, his long clawed feet striking into the flanks of his steed,

his sharp, reed-crowned head turned fiercely, with clenched teeth, on his opponent, and stretching forth a truncheon, ready to run down his enemy as a ship runs down another; and further off a young Triton, with clotted hair and heavy eyes, seems ready to sink wounded below the rippling wavelets, with the massive head and marble agony of the dying Alexander; enigmatic figures, grand and grotesque, lean, haggard, vehement, and yet, in the midst of violence and monstrosity, unaccountably antique. The other print, called the Bacchanal, has no background: half-a-dozen male figures stand separate and naked as in a bas-relief. Some are leaning against a vine-wreathed tub; a satyr, with acanthus-leaves growing wondrously out of him, half man, half plant, is emptying a cup; a heavy Silenus is prone upon the ground; a faun, seated upon the vat, is supporting in his arms a beautiful sinking youth; another youth, grand, muscular and grave as a statue, stands on the further side. Is this really a bacchanal? Yes, for there is the paunchy Silenus, there are the fauns, there the vat and vine-wreaths and drinking-horns. And yet it cannot be a bacchanal. Compare with it one of Rubens's orgies, where the overgrown, rubeund men and women and fauns tumble about in tumultuous, riotous intoxication: that is a bacchanal, they have been drinking, those magnificent brutes, there is wine firing their blood and weighing down their heads. But here all is different, in this so-called Bacchanal of Mantegna. This heavy Silenus is supine like a mass of marble; these fauns are shy and mute; these youths are grave and sombre; there is no wine in the cups, there are no lees in the vat, there is no life in these magnificent colossal forms; there is no blood in their grandly bent lips, no light in their wide-opened eyes; it is not the drowsiness of intoxication which is weighing down the youth sustained by the faun; it is no grape-juice which gives that strange, vague glance. No; they have drunk, but not of any mortal drink; the grapes are grown in Persephone's garden, the vat contains no fruits that have ripened beneath our sun. These strange, mute, solemn revellers have drunk of Lethe, and they are growing cold with the cold of death and of marble; they are the ghosts of the dead ones of antiquity, revisiting the artist of the Renaissance, who paints them, thinking he is painting life, while that which he paints is in reality death.

This anomaly, this unsatisfactory character of the works of both Botticelli and Mantegna, is mainly technical; the antique is frustrated in Botticelli, not so much by the Christian, the mediæval, the modern mode of feeling, as by the new methods and aims of the new art which disconcert the methods and aims of the old art; and that which arrests Mantegna in his development as a painter is not the spirit of Paganism deadening the spirit of Christianity, but the laws of sculpture hampering painting. But this technical contest between two arts, the one not yet fully developed, the other not yet fully understood, is as nothing compared with the contest between the two civilizations, the antique and the

modern ; between the habits and tendencies of the contemporaries of the artists of the Renaissance and of the artists themselves, and the habits and tendencies of the antique artists and their contemporaries. We are apt to think of the Renaissance as of a period closely resembling antiquity, misled by the inevitable similarity between southern and democratic countries of whatever age ; misled still less pardonably by the Ciceronian pedantries and pseudo-antique obscenities of a few humanists, and by the pseudo-Corinthian arabesques and capitals of a few learned architects. But all this was mere archæological finery borrowed by a civilization in itself entirely unlike that of ancient Greece.

The Renaissance, let us remember, was merely the flowering time of that great mediæval movement which had germinated early in the twelfth century ; it was merely a more advanced stage of the civilization which had produced Dante and Giotto, of the civilization which was destined to produce Luther and Rabelais. The fifteenth century was merely the continuation of the fourteenth century, as the fourteenth had been of the thirteenth ; there had been growth and improvement ; development of the more modern, diminishing of the more mediæval elements ; but, despite growth and the changes due to growth, the Renaissance was part and parcel of the Middle Ages. The life, thought, aspirations, and habits were mediæval, opposed to the open-air life, the physical training, and the materialistic religion of antiquity. The surroundings of Masaccio and of Signorelli, nay, even of Raphael, were very different from those of Phidias or Praxiteles. Let us think what were the daily and hourly impressions given by the Renaissance to its artists. Large towns, in which thousands of human beings were crowded together, in narrow, gloomy streets, with but a strip of blue visible between the projecting roofs ; and in these cities an incessant commercial activity, with no relief save festivals at the churches, brawls at the taverns, and carnival buffooneries. Men and women pale and meagre for want of air, and light, and movement ; undeveloped, untrained bodies, warped by constant work at the loom or at the desk, at best with the lumpish freedom of the soldier and the vulgar nimbleness of the 'prentice. And these men and women dressed in the dress of the Middle Ages, gorgeous perhaps in colour, but heavy, miserable, grotesque, nay, sometimes ludicrous in form ; citizens in lumpish robes and long-tailed caps ; ladies in stiff and foldless brocade hoops and stomachers ; artisans in striped and close-adhering hose and egg-shaped padded jerkin ; soldiers in lumbering armour-plates, ill-fitted over ill-fitting leather, a shapeless shell of iron, bulging out and angular, in which the body was buried as successfully as in the robes of the magistrates. Thus we see the men and women of the Renaissance in the works of all its painters : heavy in Ghirlandajo, vulgarly jaunty in Filippino, preposterously starved and prim in Mantegna, ludicrously undignified in Signorelli ; while mediæval stiffness, awkwardness, and absurdity reach their acme perhaps in the little boys, companions of the Medici children, introduced into Benozzo

Gozzoli's Building of Babel. These are the prosperous townsfolk, among whom the Renaissance artist is but too glad to seek for models ; but besides these there are lamentable sights, mediæval beyond words, at every street corner : dwarfs and cripples, maimed and diseased beggars of all degrees of loathsomeness, lepers and epileptics, and infinite numbers of monks, brown, grey and black, in sack-shaped frocks and pointed hoods, with shaven crown and cropped beard, emaciated with penance or bloated with gluttony. And all this the painter sees, daily, hourly ; it is his standard of humanity, and as such finds its way into every picture. It is the living ; but opposite it arises the dead. Let us turn aside from the crowd of the mediæval city, and look at what the workmen have just laid bare, or what the merchant has just brought from Rome or from Greece. Look at this : it is corroded by oxides, battered by ill-usage, stained with earth : it is not a group, not even a whole statue, it has neither head nor arms remaining ; it is a mere broken fragment of antique sculpture,—a naked body with a fold or two of drapery ; it is not by Phidias nor by Praxiteles, it may not even be Greek ; it may be some cheap copy, made for a garden or a bath, in the days of Hadrian. But to the artist of the fifteenth century it is the revelation of a whole world, a world in itself. We can scarcely realize all this ; but let us look and reflect, and even we may feel as must have felt the man of the Renaissance in the presence of that mutilated, stained, battered torso. He sees in that broken stump a grandeur of outline, a magnificence of osseous structure, a breadth of muscle and sinew, a smooth, firm covering of flesh, such as he would vainly seek in any of his living models ; he sees a delicate and infinite variety of indentures, of projections, of creases following the bend of every limb ; he sees, where the surface still exists intact, an elasticity of skin, a buoyancy of hidden life such as all the colours of his palette are unable to imitate ; and in this piece of drapery, negligently gathered over the hips or rolled upon the arm, he sees a magnificent alternation of large folds and small plaits of straight lines, and broken lines, and curves. He sees all this ; but he sees more : the broken torso is, as we have said, not merely a world in itself, but the revelation of a world. It is the revelation of antique civilization, of the palestra and the stadium, of the sanctification of the body, of the apotheosis of man, of the religion of life and nature and joy ; revealed to the man of the Middle Ages, who has hitherto seen in the untrained, diseased, despised body but a deformed piece of baseness, which his priests tell him belongs to the worms and to Satan ; who has been taught that the monk living in solitude and celibacy, filthy, sick, worn out with fastings and bleeding with flagellation, is the nearest approach to divinity ; who has seen Divinity itself, pale, emaciated, joyless, hanging bleeding from the cross ; and who is for ever reminded that the kingdom of this Godhead is not of this world.

What passes in the mind of that artist ? What surprise, what

dawning doubts, what sickening fears, what longings and what remorse are not the fruit of this sight of antiquity? Is he to yield or to resist? Is he to forget the saints and Christ and give himself over to Satan and to antiquity? Only one man boldly answered, Yes. Mantegna abjured his faith, abjured the Middle Ages, abjured all that belonged to his time, and in so doing cast away from him the living art and became the lover, the worshipper of shadows. And only one man turned completely aside from the antique as from the demon, and that man was a saint, Fra Angelico da Fiesole. And with the antique, Fra Angelico rejected all the other artistic influences and aims of his time, the time not of Giotto or of Orcagna, but of Masaccio of Uccello, of Pollaiuolo and Donatello. For the mild, meek, angelic monk dreaded the life of his days; dreaded to leave the cloister where the sunshine was tempered and the noise reduced to a mere faint hum, and where the flower-beds were tidy and prim; dreaded to soil or rumple his spotless white robe and his shining black cowl; a spiritual sybarite, shrinking from the sight of the crowd seething in the streets, shrinking from the idea of stripping the rags off the beggar in order to see his tanned and gnarled limbs; shuddering at the thought of seeking for muscles in the dead, cut-open body; fearful of every whiff of life that might mingle with the incense atmosphere of his chapel, of every cry of human passion which might break through the well-ordered sweetness of his chants. No, the Renaissance did not exist for him who lived in a world of diaphanous form, colour, and character, unsubstantial and unruffled; dreaming feebly and sweetly of transparent-checked Madonnas with no limbs beneath their robes; of smooth-faced saints with well combed beard and placid, vacant gaze, seated in well-ordered masses, holy with the purity of inanity; of divine dolls with pallid flaxen locks, floating between heaven and earth, playing upon lute and viol and psaltery, raised to saint visions of angels and blessed, moving noiseless, feelingless, meaningless, across the flowerets of Paradise; of assemblies of saints seated, arrayed in pure pink, and blue and lilac, in an atmosphere of liquid gold, in glory. And thus Fra Angelico worked on, content with the dearly-purchased science of his masters, placid, beatic, effeminate, in an æsthetical paradise of his own, a paradise of sloth and sweetness, a paradise for weak souls, weak hearts, and weak eyes; patiently repeating the same fleshless angels, the same boneless saints, the same bloodless virgins; happy in smoothing the unmixed, unshaded tints of the sky, and earth, and dresses; laying on the gold of the fretted skies, and of the iridescent wings, embroidering robes, instruments of music, haloes, flowers, with threads of gold. . . . Sweet, simple artist saint, reducing art to something akin to the delicate pearl and silk embroidery of pious nuns, to the exquisite sweetmeat cookery of pious monks; a something too delectately gorgeous, too deliciously insipid for human wear or human food; no, the Renaissance does not exist for thee, either in its study of the existing reality, or in its study of antique beauty.

Mantegna, the learned, the archaeological, the pagan, who renounces his times and his faith; and Angelico, the monk, the saint, who shuts and bolts his monastery doors and sprinkles holy water in the face of the antique, the two extremes, are both exceptions. The innumerable artists of the Renaissance remained in hesitation; tried to court both the antique and the modern, to unite the Pagan and the Christian—some, like Ghirlandajo, in cold indifference to all but mere artistic science, encrusting marble bacchanals into the walls of the Virgin's paternal house, bringing together, unthinkingly, antique-draped women carrying baskets and noble Strozzi and Ruceellai ladies with gloved hands folded over their gold brocaded skirts; others, with cheerful and child-like pleasure in both antique and modern, like Benozzo, crowding together half-naked youths and nymphs treading the grapes and scaling the trellise with Florentine magnificos in plaited skirts and starched collars, among the pines and porticos, the sprawling children, barking dogs, peacocks sunning themselves, and partridges picking up grain, of his Pisan frescoes; yet others using the antique as mere pageant shows, allegorical mummeries destined to amuse some Duke of Ferrara or Marquis of Mantua, together with hurdle races of Jews, hags, and riderless donkeys.

Thus little by little the antique amalgamates with the modern; the art born of the Middle Ages absorbs the art born of Paganism; but how slowly, and with what fantastic and ludicrous results at first; as when the anatomical sculptor Pollaiuolo gives scenes of naked Roman prize-fighters as martyrdoms of St. Sebastian; or when the pious Perugino (pious at least with his brush) dresses up his sleek, hectic, beardless archangels as Roman warriors, and makes them stand, straddling beautifully on thin little dapper legs, wistfully gazing from beneath their wondrously ornamented helmets on the walls of the Cambio at Perugia; when he masquerades meditative fathers of the Church as Socrates and haggard anchorites as Numa Pompilius; most ludicrous of all, when he attires in scantiest of clinging antique drapery his mild and pensive Madonnas, and, with daintily-pointed toes, places them to throne bashfully on allegorical chariots as Venus or Diana.

Long is the period of amalgamation, and small are the results throughout that long early Renaissance. Mantegna, Piero della Francesca, Melozzo, Ghirlandajo, Filippino, Botticelli, Verrocchio, have none of them shown us the perfect fusion of the two elements whose union is to give us Michel Angelo, Raphael, and all the great perfect artists of the early sixteenth century; the two elements are for ever ill-combined and hostile to each other; the modern vulgarizes the antique, the antique paralyzes the modern. And meanwhile the fifteenth century, the century of study, of conflict, and of confusion, is rapidly drawing to a close; eight or ten more years, and it will be gone. Is the new century to find the antique still dead and the modern still mediæval?

The antique and the modern had met for the first time and as irre-

conceivable enemies in the cloisters of Pisa; and the modern had triumphed in the great mediæval fresco of the Triumph of Death. By a strange coincidence, by a sublime jest of accident, the antique and the modern were destined to meet again, and this time indissolubly united, in a painting representing the Resurrection. Yes, Signorelli's fresco in Orvieto Cathedral is indeed a resurrection, the resurrection of human beauty after the long death-slumber of the Middle Ages. And the artist would seem to have been dimly conscious of the great allegory he was painting. Here and there are strewn skulls; skeletons stand leering by, as if in remembrance of the ghastly past, and as a token of former death; but magnificent youths are breaking through the crust of the earth, emerging, taking shape and flesh; arising, strong and proud, ready to go forth at the bidding of the Titanic angels who announce from on high with trumpet sound and waving banners that the death of the world has come to an end, and that humanity has arisen once more in the youth and beauty of antiquity.

II.

Signorelli's frescoes at Orvieto, at once the latest works of the fifteenth century, and the latest works of an old man nurtured in the traditions of Benozzo Gozzoli and of Piero della Francesca, mark the beginning of the maturity and perfection of Italian art. From them Michel Angelo learns what he could not be taught even by his master Ghirlandajo, the grand and cold realist—he learns; and what he has learned at Orvieto he teaches with doubled force in Rome; and the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the superb and heroic nudités, the majestic draperies, the re-appearance in the modern art of painting of the spirit and hand of Phidias, give a new impulse and hasten on perfection. When the doors of the chapel are at length opened, Raphael forgets Perugino; Fra Bartolomeo forgets Botticelli; Sodoma forgets Leonardo; the narrower hesitating styles of the fifteenth century are abandoned, as the great example is disseminated throughout Italy; and even the tumult of angels in glory which the Lombard Correggio is to paint in far-off Parma, and the daringly simple Bacchus and Ariadne with which Tintoret will decorate the Ducal palace more than fifty years later, all that is great and bold, all that is a re-incarnation of the spirit of antiquity, all that marks the culmination of Renaissance art, seems due to the impulse of Michel Angelo, and, through him, to the example of Signorelli. From the celestial horseman and bounding avenging angels of Raphael's *Heliodorus*, to the St. Sebastian of Sodoma, with exquisite limbs and head, rich with tendril-like locks, delicate against the brown Umbrian sunset; from the Madonna of Andrea del Sarto seated, with the head and drapery of a Niobe, on the sack of flour in the *Annunziata* cloister, to the voluptuous goddess, with purple mantle half concealing her body of golden white, who leans against the sculptured fountain in Titian's "*Sacred and Profane Love*," with the greenish blue sky

and hazy light of evening behind her; from the most extreme examples of the most extreme schools of Lombardy and Venetia, to the most intense examples of the remotest schools of Tuscany and Umbria, throughout the art of the early sixteenth century, of those thirty years which were the years of perfection, we see, more or less marked, but always distinct, the union of the living art born of the Middle Ages with the dead art left by antiquity, a union producing life and perfection, producing the great art of the Renaissance.

This much is clear and easy of definition; but what is neither clearly understood nor easily defined is the nature of this union, the manner in which the antique and the modern did thus amalgamate. It is easy to speak of a vague union of spirit, of the antique idea having permeated the modern; but all this explains but little; art is not a metaphysical figment, and all its phases and revolutions are concrete, and, so to speak, physically explicable and definable. The union of the antique with the modern meant simply the absorption by the art of the Renaissance of elements of civilization necessary for its perfection, but not existing in the mediæval civilization of the fifteenth century; of elements of civilization which gave what the civilization of the fifteenth century,—which could give colour, perspective, grouping, and landscape,—could never have afforded: the nude, drapery, and gesture.

The naked human body, which the Greeks, had trained, studied and idolized, did not exist in the fifteenth century; in its stead there was only the undressed body, ill-developed, untrained, pinched, and distorted by the garments only just cast off; cramped and bent by sedentary occupations, livid with the plague-spots of the Middle Ages, scarred by the whip-marks of asceticism. This stripped body, unseen and unfit to be seen, unaccustomed to the air and to the eyes of others, shivered and cowered for cold and for shame. The Giottoesques ignored its very existence, conceiving humanity as a bodiless creature, with face and hands to express emotion, and just enough malformed legs and feet to be either standing or moving; further, beneath the garments there was nothing. The realists of the fifteenth century tore off the clothes and drew the ugly thing beneath, and bought the corpses from the lazaret-houses, and stole them from the gallows, in order to see how bone fitted into bone, and muscle was stretched over muscle. They learned to perfection the anatomy of the human frame, but they could not learn its beauty; they became even reconciled to the ugliness they were accustomed to see, and, with their minds full of antique examples, Verrocchio, Donatello, Pollaiuolo, and Ghirlandajo, the greatest anatomists of the fifteenth century, imitated their coarse and ill-made living models when they imagined that they were imitating antique marbles.

So much for the nude. Drapery, as the ancients understood it in the delicate plaits of Greek chiton and tunic, in the grand folds of

Roman toga, the fifteenth century could not show ; it knew only the stiff, scanty raiment of the active classes, the shapeless masses of lined cloth of the merchants and magistrates, the prudish and ostentatious starched dress of the women, and the coarse, lumpy garb of the monks.

The artist of the fifteenth century knew drapery only as an exotic, an exotic with whose representation the habit of seeing mediæval costume was for ever interfering ; on the stripped, unsexily, indecent body he places, with the stiffness of artificiality, drapery such as he has never seen upon any living creature ; the result is awkwardness and rigidity. And what attitude, what gesture, can he expect from this stripped and artificially draped model ? None, for the model scarce knows how to stand in so unaccustomed a condition of body. The artist must seek for attitude and gesture among his townsfolk, and among them he can find only trivial, awkward, often vulgar movement. They have never been taught how to stand or to move with grace and dignity ; the artist must study attitude and gesture in the market-place or the bull-baiting ground, where Ghirlandajo found his jauntily strutting idlers, and Verrocchio his brutally staggering prize-fighters. Between the constrained attitudinizing of Byzantine and Giottoesque tradition, and the imitation of the movements of clodhoppers and ragamuffins, the realist of the fifteenth century would wander hopelessly were it not for the antique. Genius and science are of no avail ; the position of Christ in baptism in the paintings of Verrocchio and Ghirlandajo is mean and servile ; the movements of the "Thunder-stricken" in Signorelli's lunettes is an inconceivable mixture of the brutish, the melodramatic, and the comic ; the magnificently drawn youth at the door of the prison in Filippino's Liberation of St. Peter is gradually going to sleep and collapsing in a fashion which is truly ignoble.

And the same applies to sculptured figures or to figures standing isolated like statues ; no Greek would have ventured upon the swaggering position, with legs apart and elbows out, of Donatello's St. George, or Perugino's St. Michael ; and a young Athenian who should have assumed the attitude of Verrocchio's David, with tripping legs and hand clapped on his hip, would have been sent away from school as a saucy little ragamuffin.

Coarse nude, stiff drapery, vulgar attitude, was all that the fifteenth century could offer to its artists ; but antiquity could offer more and very different things : the naked body developed by the most artistic training, drapery the most natural and refined, and attitude and gesture regulated by an education the most careful and artistic ; and all these things antiquity gave to the artists of the Renaissance. They did not copy antique statues as living naked men and women, but they corrected the faults of their living models by the example of the statues ; they did not copy antique stone draperies in coloured pictures, but they

arranged the robes on their models with the antique folds well in their memory; they did not give the gestures of statues to living figures, but they made the living figures move in accordance with those principles of harmony which they had found exemplified in the statues.

They did not imitate the antique, they studied it; they obtained through the fragments of antique sculpture a glimpse into the life of antiquity, and that glimpse served to correct the vulgarity and distortion of the mediæval life of the fifteenth century. In the perfection of Italian painting, the union of antique and modern being consummated, it is perhaps difficult to disentangle what really is antique from what is modern; but in the earlier times, when the two elements were still separate, we can see them opposite each other and compare them in the works of the greatest artists. Wherever, in the paintings of the early Renaissance, there is realism, marked by the costume of the times, there is ugliness of form and vulgarity of movement; where there is idealism, marked by imitation of the antique, the nude, and drapery, there is beauty and dignity. We need only compare Filippino's *Scene before the Proconsul* with his *Raising of the King's Son* in the Brancacci Chapel; the grand attitude and draperies of Ghirlandajo's *Zachariah* with the vulgar dress and movements of the Florentine citizens surrounding him; Benozzo Gozzoli's noble naked figure of Noah with his ungainly, hideously dressed figure of Cosimo de' Medici; Mantegna's exquisite *Judith* with his preposterous *Marquis of Mantua*; in short all the purely realistic with all the purely idealistic art of the fifteenth century. We may give one last instance. In Signorelli's Orvieto frescoes there is a figure of a young man, with aquiline features, long crisp hair and strongly developed throat, which reappears unmistakably in all the frescoes, and in some of them twice and thrice in various positions. His naked figure is magnificent, his attitudes splendid, his thrown-back head superb, whether he be slowly and painfully emerging from the earth, staggered and gasping with his newly-infused life, or sinking oppressed on the ground, broken and crushed by the sound of the trumpet of judgment; or whether he be moving forward with ineffable longing towards the angel about to award him the crown of the blessed; in all these positions he is heroically beautiful.

We meet him again, unmistakable, but how different, in the realistic group of the *Thunderstricken*,—the long, lank youth, with spindle-shanks and egg-shaped body, bounding forward, with most grotesque strides, over the uncouth heap of dead bodies, ungainly masses with soles and nostrils uppermost, lying in beast-like confusion. This youth, with something of a harlequin in his jumps and his ridiculous thin legs and preposterous round body, is evidently the model for the naked demi-gods of the *Resurrection* and the *Paradise*: he is the handsome boy as the fifteenth century gave him to Signorelli; opposite, he is the living youth of the fifteenth century idealized by the

study of ancient sculpture ; just as the "Thunderstricken" may be some scene of street massacre such as Signorelli may have witnessed at Cortona or Perugia, while the agonies of the "Hell" are the grouped and superb agonies taught by the antique ; just as the two archangels of the "Hell," in their armour of Baglioni's heavy cavalry, may represent the modern element, and the same archangels, naked, with magnificent flying draperies, blowing the trumpets of the Resurrection, may show the antique element in Renaissance art. The antique influence was not, indeed, equally strong throughout Italy ; it was strongest in the Tuscan school which, seeking for perfection of linear form, found that perfection in the antique ; it was weakest in the Lombard and Venetian schools, which sought for what the antique could not give, light and shade and colour ; the antique was most efficacious where it was most indispensable, and it was more necessary to a Tuscan, strong only with his charcoal or pencil than to Leonardo da Vinci, who could make an imperfect figure, beckoning mysteriously from out of the gloom, more fascinating than the finest drawn Florentine Madonna, and could surround an insignificant childish head with the wondrous sheen and ripple of hair, as with an aureole of poetry ; it was also less necessary to Giorgione and Titian, who could hide coarse limbs beneath their draperies of precious ruby, and transfigure, by the liquid gold of their palettes, a peasant woman into a goddess.

But even the Lombards, even the Venetians, required the antique influence. They could not perhaps have obtained it direct like the Tuscans, the colourists and masters of light and shade might never have understood the blank lines and faint shadows of the marble ; but they received the antique influence, strong but modified by the medium through which it had passed, from Mantegna ; and the relentless self-sacrifice to antiquity, the self-paralyzation of the great artist, was not without its use : from Venetian Padua, Mantegna influenced the Bellini and Giorgione ; from Lombard Mantua, he influenced Leonardo ; and Mantegna's influence was that of the antique.

What would have been the art of the Renaissance without the antique ? The speculation is vain, for the antique had influenced it, had been goading it on ever since the earliest times ; it had been present at its birth, it had affected Giotto through Niccolò Pisano, and Masaccio through Ghiberti ; the antique influence cannot be conceived as absent in the history of Italian painting. So far, as a study of the impossible, the speculation respecting the fate of Renaissance art had it not been influenced by the antique would be childishly useless. But lest we forget that this antique influence did exist, lest, grown ungrateful and blind, we refuse it its immense share in producing Michel Angelo, Raphael, and Titian, we may do well to turn to an art born and bred like Italian art, in the Middle Ages ; like it, full of strength and power of self-development, but which, unlike Italian art, was not influenced by the antique. This art is the great German art of the early

sixteenth century; the art of Martin Schongauer, of Aldegrever, of Graf, of Wohlgemuth, of Pencz, of Zatzinger, of Kranach, and of the great Albrecht Dürer, whom they resemble as Pinturicchio, and Lo Spagna resemble Perugino, as Palma and Paris Bordone resemble Titian. This is an art born in a civilization less perfect indeed than that of Italy, narrower, as Nürnberg is narrower than Florence, but resembling it in habits, dress, religion, above all the main characteristic of being mediæval; and its masters, as great as their Italian contemporaries in all the technicalities of the art, and in absolute honesty of endeavour, may show what the Italian art of the sixteenth century might have been without the antique. Let us therefore open a portfolio of those wonderful minute yet grand engravings of the old Germans. They are for the most part Scriptural scenes or allegories, quite analogous to those of the Italians, but purely realistic, conscious of no world beyond that of an Imperial City of the year 1500. Here we have the whole turn-out, male and female, of a German free town, in the shape of scenes from the lives of the Virgin and saints; here are short fat burghers, with enormous blotchy, bloated faces and little eyes set in fat, their huge stomachs protruding from under their jackets; here are blear-eyed ladies, tall, thin, wrinkled though not old, with figures like hungry harpies, stalking about in high headgears and stiff gowns, or sitting by the side of lean and stunted pages, singing (with dolorous voice) to lutes; or promenading under trees with long-shanked, high-shouldered gentlemen, with vacant sickly face and long scraggy hair and beard, their bony elbows sticking out of their slashed doublets. These courtly figures culminate in Dürer's magnificent plate of the wild man of the woods kissing the hideous, leering Jezebel in her brocade and jewels. These aristocratic women are terrible; prudish, malicious, licentious, never modest because they are always ugly. Even the poor Madonnas, seated in front of village hovels or windmills, smile the smile of starved, sickly sempstresses. It is a stunted, poverty-stricken, plague-sick society, this mediæval society of burghers and burghers' wives; the air seems bad and heavy, and the light wanting physically and morally, in these old free towns; there is intellectual sickness as well as bodily in those musty gabled houses; the mediæval spirit blights what revival of healthiness may exist in these commonwealths. And feudalism is outside the gates. There are the brutal, leering men-at-arms, in slashed, puffed doublets and heavy armour, face and dress as unhuman as possible, standing grimacing at the blood spurting from John the Baptist's decapitated trunk, as in Kranach's horrible print, while gaping spectators fill the castle yard; there are the castles high on rocks amidst woods, with miserable villages below, where the Prodigal Son wallows among the swine and the tattered boors tumble about in drunkenness, or rest wearied on their spades. There are the Middle Ages in full force. But had these Germans of the days of Luther really no thought beyond their own times and their own country?

Had they really no knowledge of the antique? Not so; they had heard from their learned men, from Willibald Pirckheimer and Ulrich von Hutten, that the world had once been peopled with naked gods and goddesses; nay, the very year perhaps that Raphael handed to his engraver, Marc Antonio, his magnificent drawing of the Judgment of Paris, Lukas Kranach bethought him to represent the story of the good Knight Paris giving the apple to the Lady Venus. So Kranach took up his steady pencil and sharp chisel, and in strong, clear, minute lines of black and white showed us the scene. There, on Mount Ida, with a castellated rock in the distance, the charger of Paris browses beneath some stunted larches; the Trojan knight's helmet, with its monstrous beak and plume, lies on the ground; and near it reclines Paris himself, lazy, in complete armour, with frizzled fashionable beard. To him, all wrinkled and grinning with brutal lust, comes another bearded knight, with wings to his vizored helmet, Sir Mercury, leading the three goddesses, short, fat-cheeked German wenches, housemaids stripped of their clothes, stupid, brazen, indifferent. And Paris is evidently prepared with his choice: he awards the apple to the fattest, for among a half-starved, plague-stricken people like this, the chosen of gods and men must needs be the fattest.

No, such pagan scenes are mere burlesques, coarse mummeries, such as may have amused Nürnberg and Augsburg during Shrovetide, when drunken louts figured as Bacchus and sang drinking songs by Hans Sachs. There is no reality in all this; there is no belief in pagan gods. If we would see the haunting divinity of the German Renaissance, we shall find him prying and prowling in nearly every scene of real life; him, the ever present, the king of the Middle Ages, whose triumph we have seen on the cloister wall at Pisa, the Lord Death. His fleshless face peers from behind a bush at Zatzinger's stunted, fever-stricken lady and imbecile gentleman; he sits grinning on a tree in Orso Graf's allegory, while the cynical knights, with haggard, sensual faces, crack dirty jokes with the fat, brutish woman squatted below; he puts his hand into the basket of Durer's tattered pedlar; he leers hideously at the stirrup of Durer's armed and stalwart knight. No gods of youth and nature, no Hercules, no Hermes, no Venus, have invaded his German territories, as they invaded even his own palace, the burial-ground at Pisa; the antique has not perverted Durer and his fellows, as it perverted Masaccio and Signorelli and Mantegna, from the mediæval worship of Death.

The Italians had seen the antique and had let themselves be seduced by it, despite their civilization and their religion. Let us only rejoice thereat. There are indeed some, and among them the great English critic who is irrefutable when he is a poet and irrational when he becomes a philosopher;—there are some who tell us that in its union with antique art, the art of the followers of Giotto embraced death, and rotted away ever after; there are others, more moderate but less logical,

who would teach us that in uniting with the antique, the mediæval art of the fifteenth century purified and sanctified the beautiful but evil child of Paganism, that the goddess of Scopas and the athlete of Polyclete were raised to a higher sphere when Raphael changed the one into a Madonna, and Michel Angelo metamorphosed the other into a prophet. But both schools of criticism are wrong. Every civilization has its inherent evil; antiquity had its inherent evils, as the Middle Ages had theirs; antiquity may have bequeathed to the Renaissance the bad with the good, as the Middle Ages had bequeathed to the Renaissance the good with the bad. But the art of antiquity was not the evil, it was the good of antiquity; it was born of its strength and its purity only and it was the incarnation of its noblest qualities. It could not be purified, because it was spotless; it could not be sanctified because it was holy. It could gain nothing from the art of the Middle Ages, alternately strong in brutal reality, and languid in mystic inanity; the men of the Renaissance could, if they influenced it at all, influence the antique only for evil; they belonged to an inferior artistic civilization, and if we conscientiously seek for the spiritual improvements brought by them into antique types, we shall see that they consist in spoiling their perfect proportions, in making necks longer and muscles more prominent, in rendering more or less flaccid, or meagre, or coarse, the grand and delicate forms of antique art. And when we have examined into this purified art of the Renaissance, when we have compared coolly and equitably, we may perhaps confess that, while the Renaissance added immense wealth of beauty in colour, perspective, and grouping, it took away something of the perfection of simple lines and modest light and shade of the antique; we may admit to ourselves that the grandest saint by Raphael is meagre and stunted, and the noblest Virgin by Titian is overblown and sensual by the side of the demi-gods and amazons of antique sculpture.

The antique perfected the art of the Renaissance, it did not corrupt it. The art of the Renaissance fell indeed into shameful degradation soon after the period of its triumphant union with the antique; and Raphael's grand gods and goddesses, his exquisite Eros and radiant Psyche of the Farnesina, are indeed succeeded but too soon by the Olympus of Giulio Romano, an Olympus of harlots and acrobats, who smirk and mouth and wriggle and sprawl ignobly on the walls and ceilings of the dismantled palace which crumbles away among the stunted willows, the stagnant pools, and rank grass of the marshes of Mantua. But this is no more the fault of antiquity than it is the fault of the Middle Ages; it is the fault of that great principle of life and of change which makes all things organic, be they physical or intellectual, germinate, grow, attain maturity, and then fade, wither, and rot. The dead art of antiquity could never have brought the art of the Renaissance to an untimely end; the art of the Renaissance decayed because it was mature, and died because it had lived.

VERNON LEE.

THE SOCIAL PHILOSOPHY AND RELIGION OF COMTE.

IV.

IN my last article I considered the subjective synthesis of Comte, or, in other words, his attempt to systematize human knowledge in relation to the moral life of man. For it is his view, as we have seen, that science can never yield its highest fruit to man unless it be systematized—i.e., unless its different parts be connected together and put in their true place as parts of one whole. Scattered lights give no illumination; it is the *esprit d'ensemble*, the general idea in which our knowledge begins and ends, that ultimately determines the scientific value of each special branch of knowledge. But while synthesis is necessary, it is not necessary, according to Comte, that the synthesis should be objective. The error of mankind in the past has been that they supposed themselves able to ascertain the real or objective principle, which gives unity to the world, and able, therefore, to make their system of knowledge an ideal repetition of the system of things without them. Such a system, however, is entirely beyond our reach. The conditions of our lot, and the weakness of our intelligence, make it impossible for us to tell what is the real principle of unity in the world, or even whether such a principle exists. The attempts to discover it, made by Theology and Metaphysics, have been nothing more than elaborate anthropomorphisms, in which men gave to the unknown and unknowable reality, a form which was borrowed from their own. They saw in the clouds about them an exaggerated and distorted reflection of themselves, and regarded this Brocken spectre as the controlling power whose activity was the source and explanation of everything. Positivism, on the other hand, arises whenever men learn to recognize the nature of this illusion, and to confine their ambition within that which is really the limit of their intelligence. All that we can know is the resemblances and successions of phenomena, and not the things in themselves that are their

causes; and if we seek to find a principle of unity for these phenomena, we must find it within and not without. We must organize knowledge with reference to our own wants, rather than with reference to the nature of things. We must regard everything as a means to an end, which is determined by some inner principle in ourselves—not as if we supposed that the world and all that is in it were made for us, or found its centre in us—but simply because this is the only point of view from which we can systematize knowledge, as it is indeed the only point of view from which we need care to systematize it.

It may be asked why system is necessary at all, why we should not be content with a fragmentary consciousness of the world, without attempting to gather the dispersed lights of science to one central principle. To critics like J. S. Mill, Comte's effort after system seems to be the result of an "original mental twist very common in French thinkers," of "an inordinate desire of unity." "That all perfection consists in unity, Comte apparently considers to be a maxim which no sane man thinks of questioning: it never seems to enter into his conceptions that any one could object *ab initio*, and ask, Why this universal systematizing, systematizing, systematizing? Why is it necessary that all human life should point but to one object, and be cultivated into a system of means to a single end?"* To this Mr. Bridges answers that unity in Comte's sense is "the first and most obvious condition which all moral and religious renovators, of whatever time or country, have by the very nature of their office set themselves to fulfil."† In other words, all moral and spiritual life depends upon the harmony of the individual with himself and with the world. A divided life is a life of weakness and misery, nor can life be divided intellectually, without being, or ultimately becoming, divided morally. Such unity, indeed, does not exclude—and in a being like man who is in course of development cannot altogether exclude—difference and even conflict. In the most steadily growing intellectual life there are pauses of difficulty and doubt; in the most continuous moral progress there are conflicts with self and others. But such doubts and difficulties will not greatly weaken or disturb us, so long as they are partial, so long as they do not affect the central principles of thought and action, so long as there is still some fixed faith which reaches beyond the disturbance, some certitude which is untouched by the doubt. If, however, we once lose the consciousness that there is any such principle, or if we try to rest on a principle which we at the same time feel to be inadequate, our spiritual life, in losing its unity or harmony with itself, must at the same time lose its purity and energy. It must become fitful and uncertain, the sport of accidental influences and tendencies; it must lower its moral and intellectual aims. This, in Comte's view, is what we have seen in the past. The decay of the old faiths, and of the objective synthesis based upon

* "Comte and Positivism," p. 140.

† "The Unity of Comte's Life and Doctrine," p. 26.

them, has emancipated us from many illusions, but it has, as it were, taken the inspiration out of our lives. It has made knowledge a thing for specialists who have lost the sense of totality, the sense of the value of their particular studies in relation to the whole; and it has made action feeble and wayward by depriving men of the conviction that there is any great central aim to be achieved by it. And these results would have been still more obvious, were it not that men are so slow in realizing what is involved in the change of their beliefs; were it not that the habits and sympathies developed by a creed continue to exist long after the creed itself has disappeared. In the long run, however, the change of man's intellectual attitude to the world must bring with it a change of his whole life. As the creed which reconciled him to the world and bound him to his fellows ceases to affect him, he must be thrown back upon his own mere individuality, unless he can find another creed of equal or greater power to inspire and direct his life. And mere individualism is nothing but anarchy. That this is so, was not indeed manifest to those who first expressed the individualistic principle: on the contrary, they seemed to themselves to have, in the assertion of individual right, not only an instrument for destroying the old faith and the old social order, but also the principle of a better faith, and the means of reconstructing a better order. But to us who have outlived the period when it could be supposed that the destruction of old, involves in itself the construction of new, forms of life and thought, it cannot but be obvious that the principles of private judgment and individual liberty are nothing more than negations. For as the real problem of our intellectual life is how to rise to a judgment which is more than private judgment, so the real problem of our practical life is how to realize a liberty that is more than individual license. It is in this sense that Comte says that the last three centuries have been a period of the insurrection of the intellect against the heart, a phrase by which he means to indicate at once the gain and the loss of the revolutionary movement; its gain, in so far as it emancipated the intelligence from superstitious illusions, and its loss, in so far as it destroyed the faith which was the bond of social union, without substituting any other faith in its room. At the same time, the expression points to a peculiarity of Comte's Psychology, which affects his whole view of the history, and especially of the religious history, of man; and it is therefore necessary to subject it to a careful examination.

Is it possible for the intellect to be in insurrection against the heart? In a sense already indicated this is possible. It is possible, in short, that the moral and intellectual spirit of a belief may still control the life of one who, so far as his explicit consciousness is concerned, has renounced it. Rooted as the individual is in a wider life than his own, it is often but a small part of himself that he can bring to distinct consciousness. Further, so little are most men accustomed to self-analysis, that they are seldom aware what it is that constitutes the

inspiring power of their beliefs. Generally, at least in the first instance, they take their creed in gross, without distinguishing between essential and unessential elements. They confuse, in one general consecration of reverence, its primary principles, and the local and temporary accidents of the form in which it was first presented to them, and they are as ready to accept battle *à l'outrance* for some useless outwork as for the citadel itself. And, for the same reason, they are ready to think that the citadel is lost when the outwork is taken; to suppose, *e.g.*, that the spiritual nature of man is a fiction if he was not directly made by God out of the dust of the earth, or that the Christian view of life has ceased to be true if a doubt can be thrown on the possibility of proving miracles. Yet however little the individual may be able to separate the particulars which are assailed from the universal with which they are accidentally connected, his whole nature must rebel against the sacrifice which logical consistency seems in such a case to demand from him. It is a painful experience when the first break is made in the implicit unity of early faith, and it is painful just in proportion to the depth of the spiritual consciousness which that faith has produced in the individual. Unable to separate that which he is obliged to doubt from that in which lies the principle of his moral, and even of his intellectual, life, he is "in a strait betwixt two;" and no course seems to be open to him which does not involve the surrender, either of his intellectual honesty, or of that higher consciousness which alone "makes life worth living." Such a crisis is commonly described as a division between the heart and the head, for in it the articulate or conscious logic is on the side of disbelief, and the resisting conviction generally takes the form of a feeling, an impulse, an intuition, which the individual has for himself, but which he is unable to communicate in the same force to another. And, as such feelings and intuitions of the individual are necessarily subject to continual variation of intensity and clearness, so the struggle between doubt and faith may be long and difficult, the objections, which at one time seem as nothing, at another time appearing to be almost irresistible. Not seldom the result is a broken life, in which youth is given to revolt, and the rest of existence to a faith which vainly strives to be implicit. There is, indeed, no final and satisfactory issue from such an endless internal debate and conflict, until the "heart" has learned to speak the language of the "head,"—*i.e.*, until the permanent principles which underlay and gave strength to faith have been brought into the light of distinct consciousness, and until it has been discovered how to separate them from the accidents, with which at first they were necessarily identified. The hard labour of distinguishing, in the traditions of the past, between the germinative principles, out of which the future must spring, and those external forms and adjuncts, which every day is making more incredible, must be undertaken by any one who would restore the broken unity of man's life. We begin our existence under the shadow and influence of a faith which is given to

us, as it were, in our sleep; but in no age, and in this age less than any other, can man possess a spiritual life as a gift from the past without reconquering it for himself.

In this sense, then, we can understand how Comte might speak of an insurrection of the intelligence against the heart, which must be quelled ere the normal state of humanity could be restored; for this would be only another way of saying that, in the modern conflict of faith and reason, the substantial truth, or at least the most important truth, had, up to Comte's own time, been on the side of the former. In this view, the deep unwillingness of those nourished in the Christian or Catholic faith to yield to the logical battery of the Encyclopædists was not merely the result of an obscurantist hatred of light; it was also in great part due to a more or less definite sense of the moral, if not the intellectual, weakness of the principles which the Encyclopædists maintained. For, while the insurrection was justified in so far as it asserted the claims of the special sciences, it was to be condemned in so far as it involved the denial of all synthesis whatever, and also in so far as it was blind to the elements of truth in the imperfect synthesis of the past. It thus tended to destroy the spirit of totality and the sense of duty (*l'esprit d'ensemble et le sentiment du devoir*).² It practically denied the existence of any universal principle which could connect the different parts of knowledge with each other, of any general aim which could give unity to the life of man. Its analytic spirit was fatal, not only to the fictions of theology, but also to that growing consciousness of the solidarity of men of which theology had been the accidental embodiment. The reluctance of religious men to admit the claims of what appeared to be, and, indeed, to a certain extent was, light, was thus due to a more or less distinct perception that their own creed, amid all its partial errors, contained a central truth more important than all the partial truths of science. In clinging to the past they were preserving the germ of the future, and the final victory of science could not come until this germ had been disengaged from the husk of superstition under which it was hidden. Till that was done, the logic of the heart in clinging to its superstitions was better than the logic of the head in rebelling against them. In other words, the implicit reason of faith was wiser than the explicit reason of science.

But this is not all that Comte means. For him the appeal to the heart is not merely the appeal to feelings and intuitions, which are the result of the past development of human intelligence, and especially of the long discipline by which the Christian Church has moulded the modern spirit; it is an appeal to the altruistic affections as original or "innate" tendencies in man which are altogether independent of his intelligence. It is not that the reason of man often speaks through his feelings, but that feeling and reason have in themselves different, and

² Pol. Pos. iii. p. 419. I quote from the translation.

even it may be opposite, voices. In this sense, the attempt has often been made in modern times to stop the invasions of critical reflection by setting up the heart as an independent authority. From the Lutheran theologian who said, "*Pectus theologum facit*," down to Mr. Tennyson who declares that whenever he heard "the voice—Believe no more,"

"A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason's colder part.
And like a man in wrath, the heart
Stood up and answered, 'I have felt.'"

appeals have constantly been made to the feelings to resist the intrusion of doubt. Such appeals, however, cannot be regarded as otherwise than provisional and self-defensive. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joy;" but just for that reason it has no general content or independent authority of its own. Whether the "I feel it" mean little or much, depends upon the individual who utters it. It may be the concentrated expression of a long life of culture and discipline, or it may be the loud but empty voice of untrained passion and prejudice. The "unproved assertions of the wise and experienced," as Aristotle tells us, have great value, especially in ethical matters; but it is not because they are unproved assertions, but because we otherwise know that the speakers are wise and experienced. To appeal to the heart in general, without saying "whose heart," either means nothing, or it means an appeal to the natural man—i.e., man as he is before he has been sophisticated by culture and experience; but of the natural man, in this sense, nothing can be said. The further we go back in the history of the individual or the race the more imperfect does their utterance or manifestation become; and when we reach the beginning, we find that there is no manifestation or utterance at all. The natural man of Rousseau was simply an ideal creation, inspired with that intense and even morbid consciousness of self, and that fixed resolve to submit to no external law, which were characteristic of Rousseau himself, and which in him were the last product and quintessence of the individualism of the eighteenth century. The simplicity of this ideal figure was not the first simplicity of nature, but the simplicity of a spirit which has returned upon itself and asserted itself against the world; a kind of simplicity which never existed, at least in the same form, before the great Protestant revolt. The unhistorical character of this idea becomes doubly evident when we find that, as time goes on, and the spirit of the age alters, the qualities of the natural man are also changed. To St. Simon and Fourier, as to Rousseau, man is good by nature, and it is bad institutions or bad external influences which are the source of all the ills that flesh is heir to. But while with the latter the natural man is a solitary, whose chief good lies in the preservation of his independence, with the former he is essentially social, and what is wanted for his

perfection and happiness is only to contrive an outward organization in which his social sympathies shall have free play. Comte, as we might expect, rises above these imperfect theories, in so far as he refuses to attribute all the evils of humanity to its external circumstances; but he does not get rid of the essential error which was common to them all, the error of seeking for the explanation of the higher life of humanity in the feelings of the natural man—feelings which are prior to, and independent of, the exercise of his reason, and which supply all the possible motives for that exercise. There are, in his view, two sets of “*innate*” feelings or desires, between which man’s life is divided—the egoistic and the altruistic tendencies, each separate from the others as well as from the intelligence, and having its “*organ*” in a separate part of the brain. The egoistic feelings at first exist in man in far greater strength than the altruistic; but by the reaction of circumstances, and the influence of men upon each other, the latter have in the past gradually attained to greater power; and it is the ideal of the future to make their victory complete. Meanwhile, the intelligence is necessarily the instrument of desire, and its highest good is to be the instrument of altruistic as opposed to egoistic desire. For it has at best only a choice of masters, and the emancipation of the intelligence from the heart could mean only its becoming a slave of personal vanity. Comte’s appeal, therefore, is still to the natural man, or rather to one element in him, which, however, as he acknowledges, is never so weak as it is in man’s earliest or most natural state.

The psychology implied in this theory is substantially that which found its fullest expression in Hume’s *Treatise on Human Nature*. Hume, with that tendency to bring things to a distinct issue which is his best characteristic, declares boldly that “*reason is, and ought to be, the slave of the passions, and can never pretend to any other office than to serve and obey them.*” The passions or desires are tendencies of a definite character which exist in man from the first; the awaking intelligence cannot add to their number, or essentially change their nature. It can only take account of what they are, and calculate how best to satisfy them. “*We speak not strictly and philosophically when we talk of the combat of reason and passion,*” for reason in itself determines the true and false, but it sets nothing before us as an end to be pursued and avoided. It does not constitute or transform the desires, which are given altogether apart from it, and the will is but the strongest desire. When we say that reason controls the passions what we mean is simply that a strong but calm tendency of our nature, which has reference to some remote object, overcomes some violent impulse towards a present delight; but for intelligence, in the strict sense of the word, to war with passion is a simple impossibility.

The modifications which Comte makes in this view of motive are comparatively trifling. He does not, indeed, like Hume, call reason

the slave of the passions; rather he says that "*l'esprit doit être le ministre du cœur, mais jamais son esclave*;" but this change of language does not involve any important modification of Hume's theory. The intelligence has to give to the heart all kinds of information about the objects through which it may find satisfaction, but after all the end itself has to be determined solely by feeling and desire. In Comte's language the intellect is a "slave," when theology makes it acknowledge the existence of supernatural beings who are agreeable to our desires, but who have no reality as objects of experience; it is a "master," when it pursues its inquiries into the phenomena of the objective world, at the bidding of an errant curiosity, without reference to the well-being of man; it is in its true place as a "servant" when it studies the objective world freely, but only with reference to the end fixed for it by the affections. "*L'univers doit être étudié non pour lui-même, mais pour l'homme, ou plutôt pour l'humanité*;" and this, Comte thinks, will not be done if the intelligence be left to itself, but only if it be made subordinate to the heart. To say, therefore, that the intelligence is not to be a slave but a servant, implies merely that it is to be left free to collect information about the means of satisfying the desires, without having its judgment anticipated by the imagination or the heart; but that, on the other hand, it must keep strictly to its position as an instrument to an end out of itself. For if it once emancipates itself from the yoke of feeling, it soon becomes altogether lawless, and disperses its efforts in every direction in the satisfaction of a vain curiosity. The intelligence, as the scholastic theologians said, is in itself, or when left to itself, a source of anarchy and confusion; it must be, not indeed the *serva*, but the *ancilla fidei*, or it defeats its own ends. The intellectual life, as such, is an unsocial, even a selfish existence; for, as reason is guided by no definite objective aim derived from itself, it must find its real motive in the satisfaction of personal vanity and self-conceit, whenever it is not subjected to the yoke of the altruistic affections.

This theory (which, as we shall see, underlies Comte's whole conception of history) suggests two questions. It leads us to ask, in the first place, whether the tendencies of the intellectual life are thus dispersive and opposed to the social tendencies? and, secondly, whether the social tendencies in the form which they take with man, are not necessarily determined to be what they are by his intelligence? The former question really resolves itself into another: Is the intelligence of man a mere formal power of apprehending what is presented to it from without, so that when it is left to itself it must lose itself in the infinite multiplicity of individual objects in the external world? or does it carry with it any synthetic principle, any idea of the whole, to which it necessarily and inevitably seeks to bring back the difference of things? Against Comte's assertion that the natural tendency of the intelligence is to lose itself in difference without end, we might quote the well-known saying

of Bacon, that the tendency of the "*intellectus sibi permissus*" is rather towards a premature synthesis. "*Intellectus humanus ex proprietate sua facile supponit majorem ordinem et equalitatem in rebus quam invenit.*" Surely, if we may speak of tendencies of the intellectual life as separated from the life of feeling, the tendency to unity and the universal belongs to it quite as much as the tendency to difference and the particular; just as in the life of feeling the tendency to isolation and self-assertion against others is combined with the tendency to society and union with others. From the first moment of intellectual life the world is to us a unity; *subjectively* a unity, as all its varied phenomena are gathered up in the consciousness of one self, and *objectively* a unity, as every object and event is definitely placed in relation to the other objects and events in one space and one time. The development of knowledge is, no doubt, the continual detection of new differences and distinctions in things, but the phenomena which are distinguished from other phenomena are at the same time put in relation to them. Nor can the intelligence find complete satisfaction until this relation is discovered to be necessary, and thus difference passes into unity again. Individual minds, indeed, may be more of the Aristotelian, or more of the Platonist, order, may tend more to divide what at first is presented as unity, or to unite what at first is presented as difference. But it is absurd to talk of either tendency as belonging to the intelligence in itself, since it is utterly beyond, or rather beneath, the powers of thought to conceive either of an undifferentiated unity, or of a chaos of differences without some kind of relation. Descending to particulars, we may bring Comte as a witness against himself; for while he declares that the sciences which deal with the inorganic world are mainly analytic in their tendencies, he at the same time maintains that the sciences of Biology and, still more, of Sociology and Morals, are synthetic, since they deal with objects in which the whole is not a mere aggregation or resultant of the parts, but in which rather the parts can be understood only in and through the whole. Hence it would seem that the dispersive tendencies of science are confined to lower steps of the scientific scale; and that the final science (as was shown more particularly in a previous article) admits and necessitates a synthesis, which is not merely subjective, but also objective. For Comte does not hold that we are to regard other men merely as means, or to seek to understand them only so far as is necessary for the gratification of some desire in ourselves as individuals. We are, on the contrary, to seek to know man in and for himself; and when we do so know him, we find that he is essentially social, and that the individual, as such, is a mere "fiction of the metaphysicians." Here, again, therefore, we find that Comte's system ends in a compromise between opposite tendencies of thought. His subjective synthesis proved after all to be objective, at least so far as mankind were concerned; and in like manner his opposition of the intellect to the heart turns out to be only partial; for when the intelligence is directed to psychology and sociology, it gives us

an idea of humanity, according to which all men are "members one of another." The warfare of the heart and the intelligence thus resolves itself into another expression of that dualism between the world and man, which we found to be an essential characteristic of Comte's system.

The second question—whether the altruistic affections of men do not imply, or are not necessarily connected with, the development of his reason or self-consciousness—is even more important. Comte, like Hume, took all the desires, higher and lower, as tendencies given apart from the reason, which can only devise the means of satisfying them, and is, therefore, necessarily their servant. Reason itself on this view does not essentially affect the character of those tendencies which it obeys. "*Cupiditas est appetitus cum ejusdem conscientia*," said Spinoza, and he then went on to speak as if the "*conscientia*" made no change in the character of the "*appetitus*." But if we think of appetites or desires—some of them tending to the good of the individual, others to the good of the species—as existing in an animal which is not conscious of a self, these appetites will neither be selfish nor unselfish in the sense in which we apply these terms to man. Where there is no *ego* there can be no *alter ego*, and therefore neither egoism nor altruism. The idea of the self as a permanent unity to which all the different tendencies are referred, and the rise in consequence of a new desire of pleasure, distinct from the desires of particular objects, are essential to egoism. The idea of an *alter-ego*, i.e., of a community with others which makes their interests our own, and hence the rise of a love for them,—which is not merely disinterested as the animal appetites are disinterested, because they tend directly to their objects without any thought of self, but disinterested in the sense that the thought of self is conquered or absorbed, is essential to altruism. Each of these tendencies may in its matter, or rather in its first matter, coincide with the appetites; viewed from the outside, they may seem to be nothing higher than hunger or thirst, or sexual or parental impulse, but their form is different. They are changed as by a chemical solvent, which dissolves and renews them; nay, as by a new principle of life, whose first transformation of them is nothing but the beginning of a series of transformations both of their matter and their form; so that, in the end, the simple direct tendency to an object—the uneasiness which sought its cure without reflection either upon itself or upon anything else—becomes changed, on the one side, into gigantic ambition and greed, which would make the whole world tributary to the lust of the individual, and, on the other, into a love of humanity in which self-love is altogether transcended or absorbed. Neither of these, however, nor any lower form of either, is in such wise *external* to reason, that we can talk of them as determining it to an end which is not its own. Both are simply the expression in feeling of that essential opposition of the self to the not self, and at the same time that

essential unity of the self with the not self, which are the two opposite, but complementary, aspects of the life of reason. And the progressive triumph of altruism over egoism, which constitutes the moral significance of history, is only the result of the fact that an individual, who is also a conscious self, cannot find his happiness in his own individual life, but only in the life of the whole to which he belongs. A selfish life is for him a contradiction. It is a life in which he is at war with himself as well as with others, for it is the life of a being who, though essentially social, tries to find satisfaction in a personal or individual good. The "intelligence" and the "heart" equally condemn such a life; it is not only a crime but a blunder. For a spiritual being as such is one who can only save his life by losing it in a wider life, one who must die to himself in order that he may live. In the progress of man's spirit, therefore, there is no necessary or possible schism between the two parts of his being; but, on the contrary, the development of each is implied in the development of the other. It is the more comprehensive idea, as well as the higher social purpose, which always triumphs; and if what is called intellectual culture sometimes seems to have the worse, it is because it is a superficial or formal culture, and does not really represent the most comprehensive idea.

This leads us to observe that the opposition of the heart to the intelligence is Comte's key to the whole history of the past, especially in relation to religion. Theology is to him a system growing out of a natural, though partially erroneous, hypothesis, a hypothesis which in its first appearance was well suited to excite the nascent intelligence and satisfy the primary affections of man, but which, in its further development, tended to secure moral and social ends at the expense of truth, and became more and more irrational as it became more and more useful. Fetichism, the first religion, was the spontaneous result of man's primitive tendency to exaggerate the likeness of all things to himself. It is "less distant from Positivity" than any other sort of theology,* for its error is only that it supposes the existence of life wherever it finds activity—an error which can "easily be brought to the test of verification" and corrected. "We can show it to be an error, and so get rid of it." But Polytheism, seeking for greater generality, refers phenomena to beings who are not identified with them, to "indirect wills belonging to beings purely imaginary," whose "existence can no more be decisively disproved than it can be demonstrated." Further, Polytheism extended to the order of man's life that kind of explanation which Fetichism necessarily confined to nature, because the latter sought to explain everything by man, and never thought of man himself as requiring explanation. But this, while it had the advantage of bringing human life within the domain of speculation, at the same time reduced theology into a palpable instance of reasoning in a circle. For "humanity cannot legitimately be included in the

* *Pol. Pos.* iii. p. 71

synthesis of causes, from the very fact that its type is found in man."* Last of all came Monotheism, concentrating still further the theological explanation of the universe, but rendering it still more incoherent and irrational, for "the conception of a single God involves a type of absolute perfection complete in each of the three aspects of human nature, affection, thought, and action. Now such a conception unavoidably contradicts itself, for either this all-powerful Being must be inferior to ourselves, morally or intellectually, or else the world which he created must be free from those radical imperfections which, in spite of Monotheistic sophistry, have been always but too evident. And even were this second alternative admissible, there would remain a yet deeper inconsistency. Man's moral and mental faculties have for their object to subserve practical necessities, but an omnipotent Being can have no occasion either for wisdom or for goodness."†

What reconciles mankind, and especially the leaders of mankind, to these intellectually unsatisfactory conceptions of God, is their practical value in extending and strengthening the social bond. Polytheism was superior to Fetichism, because it lent itself to the formation of that wider community, which we call the State, whereas Fetichism tended rather to confine the sympathies of men to the narrower limits of the family. And Monotheism was the necessary basis of that still wider society which binds men to each other simply as men, and apart from any special ties of blood or language. This at least was the case so long as the truth of the unity of humanity had not yet assumed a scientific form, and therefore still needed an external support. But when the sciences of sociology and morals arise, this external scaffolding ceases to be necessary, and must even become injurious, as, indeed, Theology was from the first imperfectly adapted to the social end it was made to subserve.

This last point deserves special attention. According to Comte, Theology, and above all Monotheistic Theology, is a system whose direct influence is altogether unfavourable to the social tendencies, although indirectly, by the course of history, and through the wise modifications to which it has been subjected by the leaders and teachers of mankind, it has become the main instrument in developing altruism. The increasing generality of theological belief, indeed, was a necessary condition of the establishment of social unity; but, by directing the eyes of men not to themselves, but to supernatural beings, by making the event of life turn on the favour or disfavour of such beings, rather than on the social action and reaction of men upon each other, and by reducing this world into a secondary position, so that its concerns were subordinated to those of another world, Theology tended to dissolve rather than to knit closer the bonds of society. The relation of the individual to God isolated him from his fellows. Especially was this the case with the Christian form of Monotheism, with its tremendous future

* *Pol. Pos.* iii. p. 218.

† *Ibid.* iii. p. 366.

rewards and penalties, and the direct relation which it established between the soul of the individual and the infinite Being. "The immediate effect of putting personal salvation in the foremost place was to create an unparalleled selfishness, a selfishness rendering all social influences nugatory, and thus tending to dissolve public life."* "The Christian type of life was never fully realized except by the hermits of the Thebaid," who, "by narrowing their wants to the lowest standard, were able to concentrate their thoughts without remorse or distraction on the attainment of salvation."† What else, indeed, but egoism could be awakened by the worship of a God who is himself the supreme type of egoism? For "the desires of an omnipotent Being, being gratified as soon as formed, can consist in nothing but pure caprices. There can be no appreciable motive either from within or from without. And above all, these pure caprices must of necessity be purely personal; so that the metaphysical formula, To live in self for self, would be alike applicable to the two extreme grades of the vital scale. The type of divinity thus approximates to the lowest stage of animality, the only shape in which life is purely individual, because it is reduced to the one function of nutrition."‡ The natural result of such a religion was, therefore, to discourage the altruistic affections, and, indeed, Monotheism has systematically denied that such affections form part of the nature of man.

The alchemy which, according to Comte, turned this poison into an elixir vitæ, was found in the altruistic affections of the teachers of mankind, which led them to limit and modify the doctrine they taught, so as to subserve man's moral improvement. This, however, would not have been sufficient, if these teachers had not at an early period ceased to be a theocracy, or, in other words, if the practical government of mankind had not been wrested from their hand by the military classes. By this change, which contained in itself the germ of the separation of the Church from the State, of theory from practice, of counsel from command, the priests, prophets, or philosophers, who were the intellectual leaders of men, were reduced to that position of subordination in which alone they can concentrate their attention upon their proper work. For the influences of the intellect, like those of the affections, must be indirect if they are to be pure. "No power, especially if it be theological, cares to modify the will, unless it finds itself powerless to control action."§ But when the theoretic class were subordinated to the practical class, they became the natural allies of the women, and, like them, had to substitute counsel for command. At first, indeed, their subjection was too absolute, for the military aristocracies of Greece and Rome did not leave to the priesthood sufficient independence, or at least sufficient authority, to permit even of counsel. But with the rise of Catholic Monotheism, supported as it was by a new revelation based upon an incarnation of God, the separation of Church and State was

* Pol. Pos. iii. p. 348.

‡ Ibid. iii. p. 370.

† Ibid. iii. p. 383.

§ Ibid. iii. p. 283.

definitely established, and the intellectual life was put in its proper relation to the life of action.

The consequence is that the theological priesthood have continually sought to counteract the natural influences of their theological doctrines by making additions which were inconsistent with its "absolute" principle, but which rendered it better fitted for the purpose of binding men together. This was especially the case under Monotheism, where, as we have seen, such counteraction was most necessary. From this source arose a series of supplementary doctrines, generally tending to connect God with man, and men with each other. St. Paul, "the real founder of Christianity," took the first step in reducing Monotheism into a shape in which it could act as an "organic" doctrine, and his successors followed steadily in the same path. If the omnipotence of God raised him above all human sympathy, and tended to destroy human sympathy in his worshippers, the doctrines of the Trinity and the Incarnation again brought him near to them, and taught them to reverence a humanity which was thus raised into unity with God. In the Feast of the Eucharist all men celebrated and enjoyed their unity with this exalted and deified humanity. The same influence, in its further development, led to the adoration of the saints, and above all of the Virgin Mother, in whom Christian devotion really worshipped humanity, in its simplest and tenderest affections. Finally, if benevolent sympathies were denied to nature, St. Paul found a place for them by attributing them to grace, "which Thomas à Kempis admirably defines as the equivalent of love—*gratia sive dilectio*—divine inspiration being substituted for human impulse."* And the struggle between egoism and altruism was expressed in the doctrines of the Fall and Redemption of mankind.† Thus the social passion, which, according to the theory, could not be found in humanity, was conceived to flow from a divine influence, and became ennobled, at least as a means of salvation, in the eyes of those who would otherwise have suppressed it. At the same time, as Comte also contends, these additions or corrections of the original doctrine were inconsistent or imperfect in themselves, and inadequate to the social purpose for which they were destined; and they naturally disappeared whenever, by the emancipation of the intelligence, the immense egoism, which Monotheism consecrated in God and favoured in man, was let loose from the bonds in which the Church had confined it. Protestantism was the first indication of this change; for Protestantism is but an organized anarchy, in which the only elements of order are derived from an instinctive conservatism, clinging to the fragments of a past doctrinal system, which, in principle, has been abandoned. It contains no organic elements of its own—no positive contribution to the progressive life of humanity; it is simply the first imperfect result of that metaphysical individualism which, in its ultimate form, freed from all the limits of the Catholic

* Pol Pos. iii. p. 79.

† Ibid. iii. p. 346.

system, expressed itself theoretically in Rousseau and Voltaire, and practically in the French Revolution. The hope of mankind, however, lies in the new synthesis of Positivism, which alone can give due value to the innate altruistic sympathies of man, and which therefore alone can place on a permanent scientific basis that social order which the mediæval Church attempted in vain to found on the essentially egoistic and anarchic doctrine of Monotheism.

The fundamental conception, then, which underlies Comte's view of progress is, that every past religion, with the partial exception of Fetichism, has been an amalgam of two radically inconsistent elements, one of which only was due to the theological principle itself; while the other was due, partly to the practical instinct of its priests, which led them to modify the logical results of that principle in conformity with the social wants of man; and partly also to their subordinate position, which obliged them to use the spiritual means of conviction and persuasion instead of the ruder weapons of material force. To criticise fully this position would be to re-write Comte's history of religion. It will be sufficient here to point out that his view of modern history begins in a false interpretation of Christianity, and ends in an equally false interpretation of the Protestant Reformation.

Christianity from its origin has two aspects or elements; and if we compare it with earlier religions, we may call these its Pantheistic and its Monotheistic elements. But these elements are not, as Comte asserts, joined together by a mere external necessity. They are necessarily connected in the inner logic of the system; nor can we regard one of them as more or less essential than the other. In the simplest words of the Gospels we find already expressed a sense of reconciliation with God, and therefore with the world and self, which is alien to pure Monotheism, though there is some faint anticipation of it in the later books of the Old Testament. For a spiritual Monotheism, while it awakens a consciousness of the holiness of God, and the sinfulness of the creature, tends to make fear prevail over love, and the sense of separation over the sense of union. The idea of the unity of the Divine and the human—an original unity which yet has to be realized by self-sacrifice—and the corresponding idea that the individual or natural life must be lost in order to save it, were set before humanity, as in one great living picture, in the life and death of Christ. And what was thus directly presented to the heart and the imagination in an individual, was universalized in the writings of St. Paul and St. John: in other words, it was liberated from its peculiar national setting, and used as a key to the general moral history of man. The Messiah of the Jews was exalted into the Divine Logos, and the Cross became the symbol of an atonement and reconciliation between God and man, which has been made "before the foundation of the world," yet which has to be made again in every human life. The work of the first three centuries was to give to this idea such logical expression as was then possible, in the

doctrines of the Incarnation and the Trinity. It is true that this idea of the unity of man with God was not immediately carried out to any of the consequences which might seem to be contained in it. It remained for a time a religion, and a religion only; it did not show itself to be the principle of a new social or political order of life. Rather it accepted the old order represented by the Roman Empire, and even consecrated it as "ordained of God," only demanding for itself that it should be allowed to purify the inner life of men. Such a separation of the things of Caesar and the things of God was then inevitable; for it is impossible that a new principle can ever be received simply and without alloy into minds, which are at the same time occupying themselves with its utmost practical or even theoretical consequences. In this sense there is great truth in what Comte says about the value of the separation of the spiritual from the temporal authority. The power of directly realizing a new religious principle, just because it draws away attention from the principle itself to the details of its practical application, is likely to prevent that application being either effective or even a true expression of the principle. Such practical inferences cannot safely be drawn by direct logical deduction; they will be made with certainty and effect only by spirits which the principle has remoulded. The decided withdrawal of the Christian Church from the sphere of "practical politics" was, therefore, not merely a necessity forced upon it from without; it was a condition which its best members gladly accepted, because without it the inner transformation of man's life by the new doctrine would have been impossible. If Christianity had raised an insurrection of slaves, it never could have put an end to slavery.

But while this withdrawal was necessary, it contained a great danger; for the inner life cannot be separated from the outer life without becoming narrowed and distorted. Confined to the sphere of religion and private morality, the doctrine of unity and reconciliation necessarily became itself the source of a new dualism. What had been at first merely neglect of the world was gradually changed into hostility to worldly interests; and the germs of a positive morality, reconciling the flesh and the spirit—which appear in the New Testament—were neglected and overshadowed in the growth of asceticism. Christianity, even in its first expression, had a negative side towards the natural life of man; while it lifted man to God, it yet taught that humanity "cannot be quickened except it die." But the mediæval Church, while it constantly taught that humanity in its desires and tendencies must die, had almost forgotten to hope that it could be quickened. Its highest morality—the morality of the three vows—was the negation of all social obligations; its science was the interpretation of a fixed dogma received on authority; its religion tended to become an external service, an *opus operatum*, a preparation for another world, rather than a principle of action in this. Its highest act of worship, the Eucharist, in which was celebrated the

revealed unity of men with each other and with God, was reserved in its fulness for the clergy, and even with them was finally reduced to an external act by the doctrine of transubstantiation, in which poetry "became logic," and in becoming logic, ceased to be truth.

Now, Comte, seeing the working of this negative tendency in mediæval Catholicism, and regarding it as the natural work of Monotheism, is obliged to treat all the positive side of Christianity as an external addition suggested by the practical wisdom of the clergy. St. Paul is supposed by him to have invented (and Comte's language would even suggest that he consciously invented*) the doctrine of grace, in order to reconsecrate those social affections which Monotheism, in its condemnation of nature, had either denied to exist, or, what is nearer the truth, had treated as having no moral value. But this only shows how imperfectly Comte grasped the Pauline conception of the moral change which religion produces. The idea that the immediate untamed and undisciplined will of the natural man is not a principle of morality, and that therefore man must die to live, must rise above himself to be himself, is one which has in it nothing discordant with the claims of social feeling. It is the commonplace of every powerful writer on practical ethics, from the Gospels to Thomas à Kempis, and from Luther to Goethe.

"Und so lang du das nicht hast
Des-es. Storb und Werde,
Bist du nur ein trüber Gast
Auf der dunkeln Erde."

St. Paul adds that this death to self is possible only to him in whom another than his own natural will lives; "so then it is not I that live, but Christ that liveth in me." Comte would probably accept the sentence with the substitution of humanity for Christ. But either substitution involves the negation of the natural tendencies, whether individual or social, in their immediate natural form; and Comte himself, when he placed not only the sexual but even the maternal impulse among those that are merely "personal," virtually acknowledged that the natural or instinctive basis of the altruistic affections is not in itself moral.† But because he begins with a psychology which treats the egoistic and altruistic desires, and again the intellect and the heart, as distinct and independent entities, he is unable to do justice to an account of moral experience which involves that they are essentially related elements in one whole, or necessarily connected stages of its development.

In the form in which it was first presented, the teaching of Christianity was undoubtedly ambiguous, as, indeed, every doctrine in its first general and abstract form must be. We cannot then call it either social or anti-social, without limitations; it is anti-social and ascetic, because of its negative relations to the previous forms of life and culture; it is social and positive in so far as in its primary doctrine of

* Pol. Pos. iii. p. 346.

† *Ibid.* i. p. 562.

the unity of the divine and human—of divinity manifested in man and humanity made perfect through suffering—it contains the promise and the necessity of a development by which nature and spirit shall be reconciled. The progressive tendency of Christendom was based on the fact that from the earliest times the followers of Christ were placed in the dilemma, either of denying their primary doctrine of reconciliation between God and man and going back to pure Monotheism, or of advancing to the reconciliation of all those other antagonisms of spirit and nature, the world and the Church, which arose out of the circumstances of its first publication. And modern history is more than anything else the history of the long process whereby this logical necessity manifested itself in fact. The negative spirit of the Middle Age, its asceticism, its dualism, its formalism, its tendency to transform the moral opposition of natural and spiritual into an external opposition between two natural worlds, present and future, and thus to substitute "other-worldliness" for worldliness, instead of substituting unworldliness for both—all these characteristics were the natural results of the fact that the idea of Christianity, in its first abstract form, could not include, and therefore necessarily became opposed to, the forms of social life and organization with which it came into contact. But while the early Christians looked for the realization of the kingdom of Heaven in some immediate earthly future, and the Middle Age postponed it to another life, Christ had already taught the truth, which alone can turn either of these hopes into something more than the expression of an egoistic desire—the truth that "the kingdom of God is within us." The reaction of the social necessities of mediæval society on the doctrine—which Comte quite correctly describes as leading to the gradual elevation of humanity and of human interests—found its main support in the principles of the doctrine itself, so soon as its lessons had been absorbed into the mind of the people. The irresistible force of the movement, whereby the intelligence was emancipated from authority, and the claims of the family and the State were asserted against the Church, lay above all in this, that Christianity itself was felt to involve the consecration of human life in all its interests and relations. Luther's appeal to the New Testament and to the earliest ages of Christianity was in some ways unhistorical, but it expressed a truth. Protestantism was not a return to the Christianity of the first century; it was an assertion of the relation of the individual to God, which was itself made possible only by the long work of Latin Catholicism. But the development of a doctrine, if it has in it any germ of truth which is capable of development, involves a continual recurrence to its first, and therefore its most general, expression. The elements successively developed in the Catholic and the Protestant, the Latin and the Germanic forms of Christianity, were both present in the original germ, and the exaggerated prominence given in the former to the *negative* side of Christianity could not but lead, in the development of thought,

to a similarly exaggerated manifestation of its *positive* side. But it is nearly as absurd to say, as Comte does, that the true logical outcome of Christianity is to be found in the "life of the hermits of the Thebaid," as it would be to say that its true logical outcome is to be found in those vehement assertions of nature—naked and unshamed—as its own sufficient warrant, which poured almost with the force of inspiration from the lips of Diderot. Both extremes are equally removed from that special moral temper and tone of feeling which we can alone call Christian—the former by its want of sympathy and tenderness, no less than the latter by its want of purity and self-command. Reassertion of nature through its negation, or to put it more simply, the purification of the natural desires by the renunciation of their immediate gratification, is the idea that is more or less definitely present in all phases of the history of Christianity; and, though swaying from one side to the other, the religious life of modern times has never ceased to present both aspects. Even a St. Augustine recoiled from the Manichæism by which nature was regarded, not simply as fallen from its original idea, but as essentially impure. And, on the other hand, even Rousseau's Savoyard vicar, who has got rid of the negative or ascetic element, as completely as is possible for any one still retaining any tincture of Christianity or even of religion, and who insists so strongly on the text that "the natural is the moral," is yet forced to recognize that nature has two voices, and that the *raison commune* has to overcome and transform the natural inclinations of the individual. In the life of its Founder, the Christian Church has always had before it an individual type of that harmony of the spiritual and natural life, which it is its ideal to realize in all the wider spiritual relations of man; nor, till that ideal is reached, can it be said that the Christian idea is exhausted, or that the place is vacant for a new religion, however great may be the changes of form and expression through which Christianity must pass under the changed conditions of modern life.

That Comte was not able to discern this, arose, as we have seen, from the fact that he held a kind of Manichæism of his own. To him the egoistic and altruistic desires were two kinds of innate tendencies, both of which exist in man from the first, though with a great preponderance on the side of egoism. Moral improvement simply consists in altering the original proportions in favour of altruism, and moral perfection would be the complete extinction of egoism (which with Comte would naturally mean the extinction of all the desires classified as personal). Hence there is a distinctly ascetic tendency in some of the precepts of the *Politique Positive*,—i.e., asceticism begins to appear, not simply as a transitionary process through which certain natural desires are to be purified, but as a deliberate attempt to extinguish them. A deeper analysis would have shown that the desires in themselves, as mere natural impulses, are neither egoistic nor altruistic, neither bad nor good; and that while, as they appear in the conscious life, they are neces-

early at first poisoned with egoism, yet that the *ego* is not absolutely opposed to the *alter ego*, but rather implies it. A spiritual or self-conscious being is one who can find himself, nay who can find himself only, in the life of others: and when he does so find himself, there is no natural desire which for itself he needs to renounce as impure; no natural desire which may not become the expression of the better self, which is *ego* and *alter ego* in one. But Comte, unable from the limitations of his psychology to see the true relation of the negative and the positive side of ethics, is obliged to treat the ascetic tendency of Christianity as involving a denial of the existence, or the moral value, of the social sympathies; and on the other hand, to regard the efforts of the Christian Church to cultivate those sympathies, as the result of an external accommodation. His view of Christianity, in short, practically coincides with the definition of virtue given by Paley; it is "doing good to man, in obedience to the will of God, with a view to eternal happiness." It is the pursuit of a selfish end by means in themselves unselfish, with the pleasures and pains of another world introduced as the link of connection; and it must therefore leave bare selfishness in its place, so soon as doubt is cast upon these supernatural rewards and punishments. Hence Comte is just neither to Catholicism nor to Protestantism; considering that the former was only *indirectly* social, and that the latter is merely the first step in a scepticism which, taking away the fears and hopes of another world, must at the same time take away the last limit upon selfishness. And, just because he is unable to understand either the negative tendencies of the former, or the positive tendencies of the latter, phase of modern life, he has an imperfect appreciation of that social ideal to which both are leading, and which must combine in itself the true elements of both. As, however, it is the temptation of writers on social subjects to be least just to the tendencies of the time which preceded their own, and against whose errors they have immediately to contend, so we find that Comte is fairer towards Catholicism than he is towards Protestantism, or towards that individualism which grew out of Protestantism, and which he is pleased to call Metaphysics. The latter he sees solely on their destructive side, as successive stages in the modern movement of revolt, without appreciating the constructive elements involved in them. Hence also he is led, in his attitude towards this great movement, to all but identify himself with Catholic writers like De Maistre; and his own scheme of the future is essentially reactionary. The restoration of the spiritual power to its mediæval position was a natural proposal for one who saw in the Protestant revolt nothing more than an insurrectionary movement, which might clear the way for a new social construction, but which in itself was the negation of all government whatever.

For what was Protestantism? To the Protestant it seemed to be simply a return to the original purity of the Christian faith; to the Catholic, it seemed to be a fatal revolt against the only organization by

which Christianity could be realized. Really it partook of both characters. It involved at once a dangerous misconception of the social conditions, under which alone the religious life can be realized and developed, and a deeper and truer apprehension of that religion, which first recognized the latent divinity or universal capacity of every spiritual being as such, and which, therefore, seemed to impose upon every individual man the right or rather the duty of living by the witness of his own spirit. Comte saw only the former of these aspects of it. Hence he regarded the French Revolution as a practical refutation of the individualism which grew out of the Protestant movement, and not, as it was in truth, a critical event, which should force men to distinguish and separate its true and its false elements. And he drew from it the lesson that the individual has no moral or religious life of his own, but that it is only in proportion as he transcends his own individuality and lives the life of humanity, that his own spiritual life can have any depth or riches in it. Like Burke he could say, "We are afraid to put men to live and trade each on his own private stock of reason, because we suspect that the stock in each man is small, and that the individuals would do better to avail themselves of the general bank and capital of nations and of ages." But because he discerned this, he regarded the effort of Protestantism to throw individuals back upon themselves as merely tending to empty their minds of all valuable contents, and to deliver them over to their own individual caprice. Private judgment and popular government are to him only other forms of expression for intellectual and political anarchy; and his remedy for the moral diseases of modern times is the restoration of that division of the spiritual and temporal authorities, which existed in the Middle Ages. But there is another aspect of the Protestant movement and of these apparently anarchical doctrines, to which Comte pays no attention. Catholicism, as we have seen, had developed one aspect of Christianity, until, by its exclusive prominence, the principle of Christianity itself was on the point of being lost. It had changed the opposition of laity and clergy, world and Church, from a relative into an absolute one; it had presented its doctrine, not as something which the spirit of the individual may ultimately verify for itself, but as something to which it must permanently submit without any verification. It had made the worship into an *opus operatum* instead of a means through which the feelings of the worshipper could be at once drawn out and expressed. Now, it is as opposed to these tendencies that the Protestant movement had its highest importance. It would, no doubt, be intellectual anarchy, for every individual to claim to judge for himself, on subjects for which he has not the requisite training or discipline; but it is a slavery scarcely less corrupting in its effect than anarchy, when he is made to regard the difference between himself and his teachers as a permanent and absolute one. In the former case, he has no sufficient feeling of his want to make him duly submissive to teaching; in the latter,

he has no sufficient consciousness of his capacity to awake a due reaction of his thought upon the matter received from his teachers. Again, the decline of the sovereignty of the people would be the negation of all rule, if it meant that the uninstructed many should govern themselves by their own insight, and that the instructed few should simply be their servants and their instruments. But where the people are not recognized as the ultimate source of power, where their consent is not in any regular way made necessary to the proceedings of their governors, they are by that very fact kept in a perpetual tutelage, and cannot possibly feel that the life of the State is their own life. Now, the most important effect of the Protestant movement was just this, that it awakened in each individual the consciousness of his universal nature, in other words the consciousness that there is no external power or sovereignty, divine or human, to which he has absolutely and permanently to submit, but that every outward claim of authority must ultimately be justified by the inner witness of the spirit. The freedom of man is that his obedience to the State, to the Church, even to God, is the obedience of his natural to his spiritual self. The essential truth of the Reformation lay in its republication of the doctrine that the voice of God speaks within and not only without us, and indeed that "it is only by the God within that we can comprehend the God without." And the nations, which had learned that lesson in religion, soon hastened to apply it to the social and political order of life. It is undoubtedly a dangerous lesson, as may be seen, not only in the tendency of many Protestant sects to put the inner life in opposition to the outer, and so to deprive the former of all wider contents and interests; but also in the ultimate substitution, by Rousseau and others, of the assertion of the natural, for the assertion of the spiritual, man. In such extreme cases we find the mere *capacity* of man for a higher life treated as if it were the higher life itself; forgetting that the capacity is nothing unless it be realized, and that its realization requires the surrender of individual liberty and private judgment to the guidance and teaching of those, in whom that realization has already taken place. But it is not the less true that the consciousness of the capacity, and the consequent sense of the duty of becoming, not merely a slave or instrument, but an organ, of the intellectual and moral life of mankind, is the essential basis of modern life. "Henceforth, I call you not servants, for the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth; but I have called you friends," is a word of Christ which scarcely began to be verified till the Reformation. And while its verification cannot mean the negation of that division of labour upon which society rests,—cannot mean that each one should *know* and *judge*, any more than that each one should *do*, everything for himself,—it at least means that every power and authority should henceforth be, in the true sense of the word, spiritual, and rest for its main support upon the opinion of those who obey it. It is because he has not appreciated this truth that

Comte so decidedly breaks with the democratic spirit of modern times, and seeks to set up an aristocracy in the State and a monarchy in the Church. Yet the spirit of the age is, after all, too strong for him, and while he refuses to the governed any regular and legitimate way of reacting upon the powers that govern them, he recognizes that the *ultima ratio*, the final remedy for misgovernment, lies in their irregular and illegitimate action. As regards the State, he declares that "the right of insurrection is the ultimate resource with which no society should allow itself to dispense."* And as regards the Church he says that if "the High Priest of Humanity, supported by the body of the clergy, should go wrong, then the only remedy left would be the refusal of co-operation, a remedy which can never fail, as the priesthood rests solely on conscience and opinion, and succumbs, therefore, to their adverse sentence."† The civil government, in fact, can bring the spiritual power to a dead-lock, by "suspending its stipend, for in cases of serious error, popular subscriptions would not replace it, unless on the supposition of a fanaticism scarcely compatible with the Positive faith, where there is enthusiasm for the doctrines, rather than for the teachers."‡ Comte also desiderates among the proletariat a strong reactive influence of public opinion, by which the officers, both of Church and State, are to be kept to their work. But if this is desirable, why should the proletariat have no regular means of making their will felt? An "organic" theory of the constitution of society must surely provide every real force with a legitimate form of expression; if a social theory embodies the idea of revolution in it, it is self-condemned.

Comte's social ideal is in many respects a close reproduction of the mediæval system, with its *régime dispersif* of feudalism in secular politics, and its concentration of Papal authority in the Church. For him, the growth of national States to their present dimensions, and, on the other hand, the increasing division of labour in the realm of thought, are equally steps in the wrong direction. Still more strongly, if possible, does he reprobate that interference of the State with spiritual matters, such as the education of the people and its religious life, which has been the natural consequence of the failure of the mediæval Church to maintain its old authority. Notwithstanding his worship of humanity, the idea of a "parliament of man, a federation of the world," by which all the powers of mankind should be united for the attainment of the highest material and spiritual good, has no attraction for him. To reduce the State to the dimensions of a commune, and to confine it to the care of purely material interests, is his first political proposal. France, England, and Spain (and we may now add Germany

* Pol. Pos. i. p. 106. In my first article (CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for May, p. 211) I inadvertently spoke of the hierarchical arrangement of society as extending to the proletariat. This is inaccurate, for Comte rather dwells on their "homogeneity," and seeks to obliterate all distinctions of rank among them, only allowing to the engineers a kind of "fraternal ascendancy." Pol. Pos. iv. p. 367.

† Pol. Pos. iv. p. 294.

and Italy) are, in his view, "factitious aggregates without solid justification," and they will only become "free and durable States," when they are broken up into fragments, each with a population of two or three millions, and a territory not exceeding that of Belgium or Tuscany. The "West" will thus be divided into seventy republics, and the earth into five hundred, and the main work of the patriciate will be to direct and regulate the industrial life of the community; each member of the banker triumvirate, who are to be at the head of the State, having one of the great industrial departments under his special superintendence. On the other hand the unity of humanity is to be represented solely by the spiritual power, in whose hands is to be left the whole work of extending science, teaching the people, and exercising a moral censorship over all Governments and individuals. And while this spiritual power is, for practical purposes, to be strictly organized on the model of the mediæval Church, it is also, like that Church, to remain, for scientific purposes, inorganic. In other words, it is to admit no scientific division of labour, but every one, like a mediæval doctor, is to profess all science, adding to this the priestly office, which, with Comte, includes both the cure of souls and of bodies.

To criticize the details of this scheme seems to be unnecessary after what has been already said. It is not to be denied that the division of Church and State in the Middle Age was a most important and even necessary condition of progress. Christianity could never have been impressed upon the minds of men, if its concrete application and development had been too rapid. The essential condition of such development was that men should not concern themselves too prematurely with it. For the consequences of a moral and religious principle cannot be reached by direct logical deductions; it is like a living germ, in which, by no analysis or dissection, you can discover the lineaments of the future plant. To know what it really is, or involves, you must plant it in the minds of men, and let it grow. Hence the mediæval Church was strong in its weakness, and it was its very victories over the temporal power that were its greatest danger. It became corrupt and lost its hold upon the minds of men, just when it seemed to have established its right to an absolute supremacy. Comte, following De Maistre, attaches great importance to the position of the Popes as arbiters between the Sovereigns and nations of mediæval Europe. But he forgets that, in claiming and maintaining this position the Popes were distinctly ceasing to be a spiritual power, if it be the function of a spiritual power to inculcate principles rather than to use them to solve present difficulties. A power interfering in this way with the immediate struggle of interests, could not but be invaded by the passions they excite, and it was the more certain to be corrupted by these passions, because it conceived them to be evil, and pretended altogether to renounce them. The mediæval authority of the Church might have its value, as an anticipation of the peaceful federation of the nations under

one supreme Government, but it was at the same time the first step towards the erasing of the distinction between the temporal and the spiritual power.

The truth seems to be that the distinction, of secular and spiritual powers, except in the sense already indicated, is essentially irrational, and that the attempt to realise it in practice must involve, as it did involve in the Middle Ages, a continual internecine struggle. To set up two regularly constituted powers face to face with each other, one claiming man's allegiance in the name of his spiritual, and the other in the name of his temporal, interests, is to organize anarchy. So long as man's body and soul are inseparable, it will be impossible to divide the world between *Cæsar* and *God*; for in one point of view all is *Cæsar's*, and in another all is *God's*. In the Middle Ages the conflict of two despotisms was necessary to the growth of freedom; but, when government ceases to be despotic, the need for such division of power passes away. The relative separation between the speculative and the practical classes—between the scientific and moral teachers of mankind, on the one hand, and the statesmen or administrators who have to discover what immediate changes in the organization of life have become necessary, on the other—is a division of labour which can surely be attained without breaking up the unity of the social body. It is not desirable that the philosopher, or priest, or man of science, should be king—and we may even acknowledge that if he were king he would probably be a very bad one;—on the other hand, it is desirable that he should have his due influence, as the teacher of those general truths out of which all practical improvement must ultimately spring. But the natural difference of the tastes and capacities of men should, in a well-organized State, be sufficient to secure due influence to those who are the natural representatives of man's spiritual interests (whether they be religious, philosophic, or scientific), without tempting them from their proper task of discovering and teaching the truth, to the less appropriate work of determining how much of it comes within "the sphere of practical politics." Comte, indeed, by organizing them as an independent power apart from, and outside of, the State, would make such a perversion extremely probable. A hierarchy of priests, under a despotic Pope, would soon cease to be, in any sense, a spiritual power; and this would be only the more certain if, by the Comtian denunciation of specialism, they were prohibited from any division of labour according to capacity in their own peculiar sphere of scientific research. For by this prohibition their attention would be drawn more and more from the truth of their doctrines to their immediate practical effects, not to mention that, in the case of all but a few comprehensive minds, the natural result would be an omniscient superficiality, which would be the enemy of all real culture. For he who knows one thing well may find the whole in the part; but he who knows the whole superficially, inevitably reduces it to the level of something partial and subjective. Deprived of its natural aim, the

Comtist Church of the future would inevitably throw itself, with all its energy, into the task of directly influencing the practical life of men, and there it would find itself in the presence of a number of communal States, none of them large enough to offer any effective resistance. Positivism must indeed alter human nature, if such a priesthood would not seek to make itself despotic, especially if it could wield such a formidable weapon as the Positivist excommunication is supposed to be.*

The truth is that Comte commits the same error which misled Montesquieu and his followers, when they supposed that the great security of a free State lay in the separation of the legislative, executive, and judicial powers,—i.e., in treating the different organs through which the common life expresses itself as if they were independent organisms. In doing so, they forgot that, if such a balance of power was realised, the effect must either be an equilibrium in which all movement must cease, or a struggle in which the unity of the State would be in danger of being lost. The true security against the dangers involved, on the one hand, in the direct application of theory to practice, and, on the other hand, in the separation of practice from theory, must lie, not in giving them independent positions as spiritual and temporal powers, but in the organic unity of the society—communal, national, or, if it may be, universal—to which the representatives of both belong. And organic unity, though it does not mean any special form of government, means at least two things: in the first place, that each great class or interest should have for itself a definite organ, and should therefore be able to act on the whole body in a regular and constitutional manner, so as to show all its force without revolutionary violence; and, in the second place, that no class or interest should have such an independent position, that there is no legal or constitutional method of bringing it into due subordination. But Comte, losing his balance in his jealousy of the individualistic and democratic movement of modern society, has built up a social ideal, which fails in both these points of view. And he is consequently obliged, against his will, to contemplate revolution and war as necessary resources of the Constitution.

It would not be fair to conclude these articles, which have necessarily been devoted in great part to criticism and controversy, without expressing a sense of the power and insight which are shown in the works of Comte, especially in the *Politique Positive*. Controversy itself, it must be remembered, is a kind of homage; for, as Hegel says, "It is only a great man that condemns us to the task of explaining him." But if we can sometimes look down upon such men, it becomes us to remember that we stand upon their shoulders. Comte seems to me to occupy, as a writer, a position in some degree similar to that of Kant. He stands, or rather moves, between the old world and the new, and is broken into inconsistency by the effort of transition. Like Kant, he is embarrassed to the end by the ideas with which he started, and of

* Pol. Pos. iv. p. 292.

which he can never free himself so as to make a new beginning. Comte had only a small portion of that power of speculative analysis which characterized his great predecessor, but he had much of his tenacity of thought, his power of continuous construction; and he had the same conviction of the all-importance of morals, and the same determination to make all his theoretic studies subordinate to the solution of the moral problem. Also, partly because he lived at a later time, and in the midst of a society which was in the throes of a social revolution, and partly because of the keenness and strength of his own social sympathies, he gives us a kind of insight into the diseases and wants of modern society, which we could not expect from Kant, and which throws new light upon the ethical speculations of Kant's idealistic successors. To believe that his system, as a whole, is inconsistent with itself, that his theory of historical progress is insufficient, and that his social ideal is imperfect, need not prevent us from recognizing that there are many valuable elements in his historical and social theories, and that no one who would study such subjects can afford to neglect them. A mind of such power cannot treat any subject without throwing much light upon it, which is independent of his special system of thought, and, above all, without doing much to show what are the really important difficulties in it which need to be solved. And, especially in such subjects, to discover the right question is to be half-way to the answer. Further, as Comte himself somewhere says, it is an immense advantage in studying any complex subject to have before us a distinct and systematic attempt to explain it; for it is only by criticism upon criticism that we can expect to reach the truth, in which all its varied sides and aspects are brought to a unity.

EDWARD CAIRD.

THE PROBLEM OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

A FEW months ago I endeavoured to trace out, in these pages, the probable origin of the week, as a measure of time, by a method which has not hitherto, so far as I know, been followed in such cases. I followed chiefly a line of *à priori* reasoning, considering how herdsmen and tillers of the soil would be apt at a very early period to use the moon as a means of measuring time, and how in endeavouring so to use her they would almost of necessity be led to employ special methods of subdividing the period during which she passes through her various phases. But while each step of the reasoning was thus based on *à priori* considerations, its validity was tested by the evidence which has reached us respecting the various methods employed by different nations of antiquity for following the moon's motions. It appears to me that the conclusions to which this method of reasoning led were more satisfactory, because more trustworthy, than those which have been reached respecting the week by the mere study of various traditions which have reached us respecting the early use of this widespread time measure.

I now propose to apply a somewhat similar method to a problem which has always been regarded as at once highly interesting and very difficult, the question of the purpose for which the pyramids of Egypt, and especially the pyramids of Ghizeh, were erected. But I do not here take the full problem under consideration. I have, indeed, elsewhere dealt with it in a general manner, and have been led to a theory respecting the pyramids which will be touched on towards the close of the present paper. Here, however, I intend to deal only with one special part of the problem, that part to which alone the method I propose to employ is applicable—the question of the astronomical purpose which the pyramids were intended to subserve. It will be understood,

therefore, why I have spoken of applying a somewhat similar method, and not a precisely similar method, to the problem of the pyramids. For whereas in dealing with the origin of the week, I could from the very beginning of the inquiry apply the *à priori* method, I cannot do so in the case of the pyramids. I do not know of any line of *à priori* reasoning by which it could be proved, or even rendered probable, that any race of men, of whatever proclivities or avocations, would naturally be led to construct buildings resembling the pyramids. If it could be, of course that line of reasoning would at the same time indicate what purposes such buildings were intended to subserve. Failing evidence of this kind, we must follow at first the *à posteriori* method; and this method, while it is clear enough as to the construction of pyramids, for there are the pyramids themselves to speak unmistakably on this point, is not altogether so clear as to any one of the purposes for which the pyramids were built.

Yet I think that if there is one purpose among possibly many which the builders of the pyramids had in their thoughts, which can be unmistakably inferred from the pyramids themselves, independently of all traditions, it is the purpose of constructing edifices which should enable men to observe the heavenly bodies in some way not otherwise obtainable. If the orienting of the faces of the pyramids had been effected in some such way as the orienting of most of our cathedrals and churches—*i.e.*, in a manner quite sufficiently exact as tested by ordinary observation, but not capable of bearing astronomical tests,—it might reasonably enough be inferred that having to erect square buildings for any purpose whatever, men were likely enough to set them four-square to the cardinal points, and that, therefore, no stress whatever can be laid on this feature of the pyramids' construction. But when we find that the orienting of the pyramids has been effected with extreme care, that in the case of the great pyramid, which is the typical edifice of this kind, the orienting bears well the closest astronomical scrutiny, we cannot doubt that this feature indicates an astronomical purpose as surely as it indicates the use of astronomical methods.

But while we thus start with what is to some degree an assumption, with what at any rate is not based on *à priori* considerations, yet manifestly we may expect to find evidence as we proceed which shall either strengthen our opinion on this point, or show it to be unsound. We are going to make this astronomical purpose the starting-point for a series of *à priori* considerations, each to be tested by whatever direct evidence may be available; and it is practically certain that if we have thus started in an entirely wrong direction, we shall before long find out our mistake. At least we shall do so, if we start with the desire to find out as much of the truth as we can, and not with the determination to see only those facts which point in the direction along which we have set out, overlooking any which seem to point

in a different direction. We need not necessarily be in the wrong track because of such seeming indications. If we are on the right track, we shall see things more clearly as we proceed; and it may be that evidence which at first seems to accord ill with the idea that we are progressing towards the truth, may be found among the most satisfactory evidence obtainable. But we must in any case note such evidence, even at the time when it seems to suggest that we are on the wrong track. We may push on, nevertheless, to see how such evidence appears a little later. But we must by no means forget its existence. So only can we hope to reach the truth or a portion of the truth, instead of merely making out a good case for some particular theory.

We start, then, with the assumption that the great pyramid, called the Pyramid of Cheops, was built for this purpose, *inter alia*, to enable men to make certain astronomical observations with great accuracy; and what we propose to do is to inquire what would be done by men having this purpose in view, having, as the pyramid builders had, (1) a fine astronomical site, (2) the command of enormous wealth, (3) practically exhaustless stores of material, and (4) the means of compelling many thousands of men to labour for them.

Watching the celestial bodies hour by hour, day by day, and year by year, the observer recognizes certain regions of the heavens which require special attention, and certain noteworthy directions both with respect to the horizon and to elevation above the horizon.

For instance, the observer perceives that the stars, which are in many respects the most conveniently observable bodies, are carried round as if they were rigidly attached to a hollow sphere, carried around an axis passing through the station of the observer (as through a centre) and directed towards a certain point in the dome of the heavens. That point, then, is one whose direction must not only be ascertained, but must be in some way or other indicated. Whatever the nature of an astronomer's instruments or observatory, whether he have but a few simple contrivances in a structure of insignificant proportions, or the most perfect instruments in a noble edifice of most exquisite construction and of the utmost attainable stability, he must in every case have the position of the pole of the heavens clearly indicated in some way or other. Now, the pole of the heavens is a point lying due north, at a certain definite elevation above the horizon. Thus the first consideration to be attended to by the builder of any sort of astronomical observatory, is the determination of the direction of the true north (or the laying down of a true north-and-south line), while the second is the determination, and in some way or other the indication of the angle of elevation above the north point, at which the true pole of the heavens may lie.

To get the true north-and-south line, however, the astronomer would be apt at first, perhaps, rather to make mid-day observations than to observe the stars at night. It would have been the observation of these

which first called his attention to the existence of a definite point round which all the stars seem to be carried in parallel circles; but he would very quickly notice that the sun and the moon, and also the five planets, are carried round the same polar axis, only differing from the stars in this: that, besides being thus carried round with the celestial sphere, they also move upon that sphere, though with a motion which is very slow compared with that which they derive from the seeming motion of the sphere itself. Now, among these bodies the sun and moon possess a distinct advantage over the stars. A body illuminated by either the sun or the moon throws a shadow, and thus if we place an upright pointed rod in sunlight or moonlight, and note where the shadow of the point lies, we know that a straight line from the point to the shadow of the point is directed exactly towards the sun or the moon, as the case may be. Leaving the moon aside as in other respects unsuitable, for she only shines with suitable lustre in one part of each month, we have in the sun's motions a means of getting the north-and-south line by thus noting the position of the shadow of a pointed upright. For being carried around an inclined axis directed northwards, the sun is, of course, brought to his greatest elevation on any given day when due south. So that if we note when the shadow of an upright is shortest on any day, we know that at that moment the sun is at his highest or due south; and the line joining the centre of the upright's base with the end of the shadow at that instant lies due north-and-south.

But though theoretically this method is sufficient, it is open, in practice, to a serious objection. The sun's elevation, when he is nearly at his highest, changes very slowly; so that it is difficult to determine the precise moment when the shadow is shortest. But the direction of the shadow is steadily changing all the time that we thus remain in doubt whether the sun's elevation has reached its maximum or not. We are apt, then, to make an error as to time, which will result in a noteworthy error as to the direction of the north-and-south line.

For this reason, it would be better for any one employing this shadow method to take two epochs on either side of solar noon, when the sun was at exactly the same elevation, or the shadow of exactly the same length,—determining this by striking out a circle around the foot of the upright, and observing where the shadow's point crossed this circle before noon in drawing nearer to the base, and after noon in passing away from the base. These two intersections with the circle necessarily lie at equal distances from the north-and-south line, which can thus be more exactly determined than by the other method, simply because the end of the shadow crosses the circle traced on the ground at moments which can be more exactly determined than the moment when the shadow is shortest.

Now, we notice in this description of methods which unquestionably were followed by the very earliest astronomers, one circumstance which clearly points to a feature as absolutely essential in every astronomical

observing station. (I do not say "observatory," for I am speaking just now of observations so elementary that the word would be out of place.) The observer must have a perfectly flat floor on which to receive the shadow of the upright pointer. And not only must the floor be flat, but it must also be perfectly horizontal. At any rate, it must not slope down either towards the east or towards the west, for then the shadows on either side of the north-and-south line would be unequal. And though a slope towards north or south would not affect the equality of such shadows, and would therefore be admissible, yet it would clearly be altogether undesirable; since the avoidance of a slope towards east or west would be made much more difficult if the surface were tilted, however slightly, towards north or south. Apart from this, several other circumstances make it extremely desirable that the surface from which the astronomers make their observations should be perfectly horizontal. In particular, we shall see presently that the exact determination of elevations above the eastern and western horizons would be very necessary even in the earliest and simplest methods of observation, and for this purpose it would be essential that the observing surface should be as carefully levelled in a north-and-south as in an east-and-west direction.

We should expect to find, then, that when the particular stage of astronomical progress had been reached, at which men not only perceived the necessity of well-devised buildings for astronomical observation, but were able to devote time, labour, and expense to the construction of such buildings, the first point to which they would direct their attention would be the formation of a perfectly level surface, on which eventually they might lay down a north-and-south or true meridional line.

Now, of the extreme care with which this preliminary question of level was considered by the builders of the great pyramid, we have singularly clear and decisive evidence. For all around the base of the pyramid there was a pavement, and we find the builders not only so well acquainted with the position of the true horizontal plane at the level of this pavement, but so careful to follow it (even as respects this pavement, which, be it noticed, was only, in all probability, a subsidiary and quasi-ornamental feature of the building), that the pavement "was varied in thickness at the rate of about an inch in 100 feet to make it absolutely level, which the rock was not."*

But now with regard to the true north-and-south direction, although the shadow method, carried out on a truly level surface, would be satisfactory enough for a first rough approximation, or even for what any but astronomers would regard as extreme accuracy, it would be open to

* It seems to me not improbable that the level was determined by simply flooding (though to a very small depth only, of course) the entire area to be levelled - not only the pavement level, but higher levels as the pyramid was raised layer by layer. By completing the outside of each layer first, an enclosed space capable of receiving the water would be formed (the flooding being required once only for each layer), and when the level had been taken the water could be allowed to run off by the interior passages to the well which Piazzi Smyth considers to be symbolical of the bottomless pit.

serious objections for really exact work. These objections would have become known to observers long before the construction of the pyramid was commenced, and would have been associated with the difficulties which suggested, I think, the idea itself of constructing such an edifice.

Supposing an upright pointed post is set up, and the position of the end of the shadow upon a perfectly level surface is noted; then whatever use we intend to make of this observation, it is essential that we should know the precise position of the centre of the upright's base, and also that the upright should be truly vertical. Otherwise we have only exactly obtained the position of one end of the line we want, and to draw the line properly we ought as exactly to know the position of the other end. If we want *also* to know the true position of a line joining the point of the upright and the shadow of this point, we require to know the true height of the upright. And even if we have these points determined, we still have not a *material* line from the point of the upright to the place of its shadow. A cord or chain from one point to the other would be curved, even if tightly stretched, and it would not be tightly stretched, if long, without either breaking or pulling over the upright. A straight bar of the required length could not be readily made or used: if stout enough to lie straight from point to point it would be unwieldy, if not stout enough so that it bent under its own weight it would be useless.

Thus the shadow method, while difficult of application to give a true north-and-south horizontal line, would fail utterly to give material indications of the sun's elevation on particular days, without which it would be impossible to obtain in this manner any material indications of the position of the celestial pole.

A natural resource, under these circumstances—at least a natural resource for astronomers who could afford to adopt the plan—would be to build up masses of masonry, in which there should be tubular holes or tunnelling pointing in certain required directions. In one sense the contrivance would be clumsy, for a tunnelling once constructed, would not admit of any change of position, nor even allow of any save very limited changes in the direction of the line of view through them. In fact, the more effective a tunnelling would be in determining any particular direction, the less scope, of course, would it afford for any change in the direction of a line of sight along it. So that the astronomical architect would have to limit the use of this particular method to those cases in which great accuracy in obtaining a direction line and great rigidity in the material indication of that line's position were essential or at least exceedingly desirable. Again, in some cases presently to be noticed, he would require, not a tubing directed to some special fixed point in the sky, but an opening commanding some special range of view. Yet again it would be manifestly well for him to retain, whenever possible, the power of using the shadow method in observing the sun and moon; for this method in the case of bodies varying their position on

THE PROBLEM OF THE GREAT PYRAMID.

the celestial sphere, not merely with respect to the cardinal points, would be of great value. Its value would be enhanced if the shadows could be formed by objects and received on surfaces holding a permanent position.

We begin to see some of the requirements of an astronomical building such as we have supposed the earlier observers to plan.

First, such a building must be large, to give suitable length to the direction lines, whether along edges of the building or along tubular passages or tunnelling within it. Secondly, it must be massive in order that these edges and passages might have the necessary stability and permanence. Thirdly, it must be of a form contributing to such stability, and as height above surrounding objects (even hills lying at considerable distances) would be a desirable feature, it would be proper to have the mass of masonry growing smaller from the base upwards. Fourthly, it must have its sides carefully oriented, so that it must have either a square or oblong base with two sides lying exactly north and south, and the other two lying exactly east and west. Fifthly, it must have the direction of the pole of the heavens either actually indicated by a tunnelling of some sort pointed directly polewards, or else inferable from a tunnelling pointing upon a suitable star close to the true pole of the heavens.

The lower part of a pyramid would fulfil the conditions required for the stability of such a structure, and a square or oblong form would be suitable for the base of such a pyramid. We must not overlook the fact that a complete pyramid would be utterly unsuitable for an astronomical edifice. Even a pyramid built up of layers of stone and continued so far upwards that the uppermost layer consisted of a single massive stone, would be quite useless as an observatory. The notion which has been entertained by some fanciful persons, that one purpose which the great pyramid was intended to subserve, was to provide a raised small platform high above the general level of the soil, in order that astronomers might climb night after night to that platform, and thence make their observations on the stars, is altogether untenable. Probably no fancy respecting the pyramids has done more to discredit the astronomical theory of these structures than has this ridiculous notion; because even those who are not astronomers and therefore little familiar with the requirements of a building intended for astronomical observation, perceive at once the futility of any such arrangement, and the enormous, one may almost say the infinite disproportion between the cost at which the raised small platform would have been obtained, and the small advantage which astronomers would derive from climbing up to it instead of observing from the ground level. Yet we have seen this notion not only gravely advanced by persons who are to some degree acquainted with astronomical requirements, but elaborately illustrated. Thus, in Flammarion's "History of the Heavens," there is a picture representing six astronomers in eastern garb, perched in uncomfortable attitudes on the

uppermost steps of a pyramid, whence they are staring hard at a comet, naturally without the slightest opportunity of determining its true position in the sky, since they have no direction lines of any sort for their guidance. Apart from this, their attention is very properly directed in great part to the necessity of preserving their equilibrium. In only one point in fact does this picture accord with *à priori* probabilities—namely, in the great muscular development of these ancient observers. They are perfectly herculean, and well they might be, if night after night they had to observe the celestial bodies from a place so hard to reach, and where attitudes so awkward must be maintained during the long hours of the night.

It is perfectly clear, and is in fact one of the chief difficulties of the astronomical theory of the pyramids, that it would only be when these buildings were as yet incomplete that they could subserve any useful astronomical purposes; nevertheless we must not on this account suffer ourselves at this early stage of our inquiry to be diverted from the astronomical theory by what must be admitted to be a very strong argument against it. We have seen that there is such decisive and even demonstrative evidence in favour of the theory that the pyramids were not oriented in a general, still less in a merely casual, manner, and this is, in reality, such clear evidence of their astronomical significance, that we must pass further on upon the line of reasoning which we have adopted—prepared to turn back indeed if absolutely convincing evidence should be found against the theory of the astronomical *purpose* of the pyramids, but anticipating rather that, on a close inquiry, a means of obviating this particular objection may before long be found.

Let us suppose, then, that astronomers have determined to erect a massive edifice, on a square or oblong base properly oriented, constructing within this edifice such tubular openings as would be most useful for the purpose of indicating the true directions of certain celestial objects at particular times and seasons.

Before commencing so costly a structure they would be careful to select the best possible position for it, not only as respects the nature of the ground, but also as respects latitude. For it must be remembered that, from certain parts of the earth, the various points and circles which the astronomer recognizes in the heavens occupy special positions and fulfil special relations.

So far as conditions of the soil, surrounding country, and so forth are concerned, few positions could surpass that selected for the great pyramid and its companions. The pyramids of Ghizeh are situated on a platform of rock, about 150 feet above the level of the desert. The largest of them, the Pyramid of Cheops, stands on an elevation free all around, insomuch that less sand has gathered round it than would otherwise have been the case. How admirably suited these pyramids are for observing stations is shown by the way in which they are themselves seen from a distance. It has been remarked by every

one who has seen the pyramids that the sense of sight is deceived in the attempt to appreciate their distance and magnitude. "Though removed several leagues from the spectator, they appear to be close at hand; and it is not until he has travelled some miles in a direct line towards them, that he becomes sensible of their vast bulk and also of the pure atmosphere through which they are viewed."

With regard to their astronomical position, it seems clear that the builders intended to place the great pyramid precisely in latitude 30° , or, in other words, in that latitude where the true pole of the heavens is one-third of the way from the horizon to the point overhead (the zenith), and where the noon sun at true spring or autumn (when the sun rises almost exactly in the east, and sets almost exactly in the west) is two-thirds of the way from the horizon to the point overhead. In an observatory set exactly in this position, some of the calculations or geometrical constructions, as the case may be, involved in astronomical problems, are considerably simplified. The first problem in Euclid, for example, by which a triangle of three equal sides is made, affords the means of drawing the proper angle at which the mid-day sun in spring or autumn is raised above the horizon, and at which the pole of the heavens is removed from the point overhead. Relations depending on this angle are also more readily calculated, for the very same reason, in fact, that the angle itself is more readily drawn. And though the builders of the great pyramid must have been advanced far beyond the stage at which any difficulty in dealing directly with other angles would be involved, yet they would perceive the great advantage of having one among the angles entering into their problems thus conveniently chosen. In our time, when by the use of logarithmic and other tables, all calculations are greatly simplified, and when also astronomers have learned to recognize that no possible choice of latitude would simplify their labours (unless an observatory could be set up at the North Pole itself, which would be in other respects inconvenient), matters of this sort are no longer worth considering, but to the mathematicians who planned the great pyramid they would have possessed extreme importance.


To set the centre of the pyramid's future base in latitude 30° , two methods could be used, both already to some degree considered—the shadow method, and the Pole-star method. If at noon, at the season when the sun rose due east and set due west, an upright AC were found to throw a shadow CD , so proportioned to AC that ACD would be one-half of an equal-sided triangle, then, theoretically, the point where this upright was placed would be in latitude 30° . 
As a matter of fact it would not be, because the air, by bending the sun's rays, throws the sun apparently somewhat above his true position. Apart from this, at the time of true spring or autumn, the sun does not seem to rise due east, or set due west, for he is raised above the horizon by atmospheric refraction, before he has really

FIG. 1.

reached it in the morning, and he remains raised above it after he has really passed below—understanding the word “really” to relate to his actual geometrical direction. Thus, at true spring and autumn, the sun rises slightly to the north of east, and sets slightly to the north of west. The atmospheric refraction is indeed so marked, as respects these parts of the sun’s apparent course, that it must have been quickly recognized. Probably, however, it would be regarded as a peculiarity only affecting the sun when close to the horizon, and would be (correctly) associated with his apparent change of shape when so situated. Astronomers would be prevented in this way from using the sun’s horizontal position at any season to guide them with respect to the cardinal points, but they would still consider the sun, when raised high above the horizon, as a suitable astronomical index (so to speak), and would have no idea that even at a height of sixty degrees above the horizon, or seen as in direction D A. Fig. 1, he is seen appreciably above his true position.

Adopting this method—the shadow method—to fix the latitude of the pyramid’s base, they would conceive the sun was sixty degrees above the horizon at noon, at true spring or autumn, when in reality he was somewhat below that elevation. Or, in other words, they would conceive they were in latitude 30° north, when in reality they were farther north (the mid-day sun at any season sinking lower and lower as we travel farther and farther north). The actual amount by which, supposing their observations exact, they would thus set this station north of its proper position, would depend on the refractive qualities of the air in Egypt. But although there is some slight difference in this respect between Egypt and Greenwich, it is but small; and we can determine from the Greenwich refraction tables, within a very slight limit of error, the amount by which the architects of the great pyramid would have set the centre or the base north of latitude 30° , if they had trusted solely to the shadow method. The distance would have been as nearly as possible 1125 yards, or say three furlongs.

Now, if they followed the other method, observing the stars around the pole, in order to determine the elevation of the true pole of the heavens, they would be in a similar way exposed to error arising from the effects of atmospheric refraction. They would proceed probably somewhat in this wise:—Using any kind of direction lines, they would take the altitude of their Polar star (1) when passing immediately under the pole, and (2) when passing immediately above the pole. The mean of the altitudes thus obtained would be the altitude of the true pole of the heavens. Now, atmospheric refraction affects the stars in the same way that it affects the sun, and the nearer a star is to the horizon, the more it is raised by atmospheric refraction. The Pole-star in both its positions—that is when passing below the pole, and when passing above that point—is raised by refraction, rather more when below than when above; but the cri-

mated position of the pole itself, raised by about the mean of these two effects, is in effect raised almost exactly as much as it would be if it were itself directly observed (that is, if a star occupied the pole itself, instead of merely circling close round the pole). We may then simplify matters by leaving out of consideration at present all questions of the actual Pole-star in the time of the pyramid builders, and simply considering how far they would have set the pyramid's base in error, if they had determined their latitude by observing a star occupying the position of the true pole of the heavens.

They would have endeavoured to determine where the pole appears to be raised exactly thirty degrees above the horizon. But the effect of refraction being to raise every celestial object above its true position, they would have supposed the pole to be raised thirty degrees, when in reality it was less raised than this. In other words, they would have supposed they were in latitude 30° , when, in reality, they were in some lower latitude, for the pole of the heavens rises higher and higher above the horizon as we pass to higher and higher latitudes. Thus they would set their station somewhat to the south of latitude 30° , instead of to the north, as when they were supposed to have used the shadow method. Here again we can find how far they would set it south of that latitude. Using the Greenwich refraction table (which is the same as Bessel's), we find that they would have made a much greater error than when using the other method, simply because they would be observing a body at an elevation of about thirty degrees only, whereas in taking the sun's mid-day altitude in spring or autumn, they would be observing a body at twice as great an elevation. The error would be, in fact, in this case, about 1 mile 1512 yards.

It seems not at all unlikely that astronomers, so skilful and ingenious as the builders of the pyramid manifestly were, would have employed both methods. In that case they would certainly have obtained widely discrepant results, rough as their means and methods must unquestionably have been, compared with modern instruments and methods. The exact determination from the shadow plan would have set them 1125 yards to the north of the true latitude; while the exact determination from the Pole-star method would have set them 1 mile 1512 yards south of the true latitude. Whether they would thus have been led to detect the effect of atmospheric refraction on celestial bodies high above the horizon may be open to question. But certainly they would have recognized the action of some cause or other, rendering one or other method, or both methods, unsatisfactory. If so, and we can scarcely doubt that this would actually happen (for certainly they would recognize the theoretical justice of both methods, and we can hardly imagine that having two available methods, they could limit their operations to one method only), they would scarcely

see any better way of proceeding than to take a position intermediate between the two which they had thus obtained. Such a position would lie almost exactly 1072 yards south of true latitude 30° north.

Whether the architects of the pyramid of Cheops really proceeded in this way or not, it is certain that they obtained a result corresponding so well with this that if we assume they really did intend to set the base of the pyramid in latitude 30° , we find it difficult to persuade ourselves that they did not follow some such course as I have just indicated—the coincidence is so close considering the nature of the observations involved. According to Professor Piazzi Smyth, whose observational labours in relation to the great pyramid are worthy of all praise, the centre of the base of this pyramid lies about 1 mile 568 yards south of the thirtieth parallel of latitude. This is 944 yards north of the position they would have deduced from the Pole-star method; 1 mile 1693 yards south of the position they would have deduced from the shadow method; and 1256 yards south of the mean position between the two last-named. The position of the base seems to prove beyond all possibility of question that the shadow method was not the method on which sole or chief reliance was placed, though this method must have been known to the builders of the pyramid. It does not, however, prove that the star method was the only method followed. A distance of 944 yards is so small in a matter of this sort that we might fairly enough assume that the position of the base was determined by the Pole-star method. If, however, we supposed the builders of the pyramid to have been exceedingly skilful in applying the methods available to them, we might not unreasonably conclude from the position of the pyramid's base that they used both the shadow method and the Pole-star method, but that, recognizing the superiority of the latter, they gave greater weight to the result of employing this method. Supposing, for instance, they applied the Pole-star method three times as often as the shadow method, and took the mean of all the results thus obtained, then the deduced position would lie three times as far from the northern position obtained by the shadow method as from the southern position obtained by the Pole-star method. In this case their result, if correctly deduced, would have been only about 156 yards north of the actual present position of the centre of the base.

It is impossible, however, to place the least reliance on any calculation like that made in the last few lines. By *à posteriori* reasoning such as this one can prove almost anything about the pyramids. For observe, though presented as *à priori* reasoning, it is in reality not so, being based on the observed fact, that the true position lies more than three times as far from the northerly limit as from the southern one. Now, if in any other way, not open to exception, we knew that the builders of the pyramid used both the sun method and the star method, with perfect observational accuracy, but without knowledge of the laws of atmospheric

refraction, we could infer from the observed position the precise relative weights they attached to the two methods. But it is altogether unsafe, or, to speak plainly, it is in the logical sense a perfectly vicious manner of reasoning, to ascertain first such relative weights on an assumption of this kind, and having so found them, to assert that the relation thus detected is a probable one in itself, and that since, when assumed, it accounts precisely for the observed position of the pyramid, therefore the pyramid was posited in that way and no other. It has been by unsound reasoning of this kind that nine-tenths of the absurdities have been established on which Taylor and Professor Smyth and their followers have established what may be called the pyramid religion.

All we can fairly assume as probable from the evidence, in so far as that evidence bears on the results of *a priori* considerations, is that the builders of the great pyramid preferred the Pole-star method to the shadow method, as a means of determining the true position of latitude 30° north. They seem to have applied this method with great skill considering the means at their disposal, if we suppose that they took no account whatever of the influence of refraction. If they took refraction into account at all they considerably underrated its influence.

Piazzi Smyth's idea that they knew the *precise* position of the thirtieth parallel of latitude, and also the *precise* position of the parallel, where, owing to refraction, the Pole-star would appear to be thirty degrees above the horizon, and deliberately set the base of the pyramid between these limits (not exactly or nearly exactly half-way, but somewhere between them), cannot be entertained for a moment by any one not prepared to regard the whole history of the construction of the pyramid as supernatural. My argument, let me note in passing, is not intended for persons who take this particular view of the pyramid, a view on which reasoning could not very well be brought to bear.

If the star method had been used to determine the position of the parallel of 30° north latitude, we may be certain it would be used also to orient the building. Probably indeed the very structures (temporary, of course) by which the final observations for the latitude had been made, would remain available also for the orientation. These structures would consist of uprights so placed that the line of sight along their extremities (or along a tube perhaps borne aloft by them in a slanting position) the Pole-star could be seen when immediately below or immediately above the pole. Altogether the more convenient direction of the two would be that towards the Pole-star when below the pole. The extremities of these uprights, or the axis of the upraised tube, would lie in a north-and-south line considerably inclined to the horizon, because the pole itself being thirty degrees above the horizon, the Pole-star, whatever star this might be, would be high above the horizon even when exactly under the pole. No star so far from the pole as to pass close to the horizon would be of use even for the work of

orientation, while for the work of obtaining the latitude it would be absolutely essential that a star close to the pole should be used.

A line along the feet of the uprights would run north-and-south. But the very object for which the great astronomical edifice was being raised, was that the north-and-south line amongst others should be indicated by more perfect methods.

Now at this stage of proceedings, what could be more perfect as a method of obtaining the true bearing of the pole than to dig a tubular hole into the solid rock, along which tube the Pole-star at its lower culmination should be visible? Perfect stability would be thus insured for this fundamental direction line. It would be easy to obtain the direction with great accuracy, even though at first starting the borings were not quite correctly made. And the further the boring was continued downwards towards the south the greater the accuracy of the direction line thus obtained. Of course there could be no question whatever in such underground boring, of the advantage of taking the lower passage of the Pole-star, not the upper. For a line directly from the star at its upper passage would slant downwards at an angle of more than thirty degrees from the horizon, while a line directly from the star at its lower passage would slant downwards at an angle of less than thirty degrees; and the smaller this angle the less would be the length, and the less the depth of the boring required for any given horizontal range.

Besides perfect stability, a boring through the solid rock would present another most important advantage over any other method of orienting the base of the pyramid. In the case of an inclined direction line above the level of the horizontal base, there would be the difficulty of determining the precise position of points under the raised line; for manifest difficulties would arise in letting fall plumb-lines from various points along the optical axis of a raised tubing. But nothing could be simpler than the plan by which the horizontal line corresponding to the underground tube could be determined. All that would be necessary would be to allow the tube to terminate in a tolerably large open space; and from a point in the base vertically above this, to let fall a plumb-line through a fine vertical boring into this open space. It would thus be found how far the point from which the plumb-line was let fall lay, either to the east or to the west of the optical axis of the underground tunnel, and therefore how far to the east or to the west of the centre of the open mouth of this tunnel. Thus the true direction of a north-and-south line from the end of the tube to the middle of the base would be ascertained. This would be the meridian line of the pyramid's base, or rather the meridian line corresponding to the position of the underground passage directed towards the Pole-star when immediately under the pole.

A line at right angles to the meridian line thus obtained would lie due east and west, and the true position of the east-and-west line would

probably be better indicated in this way than by direct observation of the sun or stars. If direct observation were made at all, it would be made not on the sun in the horizon near the time of spring and autumn, for the sun's position is then largely affected by refraction. The sun might be observed for this purpose during the summer months, at moments when calculation showed that he should be due east or west, or crossing what is technically the *prime vertical*. Possibly the so-called azimuth trenches on the east side of the great pyramid may have been in some way associated with observations of this sort, as the middle trench is directed considerably to the north of the east point, and not far from the direction in which the sun would rise when about thirty degrees (a favourite angle with the pyramid architects) past the vernal equinox. But I lay no stress on this point. The meridian line obtained from the underground passage would have given the builders so ready a means of determining accurately the east and west lines for the north and south edges of the pyramid's base, that any other observations for this purpose can hardly have been more than subsidiary.

It is, of course, well known that there is precisely such an underground tunnelling as the considerations I have indicated seem to suggest as a desirable feature in a proposed astronomical edifice on a very noble scale. In all the pyramids of Ghizeh, indeed, there is such a tunnelling as we might expect on almost any theory of the relation of the smaller pyramids to the great one. But the slant tunnel under the great pyramid is constructed with far greater skill and care than have been bestowed on the tunnels under the other pyramids. Its length underground amounts to more than 350 feet, so that, viewed from the bottom, the mouth, about four feet across from top to bottom on the square, would give a sky range of rather less than one-third of a degree, or about one-fourth more than the moon's apparent diameter. But, of course, there was nothing to prevent the observers who used this tube from greatly narrowing these limits by using diaphragms, one covering up all the mouth of the tube, except a small opening near the centre, and another correspondingly occupying the lower part of the tube from which the observation was made.

It seems satisfactorily made out that the object of the slant tunnel, which runs 350 feet through the rock on which the pyramid is built, was to observe the Pole-star of the period at its lower culmination, to obtain thence the true direction of the north point. The slow motion of a star very near the pole would cause any error in time, as when this observation was made, to be of very little importance, though we can understand that even such observations as these would remind the builders of the pyramid of the absolute necessity of good time-measurements and time-observations in astronomical research.

Finding this point clearly made out, we can fairly use the observed direction of the inclined passage to determine what was the position of

the Pole-star at the time when the foundations of the great pyramid were laid, and even what that Pole-star may have been. On this point there has never been much doubt, though considerable doubt exists as to the exact epoch when the star occupied the position in question. According to the observations made by Professor Smyth, the entrance passage has a slope of about $26^{\circ} 27'$, which would have corresponded, when refraction is taken into account, to the elevation of the star observed through the passage, at an angle of about $26^{\circ} 29'$ above the horizon. The true latitude of the pyramid being $29^{\circ} 58' 51''$, corresponding to an elevation of the true pole of the heavens, by about $30^{\circ} \frac{1}{2}'$ above the horizon, it follows that if Professor Smyth obtained the true angle for the entrance passage, the Pole-star must have been about $3^{\circ} 31\frac{1}{2}'$ from the pole. Smyth himself considers that we ought to infer the angle for the entrance passage from that of other internal passages, presently to be mentioned, which he thinks were manifestly intended to be at the same angle of inclination, though directed southwards instead of northwards. Assuming this to be the case, though for my own part I cannot see why we should do so (most certainly we have no *a priori* reason for so doing), we should have $26^{\circ} 18'$ as about the required angle of inclination, whence we should get about $3^{\circ} 42'$ for the distance of the Pole-star of the pyramid's time from the true pole of the heavens. The difference may seem of very slight importance, and I note that Professor Smyth passes it over as if it really were unimportant; but in reality it corresponds to somewhat large time-differences. He quotes Sir J. Herschel's correct statement, that about the year 2170 B.C. the star Alpha Draconis, when passing below the pole, was elevated at an angle of about $26^{\circ} 18'$ above the horizon, or was about $3^{\circ} 42'$ from the pole of the heavens (I have before me, as I write, Sir J. Herschel's original statement, which is not put precisely in this way); and he mentions also that somewhere about 3440 B.C. the same star was situated at about the same distance from the pole. But he omits to notice that since, during the long interval of 1270 years, Alpha Draconis had been first gradually approaching the pole until it was at its nearest, when it was only about $3\frac{1}{4}'$ from that point, and then as gradually receding from the pole until again $3^{\circ} 42'$ from it, it follows that the difference of nine or ten minutes in the estimated inclination of the entrance passage corresponds to a very considerable interval in time, certainly to not less than fifty years. (Exact calculation would be easy, but it would be time wasted where the data are inexact.)

Having their base properly oriented, and being about to erect the building itself, the architects would certainly not have closed the mouth of the slant tunnel pointing northwards, but would have carried the passage onwards through the basement layers of the edifice, until these had reached the height corresponding to the place where the prolongation of the passage would meet the slanting north face of the building.

I incline to think that at this place they would not be content to allow the north face to remain in steps, but would fit in casing stones (not necessarily those which would eventually form the slant surface of the pyramid, but more probably slanted so as to be perpendicular to the axis of the ascending passage.) They would probably cut a square aperture through such slant stones corresponding to the size of the passage elsewhere, so as to make the four surfaces of the passage perfectly plane from its greatest depth below the base of the pyramid to its aperture, close to the surface to be formed eventually by the casing stones of the pyramid itself.

Now, in this part of his work, the astronomical architect could scarcely fail to take into account the circumstance that the inclined passage, however convenient as bearing upon a bright star near the pole when that star was due north, was, nevertheless, not coincident in direction with the true polar axis of the celestial sphere. I cannot but think he would in some way mark the position of their true polar axis. And the natural way of marking it would be to indicate where the passage of his Pole-star *above* the pole ceased to be visible through the slant tube. In other words he would mark where a line from the middle of the lowest face of the inclined passage to the middle of the upper edge of the mouth was inclined by twice the angle $3^{\circ} 42'$ to the axis of the passage. To an eye placed on the optical axis of the passage, at this distance from the mouth the middle of the upper edge of the mouth would (*quam proximé*) show the place of the true pole of the heavens. It certainly is a singular coincidence that at the part of the tube where this condition would be fulfilled, there is a peculiarity in the construction of the entrance passage, which has been indeed otherwise explained, but I shall leave the reader to determine whether the other explanation is altogether a likely one. The feature is described by Smyth as "a most singular portion of the passage—viz., a place where two adjacent wall-joints, similar, too, on either side of the passage, were *vertical* or nearly so; while every other wall-joint, both above and below, was *rectangular* to the length of the passage, and, therefore, *largely inclined* to the vertical." Now I take the mean of Smyth's determinations of the transverse height of the entrance passage as 47.23 inches (the extreme values are 47.14 and 47.32), and I find that, from a point on the floor of the entrance passage, this transverse height would subtend an angle of $7^{\circ} 24'$ (the range of Alpha Draconis in altitude when on the meridian) at a distance 363.65 inches from the transverse mouth of the passage. Taking this distance from Smyth's scale in Plate xvii. of his work on the pyramid ("Our Inheritance in the Great Pyramid"), I find that, if measured along the base of the entrance passage from the lowest edge of the vertical stone, it falls exactly upon the spot where he has marked in the probable outline of the uncased pyramid, while, if measured from the upper edge of the same stone, it falls just about as far within the outline of the cased pyramid as we

should expect the outer edge of a sloped end stone to the tunnel to have lain.

It may be said that from the floor of the entrance passage no star could have been seen, because no eye could be placed there. But the builders of the pyramid cannot reasonably be supposed to have been ignorant of the simple properties of plane mirrors, and by simply placing a thin piece of polished metal upon the floor at this spot, and noting where they could see the star and the upper edge of the tunnel's mouth in contact by reflection in this mirror, they could determine precisely where the star could be seen touching that edge, by an eye placed (were that possible) precisely in the plane of the floor.

I have said there is another explanation of this peculiarity in the entrance passage, but I should rather have said there is another explanation of a line marked on the stone next below the vertical one. I should imagine this line, which is nothing more than a mark such "as might be ruled with a blunt steel instrument, but by a master hand for power, evenness, straightness, and still more for rectangularity to the passage axis," was a mere sign to show where the upright stone was to come. But Professor Smyth, who gives no explanation of the upright stone itself, except that it seems, from its upright position, to have had "something representative of setting up, or preparation for the erecting of a building," believes that the mark is as many inches from the mouth of the tunnel as there were years between the dispersal of man and the building of the pyramid; that thence downwards to the place where an ascending passage begins, marks in like manner the number of years which were to follow before the Exodus; thence along the ascending passage to the beginning of the great gallery the number of years from the Exodus to the coming of Christ; and thence along the floor of the grand gallery to its end, the interval between the first coming of Christ and the second coming or the end of the world, which it appears is to take place in the year 1881. It is true not one of these intervals accords with the dates given by those who are considered the best authorities in Biblical matters,—but so much the worse for the dates.

To return to the pyramid.

We have considered how, probably, the architect would plan the prolongation of the entrance passage to its place of opening out on the northern face. But as the pyramid rose layer by layer above its basement, there must be ascending passages of some sort towards the south, the most important part of the sky in astronomical research.

The astronomers who planned the pyramid would specially require four things. First, they must have the ascending passage in the absolutely true meridian plan; secondly, they would require to have in view, along a passage as narrow as the entrance tunnel, some conspicuous star, if possible a star so bright as to be visible by day (along such a tunnel) as well as by night; thirdly, they must have the means of ob-

serving the sun at solar noon on every day in the year; and fourthly, they must also have the entire range of the zodiac or planetary highway brought into view along their chief meridional opening.

The first of these points is at once the most important and the most difficult. It is so important, indeed, that we may hope for significant evidence from the consideration of the methods which would suggest themselves as available.

Consider:—The square base has been duly oriented. Therefore, if each square layer is placed properly, the continually diminishing square platform will remain always oriented. But if any error is made in this work the exactness of the orientation will gradually be lost. And this part of the work cannot be tested by astronomical observations as exact as those by which the base was laid, unless the vertical boring by which the middle of the base, or a point near it, was brought into connection with the entrance passage, is continued upwards through the successive layers of the pyramidal structure. As the rock rises to a considerable height within the interior of the pyramid,* probably to quite the height of the opening of the entrance passage on the northern slope, it would only be found necessary to carry up this vertical boring on the building itself after this level had been reached. But in any case this would be but an unsatisfactory way of obtaining the meridian plane when once the boring had reached a higher level than the opening of the entrance passage; for only horizontal lines from the boring to the inclined tunnelling would be of use for exact work, and no such lines could be drawn when once the level of the upper end of the entrance passage had been passed by the builders.

A plan would be available, however (not yet noticed, so far as I know, by any who have studied the astronomical relations of the great pyramid), which would have enabled the builders perfectly to overcome this difficulty.

Suppose the line of sight down the entrance passage were continued upwards along an ascending passage, after reflection at a perfectly horizontal surface—the surface of still water—then by the simplest of all optical laws, that of the reflection of light, the descending and ascending lines of sight on either side of the place of reflection, would lie in the same vertical plane, that, namely, of the entrance passage, or of the meridian. Moreover, the farther upwards an ascending passage was carried, along which the reflected visual rays could pass, the more perfect would be the adjustment of this meridional plane.

To apply this method, it would be necessary to temporarily plug up the entrance passage where it passed into the solid rock, to make the stone-work above it very perfect and close fitting, so that whenever occasion arose for making one of the observations we are considering,

* The irregular descending passage long known as the well, which communicates between the ascending passage and the underground chamber, enables us to ascertain how high the rock rises into the pyramid at this particular part of the base. We thus learn that the rock rises in this place, at any rate, thirty or forty feet above the basal plane.

water might be poured into the entrance passage, and remain long enough standing at the corner (so to speak) where this passage and the suggested ascending passage could meet, for Alpha Draconis to be observed down the ascending passage. Fig.

2 shows what is meant. Here D C is the descending passage, C A the ascending passage, C the corner where the water



Fig. 2

would be placed when Alpha Draconis was about to pass below the pole. The observer would look down A C, and would see Alpha Draconis by rays which had passed down D C, and had been reflected by the water at C. Supposing the building to have been erected, as Lepsius and other Egyptologists consider, at the rate of one layer in each year, then only one observation of the kind described need be made per annum. Indeed, fewer would serve, since three or four layers of stone might be added without any fresh occasion arising to test the direction of the passage C A.

It is hardly necessary to remind those who have given any attention to the subject of the pyramid that there is precisely such an ascending passage as C A, and that as yet no explanation of the identity of its angle of ascent with the angle of descent of the passage D C has ever been given. Most pyramidalists content themselves by assuming, as Sir E. Beckett puts it, "that the same angle would probably be used for both sets of passages, as there was no reason for varying it," which is not exactly an explanation of the relation. Mr. Wachterbarth has suggested that the passages were so adjusted for the purpose of managing a system of balance cars united by ropes from one passage to another; but this explanation is open, as Beckett points out, to the fatal objection that the passages meet at their lowest point, not at their highest, so that it would be rather a puzzle "to work out the mechanical idea." The reflection explanation is not only open to no such objections, but involves precisely such an application of optical laws as we should expect from men so ingenious as the pyramid builders certainly were. In saying this, let me explain, I am not commending myself for ingenuity in thinking of the method, simply because such methods are quite common and familiar in the astronomy of modern times.

While I find this explanation, which occurred to me even while this paper was in writing, so satisfactory that I feel almost tempted to say like Sir G. Airy of his explanation of the Deluge as an overflow of the Nile, that "I cannot entertain the slightest doubt" of its validity, I feel that there ought to be some evidence in the descending passage itself of the use of this method. We might not find any traces of the platform used to stop up, once a year or so, the rock part of the descending passage. For they would be only temporary arrangements. But we should expect to find the floor of the descending passage constructed with special care, and very closely fitted, where the water was to be received.

Inquiring whether this is so, I find not only that it is, but that another hitherto unexplained feature of the great pyramid finds its explanation in this way,—the now celebrated “secret sign.” Let us read Professor Smyth’s account of this peculiar feature :—

“When measuring the cross-joints in the floor of the entrance-passage, in 1865, I went on chronicling their angles, each one proving to be very nearly at right angles to the axis, until suddenly one came which was *diagonal*; another, and that was diagonal too; but, after that, the rectangular position was resumed. Further, the stone material carrying these diagonal joints was harder and better than elsewhere in the floor, so as to have saved that part from the monstrous excavations elsewhere perpetrated by some moderns. Why, then, did the builders change the rectangular joint angle at that point, and execute such unusual angles as they chose in place of it, in a better material of stone than elsewhere; and yet with so little desire to call general attention to it, that they made the joints fine and close to that degree that they escaped the attention of all men until 1865 A.D. The answer came from the diagonal joints themselves, on discovering that the stone between them was opposite to the butt end of the portcullis of the first ascending passage, or to the hole whence the prismatic stone of concealment through 3000 years had dropped out almost before Al Mamoun’s eyes. Here, therefore, was a secret sign in the pavement of the entrance-passage, appreciable only to a careful eye and a measurement by angle, but made in such hard material that it was evidently intended to last to the end of human time with the great pyramid, and *has* done so thus far.”

Whether Professor Smyth is right in considering that this specially-prepared position of the floor was intended not for any practical purpose, but to escape the notice of the careless, while yet, when the right men “at last, duly instructed, entered the passage,” this mysterious floor-sign should show them where a ceiling-stone was movable, on perceiving which they “would have laid bare the beginning of the whole train of those sub-aërial features of construction which are the great pyramid’s most distinctive glory, and exist in no other pyramid in Egypt or the world,” I leave the reader to judge. I would remark, only, that, if so, the builders of the pyramid were not remarkably good prophets, seeing that the event befell otherwise, the ceiling-stone dropping out a thousand years or so before the floor-sign was noticed; wherefore we need not feel altogether alarmed at their own prediction (according to Professor Smyth), that the end of the world is to come in 1881, even as Mother Shipton also is reported to have prophesied. For my own part, I am quite content with my own interpretation of the secret sign; as showing where the floor of the descending passage was purposely prepared for the reception of water, on the still surface of which the Pole-star of the day might be mirrored for one looking down the ascending passage.

Albeit, I cannot but think that this ascending passage must also have been so directed as to show some bright star when due south. For if the passage had only given the meridian plane, but without permitting the astronomer to observe the southing of any fixed star, it would have subserved only one-half its purposes as a meridional instrument. It is to be remembered that, supposing the ascending passage to have its posi-

tion determined in the way I have described, there would be nothing to prevent its being also made to show any fixed star nearly at the same elevation. For it could readily be enlarged in a vertical direction, the floor remaining unaltered. Since it is not enlarged until the great gallery is reached (at a distance of nearly 127 feet from the place where the ascent begins), it follows, or is at least rendered highly probable, that some bright star was in view through that ascending passage.

Now, taking the date 2170 B.C., which Professor Smyth assigns to the beginning of the great pyramid, or even taking any date (as we fairly may), within a century or so on either side of that date, we find no bright star which would have been visible when due south, through the ascending passage. I have calculated the position of that circle among the stars along which lay all the points passing $26^{\circ} 18'$ above the horizon when due south, in the latitude of Ghizeh, 2170 years before the Christian era; and it does not pass near a single conspicuous star.* There is only one fourth magnitude star which it actually approaches—namely, Epsilon Ceti; and one fifth magnitude star, Beta of the Southern Crown.

When we remember that Egyptologists almost without exception assert that the date of the builders of the great pyramid *must* have been more than a thousand years earlier than 2170 B.C., and that Bunsen has assigned to Menes the date 3620 B.C., while the date 3300 B.C. has been assigned to Cheops or Suphis on apparently good authority, we are led to inquire whether the other epoch when Alpha Draconis was at about the right distance from the pole of the heavens may not have been the true era of the commencement of the great pyramid. Now, the year 3300 B.C., though a little late, would accord fairly well with the time when Alpha Draconis was at the proper distance $3\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ from the pole of the heavens. If the inclination of the entrance-passage is $26^{\circ} 27'$, as Professor Smyth made it, the exact date for this would be 3390 B.C.; if $26^{\circ} 40'$, as others made it before his measurements, the date would be about 3320 B.C., which would suit well with the date 3300 B.C., since a century either way would only carry the star about a third of a degree towards or from the pole.

Now, when we inquire whether in the year 3300 B.C. any bright star would have been visible, at southing, through the ascending passage, we find that a very bright star indeed, an orb otherwise remarkable as the nearest of all the stars, the brilliant Alpha Centauri, shone as it

* There is a statement perfectly startling in its inaccuracy, in a chapter of Blake's "Antient Myths," derived from Mr. Hurler's researches, asserting that in the year 2170 B.C. the Pleiades were "exactly at that height that they could be seen in the direct or of the Southwest passing passage of the pyramid." The statement is not mine. As this passage pointed $33\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, or thereabouts, below that is south of the equator, and the Pleiades were then some 15° north of the equator, the passage certainly did not then point to the Pleiades. Nor has there been any time since the world began when the Pleiades were anywhere near the direction of the southward passing passage. In fact they have never been more than 20° north of the equator. The statement follows immediately after another to the surprising effect that in the year 2170 B.C. "the Pleiades really commenced the spring by their midnight conjunction." The only comment an astronomer can make on this startling assertion is to repeat with emphasis the words uttered by Mr. Hurler or Mr. Blake. "The Pleiades being then in conjunction with what is now called the first point of Aries, culminated at noon, not at midnight, at the time of the vernal equinox."

crossed the meridian right down that ascending tube. It is so bright that, viewed through that tube, it must have been visible to the naked eye, even when southing in full daylight.

But thirdly, we must consider how the builders of the pyramid would arrange for the observation of the sun at noon on every clear day in the year.

They would carry up the floor of the ascending passage in an unchanged direction, as it already pointed south of the lowest place of the noon sun at mid-winter. They would have to turn the tunnel into a lofty gallery, to increase the vertical range of view on the meridian. It seems reasonable to infer that they would prefer so to arrange matters that the upper end of the gallery would be near the middle of the platform which would form the top of the pyramidal structure from the time when it was completed for observational purposes. The height of the gallery would be so adjusted to its length, that the mid-winter's sun would not shine further than the lower end of the gallery (that is, to the upper end of the smaller ascending passage). In fact, as the moon and planets would have to be observed when due south, through this meridional gallery, and as they range further from the equator both north and south than the sun does, it would be necessary that the gallery should extend lower down than the sun's mid-winter noon rays would shine.

As it would be a part of the observer's work to note exactly how far down the gallery the shadow of its upper southern edge reached, as well as the moment when the sun's light passed from the western to the eastern wall of the gallery, and other details of the kind; besides, of course, taking time-observations of the moment when the sun's edge seemed to reach the edge of the gallery's southern opening; and as such observations could not be properly made by men standing on the smooth slanting floor of the gallery, it would be desirable to have cross-benches capable of being set at different heights along the sloping gallery. In some observations, indeed, as where the transits of several stars southing within short intervals of time had to be observed, it would be necessary to set some observers at one part of the gallery, others at another part, and perhaps even to have several sets of observers along the gallery. And this suggests yet another consideration. It might be thought desirable, if great importance was attached (as the whole building shows that great importance must have been attached) to the exactness of the observations, to have several observations of each transit of a star across the mouth of the gallery. In this case, it would be well to have the breadth of the gallery different at different heights, though its walls must of necessity be upright throughout—that is, the walls must be upright from the height where one breadth commences, to the height where the next breadth commences. With a gallery built in this fashion, it would be possible to take several observations of the same transit, somewhat in the same way that the

modern observer watches the transit of a star across each of five, seven, or nine parallel spider threads, in order to obtain a more correct time for the passage of the star across the middle thread, than if he noted this passage alone.

How far the grand gallery corresponds with these requirements can be judged from the following description given by Professor Greaves in 1638:—"It is," he says, "a very stately piece of work, and not inferior, either in respect of the curiosity of art, or richness of materials, to the most sumptuous and magnificent buildings," and a little further on he says, "this gallery, or corridor, or whatever else I may call it, is built of white and polished marble (limestone), the which is very evenly cut in spacious squares or tables. Of such materials as is the pavement, such is the roof and such are the side walls that flank it; the coagmentation or knitting of the joints is so close, that they are scarce discernible to a curious eye; and that which adds grace to the whole structure, though it makes the passage the more slippery and difficult, is the acclivity or rising of the ascent. The height of this gallery is 26 feet" (Professor Smyth's careful measurements show the true height to be more nearly 28 feet), "the breadth of 6·870 feet, of which 3·433 feet are to be allowed for the way in the midst, which is set and bounded on both sides with two banks (like benches) of sleek and polished stone; each of these hath 1·717 of a foot in breadth, and as much in depth." These measurements are not strictly exact. Smyth made the breadth of the gallery above the banks or ramps as he calls them, 6 feet 10½ inches; the space between the ramps, 3 feet 6 inches; the ramps nearly about 1 foot 8¾ inches broad, and nearly 1 foot 9 inches high, measured transversely, that is at right angles to the ascending floor.

As to arrangements for the convenience of observers in the slippery and difficult floor of this gallery, we find that upon the top of these benches or ramps, near the angle where they meet the wall, "there are little spaces cut in right-angled parallel figures, set on each side opposite one another, *intended no question for some other end than ornament.*"

The diversity of width which I have indicated as a desirable feature in a meridional gallery, is a marked feature of the actual gallery. "In the casting and ranging of the marbles" (limestone), "in both the side walls, there is one piece of architecture," says Greaves, "in my judgment very graceful, and that is that all the courses or stones, which are but seven (so great are these stones), do set and flag over one another about three inches; the bottom of the uppermost course overlapping the top of the next, and so in order, the rest as they descend." The faces of these stones are exactly vertical, and as the width of the gallery diminishes upwards by about six inches for each successive course, it follows that the width at the top is about 3½ feet less than the width, 6 feet 10½ inches, at the bottom, or agrees in fact with the width of the space between the benches or ramps. Thus the shadow of the vertical edges of the gallery at solar noon just reached to the edges of the ramps,

the shadow of the next lower vertical edges falling three inches from the edges higher up the ramps, those of the next vertical edges six inches from these edges, still higher up, and so forth. The true hour of the sun's southing could thus be most accurately determined by seven sets of observers placed in different parts of the gallery, and near mid-summer, when the range of the shadows would be so far shortened, that a smaller number of observers only could follow the shadows' motions; but in some respects, the observations in this part of the year could be more readily and exactly made than in winter, when the shadows' spaces of various width would range along the entire length of the gallery.

Similar remarks would apply to observations of the moon, which could also be directly observed. The planets and stars of course could only be observed directly.

The grand gallery could be used for the observation of any celestial body southing higher than $26^{\circ} 18'$ above the horizon; but not very effectively for objects passing near the zenith. The Pleiades could be well observed. They southed about $63\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ above the horizon in the year 2140 a.c. or thereabouts when they were on the equinoctial colure.* But if I am right in taking the year 3300 a.c. when Alpha Centauri shone down the smaller ascending passage in southing, the Pleiades were about 58° only above the horizon when southing, and therefore even more favourably observable from the great meridional gallery.

In passing I may note that at this time, about 3300 years before our era, the equinoctial point (that is, the point where the sun passes north of the equator, and the year begins according to the old manner of reckoning) was midway between the horns of the Bull. So that then, and then alone, a poet might truly speak of spring as the time

"Candidus auratis sperit quum cornibus annum
Taurus."

as Virgil incorrectly did (repeating doubtless some old tradition) at a later time. Even Professor Smyth notices the necessity that the pyramid gallery should correspond in some degree with such a date. "For," says he, "there have been traditions for long, whence arising I know not, that the seven overlappings of the grand gallery, so impressively described by Professor Greaves, had something to do with the Pleiades, those proverbially seven stars of the primeval world," only that he considers the pyramid related to *memorial* not *observing* astronomy, "of an earlier date than Virgil's." The Pleiades also, it may be remarked, were scarcely regarded in old times as belonging to the constellation of the Bull, but formed a separate asterism.

The upper end of the great gallery lies very near the vertical axis of

* This date is sometimes given earlier, but when account is taken of the proper motion of these stars we get about the date above mentioned. I cannot understand how Dr. Ball, Astronomer Royal for Ireland, has obtained the date 2248 a.c., unless he has taken the proper motion of Aleyone the wrong way. The proper motion of this star during the last 4000 years has been such as to increase the star's distance from the equinoctial colure, and therefore, of course, the actual interval of time since the star was on the colure is less than it would be calculated to be if the proper motion were neglected.

the pyramid. It is equidistant, in fact, from the north and south edges of the pyramid platform at this level, but lies somewhat to the east of the true centre of this platform. One can recognise a certain convenience in this arrangement, for the actual centre of the platform would be required as a position from whence observation of the whole sky could be made. Observers stationed there would have the cardinal points and the points midway between them defined by the edges and angles of the square platform, which would not be the case if they were displaced from the centre. Stationed as they would be close to the mouth of the gallery, they would hear the time signalings given forth by the observers placed at various parts of the gallery; and no doubt one chief end of the exact time-observations for which the gallery was manifestly constructed, would be to enable the platform observers duly to record the time when various phenomena were noticed in any part of the heavens.

This corresponds well with the statement made by Proclus, that the pyramids of Egypt, which, according to Diodorus Siculus, had been in existence during 3600 years, terminated in a platform upon which the priests made their celestial observations. The last-named historian alleges, also (*Biblioth. Hist. Lib. I.*), that the Egyptians, who claimed to be the most ancient of men, professed to be acquainted with the situation of the earth, the risings and settings of stars, to have arranged the order of days and months, and pretended to be able to predict future events, with certainty, from their observations of celestial phenomena. I think that it is in this association of astrology with astronomy that we find the explanation of what, after all, remains the great mystery of the pyramid—the fact, namely, that all the passages, ascending, descending, and horizontal, constructed with such extreme care, and at the cost of so much labour, in the interior of the great pyramid, were eventually (perhaps not very long after their construction) to be closed up. I reject utterly the idea that they could have been constructed merely as memorials. Sir E. Beckett, who seems willing to admit this conception, rejects the notion that the builders of the pyramid recorded “standard measures by hiding them with the utmost ingenuity.” Is it not equally absurd to imagine that they recorded the date of the great pyramid, by construction, by those most elaborately concealed passages? Why they should have concealed them after constructing them so carefully, may not be clear. For my own part, I regard the theory that the Pyramid of Suphis was built for astrological observations, relating to the life of that monarch only, as affording the most satisfactory explanation yet advanced of the mysterious circumstance that the building was closed up after his death. Supposing the part of the edifice (fifty layers in all), which includes the ascending and descending passages, to have been erected during his lifetime, it may be that some reverential or superstitious feeling caused his successors, or the priesthood, to regard the building

as sacred after his death—to be closed up therefore and completed as a perfect pyramid, polished *ad unguem* from its pointed summit to the lines along which the four faces met the smooth pavement round its base. We might thus explain why each monarch required his own astrological observatory afterwards to become his tomb. Be this as it may, it is certain that the pyramids were constructed for astronomical observations; and it would, I conceive, be utterly unreasonable to imagine that the costly interior fittings and arrangements, “not inferior, in respect of curiosity of art or richness of materials, to the most sumptuous and magnificent buildings,” were intended to subserve no other purpose but to be memorials; and that, too, not until, in the course of thousands of years, the whole mass of the pyramid had begun to lose the exactness of its original figure.

R. A. PROCTOR.

CONSPIRACIES IN RUSSIA UNDER THE REIGNING CZAR.

I.

MUCH astonishment has been expressed of late, by those who are too apt to forget the main facts even of contemporary history, that under "so benevolent a prince as Alexander II." the most fearful conspiracies should have become rife. This view of the situation shows a misconception of the whole system of government in Russia, and more especially of the character of the ruling Autocrat, as it has been formed by his education and by the ever-worsening course of his reign. For the proper understanding of what has occurred within the last twelve years or so, we must consequently go back for a moment to Alexander's early training and antecedents. No despotic system can be judged without a knowledge of personal facts relating to its bearer. A sketch of the character of Alexander, II. and of his strange acts of "benevolence," will make it clear to the commonest comprehension why his antagonists should at last have met him by wild deeds of conspiracy.

Alexander's arbitrary bias may be said to have been inherited in his blood. A disposition, originally, perhaps, less severe than that of Nicholas, was darkened and vitiated in him from his early days. Custine already remarked the expression of deep melancholy in the Grand Duke; and all those who have seen Alexander II. since have been struck with his sour and sullen morosity. No smile ever lights up this "humane" Czar's face. His uneasy glance is that of the misanthrope; his brow seems overcast as with the lowering shadow of a tragic fate. The harsh way in which he was brought up by his martinet father, without the slightest regard for his somewhat delicate health, no doubt laid a foundation for this pensive sadness, which, under a pernicious Court atmosphere, and with the terrible recollections crowding about his family history, gradually changed into the fierceness of the Tyrant.

Poor royal humanity is sometimes strangely led up to its task in life. Almost from infancy the sickly boy had to don the soldier's uniform. All joyous sprightliness was crushed out of the infantine heir of a barbarous Imperialism. His education by the crowned corporal who happened to be his parent, appeared to aim mainly at making him physically and in character as rigid as a ramrod. By nature of a sensuous bent, he had to undergo all the ordeals of barrack-room practices, which Nicholas held to be the proper sum and substance of human life.

The stern nature and teaching of that typical tyrant came out one day in a striking manner during the early boyhood of Alexander. Even Imperial children do not seem to be able to shake off the dark historical recollections that hang about the Winter Palace. In the manner of children they will make a ghastly sport of them. Once, when they were in a specially jocular mood, Alexander, in company with his brother Constantine and some comrades in play, enacted—as youngsters in their apishly imitative mood will do—one of the most ludicrous scenes that concluded a previous reign. The throttling of the Emperor Paul was the subject! Alexander, standing for Paul, was assaulted and thrown down by his brother, who knelt upon his chest. With the aid of the sportive accomplices, a cord was passed round the victim's throat. It is said that young Constantine took a malicious pleasure in putting into this semblance of strangulation rather an unexpected deal of energy.

"For mercy's sake! For mercy's sake!" Alexander cried, with half-stifled voice, and at last with a fearful yell.

Nicholas, hurrying out from his room, beheld the spectacle before him in deep consternation. When the matter was explained to him, he severely reprov'd and actually punished his eldest-born. "It is not worthy of an Emperor," he said, "to call out for mercy!"

This well-authenticated anecdote has been told by writers who expressed the most adulatory sentiments towards the present Czar. It is to be found in Castille's highly flattering biography of Alexander II., published about the time of his accession to the throne. The incident, loathsome as it must appear to every sensitive mind, strikingly paints both the gloom that always hangs about the Russian Court, and the kind of education given by Nicholas to his offspring.

The youthful despotic propensities of Alexander may be seen from an account given by another of his admiring biographers, Mr. J. G. Hesekiel. This writer enthusiastically swings the censor before Nicholas as the "Iron Knight of Legitimacy" and the "Invincible Champion of Government by the Grace of God." (I may mention in passing that Mr. Hesekiel has done the life of Prince Bismarck into similar adulatory prose). At the age of fourteen—he relates—the boy-prince, Alexander, in going through a state room of the Palace, was respectfully greeted by the assembled high dignitaries of the Empire, senators,

generals, and so forth. They all rose and bowed before the Heir-Apparent. The boy's vanity being flattered, he purposely came back several times, expecting the grey-beards on each occasion to rise and salaam before him. When he found that they thought they had done their duty by the first salutation, he angrily complained against them to his father. Nicholas, however, blamed the son for his unreasonable exaction. This vicious arrogance of the boy ripened afterwards into the haughtiness of the despot, being but slightly mitigated by a naturally melancholy disposition, which sometimes gave the appearance of comparative softness.

Of Constantine, the second son of Nicholas, there is a further characteristic anecdote on record. It is to be found even in publications otherwise marked by servile feelings towards the Court. We all know at what a supernaturally early age the purple-born are appointed to high titular positions in the State Administration or in the army. In Russia, where the "right divine of kings to govern wrong" is pushed to its most logical or illogical consequences, this royal custom flourishes to excess. At the mature age of eight, Alexander was appointed Chancellor of the University of Finland. His brother Constantine was nominated in early youth High Admiral of the Fleet. One day, Constantine, between whom and his elder brother there was little love lost, had Alexander arrested because he had come on board ship without special authorization. Something of the sentiment of Franz Moor, in Schiller's *Robbers*, seems to have animated Constantine in his youth. He was often heard to utter a malediction against the law of heredity. He declared that, being born when his father (Nicholas) was already on the throne, he (Constantine) had a better right of succession than Alexander, who had been born when Nicholas was only a Grand Duke. He further said that, after the death of Nicholas, he would contend against Alexander with the object of partitioning the Empire.

These may seem trifling occurrences—mere freaks of childhood. They would certainly be so regarded in countries where the nation practically possesses self-government and the Crown is mainly an ornamental cipher, or where the sovereign privilege is at least largely circumscribed by the parliamentary power. It is different in an Empire like Russia, with its murderous dynastic antecedents. There, the personal character of the princely personages is of the utmost importance; for a youthful freak or hideous trick may point to a coming horrible event. In olden times, previous to the Tatar dominion, Russia passed through the so-called Appanage Period of Separate Principalities, when the Empire was actually partitioned. The feuds which then tore the various branches of the Rurik family greatly facilitated the Mongol conquest that weighed upon the country for centuries. With the condition of Russia such as it was until lately, and still is for that matter, a bold attempt on the part of a Prince second in birth could not be said to be beyond the range of possibility. Even now we hear of a deep

estrangement between the ruling Autocrat and the Czarewitch, reaching even to such an extent that for a moment there was an intention of arresting the latter.

Nothing has come of the childish threat of the Grand Duke Constantine, who to this day fills the post of Admiral-General of the Russian Fleet. Still, the incident alluded to has its value. When a whole nation is disinherited from political rights, a younger member of the ruling House, of violent and ambitious temper, may easily take the idea into his head of altering, by a palace plot, the very basis of the Empire for his own special benefit. What looks like boyish play may in time to come turn into a tragedy. These dangers, characteristic of all autocracies, can only be done away with by the introduction of a settled order of Constitutional law, conferring the chief power in the State upon representative bodies.

II.

The death of Nicholas, shortly before the end of the Crimean War, remains to this day enshrouded in darkness and doubt.

His proud spirit had been deeply humiliated by a series of defeats. He who once posed as the arbiter of the destinies of Continental Europe had been beaten, not only by the Western Allies, but, before that, even by the Turks single-handed. He wrathfully avowed that "he had been deceived as to the state of public opinion in England." The messengers of the Peace Society, the language held by the organs of the Manchester school, had emboldened him to try to realize the secular dream of Russian despots,—namely, the conquest of Constantinople. The disenchantment he experienced gave even his iron frame a terrible shock. Yet his haughty temper forbade him to entertain offers of, still more to sue for, peace. Those surrounding him, including his nearest by kinship, were afraid of angering the ruthless man by unwelcome counsel.

At the same time vague murmurs were heard in society against the absolutistic régime which had led Russia to the brink of utter ruin. From the southern part of the Empire, where opinion, since the days of Cossack and Ukraine independence, had always been the most advanced, threatening tales came up of a spirit of rebellion among the peasantry, upon whom the relay duties and other hardships connected with the war weighed most heavily. There was a universal feeling that the removal of Nicholas from this world's stage would be a blessing.

In the midst of this darkening situation men learnt that the Czar was slightly indisposed; immediately afterwards, that he was—*dead*. He had only taken a cold; but the illness—as the manifesto of Alexander II. afterwards said—"developed itself with incredible rapidity." The manifesto added:—"Let us bow before the mysterious decrees of Providence!"

Was the mystery a real or merely an apparent one?

Abroad a rumour quickly spread of foul play having once more taken

place in the Winter Palace. In the German and the Danish press—for instance, in the Copenhagen *Fædrelandet*, and the Berlin *National Zeitung* and *Volks-Zeitung*—surmises were openly uttered that the Russian Emperor had died from poison. Not a few thought he had fallen a victim to a palace plot in the interest of the maintenance of the dynasty which was endangered by his obstinacy. In a medical journal of this country it was shown that the bulletins concerning the course of his illness were, at all events, quite at variance with well-known physiological laws. In a lithographed pamphlet—attributed to Dr. Mandt, the physician-in-ordinary to Nicholas—it was alleged that the Czar, in a fit of life-weariness, had himself asked for strychnine, and forced his physician to prepare it for him. A noted Russian writer, Mr. Ivan Golovin, in a book published at Leipzig about eight years ago,* refers to the statement of this pamphlet. He himself remarks that the reason for the head of the Emperor having been covered up, when lying in state, was, that his features were so terribly disfigured by the poison as to render it advisable to conceal the face.

It is impossible to unravel the truth. This much can, however, be said beyond mere probability, that, if Nicholas had not been suddenly taken away, the contrast between his iron rule at home and his continued defeats on the field of battle would have roused a spirit of rebellion and mutiny very similar to that against which he had to contend in the ensanguined streets of the capital at the beginning of his reign. As it was, men expected that his successor would prove more pliant. The prevailing feeling of dissatisfaction did not, therefore, at first assume a revolutionary shape.

Perhaps it was a consciousness of being surrounded by men who watched him closely which made Alexander II. speak out in rather a peremptory tone in his manifesto of March 2, 1855. Monarchs who fear an attack upon their sovereign privileges often seek to terrify their would-be antagonists by bold language. "I hereby declare solemnly," Alexander said, "that I will remain faithful to all the views of my father, and *persevere in the line of political principles* which have served as guiding maxims both to my uncle, Alexander I., and to him. These principles are those of the Holy Alliance. If that Alliance no longer exists, it is certainly not the fault of my august father." The fling against Austria, which had half taken the side of the Western Allies in the Crimean War, and the covert reference to Prussia, which had refused making common military cause with Russia, was unmistakable.

So far as public opinion existed then, or could make itself heard in the Czar's Empire, the impression of this manifesto was a highly unfavourable one. Its allusions to the maintenance of the political principles of Nicholas and to the maxims of the Holy Alliance were little relished—all the less so, because there was not a word about coming reforms. Military preparations were continued. The whole

* *Russland unter Alexander II.* Leipzig: 1870.

country seemed to be destined to become a military camp. No prospects were held out either of the emancipation of the serfs, or of the admission of any section of the nation to a share in the Government.

Soon, however, Alexander II. had to alter his tone. The wave of public discontent rising ever higher, whilst the Russian arms suffered defeat after defeat, peace had to be concluded, and the full stringency of the despotic rule could no longer be maintained. Gortschakoff was substituted for Nesselrode in the Chancellorship. At that time this was almost considered progress—so unspeakably degrading was the slavery of the nation, and so apt are men in their despair to catch at a straw.

Gortschakoff, nevertheless, pronounced the famous saying, "*La Russie ne boude pas ; elle se recueille !*" The old war policy had been scotched, not killed. Scarcely had the army returned from the campaign, before Government busied itself with a well-studied plan for a network of railways, not in the commercial, but in the strategical interest. With the same object of an ulterior return to the aggressive war policy, Alexander II. sought an interview with Napoleon III. soon after the conclusion of the Crimean War. Piedmont, also, was diplomatically approached in a remarkably friendly manner. England was to be isolated. Revenge was to be ultimately taken against her. Between all these significant, though somewhat weak attempts, the new Czar addressed to the Marshals of the Polish nobility at Warsaw his threatening words:—"Before all, no dreams, gentlemen! If need be, I shall know how to punish with the utmost severity; and with the utmost severity I mean to punish!" (*Avant tout, point de rêveries, messieurs! Au besoin, je saurai sévir, et je sévirai!*")

Thus the autocratic vein strongly stood out even in this more sickly type of a barbarous autocracy. It is the fashion at present, at least among some who take the name of "philosophical Radicals" in vain when they curtsy before a Machiavellian tyrant, to dwell with admiring pride upon the philanthropic character of Alexander the Benevolent. All the cardinal virtues are his. He is the Liberator of the Serfs, the Deliverer of Downtrodden Nationalities, the Educator and Friend of the People—a monstrous paragon of princely perfection. The truth is that this Czar, albeit lacking the nerve of his sire, has from early youth shown the full absolutistic bent. Dire necessity only brought him to the accomplishment of some reforms. But the evidence before us clearly shows that in this he acted on the well-known lines of despotic calculation, and that he never did good without the intention of thereby preventing what to him appeared to be the greater evil for his position as an irresponsible autocrat, by the so-called "Grace of God."

III.

So deeply shaken was the Empire by the events of 1853-56, that Alexander did not dare for several years—in fact, not until 1863—to ordain

any fresh recruitment for the army. This necessity greatly diminished the oppressive power of the Crown. At the same time, public opinion showed signs of a threatening unrest. An "Underground Literature," as it was called, began once more to express the ideas of the better-educated, progressive classes. Among the troops, the "Songs of the Crimean Soldiers," by Tolstoy, an artillery officer, made a great stir. Count Orloff, then Minister of the Police, wrote to the Commanding-General in the South, that he should silence these rebel songs. The General somewhat bluntly replied, "Please come yourself, and try to silence them!"

Among the secret publications then in vogue there were some political poems of Pushkin, hitherto only known in clandestine manuscript form. Pushkin is often called, with a great deal of exaggeration, the Russian Byron, whereas others will only let him pass as a Byron travestied, wanting in originality, like most of his Russian brother-poets of the end of the last and the beginning of this century. At all events, one of Pushkin's utterances containing the words,

"I hate thee and thy race,
Thou autocratic villain,"

does not lack in allusive clearness. Secretly printed abroad, his writings were largely propagated at Alexander the Second's accession. Again, men like Lawroff—who, ten years later, was imprisoned as a suspect, after Karakassoff's attempt against the life of the Czar—had celebrated the advent of the successor of Nicholas with such ironically questionable sentiments as this:—

"Be proud, ye Russian men,
Of being the slaves of a Czar!"

Writers of comedies, novelists, delineators of the life of the people, ultra-realistic and cynical describers of the criminal classes arose in rapid succession, whose tendency, one and all, was to show to what a state of corruption Russian society, from top to bottom, had come under the famous "Champion of Order," the dreaded Nicholas. That Czar had been in the habit of speaking of Turkey as the Sick Man. Russia was now shown to be the Sick Man. Neither did St. Petersburg, Moscow or the other chief towns, alone serve as a theme for this kind of semi-political literature. "Provincial Sketches" also came out in a similar strain. These publications obtained an ever-increasing success among those classes—few in number, it is true—which were able to read. A whole "Revelation Literature" sprang up, dealing with cases of governmental corruption. The censorship could not be upheld any longer against these writers with the strict severity of the previous reign. A beaten Absolutism had to do things a little more cautiously; and the watchful eyes of men hitherto treated like slaves quickly found out, with the rapid glance and intuition of the oppressed, that it was safe to "dare it on" a little more than they would have dreamt of doing before the end of the Crimean War. Truly, those Liberals in this country who now denounce that war as a mistake and even a crime, do not know, or do

not care to remember, what a relief it brought to Russian Liberals themselves.

Soon after the death of Nicholas, desires, until then only muttered, were publicly expressed for the recall and the amnesty of the Martyrs of the Conspiracy and the Insurrection of December, 1825. Pestel, Ryleieff, Bestujeff-Rumin, and the other leaders, had been strung up on the gallows. Many of those transported to Siberia had died a miserable felon's death in the lead-mines. Brought up in the lap of luxury, they ended like galley-slaves, because they had loved freedom more than wealth and ease. It is reported of one of the political prisoners, a nobleman, that he died in Kamtschatka with a chain round his neck, fastened to the wall. Others had been sent to the Caucasus, which in Russia was long ago said to be "not so much a frontier as a grave-yard." There they had fallen in a hateful war against brave, independent mountain tribes, as the unwilling tools of an aggressive tyranny. Still, some of the sufferers were yet alive—among them men of the foremost families of the country. They had to be allowed to come back. They came—mere shadows and ruins of their former selves. But their decrepit condition was the most telling evidence of the infamy of the Tyrant who had fortunately passed away.

In the salons of the upper classes these suffering witnesses of a terrible past received lavish proofs of admiration. Men would listen with sympathetic avidity to the tales of horror told by them. All those present at such a gathering made it a point to be profuse towards the martyrs with little attentions such as only women ordinarily receive from the other sex. Thirty years—a long time—had passed since the armed struggle in the streets of St. Petersburg. Now, all of a sudden, memories were revived. Political tendencies, which some imagined had died out, came up afresh among a younger generation, for whom the "December Conspiracy" was surrounded with a poetical halo. There was danger in the air for the autocratic principle.

Count Rostoptchin, the same who ordered the burning of Moscow in 1812, said in 1825 he could not understand that attempt at a revolution. He "could understand the French Revolution, because there the ordinary citizen wished to become an aristocrat, but he could not conceive aristocrats wishing to become simple burghers." That was the version of a cynical, though otherwise clever, member of the nobility, who was unable to comprehend the spirit of self-sacrifice for noble aims showing itself even among the wealthy and the "noble" by birth. However, had Count Rostoptchin only been capable of feeling the degradation under which the Russian aristocracy itself lies in its relations with a despotic Crown, he might, even from his own point of view as a mere man of the world, have found a reason for the uprising of independent characters among men of his own rank.

IV.

The more cultured and wealthier classes again came to the front as political agitators, at the accession of Alexander. They wanted to throw down the Chinese Wall which Nicholas had built around them—if it is not an insult to the Chinese to compare the wall they erected as a protection against barbarism with the barrier set up by Nicholas against Western ideas of culture and freedom. At first, Alexander II. did not hold out any hope of reform. Driven to straits, he busied himself with throwing a sop to public opinion by various small relaxations in administrative matters. They were small enough; and they were given with a niggard hand.

Anyone taking a survey of the earlier part of the reign of Alexander II. must see that the main object of his government was to foil the tendency towards the introduction of parliamentary institutions, which was sullenly but perceptibly making its way among the better educated section of the nation; that, with the view of attaining this reactionary end, he pursued the traditional despotic policy of approaching the lower classes on the one hand, and engaging the country in fresh warlike enterprise abroad on the other. Foiled in Europe by England and France, he throws his armies, after the conclusion of the Peace of Paris, with renewed fury upon the Tcherkess tribes. They had long barred the way of Russia towards Asia Minor and Persia, thereby insuring the safety of India from that side. Now Schamyl, the hoary-headed warrior-prophet, is compelled to surrender in his last mountain stronghold. From his lofty Alpine home, which is filled with the renown of his romantic deeds, he is carried a prisoner to St. Petersburg, there to be stared at by the crowd of decorated slaves of autocracy.

With this "pacification" of the Caucasus, the Czar obtained the unimpeded use of the high-road leading into Asia Minor. He then struck a blow against the independent tribes on the eastern shore of the Caspian. With the Court of Teheran he entered into relations calculated to threaten Turkey with a double danger from the Asiatic side, in case of a renewal of war. Again, he enlarged his Empire, at the cost of China, by filching territories as extensive as some of the greatest European countries. In what once was Independent Turkestan, his armies overran one Khanate after the other, thus coming nearer and nearer to India from the north-west. There is a striking war-picture by Vereshagin, with a pyramid of skulls as its centre—a very Golgotha of the horrors of massacre; but Russian monarchs, in their ceaseless career of conquest, out-Tatar the Tatar in the fendishness of their atrocities. Witness the order given by General Kaufmann, the pampered tool of Alexander II., in these Turkestan campaigns:—"Kill all; spare no age, or sex!" Witness also the death-dance that took place when his Majesty, the crowned head of Holy Russia, the magnanimous Champion of Religion and Humanity, made his victorious

entry into Plevna,* carousing there jubilantly, whilst the Turkish wounded lay unattended in the town for fully two days—a helpless mass of men, dying in raving agony.

I have anticipated for a moment the course of events. In glancing at the reign of Alexander II., the eye involuntarily runs over the full panorama of tyrannic outrages. From the time of the wholesale proscription of the Tcherkess and Abchasian tribes to the heart-rending horrors committed against Toork populations and wounded Ottoman prisoners of war, there has been, in his career, a perfect climax of inhumanity. Conferences for the professed humanization of warfare were, with him, only the hypocritical precursors of fresh barbarities. But it is not necessary to forestall events. Enough was done in the way of atrocities even in the earlier years of his rule.

Between the conquests made in the Caucasus and the annexations on the Amoor or in Central Asia, Alexander II. bullied, and at last put down, by unspeakably cruel means,—even as did his predecessor,—the national aspirations of unhappy Poland. Like Nicholas, he kept the road to Siberia alive with the wretched convoys of unfortunate exiles. Even in the Baltic Provinces, whence the Russian Government draws so many able administrators, diplomatists, and military leaders, whose capacities might be employed in a better cause, he began a system of persecution against the German population, of so galling a nature that it threatened, in course of time, to alienate that very mainstay of the public administration. The special towns' charters of the Baltic Provinces were infringed. The German tongue, hitherto possessing full privileges, was threatened. A process of Russification was attempted; the superior civilized element being pushed and annoyed by the inferior and barbarous one.

These acts of the earliest years of the reign of Alexander II. have to be kept in mind, in order to understand that humanitarian motives were not the ruling ones in the final adoption of the Serf Emancipation measure. On his death-bed, Nicholas is stated to have said to his son:—"Thou hast two enemies—the nobility and the Poles. Emancipate the serfs; and do not allow the Poles any Constitution!"

It is impossible, with the mystery which envelopes the last days of Nicholas, to know whether these words are authentic. At all events, Alexander did not give back to the Poles the Constitution they pos-

* "The day and night of the battle passed, and the sufferers received no food or water, and their festering wounds were undressed. The following morning the Russians entered and took possession, and made the day one of rejoicing WITH THE VISIT OF THE CZAR AND THE IMPERIAL STAFF: but this celebration of the event, however short it may have seemed to the victors, was a long season of horrible suffering for the wretched, helpless captives who stretched their skeleton hands in vain towards heaven, praying for a bit of bread or a drop of water. Neither friend nor foe was there to alleviate their sufferings, or to give the trifle needed to save them from a painful death, and they died by hundreds; and before the morning of the third day the dead crowded the living in every one of those dirty, dimly-lighted rooms which confined the wounded in a foul and fetid atmosphere of disease and death. It was only on the morning of the third day that these wretched, tortured creatures had been left to their fate, that the Russians began the separation of the living from the dead."—*Daily News* Letter from Plevna.

sessed until 1830. Nor did he grant a Constitution to the Russians either. He emancipated the serfs -but not before the principles which had actuated the Conspirators of 1817-25 once more began to show themselves among the upper strata of society; and in passing his measure, he mainly sought to deprive a restive nobility of some of its influence, and to take the wind out of the sails of those Liberal agitators who would have made the abolition of bondage the outcome of the establishment of a freely-chosen Legislature. When, finally, the Poles, counting upon a corresponding movement in Russia, resolved upon that heroic, though desperate, rising which by anticipation I alluded to in the last article, such fresh cruelties were practised by Alexander II. against the vanquished victims, that every human heart worthy of the name must shudder at the mere recollection of them.

From those days, however, the Conspiratory Movement in Russia began to assume larger proportions. What I have said in the preceding pages, goes far to explain the violence by which that movement has latterly been characterized.

v.

Partly from the aggressiveness which is the natural bent of a despotic military monarchy, partly from the wish to check the home-growth of Liberal sentiments by frequent blood-letting abroad, the government of Alexander II. has tried to meet the danger which has been gathering round the autocratic system by lighting up foreign wars. Central Asia has served him for that purpose. So has Turkey. The flag of ambition was flaunted before public opinion as soon as there was a revival of the Opposition tendency in internal affairs.

An attempt at opening up the whole Eastern Question was made as early as 1870, when France and Germany were locked together in deadly embrace. The confidential despatches and cypher telegrams exchanged in 1870 between Mr. de Novikoff, the Russian Ambassador at Vienna, and Mr. Ionin, the Russian Consul-General at Ragusa, which fortunately came to light some years ago, have fully proved that even then Muscovite policy busied itself with getting up a phantom insurrection in Herzegovina, preparatory to an attack upon Turkey. Nor is it a secret that a Bulgarian Committee of Insurrection, affiliated to Russia, had been in existence at Bucharest for years previous to the late war. All these propagandistic intrigues were in a measure designed to occupy some of the more active minds in Russia, who hesitated, between home reform and Pan Slavistic ambition.

The Czar has indulged in his warlike enterprizes, but he has deceived himself in his calculations as regards home policy. All his frightful spilling of blood abroad has not been able to prevent the formation and extension of what is called the Nihilist Conspiracy. Side by side with his wars, the Secret League has grown apace, overshadowing all his glory. So extensive have the ramifications of that Conspiracy become

that the liveliest interest is now awakened as to its origin and its earliest germs.

In the nature of things it is impossible, at present, to speak with full certainty on this subject. The Russian revolutionists, being engaged in a desperate struggle, have neither the leisure necessary for writing such statements: nor is it their interest to go into details. Judicial inquiries have lifted, here and there, some corner of the mysterious winding-sheets in which the secret *Tehme* is enveloped. But more light can only be expected after the Conspiracy has been entirely crushed,—in which case, however, owing to the heroic silence which its adherents generally maintain, a great deal of knowledge will for ever be buried in the grave,—or the fuller clearing up will come when, as I would fain hope, this fierce struggle ends with a triumph, whether complete or partial, of the cause of freedom.

Even under the iron rule of Nicholas, there were, many years after the St. Petersburg insurrection of 1825, still some faint traces of Secret Societies, in which the spirit of Pestel and Murawieff was continued. One of these occult Leagues was that of Petraschieski, detected in 1849, whose members were sentenced to forced labour and to banishment to Siberia. A nearer approach to the plebeian element than was observable in the Conspiracies of 1817-25, characterized this later association. Altogether the more educated classes gradually began to seek closer contact with the people at large.

This task was in so far facilitated by the tyrannical Czar-Pope Nicholas, in that he not only trod under foot that portion of the nobiliary class which aimed at a Constitutional share of the political power, but also persecuted the various dissenting sects in the most barbarous fashion.

Under an outward gloss of official orthodoxy, Russia is caten up with a chaos of sects. The Raskolniks, or Old Believers, profess to be the real Church; yet the simplest civic rights were always denied to them. Besides those Old Believers, numerous other sects exist. They in their turn are surrounded by a strange fringe of "Runners," "Jumpers," "Flagellants," "Self-Mutilators," and other eccentric or anti-social pests which crop up most thickly in the dank shadow of an obscurantist despotism, whose very roots, however, they gradually destroy and encroach upon. Persecuted men often seek solace in wild hopes and prophetic beliefs, which, if strongly nurtured by agitation, are apt to imperil the persecutor. Under Nicholas, the persecutor of all Dissenters, popular seers occasionally arose, who in their occult meetings predicted from the book of Esdra that, after the reign of Nicholas should be over, the Monarchy would fall down under his son, and that "the people then would be happy and free."

Such a state of feeling in the lower and more backward social strata rendered it at all events easier for would-be reformers of the conspirator type to enter into closer contact with the plebeian element,

Though educated men could not have any sympathy with the mystic views and tone, they found a practical ally in the sullen dissatisfaction which drove Dissenters to opposition against the Government. So it was under Nicholas. So it still is under Alexander II. It may suit the sacerdotal Ritualists, who would fain establish a connection of High Church Anglicanism with the official orthodoxy of the East, to promote the aggressive policy of the Czar. But English Dissenters, who prize their freedom from clerical trammels, might remember that Autocracy in Russia represents all that is worst in political as well as in religious fields. Besides upholding the Stuart doctrine with the means of a Gengis Khan and a Tamerlane, it pretends, in Church matters, to a Papal authority, crushing the Bible Christian, the eccentric Mystic, and the religious Rationalist, with an equally heavy hand—and, if need be, as in the case of the Greek Uniates under Alexander II., with the Co sack knot.

In the educated class of Russia, two very different political currents are observable: the one inclining towards Western Liberalism, whilst the other cultivates the Nationalist sentiment under rather antiquated forms. The "Westerners," "Europeans," or "Liberals," are often regarded by the more stolid adherents of Katkoff as men lacking in patriotism. Between these two parties—if we could speak of parties in a country which has no ordered public life—a third group is observable: the Panславists, many of whom pursue, under a Liberal mask, aims favourable to the aggrandizement of Czardom. Not a few of the Panславists are in reality mere Government tools. Others, who, like Aksakoff, began as independent workers in the Panславist cause, finally yielded to Government temptation; but after a while even they were found to be too much imbued with reforming ideas, and consequently were placed under police surveillance.

The great mass of the Russian people has nothing to do with Panславism; it does not even know what it is. The idea of a Slav brotherhood is foreign to it. It can be made, by much priestly preaching, to take a sort of bigoted interest in alleged co-religionists who are said to be ill-treated by "unbelieving Turks;" but the interest and the understanding do not go beyond that. Such is the distinct statement made lately by one of the best observers, Ivan Turgeniëff, the novelist, in a conversation with a German writer. As to the revolutionary party in Russia, it has more and more become estranged from the Panславistic tendency—so much so that at present it stands in direct opposition to it.

Alexander Herzen,* who favoured the Panславistic cause, could still

* There is a notion in this country that Herzen, at one time, was banished to Siberia, and lived as an exile there. The idea is founded on a book of his, published in German and English, under the title of "My Exile in Siberia." Herzen, however, was never banished to Siberia, but only interned for a time at Perm, which is a small town on the frontier of the Siberian frontier, and later at Novgorod. There, as a Government official, he had to sign the passport documents of those who were transported to Siberia. He left Russia, and lived abroad in voluntary exile when he wrote his works of Panславistic propaganda and of Socialist colour.

speak, retrospectively, of Russian Czars as being "Robespierres on horseback"—an expression of so doubtful a value that it rather reminds us of the pseudo-revolutionary language of Napoleonism than of the purer Democratic principles. Herzen's idea being that Constantinople should become the capital of a great Russo-Slav Empire, we can easily understand that he should have represented Muscovite history under such a deceptive garb. Bakunin also was a Pan Slavist for a time, but of a different type, aiming as he did at a loose Democratic Federation of the various Slav tribes. The impossibility of this federation all those will acknowledge who think it equally chimerical to form a Romanic Federation between nations so dissimilar in origin, history, language, and aspirations, as are the Italians, the French, the Spaniards, the Portuguese, the French-speaking section of the Swiss, and the Roumans of Moldo-Wallachia and Hungary. Or would it be less chimerical to try to form a Teutonic Federation among Germans, Dutch, Danes, Swedes, Norwegians, Icelanders, German-Swiss, Englishmen, North Americans, and the various English colonies?

Nihilism, on its part, has nothing in common with those Pan Slavist intrigues which mainly cover an Imperialist ambition. Nihilism, as at present known, is, in fact, the very negation of such dangerous ambitious schemes.

The first Nihilist Society, properly speaking, is said to have been founded by Russian students about the year 1859. German works on philosophy and natural science were then much in demand, as forbidden fruit among the aspiring youths of Russia. The books not being allowed to pass the frontier, stray copies were smuggled in, and lithographed translations passed from hand to hand. The Agricultural College of Petrovski, near Moscow, is considered to have been one of the first places where young men became imbued with such advanced ideas. In this neighbourhood the Netchaieff tragedy was enacted. Among literary men, Teherutcheffski was one of the first who became a "Nihilist." He suffered for it by being banished to Siberia.

The word "Nihilist" is, however, a somewhat misleading one. It was conferred at first as a nickname. Afterwards it was adopted (like the name of the *Gueux*) in a kind of dare-devil mood; and has covered, ever since, a great many varieties of political and social discontent, as well as of philosophical Radicalism. There are Nihilists who, from the sheer hopelessness engendered by a tyranny lasting a thousand years, have come to cultivate a Philosophy of Despair, of Disgust, and of Destruction, without troubling themselves as to the constitution of the future. These are men that profess a wish to do away with all State organizations, for the sake of a morbid Individualism. Others there are who, in the semi-revolutionary vein of Comte, incline towards a socialist Collectivism in a rather utopian, not to say hierarchic, form. To them the word "Nihilist" is scarcely applicable.

Strictly speaking, the word "Nihilist" covers, at most, a small group of persons of a brooding and impracticable temper, such as is sometimes created under the darkest tyrannies. It may be doubted whether the majority of those who use the dagger and the revolver without compunction against the vile *shirri* of an intolerable despotism would call themselves Nihilists, or even Socialists. The greater number of the members of the secret leagues are believed to hold views not far removed from those which have found a practical expression in some freely constituted countries. The violent means employed are, with many, only the outcome of a feeling of revenge easily to be understood under the circumstances; or else they are regarded as a dire necessity in insurrectionary warfare. True, there have been Russians abroad who spoke of "abolishing the Family and Property." But nothing warrants the assumption that this is the principle of the Nihilists in Russia itself.

If either mere anarchy, or a system of barrack Communism, be the object of the majority of the men and women whose deeds have of late riveted the attention of all Europe, it is hard to comprehend that these conspirators should have secured so many friends among classes which by education and position cannot possibly have any sympathy with mere destructive or utopian schemes. Of the existence of numerous friends of the Nihilists in the higher classes there is, however, no doubt. Thus only can the hold be explained which the occult propaganda of this *hic et ubique* conspiracy has obtained upon the commonwealth.

VI.

I have mentioned the participation of women in the present desperate struggle. Students, lawyers, officers, Government officials, landed proprietors, merchants, all kinds of men of the more educated or well-to-do classes, have been found to be mixed up with the "Nihilist" Conspiracy. By far the most characteristic feature, however, is the share which women have taken in the late startling events. When women thus actively and enthusiastically step forth in a revolutionary or national movement, even to the extent of sacrificing their lives, it is always a sign of a people's feelings being wrought up to the highest tension. So great a strain upon the more delicate nature of the fairer sex cannot be borne very long. It is only at a time of extreme crisis that the unusual event occurs; and Russia is now at the very acme of such a crisis.

We have seen, in succession, Vjera Sassulitch, a captain's daughter; Sophia Läscher von Herzfeld, a lady of high rank; Nathalie von Arnfeldt, the daughter of an Imperial councillor; Mary Kovalevski, who also ranks as a noble; Katharina Sarandovitch, the daughter of a *tschinovnik*, or official; and several more, of equally prominent position, playing in the revolutionary contest a most remarkable part. They have suffered imprisonment; they have risked their lives; some of them have been condemned to hard labour. One of them was sen-

refused to be shot—but this latter decision even the Czar, though having to wage war against women, dared not carry out. This extraordinary mixing of the female sex in a widely ramified conspiracy is of so phenomenal a character that a sketch of the educational and emancipatory movement which led up to it, may well be here in its place.

By way of contrast, let us first look into times which seem to lie ages behind us, but which are yet in the recollection of a great many.

When Gogol wrote his "Dead Souls," not quite forty years ago, the education of young ladies in Russia was conducted on wonderful principles of "finishing." Young ladies—said Gogol, with cutting satire—receive, as is well known, a very good education. Three things are looked upon, in the establishments to which they are sent, as the pillars of all human virtues: namely, first, a knowledge of the French language; secondly, the piano; thirdly, domestic economy, which consists of the embroidery of purses and other objects of surplice. "Our present time," he added, "has shown itself most inventive as regards the perfection of this educational method; for in one establishment they begin with the piano, and then go on to French, concluding with the domestic economy alluded to; whereas in another school the embroidering of purses forms the introduction, upon which French and the piano follow. It will be seen that there is much difference in the methods."

Gribojedoff also, in a telling comedy, has some striking sarcasms on the superficiality and hollow frivolousness of the education of girls of the upper classes. "We bring up our daughters," he says, "as if they were destined to be the wives of the dancing-masters and the buffoons to whom we entrust their instruction." Now and then a reformer started up, but in a very curious fashion. One of the earliest was Tatjana Passek, the cousin of Alexander Herzen, of whom a writer, who adopts the signature of "Borealis," in the Berlin *Gegenwart*, says that in consequence of the straitened circumstances of her father, she was compelled to open a Young Ladies' Establishment in a provincial town. Intelligent, but without any solid knowledge, she herself relates in her memoirs how she taught ancient history off-hand, chiefly by means of a lively imagination. She even critically expounded the philosophical systems of Greece and Rome without knowing or understanding them. Her handbook for Greek History was "The Travels of Young Anacharsis." There was no system or connection in what she taught, but the sprightliness of her delivery made up for the defect. "When we came to the history of Sparta, we became so enthusiastic for the Lacedæmonian girls that we tried to imitate their hardened style of life, washing ourselves with cold water, promenading with bare feet, doing gymnastics, drinking no tea, and ceasing to cry. When I look back upon these performances, I wonder how my pupils remained in good health." The same lady reports that the friends of her youth, disgusted with the hollowness of drawing-room life, had endeavoured to satisfy their

emancipatory inclinations by donning men's dress, indulging in Amazonian tastes, and secretly frequenting taverns where, with their aristocratic small hands, they jubilantly raised the foaming cup.

So much for girls' education in the higher strata. As to the immense mass of the Russian population they were left to rot, intellectually, in utter neglect. The school system in some Western countries—including central and southern Italy before 1859-60, France, and even England until a few years ago—was bad enough. In Russia it was simply non-existent. The private educational establishments and grammar schools in a few towns, which were destined for the more well-to-do middle class, were sorry copies of the few Government institutions. I have before mentioned how, under the present reign, a movement for a more Liberal education arose, which, however, soon led to students' tumults and to severe police measures. In girls' education, too, a progressive movement was initiated. For a short time it was said that the Empress herself, whose German origin inclined her to that view, would assume its protectorate. But soon it was seen that Government mainly busied itself with bureaucratic regulations, whilst the foundation of the girls' schools for which these extensive and often harassing regulations were framed, proceeded with extreme slowness. In fact, the regulations were there; but in most cases the schools were wanting.

Meanwhile, the aspiring girlhood of Russia threw itself with avidity upon the new sources of knowledge, scant as they were, which had at last been opened to it. The Minister of Public Instruction, Golovnin, who was in office between 1861-66, promoted, in his quality of an opponent of the classical method of education, by preference the study of natural science. Hence a realistic tendency—often verging upon the harsh and the crude—became the prevailing tone. Girls, sick of the idleness and the conventional frivolities of social life, eagerly devoted themselves to scientific pursuits, both as students at the new academies, and as subscribers to the courses of lectures which were getting into vogue. The very antagonists of the more extreme "emancipatory" practices acknowledge that the greater number of these lady-students, who soon were driven to seek for an opportunity of acquiring knowledge at a foreign university—that is, at Zurich—distinguished themselves by much diligence and talent, as well as by a spirit of personal sacrifice in regard to worldly comforts.

At the same time it must be averred that some of them, yielding to an exaltation and eccentricity easily aroused in womankind, mentally overbalanced themselves as it were, and began to assume hideous man-nish and hermaphrodite ways. The close-cropped hair, the unnecessarily spectacled face, the short tight jacket, the cigar, and the frequenting of public-houses were unpleasant outward signs; but far more deplorable was the cynic tone. These were and are the sad excrescences of an otherwise laudable aspiration; but it may be hoped that in course of time the excrescences will disappear. The sooner the better, else the

best friends of the progressive tendency among womankind will turn away from it in sorrow and anger at the unsexing of the sex, whose tenderer nature—in Schiller's words, let us hope not quite antiquated—is destined to "weave wreaths of heavenly roses into the earthly life."

However, all the odd eccentricities, all the sad contempt of the natural and recognised forms of beauty, delicacy, or even decency, into which some may have allowed themselves to be betrayed by their eagerness to throw off intolerable intellectual fetters, must not render us unjust to the sounder aspect of the movement. Nor can those vagaries prevent us from giving a due meed of admiring praise to the heroism displayed by those nobly aspiring women, with whom the exaggerated manner is more an outward form, whilst their self-sacrificing deeds in the cause of the freedom of the nation and the welfare of the neglected masses, show the true humanity and nobility of their heart. "Dead souls" they are not. The fire of enthusiasm is within them.

VII.

After this rapid general survey of the condition of mind of the more advanced women in Russia I come to the tragic story of Vjera Sassulitch. It is a story typical of the base cruelty of autocratic government; typical also of the results such a system must needs produce.

The victim and heroine of that ever-memorable tragedy was not, at first, a member of any secret organization. Far from it. At the age of seventeen, Vjera, then a mere school-girl, had made the acquaintance of another school-girl, whose brother was a student. In the course of this innocent girlish friendship she was induced to take care of a few letters destined for the student, Netchaieff, who afterwards played a part in the revolutionary movement. A "Nihilist" Miss Sassulitch, at that time, certainly was not. Her whole ambition centred in the wish of passing her examination to qualify herself for a governess, which she did "with distinction."

Netchaieff's democratic connections having been denounced by a traitor, whom he thereupon slew, the school-girl of seventeen, who had known his sister, and him through her, was thrown into prison as one "suspected" of conspiracy. There was not a shadow of proof against her. No accusation was even formulated against her. Nevertheless she was kept, *for two long years*, in the Czar's Bastille—an eternity of torture for a captive uncertain of her fate. These were the words which her counsel, Mr. Alexandroff, addressed to the jury, when, later on, she was tried for an attempt upon Trepoff, one of the most hated tools of despotic profligacy:—

"The time between the eighteenth and the twentieth year—these are the years of youth when childhood ceases; when impressions lasting for life are most powerful; when life itself appears yet spotless and pure. For the maiden it is the most beautiful time—the time of budding love—the time when the girl rises to the fuller consciousness of womanhood—the time of fanciful reverie and

enthusiasm—the time to which, in later days, as a mother and a matron, her thoughts will yet fondly turn. Gentlemen of the jury! you know in the company of what friends Vjera Sassulitch had to pass her best years. The walls of a casemate were her companions. For two years she saw neither mother, nor relations, nor friends. Sometimes she heard that her mother had come and had given a message of greeting. That was all she was allowed to learn. Locked up without occupation within the walls of a prison! . . . Everything human concentrated in the single person of the turkey who brings the food! . . . The monotonousness only broken, now and then, by the call of the sentinel, who, peering through the widow bars, asks,—‘Prisoner, have you not done any harm to yourself?’ or by the rattling of the locks and door-bolts, the clack of guns shouldered or grounded, or the dreary striking of the hour in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul. . . . Far, far away from everything human! . . . Nothing there to nourish the feelings of friendship and love; nothing but the sympathy created by the knowledge that, to the right and to the left, there are fellow-sufferers passing their wretched days in the same way. . . . Thus it was that, in the depth of her solitude, there arose, in Vjera Sassulitch, such warm-hearted sympathy for every State prisoner that every political convict sufferer became for her a spiritual comrade in her recollections, to whom she assigned a place in the experience and the impressions of her past life.”

During the two years that Vjera was kept in dungeons under a mere suspicion, she was twice only subjected to a secret inquiry—“judicial,” if that is a word applicable to these dread Inquisition procedures. At last she feared she was forgotten. Nothing whatever having come out against her, she was finally set free, and went back to her heart-broken mother, only to be suddenly re-arrested ten days afterwards! For a moment, in spite of a two years’ bitter experience, she childishly thought there was some mistake. But the horrible truth of her situation soon broke upon her. One morning she was seized in prison, and, without being allowed to take even a change of dress, or a mantle, transported by gendarmes to a distant province by way of banishment. One of these gendarmes threw his own fur over her shivering shoulders, or else she might have perished on the road.

I will not go here through the whole “infernal circle” of her sufferings and involuntary migrations, which I have elsewhere described more fully. I will not relate how she was “moved on” from one place to the other; the only variety in her treatment consisting of an occasional return to prison. Eleven years had thus altogether elapsed when at last, in those vast dominions of the Czar, and amidst more thrilling events which began to crowd upon public attention, she seemed to be really forgotten. In this way she managed clandestinely to go back to the capital, whence again she started for Pensa. It was there that, by chance, she learnt from the *Novoje Vremja* (“New Times,”) the infamous treatment of Bogoljuboff, a political prisoner, by the chief of the police at St. Petersburg, the vile and universally despised Trepoff, the personal, intimate, and pampered darling of Alexander II.

The flogging practices of this tyrannic head of the “Third Section” are still in every one’s recollection. In referring to the knouting applied to Bogoljuboff, Vjera Sassulitch’s counsel gave the following description:—

"The sufferer whose human dignity is to be insulted, knows not why he is to be punished. He thinks indignation will lend him strength to resist those who throw themselves upon him. But he is grasped by the iron grip of jailers' hands: he is dragged down; and in the midst of the regular counting of the strokes by the leader of the execution, a deep groan is heard—a groan not arising from mere physical pain, but from the soul's grief of a down-trodden, outraged man. At last, silence reigned again. The sacred act was accomplished!"

It was the brooding over such disgrace and affront to which a political prisoner had been subjected in the very capital by an official whose department is under the Czar's direct control that pressed the weapon of revenge into the hands of a tender woman—not so much for her own past miseries as for those of a still suffering fellow-man.

Trepoff had been attacked by Vjera Sassulitch in his own Cabinet, in the very midst of his minions. The jury which tried her was composed almost exclusively of Aulic Councillors and such-like titled dignitaries. Prince Gortschakoff sat among the audience; so did the pick and flower of the upper classes of St. Petersburg. Who could doubt, in presence of the open avowal of the accused, that the verdict would be "Guilty?"

Strange to say, even among the officially faultless remarks of the Public Prosecutor there were some curious admissions. "I, for my part," Mr. Kessel said, "fully believe the statements made by Vjera Sassulitch. I believe that facts appeared to her in the light in which they have been placed here; and *I am ready to accept the feelings of Vjera Sassulitch as facts.* The Court, however, is bound to measure these feelings, as soon as they are converted into deeds, by the standard of the law." Through the summing up of the Judge there ran a strong vein of interpretations favourable to the accused. "An accused person," he remarked, "could certainly not be looked upon as an infallible commentator on the event with which he or she was connected. At the same time it had to be noted that criminals were to be divided into two groups: those who are led by selfish impulses, and who therefore, in the majority of cases, try to mask the truth by lying statements; and those who commit an act from no motive of personal profit, and who entertain no wish to hide anything of the deed they have done. You, gentlemen of the jury, are in a position to judge how far the statements of Vjera Sassulitch merit your confidence, and to which type of transgressors she most nearly comes up."

This was a clear hint to any intelligent jury; and the jury of Aulic Councillors were intelligent men. Going over all the details of the case, the Judge made a great many more remarks in the same spirit. The audience, who had frequently cheered the eloquence of counsel to such an extent that the President of the Tribunal had to warn them, were on the tip-toe of expectation. When the Foreman brought in the verdict: "No; she is *not* guilty!" the Hall of Justice—for justice had for once been done—rang with enthusiastic applause. Vjera Sassulitch was borne away in triumph.

In the streets, however,—and here we come once more upon all the dark and terrible ways of Autocracy,—there ensued a fearful scene. An attack was made upon the coach in which Vjera Sassulitch was to be carried home—apparently with the object of getting her once more into police clutches. There was a clash of swords and a confused tumult. Cossacks and police broke in upon the mass of people, who wished to protect her. Shots were fired. A nobleman and relation of Vjera, Grigori Sidorazki, lay dead in the street. A lady also, Miss Anna Katsilnowna, a medical student, writhed on the ground, wounded. The victim of so much prolonged persecution had herself mysteriously disappeared. Afterwards, an order for her re-arrest, marked "No. 16," and dated from the Secret Department of the Town, came to light—evidently through information given by an affiliate of the Revolutionary Committee within the police administration itself. This occult connection of sundry officials with the leaders of the Democratic or Nihilist Conspiracy explains why Government should so often have been hampered in its efforts to suppress that organization.

The verdict of "not guilty," in the case of Vjera Sassulitch, has been followed by several similar ones—a strong proof of the sympathy felt among the town populations, at least, with the aims of the revolutionists. Franz von Holtzendorff, a well-known legal authority in Germany, wrote on the case above detailed:—"Far more significant than the verdict of the jury is the fact that that verdict, in spite of its contrast to the existing law, has received the approval, as it appears, of the whole Russian press, of the whole of the upper classes, and even of the circles of Russian legists. I have had personal occasion to convince myself that prominent officials of the Russian Empire gave their applause to that verdict." Again, Dr. Holtzendorff said:—

"In Russia, the feelings of right and justice, which are systematically and artificially kept down and repressed, and which have no outlet in public life, concentrate themselves with their full weight in the verdict of a jury. That which the press had no liberty of saying during long years, is given vent to in the debates of a Court of Justice. An accusation is raised on account of a deed which, though punishable as a crime in itself, has been produced and nurtured by a system of administrative arbitrariness and gross ill-treatment that stands morally deep below the deed in question—a system of corruption which cannot be attacked legally, nay, which enjoys all the honours the State can award. And who can help it if an injustice committed day after day, in the name of the State, without any expiation, weighs more heavily upon the public conscience than the act of a single person who, boldly risking his or her own life, rises with a feeling of the deepest indignation against so rotten a system of Government? It is but too natural, this wrathful utterance of the popular voice, when it declares that a high official, who, trusting in the practical approval of the Imperial favour, ordains corporal punishment according to his arbitrary caprice against defenceless prisoners, is guilty of a greater offence than he who feels driven, by a passionate notion of justice, to constitute himself, of his own free will, an avenger of the public conscience. . . . If, in a State afflicted with political sickness, the institution of the jury had fallen so deep as to work with the mechanical certainty of a military court, and to heed nothing but the points of view of jurisprudence, without being touched by the current of moral aspira-

tions, thus merely registering, with Byzantine obedience, the paragraphs of a code of law: such a phenomenon—keeping, as it would, the Government in a dangerous error as regards public life—would be far more reprehensible than that verdict of ‘not guilty’ by which a whole system of Government was practically condemned.”

The Russian Government system Herr von Holtzendorff, who personally belongs to a very moderate political party, brands as “a system of arbitrary police ordinances, and of the virtual sovereignty of the Adjutants-General of the Czar—a system of administrative deportations, of despotic arrestations, of press-gagging—a swashbuckler’s government.” Another German writer of some distinction, Dr. Henry Jaques, observes—

“Where an absolutist monarch rules in arbitrary manner, without any limits to his power, the jury becomes the only representative organ of a people utterly bereft of all political rights. In such a case, a jury is indeed entitled to speak, before all, the language of the people, the language of its aspirations towards freedom, which must be heard before everything else, if the nation is to acquire its true rights. Even as, in the *Iliad*, the orphaned Andromache says to the parting Hector: ‘Thou art now father, brother, and dear mother to me’ so the Russian people may say to its jury: ‘You are now legislators, judges, and the source of mercy at one and the same time to me’. In you there reposes the One and All of my political hopes, of my political rights!”

Noble words, but vain hope! First of all, it is not correct to say that Vjera Sassulitch had been judged by a jury under a political charge. For political crimes, or accusations, no jury has ever existed under Alexander II. Vjera Sassulitch was charged with what Government chose to consider a *common crime*; hence only she was brought before a jury. For political offenders, or what Government chooses to regard as political offenders, packed tribunals have always been assigned. Happily, Government overreached itself in the case of Vjera Sassulitch, feeling too secure in the loyalty of its own Aulic Councillors.

Secondly, no sooner had the trial resulted in a verdict of “not guilty,” than Count Pahlen, the Minister of Justice, who thought the jury were, of course, quite a safe one, was dismissed. Thirdly, an ukase went forth, withdrawing from the cognizance of juries even cases of “common crime,” when such crime was directed against one of the Czar’s officials. Fourthly, fresh regulations were framed for a change of the jury system, as well as for the discipline of lawyers acting for the defence. Fifthly, in the teeth of the verdict given in favour of Vjera Sassulitch, a fresh trial was ordered, to be held in a country town, at Novgorod, as soon as she could be recaptured. Finally, Alexander the Liberal, seeing that all ordinary procedures were of no avail, instituted a state of siege and drum-head law for political offenders over a large portion of his Empire.

These are the desperate doings of a despotism maddened by an ever-active host of enemies. It is usually the beginning of the end.

VIII.

If any more proofs were wanted of the "benevolent" character of the Government of Alexander II., they might be found in the increase, year by year, of the deportations to Siberia. They are reckoned to be now four or five times more numerous than under the galling system of Nicholas. Political banishments have enormously augmented under his successor. So has the number of the prescribed loose and vagabond class of ordinary criminals, or suspects, who are frequently whisked off to Siberia—for the sake of clearing "Society," as it is called—when the criminals often become mixed up with the political exiles in an indistinguishable mass. This is the very refinement of torture, applied by the agents of a brutal despotism against men generously striving for a reform of the State and of society.

The arbitrary deportations are decreed by the "Third Section," or Secret Police, which is under the Emperor's personal direction. Formerly, this dreaded office had the power of administering corporal punishment, in secret, to persons of the upper classes, male or female. At the Savelitch trial, the counsel for the defence made a dark allusion to this practice, which created a deep impression in Court. It was a reference to a whipping-machine once in use, and of which some of those present—ladies, as well as gentlemen—may have had personal experience. A correspondent has given the following description:—The suspected person, who could not be brought to trial, but whom it was intended to castigate, would be invited to call at the Office of the Secret Police. After a few moments' conversation with the dread functionary, the floor would suddenly sink beneath the visitor's feet, and he would find himself suspended by the waist, all that part of the body below it being under the floor, and concealed from view. Then invisible hands and equally invisible rods would rapidly perform their duty—the trap-door would rise again—and the visitor would be bowed out with great courtesy, and go home, carrying with him substantial marks to remind him of his interview.

Though this more than Oriental custom has been abolished, enough remains of barbarity to explain why successive chiefs of the hated police Hermandad—Trepoff, Mesentzoff, and Drentelen—should have been the mark of the bullet of popular revenge. A Russian writer says:—

"A history of the secret doings, of all the horrors and crimes perpetrated by this disgraceful institution, would fill up many volumes, before the contents of which the most sensational novels would appear tame and shallow. There is scarcely any sphere of public or private life which is exempted from the irresponsible control of this Inquisition of the nineteenth century. The verdict of a Court has no value whatever for the Third Section. Not only acquitted political offenders are as a rule transported, administratively, to some distant town of the Empire, but even the judges themselves, when they are considered to have passed too lenient a verdict, are liable to be forced into resigning their office, and to be then called in company with the very prisoners who had stood before them!"

Lest this description should appear to be overdrawn, I may quote from the letter of the St. Petersburg correspondent of an English journal, which is certainly not unfavourable to the Government of Alexander II. The letter was written after the recent proclamation of a state of siege. And the writer says:—

"As proofs and instances, not so much of martial law as of the repressive measures adopted (in many cases by ordinary administrative agency, without the machinery of martial law), I may mention that at the present time, as I am well informed, *more than 600 persons of the privileged classes are under arrest, to be deported to Siberia without trial.* In one of the temporary governor-generalships in the south of the Empire (Odessa), sixty privileged persons have been already sent to Siberia without trial, and 200 persons of this class are under arrest to be judged. So great is the number of persons of this category to be escorted that a practical difficulty is said to have arisen in connection with their deportation. A noble, or privileged person, who has not been judicially sentenced, when sent to Siberia by 'administrative process' (as it is called, *i.e.*, by the orders of the Third Section, or Secret Police), must be escorted by two gendarmes, it being against the laws to manacle a privileged person who is uncondemned. It appears that there are not gendarmes enough thus to escort the number of persons to be deported, and the Ministry of Secret Police has, I understand, proposed to get rid of this difficulty by sending the privileged persons fettered like ordinary criminals. . . . The Third Section, or Secret Police, which is in its proceedings essentially *extra leges*, claims to act independently of any other department of the Empire. This institution, which lays hold of suspected persons, whether justly or unjustly suspected, and consigns them to Siberia at its pleasure, savours more of Asiatic lawlessness than of enlightened European rule, such as it must be the desire of all in authority to see established throughout the Empire. . . . I have myself met with respectable, honourable men, who have been arrested and imprisoned, in some cases for a few weeks, in other cases during months, *followed by years of exile in Siberia, without any charge being brought against them*; and it is the possibility of this recurring to them, or to others, that constitutes a Reign of Terror."

The above description is from the correspondent of the *Daily News*. Clearly it is a very pleasant position to be a "privileged person" in Russia. It marks its occupant, by preference, as a possible candidate for exile to Siberia; the more cultivated classes being essentially those which constitute the active element of political dissatisfaction.

Of the treatment of political exiles in Siberia, as it has been carried on for a long time past, I have before me a thrilling description from the pen of Mr. Robert Lemke, a German writer, who has visited the various penal establishments of Russia, with an official legitimization. He had been to Tobolsk; after which he had to make a long, dreary journey in a wretched car, until a high mountain arose before him. In its torn and craggy flank the mountain showed a colossal opening similar to the mouth of a burnt-out crater. Fetid vapours, which almost took away his breath, ascended from it.

Pressing the handkerchief upon his lips, Mr. Lemke entered the opening of the rock, when he found a large watch-house, with a picket of Cossacks. Having shown his papers of legitimization, he was conducted by a guide through a long, very dark, and narrow corridor,

which, judging from its sloping descent, led down into some unknown depth. In spite of his good fur, the visitor felt extremely cold. After a walk of some ten minutes through the dense obscurity, the ground becoming more and more soft, a vague shimmer of light became observable. "We are in the mine!" said the guide, pointing with a significant gesture to the high iron cross-bars which closed the cavern before them.

The massive bars were covered with a thick rust. A watchman appeared, who unlocked the heavy iron gate. Entering a room of considerable extent, but which was scarcely a man's height, and which was dimly lit by an oil-lamp, the visitor asked, "Where are we?" "In the sleeping-room of the condemned! Formerly it was a productive gallery of the mine; now it serves as a shelter."

The visitor shuddered. This subterranean sepulchre, lit by neither sun, nor moon, was called a sleeping-room. Alcove-like cells were hewn into the rock; here, on a couch of damp, half-rotten straw, covered with a sackcloth, the unfortunate sufferers were to repose from the day's work. Over each cell a cramp-iron was fixed, wherewith to lock-up the prisoners like ferocious dogs. No door, no window anywhere.

Conducted through another passage, where a few lanterns were placed, and whose end was also barred by an iron gate, Mr. Lemke came to a large vault, partly lit. This was the mine. A deafening noise of pickaxes and hammers. There he saw some hundreds of wretched figures, with shaggy beards, sickly faces, reddened eyelids, clad in tatters, some of them barefoot, others in sandals, fettered with heavy foot-chains. No song, no whistling. Now and then they shyly looked at the visitor and his companion. The water dripped from the stones; the tatters of the convicts were thoroughly wet. One of them, a tall man, of suffering men, laboured hard with gasping breath, but the strokes of his pickaxe were not heavy and firm enough to loosen the rock.

"Why are you here?" Mr. Lemke asked.

The convict looked confused, with an air almost of consternation, and silently continued his work.

"It is forbidden to the prisoners," said the inspector, "to speak of the cause of their banishment!"

Entombed alive; forbidden to say why!

"But who is the convict?" Mr. Lemke asked the guide, with low voice.

"It is Number 114!" the guide replied, laconically.

"This I see," answered the visitor; "but what are the man's antecedents? To what family does he belong?"

"He is a count," replied the guide; "a well-known conspirator. More, I regret to say, I cannot tell you about Number 114!"

The visitor felt as if he were stifled in the grave-like atmosphere—

as if his chest were pressed in by a demoniacal nightmare. He hastily asked his guide to return with him to the upper world. Meeting there the commander of the military establishment, he was obligingly asked by that officer—

“Well, what impression did our penal establishment make upon you?”

Mr. Lemke stiffly bowing in silence, the officer seemed to take this as a kind of satisfied assent, and went on—

“Very industrious people, the men below; are they not?”

“But with what feelings,” Mr. Lemke answered, “must these unfortunates look forward to the day of rest after the week’s toil!”

“Rest!” said the officer; “convicts must always labour. There is no rest for them. They are condemned to perpetual forced labour; and he who once enters the mine never leaves it!”

“But this is barbarous!”

The officer shrugged his shoulders, and said, “The exiled work daily for twelve hours; on Sundays too. They must never pause. But, no; I am mistaken. Twice a year, though, rest is permitted to them—at Easter-time, and on the birthday of His Majesty the Emperor.”

IX.

Can we wonder, when we see the ultra-Bulgarian atrocities practised in Russia, that “Terror for Terror!” should at last have become the parole of the men of the Revolutionary Committee?

I will not go over the harrowing details of the events of the last seven or eight months; they are still fresh in every one’s remembrance. The only measures that could stay this destructive contest are systematically withheld by the Czar, who will not permit the slightest display of popular sentiments within the lawful domain of Representative Government. Many years ago a distinguished French writer described the Russian system as “a tyranny tempered by the dagger.” Alexander, too, himself is fully aware of this tragic concatenation of events. He is even known to have often, in the very beginning of his reign, expressed a feeling of fear lest his own end should be a violent one, like that of so many of his predecessors. The attempts of Karakasoff and Berezowski have lately been repeated by Solovieff. Whilst strongly condemning the deed of the latter, even the *Conservative Standard* felt called upon, by the dangers of the situation at large, to make the following comments, which possess a lasting interest:—

“It would be well if this painful incident could be disposed of by a homily upon individual wickedness and individual perverseness. Unhappily, it is but too certain that not only the deed itself, but the peculiar circumstances attending it, are closely related with the existing condition of a considerable section of Russian society. We are obliged to add that this condition is closely connected, in turn, with the form of government and the methods of administration that prevail in that country. . . . In spite of the emancipation of the serfs from the condition of territorial slavery, the Russian people have made little visible progress

in the acquisition of political freedom. The Czar is still an absolute Sovereign; his Ministers still remain responsible to no will but his, and their agents have to answer only to their superiors for the manner in which they exercise authority. . . . The sanguine youth of the nation, eager for a career, and burning for activity, finds itself debarred from any course of distinction save that of arms, or that official existence which too often places men in Russia in antagonism to their own countrymen. . . . The old method of government—of police supervision, of private espionage, of imprisonment, of exile, or political silence—has been tried, and the result is discontent and extensive conspiracy. We fear that even the confession of sensualistic atheism by Solovieff will not prevent his memory from being cherished by thousands of his countrymen. They will forget everything, save his desire to endow them with more freedom. Whatever his faults, they will consider that he perished in their cause, and *what they will be most disposed to blame will be the untidiness of his hand and the uncertainty of his aim.*"

The *Times* also, whilst pleading for Solovieff's execution, acknowledged the fact of the sway of Czardom being rotten to the core, in the following words:—"It cannot be disputed that whole classes in Russia are penetrated almost to desperation with a sense of social oppression and wrong. . . . A social condition like this is the natural soil in which the brooding temperament which seeks a remedy in assassination is nourished."

When all the safety-valves are closed, Nature takes its revenge, and ever and anon occasions the inevitable outburst. Russia is at present under a state of siege from St. Petersburg to Moscow and Warsaw, from Kieff to Kharkoff and Odessa. An Army of Porters, about 15,000 strong, must watch the streets of the capital, day and night; and policemen are set to watch the watchers. Under General Gurko, the crosser of the Balkans, who is now Vice-Emperor, the last lines of legality have also been crossed—if the word "legality" applies at all to Russian institutions. He is invested with unlimited powers, in the place of the disheartened tyrant. The very Grand Dukes are under his orders. Arrests among officers of the army have been the immediate consequence of General Gurko's satrap rule. In several cases, compromising letters and prints were discovered, and executions both of officers, like Lieutenant Dubrovin, and of privates, have followed. The gallows are in permanent activity. But perhaps the most significant feature—and a promising one too—is the order issued, under court-martial law, that in all the barracks a list of the soldiers' arms is to be drawn up, and to be handed over to the police! This is the strongest sign of a suspicion against the army itself; and on the army the whole power of Czardom reposes.

When we hear of the arrest of a Senator, of a Director of the Imperial Bank, of Professors, of the son of the Chancellor of the dreaded "Third Section," of the wife of the procurator of a Military Court, of the nephew of the Chief of the Secret Police, and many other such cases, we are driven to the conclusion that, in spite of its furious acts of repression, the autocratic system has become untenable—that it must sooner or later fall. Like the Roman Emperor, Alexander II. might

be glad if revolt had but a single neck. But is it possible for him to imagine that there exists but one party of malcontents? Do not the very arrests just mentioned belie such an assertion?

Conspirators are laid hold of by the Czar's *shirri* together with men who would not think of armed resistance. Despotism is frightened, in fact, by the very shadows on the wall. Even the Slavophil and Panslavist parties—still the ready instruments of aggressive policy—have both become imbued with Constitutional ideas that look like sacrilege in the eyes of the Pope-Czar. The revolutionists of *Land and Liberty* ("Zemlja i Wolja"); the Socialist Jacobins who follow the doctrines of the *Tocsin* ("Nabat"); the Nihilists, properly speaking; and the moderate Constitutionalists, are all alike the enemies of the present form of Government. In some districts the peasantry have risen; and, remarkable to say, the first troop of Cossacks that was led against the insurgents, refused to fight them. These are portents whose gravity cannot be mistaken.

Ten years ago, when the Napoleonic Empire still stood erect, I said, in an article on "The Condition of France," in the *Fortnightly Review*:—

"A mighty change is undoubtedly hovering in the air. There may be short and sharp shocks and counter-shocks for a little while; but, unless all signs deceive, the great issue cannot be long delayed. The calmest observer is unable to deny the significance of the electrical flashes occasionally shooting now across the atmosphere. It is as if words of doom were traced in lurid streaks, breaking here and there through the darkened sky. We are strongly reminded of the similar incidents which marked the summer of 1868 in Spain. Those incidents were then scarcely understood abroad; yet they meant the subsequent great event of September. Even so there are now signs and portents in France—only fraught with a meaning for Europe at large."

This was published in December, 1869. In the following year, September, 1870, Bonapartist rule was a thing of the past.

Czardom, on its part, may play out its last card by embarking upon a fresh war. It will only thereby hasten its doom. Though in Russia concentrated action, for the sake of overthrowing a system of Government, is surrounded with greater difficulties than in France, I fully expect that the day is not far distant when Autocracy must either bend by making a concession to the more intelligent popular will, or be utterly broken and uprooted. "Terror for Terror!" is a war-cry of despair; but on such a principle a nation's life cannot continue. The moment may come when the Tyrant will be driven to bay in his own palace. And loud and hearty will be the shout of freemen when that event occurs—of the men striving for liberty in the great prison-house of the Muscovite Empire itself, as well as of all those abroad who have still some pity left in their hearts for the woes of a host of down-trodden nations.

KARL BLIND.

THE FIRST SIN,

AS RECORDED IN THE BIBLE AND IN ANCIENT ORIENTAL TRADITION.

THE idea of the Paradisiacal happiness of the earliest human beings constitutes one of the most universal of traditions. According to the Egyptians, the terrestrial reign of the God Ra, by which the existence of the world and of humanity was inaugurated, was an age of gold, to which Egyptians ever recurred regretfully; so that in order to convey the idea of any given thing transcending imagination, they were in the habit of affirming that "nothing had ever been seen like unto it since the days of the God Ra."

This belief in an age of innocence and bliss, by which the career of humanity began, is also to be met with amongst all peoples of Aryan or Japhetic race, and was theirs anterior to their separation, the learned having long agreed that this is one of the points on which Aryan traditions are most plainly derivable from one common source with those of the Semitic race, of which last Genesis affords us the expression. But with Aryan nations this belief was closely linked with a conception specially their own—that, namely, of four successive ages of the world; and we find this conception attain to fullest development in India. Created things, and among them humanity, are destined to endure for 12,000 divine years, each of which contains 360 years as reckoned by men. This enormous period of time is divided into four ages or epochs: the age of perfection, or *Kritayuga*; the age of the threefold sacrifice—that is, the perfect accomplishment of all religious duties, or *Tretayuga*; the age of doubt or of the obscuration of religious notions, *Dvaparayuga*; finally, the age of perdition, or *Kaliyuga*, which is the present age, only to be brought to a close by the destruction of the world.* The Works and Days of Hesiod show us that

* The system is thus expounded in the "Laws of Manu," i. 68-80. For its ulterior developments see Wilson, *Vishnu-Purāna*, pp. 23-26, and 239-271.

precisely the same succession of ages was held by the Greeks, but without their duration being calculated by years, and with the supposition of a new humanity being produced at the beginning of each; the gradual degeneracy, however, which marks this succession of ages is expressed by the metals after which they are named—gold, silver, brass, and iron. Our present humanity belongs to the age of iron, and is the worst of all, although it began with the heroes. Zoroastrian Mazdeism also admits this theory of the four ages, and we find it expressed in the *Bundehesh*,* but under a form less nearly akin to the Indian conception than was Hesiod's, and without the same spirit of crushing fatalism. Here the duration of the universe is fixed at 12,000 years, divided into four periods of 3000. In the first all is pure; the good God *Ahuramazda* reigns over his creation, in which as yet evil has not appeared; in the second, the evil spirit *Angromainyus* issues from the darkness in which he had up to this time remained inert, and declares war against *Ahuramazda*, and then begins their conflict of 9000 years, which occupies three of the world's ages. During the first 3000 years *Angromainyus* has but little power; during the second, the success of the two principles remains pretty evenly balanced; finally, during the last age, which is that of historic times, evil prevails, but this age is to terminate with the final defeat of *Angromainyus*, to be followed by the resurrection of the dead and the beatitude of the risen just. The advent of the prophet of Iran, of *Zarathustra* (*Zoroaster*) is placed at the close of the third age, or exactly in the middle of that period of 6000 years which is assigned to the duration of the human race under their actual conditions.

Certain learned authorities—as, for instance, Ewald and M. Maury—have striven to discover in the general order of Biblical history traces of this system of the four ages. But impartial criticism must admit that they have not made out their case; the foundations on which they have tried to establish their demonstration are so entirely artificial, so opposed to the spirit of the Scripture narrative, that they break down of themselves.† And, indeed, M. Maury is the first to allow that there is a

* Theopompus, cited by the author of the treatise "On Isis and Osiris" attributed to Plutarch, c. 47, already pointed out this doctrine as existing among the Persians.

† Ewald calculates the four ages of the world which he believes he has discerned in the Bible as follows:—1. From the Creation to the Deluge, 2. from the Deluge to Abraham, 3. from Abraham to Moses, 4. from the Promulgation of the Mosaic Law. Such epochs have scarcely any resemblance to the Ages of Hesiod or of the Law of Mann. And, moreover, it is well to note that wherever we meet simultaneously, as we do with Indians, Iranians, and Greeks, with the existence of the four ages and the tradition of the Deluge, these are completely independent of each other, have no connection whatever, which indicates a difference of origin, from sources having nothing in common. Nowhere does the Deluge coincide with the transition between two of these ages.

Nevertheless, there is a point where a certain approximation may be established between the theories of India and those of the Bible. The Law of Mann says that in the four successive ages of the world the duration of human life goes on decreasing in the proportion of 4, 3, 2, 1, in the Bible we have the antediluvian patriarchs, with the exception of Enoch, who was translated to Heaven, living about 900 years. Subsequently Shem lives 600, and his three first descendants between 430 and 490; to the four succeeding generations there is assigned a life of between 200 and 240 years; finally from the time of Abraham the existence of the patriarchs comes nearer to normal data, and no longer reaches a maximum of 200 years.

fundamental opposition between the Biblical tradition and the legend of Brahminical India or of Hesiod. In this last, as he himself remarks, we see "no trace of a predisposition to sin transmitted by inheritance from the first man to his descendants, no vestige of original sin."

No doubt, as Pascal has so eloquently said, "it is in this abyss that the problem of our condition gathers its complications and intricacies, so that man is more inconceivable without this mystery than this mystery is inconceivable to man;" but the truth of the fall and of original sin is one of those against which human pride has most constantly rebelled, is, indeed, the one from which it spontaneously seeks to escape. Hence of all portions of primeval tradition as to the beginnings of humanity it has been the earliest obliterated. As soon as men felt the sense of exultation to which the progress of their civilization and their conquests in the material world gave birth, they repudiated the idea. Religious philosophers springing up outside the revelation which was held in trust by the chosen people took no account of the Fall; and, indeed, how could that doctrine have been made to harmonize with the dreams of Pantheism and emanation? By rejecting the notion of original sin, and substituting the doctrine of emanation for that of creation, most of the peoples of pagan antiquity were led to the melancholy theory of the four ages, such as we find it in the Sacred Books of India and the poetry of Hesiod. It was by the law of decadence and continual deterioration that the ancient world believed itself so heavily laden. In proportion as time passed and things departed further and further from their point of emanation, they corrupt themselves and grow ever worse. This is the effect of an inexorable fate and of the very force of their development. In this fatal evolution towards decline, there is no room left for human freedom; the whole revolves in a circle from which there is no means of escaping. With Hesiod, each age marks a decadence from the one that preceded it; and, as the poet explicitly declares regarding the iron age inaugurated by heroes, each of these ages taken separately follows the same downward arc as does their totality. In India the conception of the four ages or *Yugas*, by developing itself and producing its natural consequences, transcends that of the *Manvantaras*. According to this new theory the world, after having accomplished its four ages of constant degeneration, undergoes dissolution, *pralaya*; things having reached such a point of corruption as to be no longer capable of subsisting. Then there begins a new universe, with a new *Manvantara*—brought to the same point of maturity and fatal evolution, which the *Yugas* have in turn gone through in a new evolutionary term play and so on to infinity. Here we have, indeed, fallen under the most truly scientific law, and are the most destructive of all true sciences. For there can be no regression when there is no evolution, nor is there a return to the point of origin, as the only possible effect of an irreversible process.

How far more consolatory is the Biblical statement, hard though it first appear to human pride, and how incomparable the prospects it opens out to the mind! It admits that man, almost as soon as created, fell from his state of original purity and Edenic bliss. In virtue of the law of heredity everywhere imprinted on Nature, it was the fault committed by the first ancestors of humanity in the exercise of their moral freedom which condemned their descendants to punishment, and by bequeathing to them an original taint predisposed them to sin. But this predisposition to sin does not condemn man fatally to its committal; he may escape from it by the exercise of his free will; and in the same way he may by personal effort raise himself gradually out of the state of material decline and misery to which the fault of his ancestors has brought him down. The pagan conception of the four ages unrolls before us a picture of constant degeneration, whereas the whole order of Biblical history from its starting-point in the earliest chapters of Genesis affords the spectacle of the progressive rise of humanity from the period of its original fall. On one hand, its course is conceived of as a continual descent; on the other, as a continual ascent. The Old Testament, which we must here embrace in one general view, occupies itself but little indeed with this ever-ascending course as regards the development of material civilization, of which, however, it cursorily points out the principal stages with a good deal of exactness. It rather traces for us the picture of moral progress, and of the more and more definite development of religious truth, the apprehension of which goes on ever gaining in spirituality, purity, and breadth amongst the chosen people, by a series of steps marked by the calling of Abraham, the promulgation of the Mosaic Law, and, lastly, by the mission of the prophets, who in their turn announce the last and supreme progress. This is to result from the coming of the Messiah, and the consequences of this last providential fact will go on continually developing themselves, and tending towards a perfection, the term of which lies in the Infinite. This notion of a rise after the fall, the fruit of man's free effort assisted by divine grace and working within the limit of his powers towards the accomplishment of the providential plan, is shown to us by the Old Testament as existing only in one people, the people of Israel; but the Christian spirit has extended the view to the universal history of mankind, and thus has arisen that conception of a law of continual progress unknown to antiquity, to which our modern society is so invincibly attached, but which is, we should never forget, an idea due to Christianity.

Zoroastrianism was unlike other pagan religions in this, that it could not fail to admit and preserve the ancient tradition of a first sin. Rather would it have been forced to construct for itself an analogical myth, had it not found such in the primitive memories that it bent to its own doctrines. The tradition squared, indeed, but too well with its system of a dualism having a spiritual basis, although as yet but im-

perfectly freed from confusion between the physical and moral worlds. It explained quite naturally how man, a creature of the good God, and consequently originally perfect, should have fallen under the power of the evil spirit, thus contracting a taint which in the moral order subjected him to sin, in the material to death, and to all the miseries that poison earthly existence. Thus the notion of the sin of the first authors of humanity, the heritage of which weighs constantly on their descendants, is a fundamental one in Mazdean books. The modification of legends relative to the first man even resulted in the mythic conceptions of the later periods of Zoroastrianism, in attaching a rather singular repetition of this first transgression to several successive generations in the initial ages of humanity.

Originally—and this is at present one of the points most solidly established by science—originally in those legends common to Oriental Aryans before their separation into two branches, the first man was the personage that the Iranians call Yima, and the Indians Yama. A son of Heaven and not of man, Yima united the characteristics that Genesis divides between Adam and Noah, fathers both, the one of antediluvian, the other of postdiluvian humanity. Later, he appears as merely the first king of the Iranians, but a king whose existence, as well as that of his subjects, is passed in the midst of Edenic beatitude in the paradise of Airyana-Vædja,* the dwelling-place of the earliest men. But after a time when life was pure and spotless, Yima committed the sin which weighs on his descendants, and in consequence of that sin, lost his power, was cast out of Paradise, and given up to the dominion of the serpent, the evil spirit Angromainyus,† who finally brought about Yima's death by horrible torments.‡ It is an echo of the tradition about the loss of Paradise ensuing upon a transgression prompted by the Evil Spirit that we find in what is incontestably one of the oldest portions of the Sacred Scriptures of Zoroastrianism.§ "I created the first and the best of dwelling-places. I who am Ahuramazda—the Airyana-Vædja is of excellent nature. But against it Angromainyus, the murderer, created a thing inimical, the serpent out of the river and the winter, the work of the Dævas."¶ And it is this scourge, caused by the power of the serpent, which occasions the departure for ever from the paradisiacal region.

Later, Yima appears as no longer the first man, or even the first king. The period of a thousand years assigned to his existence in Eden¶ is now divided between several successive generations, occupying the same space of time, from the moment when Gayomartian, the type of humanity, began to find himself struggling against the hostility of

* "Vendidad," ii. It is also related how Yima preserved the germs of men, animals, and plants from the Deluge. See, too, "Yasht," i 25-27, ix 3-12, xv. 15-17. "Bundehesh," xvi. 5.

† "Væcht," xix. 31-33. "Bundehesh," xxii. and xxxa. "Nal-dar," 84.

‡ "Yasht," x x 46. § "Vendidad," i b 8. Dæmons.

¶ It is rather remarkable that the life of Adam, which, according to Genesis, was one of 930 years, should so nearly approach this duration.

the Evil Spirit up to the death of Yima. This is the system adopted by the Bundeshesh. The history of the sin which made Yima lose his primal happiness, and subjected him to the power of the adversary, still remains connected with the name of that hero. But this transgression is no longer the original sin; and in order to be able to attribute it to the ancestors whence all humanity springs, its story is again told here (sub-serving a double purpose) in connection with the first pair whose existence was completely terrestrial and similar to that of other human beings—Masha and Mashyana. "Man was; the father of the world was. Heaven was destined to be his on condition of his being humble in heart, and doing with humility the work of the law, of his being pure in thought, pure in word, pure in deed, and of his never invoking the Dævas. Under these conditions man and woman were reciprocally to make each other's happiness. They drew near and became man and wife. At first they spoke these words: 'It is Ahuramazda who has given the water, the earth, the trees, the beasts, and the stars, the moon and the sun, and all the blessings which spring from a pure root and pure fruit.' Later, falsehood ran through their thoughts, perverted their disposition, and said to them: 'It is Angromainyus who has given the water, earth, trees, beasts, and all above-named things.' Thus, it was that in the beginning Angromainyus deceived them concerning the Dævas, and to the end this cruel one has only sought to seduce them. By believing this lie, both became like unto demons, and their souls will be in Hell until the renewal of bodies."

"They ate during thirty days; they clothed themselves in black raiment. After these thirty days they went hunting; a white goat presented itself; with their mouths they drew milk from her udder, and nourished themselves with that milk which delighted them. . . .

"The Dæva who told the lie, grew more bold, and presented himself a second time, and brought them fruits which they ate, and by so doing of the hundred advantages they enjoyed there remained to them only one.

"After thirty days and thirty nights a fat white sheep appeared; they cut off his left ear. Instructed by the celestial Yazata* they brought fire from the tree Konar, by rubbing it with a piece of wood. Both set fire to the tree; they blew up the fire with their mouths; they first burnt the branches of the tree Konar, next of the date-tree, and the myrtle. . . . They roasted the sheep, dividing it into three parts.† . . . Having eaten of the flesh of the dog they covered themselves with the skin of that animal. Then they gave themselves up to the chase and made themselves garments of the hair of wild beasts."‡

We may here observe that in Genesis also, vegetable food is the only one made use of by the first man in his state of bliss and purity; the only one promised him by God. Animal food does not become lawful

* Geni.

† In the "Yasna" (xxxv. 8) it is Yima who teaches men to cut meat in pieces and to eat it. Windischmann has rightly compared this with Genesis i. 3.

‡ "Bundeshesh," xv.

till after the Flood. It is also after the Fall that Adam and Havah first clothe themselves with coats of skin made for them by Yabveh himself.

The late lamented George Smith believed that amongst the fragments of the Chaldean Genesis, discovered by him, one might be interpreted as relating to the fall of the first man, and that it contained the curse pronounced upon him by the God Ea, after his transgression.* But this was an illusion, which a more profound study of the cuneiform document has dispelled. Smith's translation, which was too hasty, immature, and, moreover, hardly intelligible, turns out erroneous from beginning to end. Since then Mr. Oppert has given us an entirely different version of the same text,† the first possessing a really scientific character, in which the general meaning becomes tolerably clear, though there are still many obscure and uncertain details. One thing at least is now quite established: the fragment has no kind of reference to original sin and the curse of man. We must therefore leave it entirely outside the sphere of our present researches; endeavouring, however, to convey a warning to such as may be tempted, in dependence on the celebrated Assyriologist, to make use of it in a Commentary on the Bible.

Thus, then, we have no formal and direct proof that the tradition of the original transgression, as told in our Holy Scriptures, formed part of the cycle of the records of Babylon and Chaldea, respecting the origin of the world and of man. Neither do we find any allusion to the subject in the fragments of Berosus. But, despite this silence, a similarity between Chaldean and Hebrew traditions on this point, as upon others, has so great a probability in its favour as almost to amount to a certainty. Further on we shall return to certain very valid proofs of the existence of myths relating to a terrestrial paradise in the sacred traditions of the lower basin of the Euphrates and Tigris. But it behoves us to dwell for a few moments on the representations of the sacred and mysterious plant, guarded by celestial genii, that Assyrian bas-reliefs so often display. Up to the present time no text has been found to elucidate the meaning of the symbol, and we have to deplore a want, that no doubt will one of these days be met by the discovery of new documents. But the study of these figured monuments alone renders it impossible to doubt the high importance of this representation of the sacred plant. Whether it appear alone, or, as sometimes happens, worshipped by royal figures, or, as I have just said, guarded by genii in an attitude of adoration, it is incontrovertibly one of the loftiest of religious emblems; and what places this character beyond doubt is, that we often see above the plant the symbolic image of the Supreme God, the winged disc—surmounted or not by a human bust. The cylinders of Babylonian or Assyrian work-

* "Chaldean Account of Genesis," p. 83. The original text is given in Friedrich Delitzsch's "Assyrische Lesestücke," 2nd edition, p. 91.

† See E. Leirnan: "Histoire d'Israël," vol. i. p. 416.

manship present this emblem no less frequently than the bas-reliefs of Assyrian palaces, and always under the same conditions, and evidently attributing to it an equal importance.

It is very difficult to avoid comparing this mysterious plant, in which everything points out a religious symbol of the first order, with that famous tree of life and knowledge which plays so prominent a part in the narrative of the earliest transgression. All paradisiacal traditions make mention of it; the tradition in Genesis, which sometimes seems to admit of two trees, one of life and one of knowledge, sometimes of one tree only combining both attributes, and standing in the midst of the garden; the Indian tradition, which supposes four plants on the four counterforts of Mount Meru; and, lastly, that of the Iranians, which sometimes treats of a single tree springing from the very middle of the holy spring of water, Ardrî-gûra, in Airyana-Vædja, and sometimes of two, corresponding exactly to those of the Biblical Eden. This similarity is so much the more natural, that we find the Sabians or Mandaïtes, an almost pagan sect, dwelling in the environs of Bussorah, who retain a great number of Babylonian religious traditions, to be also conversant with the tree of life, which they designate in their Scriptures as *Setarvan*, "that which shades." The most ancient name of Babylon in the idiom of the Ante-Semitic population, *Tin-tir-ki*, signifies "the place of the tree of life." Finally, the representation of the sacred plant which we assimilate with that of the Edenic traditions, appears as a symbol of life eternal on those curious sarcophagi, in enamelled clay, belonging to the latest period of Chaldean civilization, after Alexander the Great, which have been discovered at Warkah, the ancient Uruk.

The manner of representing this sacred plant varies in Assyrian bas-reliefs and exhibits different degrees of complexity.* It is, however, invariably a plant of moderate size, of pyramidal form, having a straight stem from which spring numerous branches, and a cluster of large leaves at its base. In one example only† is the plant represented with sufficient accuracy to enable us to classify it as the *Asclepias acida* or *Sarcostemma vinimatis*, the plant known as the Soma to the Aryans of India, the Haoma to the Iranians, the crushed branches of which afford the intoxicating liquor offered as a libation to the gods, and identified with the celestial beverage of life and immortality. More generally, however, the plant has a conventional and decorative aspect, not answering exactly to any natural type, and it is this purely conventional form which the Persians have borrowed from Assyro-Babylonian art, and which represents the Haoma on gems, cylinders or cones of Persian workmanship in the era of the Achemenides.‡

* See Rawlinson "The Five Great Monarchies of the Ancient World," 2nd edition, vol. II, p. 7.

† Botta "Monuments of Nineveh," vol. II, p. 130.

‡ This image was also employed for the same purpose in the time of the Sassanides, and we can trace the history of the curious vicissitudes which led to its being imitated as a mode of ornamentation, having no particular significance, first among the Arabs, and next in some western edifices of the Roman Period.

Such an adoption of the most usual shape of the sacred plant of the Chaldeans and Assyrians by the Persians, in order to represent their own Haoma—although the conventional bore no similarity to the real plant—proves that they recognized a certain analogy in the conception of the two emblems. In point of fact the Persians have shown great discernment in their borrowing and adapting; and where they took Chaldeo-Assyrian art for model and for teaching, they only adopted such of those religious symbols common in the basin of the Euphrates and Tigris, as might be rendered applicable to their own peculiar doctrines, and even to a very pure Mazdeism. The adoption of the image of the divine plant of the Chaldeo-Assyrians in order to represent the Haoma is, therefore, a conclusive sign that an assimilation of the symbols had taken place, and we find in it a new proof in support of the close connection between the plant guarded by genii on Assyrian or Babylonian monuments and the tree of life of paradisiacal tradition. Indeed, if Indians vary in opinion as to the nature of the mysterious trees of their earthly paradise of Mënu, even generally admitting of four different species, and if the Bundelesh-pehleri, in bestowing on the tree of Airyana-Vaejha the name of *Khembe*, appears to have had in view one of the plants placed by Indians on the counterforts of Mëru—i.e., the *Panea orientalis*, which in Sanscrit is called *Kadamba*; it is the "white Haoma," the Haoma type that is almost always found in the sacred books of Mazdeans springing from the middle of the fountain Ardvî-gûra, and distilling the beverage of immortality. The Aryans of India connected a similar idea with their Soma, for the fermented liquor that they produced by pounding its branches in a mortar, and offered as a libation to their gods, is named by them *Amritam*, "ambrosia draught that renders immortal." The Haoma and its sacred juice is also called "that which keeps off death," in the ninth chapter of the *Yajna* of the Zoroastrians. It is for this reason that, both with the Indians and the Iranians, the personification of the sacred plant and its juice, the god Soma, or Haoma, prototype of the Greek Dionysius, becomes a lunar divinity, inasmuch as he is the guardian of the ambrosia stored by the gods in the moon. And here we have another similarity forced upon us when we stand before Assyrian bas-reliefs, where the sacred plant is guarded by winged genii, having heads of eagles or peripterous vultures. These symbolic beings present, indeed, a singular analogy with the Garuda, or rather the Garsudas of Indian Aryans, genii, half men, half eagles. Now, in the Indian myths, more particularly in the beautiful story of the *Astika-parva* of the *Mahābhārata*, it is Garuda who reconquers the ambrosia *Amritam*—that is, the sacred juice of the Soma, used for libations, that had been stolen by demons, and who restores it to the celestial god, himself remaining its guardian. The part played by him and by the eagle-headed genii of Assyrian monuments, with regard to the tree of life, is consequently the same as that which we find in Genesis assigned to *Kerubin*, armed with

flaming swords, who were placed by God at the gate of Eden, after the expulsion of the first human pair, to prevent the entrance into Paradise, and to guard its tree of life.

In one part at least of Chaldea properly so called, to the south of Babylon, it appears as though it were no longer the type we have just been considering that was employed to represent the tree of life. It was the palm, the tree that furnished the majority of the inhabitants of the district with food, and with fruit from which they distilled a fermented and intoxicating liquor, a kind of wine; the tree to which they were wont to attribute in a popular song as many benefits as there are days in the year—this palm it was that was there considered the sacred, the paradisiacal tree. We have the proof of this in cylinders that show us the palm surmounted by the emblem of the Supreme God, and guarded by two eagle-headed genii. Moreover, the essential character of the tree of life lies in its fruits affording an intoxicating juice, the beverage of immortality; and accordingly the books of the Sabians or Mendaïtes associate it with the tree *Setarvan*, "the perfumed vine," Sam Gufro, above which hovers "the Supreme Life" in the same way as does the emblematic image of divinity in its highest and most abstract form above the plant of life in the monumental representations of Babylon and Assyria.

And, further, the fact that in the cosmogonic traditions of the Chaldeans and Babylonians respecting the tree of life and paradisiacal fruit, there was contained a dramatic myth, closely resembling in form the Biblical narrative of the Temptation, appears to be as positively established as may be in the absence of written texts, by a cylinder of hard stone preserved in the British Museum.* There we actually see a man and woman, the former wearing on his head the kind of turban peculiar to Babylonians,† seated opposite each other on either side of a tree, from whose spreading branches two big fruits hang—one in front of each of the figures who are stretching out their hands to gather it. A serpent is rearing himself behind the woman. This representative might serve as a direct illustration of the narrative in Genesis, nor as M. Friedrich Delitzsch has observed, can it lend itself to any other interpretation.

M. Renan has no hesitation in agreeing with ancient commentators in finding a vestige of the same traditions among the Phenicians in the fragments of the Book of Saichonathon, translated into Greek by Philo of Byblos. In point of fact it is there told, in connection with the first human pair, that Aïou—which seems a rendering of Havah—"invented feeding on the fruits of the tree." The learned academician even thinks he discovers in this passage an echo of some type of Phenician figured representation, retracing a scene such as that

* Layard: "Cultus of Mithra," xvi. No. 4. G. Smith: "Chaldean Account of Genesis."

† The cylinder is of Babylonish workmanship and great antiquity.

† This head-dress, frequently represented on monuments, is spoken of as characteristic of the Chaldeans in Ezekiel xxi. 13.

recorded in Genesis, and visible on the Babylonian cylinder. Certain it is that, at the epoch of the great influx of Oriental traditions into the classic world, we see a representation of the kind figure on several Roman sarcophagi, where it indicates positively the introduction of a legend analogous to the narrative of Genesis, and associated with the myth of the formation of man by Prometheus. One famous sarcophagus in the Capitol Museum displays in the neighbourhood of the Titan, son of Japetos, who is performing his work as modeller—a pair—man and woman—in the nudity of primeval days, standing at the foot of a tree, the man's gesture showing that he means to gather its fruit.* We meet with the same group in a bas-relief built into the wall of the small garden of the Villa Albani in Rome, only here it is in still closer conformity with the Hebrew tradition, as a huge serpent is coiled round the trunk of the tree beneath which the two mortals are standing. It is this plastic type that was imitated and reproduced by the earliest Christian artists, when they attempted the representation of the fall of our first parents, which formed so favourite a subject with them, both in sculpture and painting.

On the sarcophagus of the Capitol the presence in proximity of Prometheus of one of the *Parcæ* drawing the horoscope of the man whom the Titan is forming, leads us to suspect in these sculptured subjects the influence of the doctrine of those Chaldean astrologists who had spread themselves, during the later centuries before the Christian era, throughout the Greco-Roman world, and had acquired an especial amount of credit in Rome. Nevertheless, the date of these last monuments renders it possible to look upon the representation of the first pair beside the tree of Paradise, of which they are about to eat, as directly borrowed from the Old Testament itself, as well as from the cosmogony of Chaldea or Phenicia. But the existence of this tradition in the cycle of the indigenous legends of the Canaanites seems to me placed beyond doubt by a curious painted vase of Phœnician workmanship of the seventh or sixth century *b.c.*, discovered by General *de Cesnola*, in one of the most ancient sepulchres of *Idalia*, in the Isle of *Cyprus*.†

There we actually see a leafy tree, from the branches of which hang two large clusters of fruit, while a great serpent is advancing with undulating movements towards the tree, and rearing itself to seize hold of the fruit.‡

* *Panofka* inclines to give to this couple the names of *Deucalion* and *Pyrrha*, the son of *Prometheus* and daughter of *Pandora*, progenitors of a postdiluvian human race. We see no objection to this proposal, however, that it be admitted that the monument shows the introduction of a legend similar to that of *Adam* and *Eve*, attached to those persons. As the probable theatre of such an introduction, one might be led to look of first in *Asia Minor*, when the formation of man by *Prometheus* was, by local tradition, assigned to a period immediately succeeding the deluge of *Deucalion*, and told with details singularly akin to those given in the Bible.

† *Cesnola*: "Cyprus—its Ancient Cities, Tombs, and Temples," p. 101.

‡ We must limit ourselves, must not be carried away into exaggerated developments. We will not, therefore, carry these analogies farther. But they might be pursued in a direction that shall be briefly pointed at. It is difficult to avoid the similarity between

Now, we are justified in doubting that in Chaldea, and still more in Phenicia, a tradition parallel to the Biblical account of the Fall ever assumed a significance as exclusively spiritual as it does in Genesis, or that it contained the moral lesson also to be found in the story as given in the Zoroastrian scriptures. The spirit of grossly materialistic Pantheism in the religion of those lands rendered this impossible. Nevertheless, we may remark that among the Chaldeans, and their disciples the Assyrians, at all events from a given epoch, the notion of the nature of sin and the necessity of repentance was to be found more precisely formed than amongst the majority of ancient peoples, and consequently it is difficult to believe that the Chaldean priesthood did not, in their profound speculations on religious philosophy, seek for some solution of the problem of the origin of evil and sin.

With the foregoing reservation, it is, indeed, probable that the Chaldean and Phenician legend of the fruit of the tree of Paradise was nearly akin in spirit to the cycles of ancient myths common to all the branches of the Aryan race. To the study of these M. Adalbert Kuhn has contributed a book of the highest interest.* He deals with such as refer to the invention of fire, and to the beverage of life. These are to be found in their most ancient form in the Vedas, and they then passed over, more or less modified by the course of time, to the Greeks, Romans, Slavs, as well as the Iranians and Indians. The fundamental conception of these myths, which are only to be found complete in their oldest forms, is of the universe as an immense tree, whose roots embrace the earth, and whose branches form the vault of heaven.† The fruit of this tree is fire—indispensable to human existence, and the material symbol of intelligence; and the leaves distil the Elixir of Life. The gods had reserved to themselves the possession of fire, which sometimes, indeed, descends on earth in the form of lightning, but which men were not themselves to produce. He who—like the Prometheus of the Greeks—discovers the method of artificially kindling a flame, and communicates this discovery to other men, is impious, has stolen the forbidden fruit from the sacred tree, is accursed, and the wrath of the gods pursues him and his race.

the Tree of Paradise of Asiatic Cosmogonies and the tree of golden fruit in the garden of the Hesperides, guarded by the serpents which figured monuments invariably represent coiled about its trunk. In that myth of incontestably Phenician origin, according to which Hercules slays the guardian serpent and secures the golden apples, we have the revenge of the luminous or solar god reconquering the tree of life from a dark, jealous, and inimical power, personified by the serpent, which had taken possession of it in the world's early days. In the same way we have in the Indian myth the gods regaining the ambrosia from the Asuras or demons that had stolen it. We may also observe that Hercules, the conqueror of the dragon of the Hesperides, is also the liberator of Prometheus, him who first, despite the solemn prohibition, gathered fire, the fruit of the celestial and cosmic tree.

* *Die Urschöpfung des Feuers und die Göttertrunks*. Berlin, 1852.

† On the existence among the Babylonians of the idea of the cosmic tree, see C. W. Maass, *Revue de l'Égypte*, 1878, p. 138.

Among the myths borrowed by the philosopher Pherecydes, of Syros, from the Phenician mysteries, was that of the winged oak (*korreptos* βελός), over which Zeus had spread a magnificent net by connecting the constellations, the earth and ocean. Here we manifestly have the cosmic tree again.

The analogy between these myths and the Bible narrative is striking indeed. They are, really, one and the same tradition, only bearing a quite different sense, symbolizing an invention of a material order, instead of dwelling on the fundamental fact of the moral order, and disfigured further by the monstrous conception, too frequent in Paganism, of the Divinity as a formidable and adverse power, jealous of the happiness and progress of man. The spirit of error among the Gentiles had distorted the mysterious symbolic memory of the events by which the fate of humanity was decided. The inspired author of Genesis took it up under the form that it had evidently retained among the Hebrews, as among the other nations where it had acquired a material meaning, but he restored to it its true significance, and made it the occasion of a solemn lesson.

Some remarks are still needed regarding the animal form assumed by the tempter in Bible story, that serpent who, as figured monuments have shown us, played the same part in the legends of Chaldaea and Phenicia.

The serpent, or, more correctly speaking, different kinds of serpents, held a very considerable place in the religious symbolism of the peoples of antiquity. These creatures figure therein with most opposite meanings, and it would be contrary to the laws of criticism to group together confusedly, as some learned scholars were once wont to do, the contradictory notions linked in old myths with different serpents, so as to form out of them one vast Ophiological system,* referred to a single source, and brought into relation with the narrative in Genesis. But by the side of divine serpents, essentially benign in character, protective, prophetic, linked with gods of health, life, and healing, we do find in all mythologies a gigantic serpent, who personifies a hostile and nocturnal power, a wicked principle, material darkness, and moral evil.

Among the Egyptians we meet with the serpent, Assap, who fights against the sun and moon, and whom Horus pierces with his weapon. Among the Chaldeo-Assyrians we find mention made of a great serpent called the "enemy of the gods," *aiub-ilani*. We need not introduce here the myth of the great cosmogonic struggle between Tiamat, the personification of Chaos, and the god Masuduk, related in a portion of the epic fragments, in cuneiform character, discovered by George Smith. Tiamat assumes the form of a monster often repeated on monuments, but this form is not that of the serpent. We are distinctly told that it was from Phenician mythology that Pherecides of Syros borrowed his account of the Titan Ophion, the man-serpent precipitated into Tartarus, together with his companions, by the god Kronos (El), who triumphed over him at the beginning of things, a story strikingly

* Mr. Ferguson's work, "Tree and Serpent Worship" (London, 1867), is not quite free from this defect, the learned author having displayed more erudition and ingenuity than critical faculty.

similar to that of the defeat of the "old serpent, who is the accuser and Satan," repulsed and imprisoned in the abyss, which story does not, indeed, occur in the Old Testament, but existed among the oral traditions of the Hebrews, and makes its appearance in Chapters xii. and xx. of the Apocalypse of St. John.

Mazdeism is the only religion in whose symbolism the serpent never plays any but an evil part, for even in that of the Bible it sometimes wears a benign aspect, as, for instance, in the story of the brazen serpent. The reason is, that in the dualistic conception of Zoroastrianism the animal itself belonged to the impure and fatal creation of the evil principle. Thus, it was under the form of a great serpent that Angromainyus, after having tried to corrupt Heaven, leaped upon the earth; it was under this form that Mithra, god of the pure sky, fought with him; and, finally, it is under this form that he is eventually to be conquered and chained for 3000 years, and at the end of the world burned up with molten metals.*

In these Zoroastrian records, Angromainyus, under the form of a serpent, is the emblem of evil and personification of the wicked spirit as definitively as is the serpent of Genesis, and this in an almost equally spiritual sense. In the Vedas, on the contrary, the same myth of the conflict with the serpent has a purely naturalistic character, evidently describing an atmospheric phenomenon. The idea most frequently repeated in the ancient hymns of the Aryans of India at their primitive epoch, is that of the struggle between Indra, the god of the bright sky and the azure, and Ahi, the serpent, or Vritra, the personification of the storm-cloud that lengthens out crawling in the air. Indra overthrows Ahi, strikes him with his lightnings, and by tearing him asunder sets free the fertilizing streams that he contained. Never in the Vedas does the myth rise above this purely physical reality, never does it pass from the representation of the warring atmospherical elements to that of the moral conflict between good and evil, as it does in Mazdeism.

According to a certain school of modern mythologists, of which M. Adalbert Kuhn is the most prominent representative in Germany, this storm-myth is the pivot on which hinges a universal explanation of all ancient religions whatever. And in particular the fundamental source, origin, and true significance of the traditions we have been reviewing, including the Biblical accounts of the Fall, are all, according to him, to be looked for in this naturalistic fable of the Vedas. No doubt the allegory which served as starting-point to this myth was not unknown to the Hebrews. We find it distinctly expressed in a verse of the Book

* "Bundehesh," xvi. The serpent's form is also that given to different secondary personifications of the evil principle, different mythological beings created by Angromainyus to vex the earth, and war with the good, and with the true faith—such as Achi, Lakka (the sons of that Lita), conquered by Thraetaina, and the dragon Cravara, slain by the hero Keresaspa.

of Job (chap. xvi. 13), where it is said of God, "By his Spirit he hath garnished the heavens; his hand hath formed the crooked serpent." Here, indeed, by the parallelism of the two clauses of the verse, the former determines the meaning of the latter. But the Vedic myth is only one of the applications of a symbolic statement, of which the source does not lie among the Aryans; but must be sought much further back in the primitive thought of humanity, anterior to the ethnical separation of the ancestors of Egyptians, Semites, and Aryans, of the three great races represented by the three sons of Noah; for it is common to all. The pastoral tribes, whence sprung the Vedic hymns, only connected it with an idea exclusively naturalistic, almost childish, and specially drawn from the phenomena that most interested their simple existence, to which all advanced civilization, whether material or intellectual, was still foreign. But among the Egyptians the same metaphor appear with a far more general and elevated significance. The serpent Assap is no longer the storm-cloud but the personification of darkness, which the sun, under the form of Ra or Horus, encounters during his nocturnal passage through the lower hemisphere, and has to triumph over before he appears in the east. Thus, the conflict between Horus and Assap is daily renewed at the seventh hour of the night, a little before the rising of the sun, and the "Book of the Dead" shows that this strife between light and darkness was taken by the Egyptians as the emblem of the moral strife between good and evil. Neither is the serpent the mere storm-cloud in those paradisiac legends of Chaldea and Phœnicia in which we have been able to discern a relation in form to the record in Genesis. The aspect of the cloud lengthening out in the sky may, indeed (I could not positively deny it without more positive certainty) have furnished the first germ of the idea of constituting the serpent the visible image of the adverse power, combining the intimately associated ideas of darkness and of evil—a notion from which, by a confusion of the physical and moral orders, no ancient religion, not even Mazdeism, was entirely able to free itself, unless it were that of the Hebrews. But with all the highly civilized peoples whose traditions we have scrutinized, the great serpent symbolizes that dark and evil power in its widest significance.

But be this as it may, my faith as a Christian finds no difficulty in admitting that, in order to relate the fall of the first pair, the inspired compiler of Genesis made use of a narrative which had assumed an entirely mythical character among neighbouring peoples, and that the form of a serpent assigned to the tempter may have had for starting-point an essentially naturalistic symbol. Nothing obliges us to understand the third chapter of Genesis literally. Without any departure from orthodoxy we are justified in looking upon it as a figure intended to convey a fact of a purely moral order. It is not, therefore, the form of the narrative that signifies here, but rather the dogma that it expresses, and

this dogma of the fall of the human race through the bad use that its earliest progenitors made of their free will, remains an eternal truth which is nowhere else brought out with the same precision. It affords the only solution of the formidable problem which constantly returns to rear itself before the human mind, and which no religious philosophy outside of revelation has ever been able to solve.

FRANÇOIS LENOIR.

POLITICAL AND INTELLECTUAL LIFE IN GREECE.

ATHENS, August, 1879.

IF during this latter period of our national existence, which from every point of view presents one of the most serious crises in our history, all Europe finds itself agitated by constant commotions, Greece, which more than any other European nation is interested in the various events of the Eastern crisis, is truly under the power of a national paroxysm. The serious modifications which have been accomplished in the state of affairs in the East were of a nature to exert a great influence on Greece, threatening each day to swallow up that country in the tempest. Doubtless, it was impossible for Greece to remain indifferent at a time when nations, but till lately unknown, were created by caprice or interest, without themselves having any sentiment of their national existence, and which now threaten her national and political future in the East. The armed protests of Crete, of Epirus, of Thessaly, and of Macedonia, were but the commencement of a general participation of Hellenism in the struggle between the Slavs and the Turks, and doubtless of a more serious complication of the Eastern Question, to the great dismay of European diplomacy, which can not or will not re-establish the equilibrium between the different national elements which struggle fiercely with each other in the Balkan Peninsula. It was only the demand made on Greece by united European diplomacy, at the commencement of the war in the East, that she should remain neutral, and the promises made to her that she should not be forgotten in a Congress of the Powers relative to the improvement of the state of things in the Ottoman Empire, which induced her to restrain her national aspirations, and to await that justice from a European Congress, which she was on the point of claiming by arms. However, the delay which has occurred up to the present time in the solution of the question of the delimitation of the Hellenic

frontiers—which is still pending between the Greek Government and the Sublime Porte—is a sad sign of the blindness of the Turkish Government, and equally hurtful to both peoples, paralyzing their progress in civilization. For if this question were once settled, they would be able to turn their attention to another quarter—that, namely, where the common interests and dangers of the two peoples meet. For not only the Sublime Porte, but Europe also, should well understand that a predominance of the Hellenic element in the East has in no wise for its object to satisfy the ambitious tendencies of a race. Modern civilization is in danger of being overrun by the furious waves which threaten to carry away everything in the Russian Empire. Those fundamental principles of Russian Society, those ideas (extravagant and anti-social in all points of view) of a Panslavist Cæsarism, and the principles of Nihilism, and of other social and religious sects, so absurd and so contrary to human nature, between which there is just now raging a combat so keen and so barbarous, are symptoms fatal to civilization and to the peace of Europe, and the forerunners of a catastrophe near at hand. Slavism, which is as ancient as the Latin and German nationalities, has not, up to the present time, personified any civilizing element in European history. Its proper character is despotism, and in recent times it is anarchy in its most inauspicious and frightful aspect. Consequently, Europe must open her eyes to the danger which threatens her. A nationality which, from the very beginning of its historical activity, represents principles of society and of civilization in a state of decadence—at a period when it should be full of youth and of ideality—ought to be seriously studied by those who direct the destinies of the West. Not only is the preponderance of Panslavism in the East a menace and a danger for the future and for the regeneration of Hellenism, but dangers and complications more grave threaten all Europe, in consequence of such preponderance. The Cossack in the East, at Constantinople or near it, signifies nothing else but an entire and immediate overturning of the European equilibrium and of modern civilization. A man who well knew Russia and the Russians, the famous author of the “*Soirées de Saint Petersburg*,” has written these words:—“We must know how to set bounds to Russian desire, for by its nature it is without limits.” Deeply significant words of Joseph de Maistre! The history of Russian policy is a development of this idea. The public conscience of Europe ought to meditate upon and consider that peril which the Marquis of Salisbury exposed with so much lucidity and precision in that famous and memorable circular addressed to the Powers of Continental Europe—that circular which had made us hope, but in vain, for the advent of a new era in the history of English diplomacy and in the progress of international morality. But now we must, alas! repeat the famous saying of M. de Beust: “There is no longer any Europe!”

We hoped, in common with the whole of the free and enlightened

opinion of Western Europe, that this circular of the noble Marquis, containing the exalted traditions of George Canning with respect to the Hellenic cause, was about to inaugurate a new era in European diplomacy. What, then, was the motive for the sudden change in British diplomatic policy during the Berlin Congress? Lord Beaconsfield, on his return from Berlin, attempted to throw a doubtful light on this mysterious change in the policy of the Cabinet of St. James's, when he finished his speech with this vague remark, which has since become so celebrated among us: "Greece has a future; and if I might be permitted to offer her my advice, I would say to her, as to every individual who has a future, Learn to wait."

We refrain from examining here the motives for this change, because we believe it is very difficult to lift the veil which covers the mysteries of the political inconstancy of the Cabinet of St. James's; and leaving the solution of this enigma to time, that great *Œdipus* of history, we will here make only this remark, that English diplomacy has allowed a favourable opportunity to escape for taking the initiative in all the great questions which concern the general interests of civilization, and this notwithstanding the hopes which Lord Salisbury's circular for an instant caused us to entertain. However, the propitious moment has not yet passed away. France, which appears at this moment to be holding aloft the standard of the policy first enunciated by the Marquis of Salisbury, serves not only the interests of Greece and of Europe, but also those of England.

Beware of the North! In the triumph of the Pan Slavist idea there is not only the absorption of Hellenism, there is something of still more general interest, which for some time past should have furnished European diplomacy with matter for reflection, before the icy blast of the North, changing our fears into realities, obliges diplomacy to submit to accomplished facts.

Europe to-day, in proceeding with the execution of a decision of the Congress, is not only doing a work of importance, but also a work of justice in repairing the wrong which she formerly committed in narrowing the limits of the Greek kingdom, and hindering the physical development of its people. The political prophets of the time when this new European State was created—Palmerston, Leopold of Belgium, Metternich—were unanimous in pointing out how doubtful was the future of this nation, which had not the elements necessary to a regular life, and which, consequently, was incapable of fulfilling the exalted mission which Europe had confided to it in creating it. What was the cause of this niggardliness of the Powers towards a nation full of youth and activity, at the very moment of its creation? Mr. Gladstone has already told us in this REVIEW.*

Greece, which, more than all the other Eastern races, had always the *pre-eminence* intellectually and morally, might, in concert with the West, and making herself, so to speak, the organ of its views in

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, December, 1876.

the East, become a powerful barrier against that torrent of Slavism which for some time past has threatened to overwhelm the Balkan peninsula.

In that ethnological pandemonium, which is called the Peninsula of the Balkans, of which so many nationalities dispute the possession, to the exclusion of the only possessors whose rights are consecrated by history, Greece seems to be the only nationality which, better than all the other races,—most of which lack historic traditions and a true national consciousness,—is capable of realizing the views of Europe for the fulfilment of which, on the initiative of England, the European Congress was convoked at Berlin. It was, doubtless, these principles which inspired the Congress when, in Article 13 of the Treaty, it ordered the annexation to Greece of the bordering provinces of Epirus and Thessaly; this was a reparation of the political fault committed at the time of the creation of the new kingdom. However, a dishonest policy on the part of Turkey delays up to this moment the accomplishment of the Treaty fulfilled by her in its other Articles. She has reaped its advantages, but she seems not to wish to submit to its sacrifices. We cannot conceive what benefit the Sublime Porte derives from this vain delay. It ought to understand that it will not gain anything from this continual paroxysm with which it finds itself struggling since the last Eastern crisis. And we see with satisfaction that public opinion in Turkey has already acknowledged that an enlargement of Greece, even at the expense of Turkey, is not contrary to the interests of the two races, whose common peril from the Slavs is indisputable. Turkey must seek the centre of her activity and power in Asia, where she may play an important part, and not in Europe, where she has always remained a stranger, and has never succeeded in creating an indigenous and national civilization. It will one day depart from Europe, this Mussulman race, which for five centuries has only encamped in Europe, without leaving any memorial of civilization or morality, except a few pages of military history. It can carry European civilization to the nations of Asia, initiating them into its mysteries, by means of a wiser government and a more enlightened activity. This is the true and just policy of Turkey in the future. By the cession of the provinces where the Turkish element is *nil* she will gain much more strength than by their retention, which cannot be of any profit to her.

We hope that Turkish statesmen, whose enlightenment and intelligence are well known, will recognize the urgent necessity for a sincere understanding between the two neighbouring States on the basis of the cession of the two provinces in accordance with the Berlin Treaty; then perhaps, later on, a union may be formed in order to oppose the common enemy. The obsolete policy of *non possumus*, behind which Turkey persists in sheltering herself has been, on more than one occasion, hurtful and fatal to her.

The province of Epirus, without the town and department of Jannina, is like a body without a head. The town of Jannina, which fills

so glorious a page in the modern history of Hellenism, has been ever since its foundation the capital of Epirus in every point of view. It is only the bad faith of the Turkish Government which could take advantage of the inconceivable patriotism of the Albanians to create all of a sudden an Albanian nationality. It is true that there does exist an Albanian race, an insignificant branch of that powerful tree of the Hellenic family; but this race has never played an important, independent, free part in history. Once only, in the time of Scanderbeg, does Albania appear to have fulfilled a separate mission, in fighting against the Turks for the liberty and independence of her rugged mountains; but the brilliant star of this memorable and almost unique epoch in the poor history of Albania, the famous hero of Croia, according to recent researches into this part of the history of the Middle Ages, was not of Albanian origin. In those long combats for Hellenic liberty and independence, when the Albanian race fought with the *klephs* and *armatoles* of the national regeneration, it was not an Albanian idea which inspired those brave champions of our independence: it was the Greek standard, it was the *sabanum* of Constantine, under the shadow of which the tyrant was combated by the Greek patriots, and by those who, in this time of sophism and paradoxes, plume themselves upon Albanian nationality, in claiming with incomparable *naiveté*, in documents and manifestoes in which historical traditions are disfigured, the independence and liberty of a nation which never existed in history. These mountaineers, these intrepid combatants in a holy cause, remained, during all that revolutionary epoch of Greece, in the rear of the Hellenic idea, which was doubtless their national idea. This idea impresses its peculiar stamp on the life of the nation, in its material, moral, and intellectual existence; but such has never existed in the Albanian race. Unity of history, of language, of religion, all that constitutes the essence of nationality, is altogether wanting in the Albanians. This is not the time to discuss all the obsolete and paradoxical things which have lately been said about the Albanians by anthropologists, ethnologists, &c. &c. We do not wish, either, to pronounce against them the death-sentence of the celebrated geographer Kiepert, who wrote some time ago in the *National Zeitung* of Berlin: "We think the total dissolution of this part of an important and very ancient nation, which always retrogrades" to be very probable, and useful for European interests. Doubtless, the Albanians have a right of historical existence; but that history in which is always represented more or less the famous scientific conception of the great naturalist of modern times, the *struggle for existence*, is favourable only for those who know how to work and struggle successfully in the arena of civilization. Up to this moment, this race has been entirely unknown in history. A learned German naturalist, Haeckel, has found in this region of Eastern Europe the rudiments of a savage life exactly resembling as to manners the state of pre-historic times, especially in Upper Albania, where this race

has a numerical and national preponderance. The Albanian nationality, then, about which its *soi-disant* representatives have made so much noise, has no real existence, and is at this day but a national Utopia, a *terra incognita*, existing only in the ardent imagination of certain high functionaries of the Sublime Porte, and certain religious fanatics of Mussulman Albania. As for the non-Mussulmans, they still remain supporters and friends of the Hellenic idea and of the Greeks, with whom they have always made common cause, and have played a glorious part in our history by their courage and patriotism. Let the Albanians show by their European culture that there are among them the elements of a compact race which has the full consciousness of its individuality; and, what is more important, let them abstain from declaring to-day against Hellenism, by becoming the instruments of treacherous movements whose sole aim is their absorption. The object of the Hellenic idea is not the absorption of the races with which it is called to live; it is neither fusion nor conquest, as has been more than once proved in history. It is only in the Greeks that the Albanians will find their natural friends and allies; it is only with them that they will not lose their national individuality, because they are their brothers, retarded in the history of humanity and of civilization.

But if the idea of an independent and peculiar Albanian race and nationality is shown to be false by ethnological research and by historical documents, it is a still greater error and a ridiculous pretension to say that the town of Jannina is the centre and the capital of the Albanian idea and nationality. This argument, which for some time past has been going the round of Europe, and which has found supporters in Italy,—in the Italian Government unfortunately,—is truly pitiable, and unworthy of being seriously debated, in the view of those who are at all acquainted with the history of modern Greece. But since, in these times of vain questions and useless and sophistical debates about the peoples of the East, much has been written and argued on this question in the European press, we think it may not be out of place to give some information on the political and intellectual state of Jannina, its population, and the historical and moral traditions of the town, which was formerly, prior to the creation of the new kingdom, the intellectual capital of Hellenism.

Jannina is, of all the districts of Epirus, that in which the Greek population is the most numerous and the most compact. Out of 100,000 inhabitants of this district, there are only 5000 Mussulmans; and these also are of Greek origin, because they all speak Greek. And in Turkey in Europe, Jannina is the most Hellenic village, in which there is not one inhabitant who does not speak the language of the country. It is, perhaps, an historic curiosity, but still it is a fact which has already been proved, that the Sublime Porte has no right of conquest over this town, because Jannina has not been conquered by the Turks, but has only recognized the Turkish rule by a treaty which

guaranteed to it all the rights of self-government—rights which were afterwards trampled under foot in consequence of a rising in the unfortunate town. In the seventeenth century, at the very dawn of the Hellenic revival, Jannina was already a centre of light which illumined the dark sky of Hellenism; for a long time this part of Epirus was the mother-country of the greatest patriots, and the most earnest propagators of national education. Athens was but a village, known only through history, when this town was already the central point of the national consciousness; the capital of the learning of the dispersed nation, which was without a political official centre. In the famous school of this town, afterwards called *Zosimaina Scholi* (The School of Zosimas), illustrious professors taught Greek literature, and, according to the testimony of many travellers, Jannina was the town whose inhabitants spoke the most correct Greek. Our national historian, M. Pappariopoulos, speaks thus of it in his French work, already well known and esteemed in Europe—"Jannina especially became a true nursery of teachers, who in their turn were placed successively at the head of other schools in Peloponnesus, in continental Greece, in Thessaly, in Macedonia, at Chios, at Smyrna, at Cydones, at Constantinople, at Jassy, at Bucharest." The intellectual superiority of this town lasted until the death of Ali Pasha and the creation of the new kingdom, when the centre of the moral and political activity and work of the nation was transferred to Athens, the town which, from its grand traditions, was worthy to become once more the capital of the great Hellenic idea. But the school of Jannina still remains one of the most renowned and the most useful centres for the propagation of the learning and literature of Ottoman Greece. At this day, for the foreigner who visits the capital of the kingdom of the Hellenes, the first spectacle which will attract his attention will be that majestic view of national monuments, worthy to be compared with the most renowned monuments of the European cities; these are the University, the Academy, the Polytechnic School, the Arsenal, the Seminary of Rizari, &c., all eloquent witnesses of the patriotism and self-sacrifice of the nation. Who are the founders of these monuments? By what means have these brilliant ornaments of the Hellenic revival been constructed? The greater part of their generous founders are Epirotes, natives of Jannina itself, that town of which one of the most illustrious agents of regenerated Greece spoke with so much appropriateness when he compared its school to a great river which has given rise to several streams, each in their turn have watered and fertilized all the other towns of Greece, but which to-day, contrary to all reason and to historic truth, is represented as the Arabian capital, and feeds for this strange idea supporters who willingly sacrifice the rights of populations to political interests and passions, a sad but eloquent sign of the moral confusion of our times, and of

the bad faith which dominates over the political and international conceptions of some Governments.

The political life of Greece has, doubtless, been very stormy of late years. The state of confusion and uneasiness which followed the expulsion of King Otho, and, later, the unfortunate issue of the Cretan rising, acted to some extent as a drag on the peaceful progress of the new kingdom. Besides this, the adoption of a political Constitution dissimilar and entirely strange to our customs and political and social habits, the introduction of what is called in political language the Constitutional *régime*, transplanted from the cloudy region of England to the sunny climate of Greece, has not proved the political panacea which had been hoped for by the enthusiasm of the political ideologists of our times. Already, and especially during the last fifteen years, the intellectual life of a young nation full of health and vigour has been wasted foolishly in a barren struggle about political formalities, while other questions, more serious and more vital to the national development, have been neglected. No doubt we may console ourselves with the thought that we are neither the first nor the last for whom the fruit of the political wisdom of old Albion has proved so bitter and so indigestible, and that other nations of the Continent, more advanced than ourselves in civilization, have committed the same fault of not taking into account that the Government of a nation is not a mere question of forms, but that it ought to be the expression of its moral and social life, that it ought to represent its historical traditions and political aspirations. Like most of the Continental nations, we also have the external forms of the English Constitution, without having its internal essence, which constitutes the real value of its political institutions, viz., Self-government. It is true that the political wisdom of nations does not improvise itself, nor reveal itself all at once in its fulness, as Minerva of old sprang from the head of Jupiter, clad in complete armour, but that it develops itself during their historic progress amidst vicissitude, and by turning to profit the lessons of trial and experience. It is this that gives us the hope that in future our nation, enlightened by the painful events of which we are now reaping the sad fruits, will become more clear-sighted, especially after the annexation of the new Hellenic provinces, when the need will be the more felt for a revision of our political system, and the reconstruction of our new political edifice on a basis more real, more solid, more durable, and more in conformity with our national character, with our needs, and with contemporary aspirations. Our political life, especially during its latter years, instead of adding a page to our contemporary history, has, on the contrary, consumed and wasted foolishly many of our intellectual faculties which might have been more usefully employed. At the moment when vague questions, which were useless to our national and political development, were being gravely debated in the Parliament of Athens, Greece might, with a

more perfect political Constitution and military organization, have shown herself fully in a position to face the storm which still agitates the Balkan peninsula; might have shown herself to be a respectable Power, capable of measuring her strength with her enemies. The East was in flames, the populations of the Balkans in full revolt, only the Government of Athens had no definite policy. Whilst the Greeks of Turkey were waiting impatiently, and turning their eyes to the Cabinet of Athens, this latter, under the presidency of M. Coumoundouros, remained inactive and irresolute. When the danger became more serious, and all parties, under the impulse of an obsolete illusion, had united themselves in order to form that common Government which our press has called the Ecumenical Government, then was seen in all its obviousness the political incapacity of those parties who for fifteen years past had governed Greece, without doing anything, and without thinking of the important and serious position which Greece might have occupied in the East. This coalition ministry, without principles and without political aim, was driven from office, after a period of internal languor, in order to give place to M. Coumoundouros, the skilful perplexer of our policy, worthy to be compared in more than one respect with Walpole, whose memory, doubtless, does not occupy an illustrious and honourable page in English political history. It is this same uncertainty and confusion which reigns to this day in the thoughts and in all the actions of the Government, which under a wiser and more politic direction might and ought to say the last word in those negotiations, which already have been going on for a year between the Cabinets of Europe, on the subject of the new frontiers of Greece.

But if our political life cannot call forth the admiration and enthusiasm, nor win the applause of an impartial judge, the individual and social progress of the nation, on the contrary, in many points of view, compensates us to some extent for our political inexperience and incapacity in these latter times. If the Hellenic State, wearing a dress which is burdensome and strange to its customs and its free individuality, cannot advance as it should do, on the other hand society has in other respects made immense progress. The impulse which has been given to the active mind of the nation of late years is in every way remarkable. In its social development Greece does not encounter any obstacle which hinders the march of its civilization. The ancient class-divisions of Europe, which are now exciting terrible passions that threaten the overthrow of the social edifice, have no cause of existence under the calm and happy sky of regenerate Greece. The social work of the progress and development of the national forces goes on here without obstacles, in a perfect accord of all classes of society. We have not here classes having opposite aspirations, suspected one by the other, and ready to engage in a deadly struggle. We only want political wisdom, and then Greece, which has not to-day to expiate

past faults, because she has already expiated many of them, will be capable of becoming a political society worthy of the nineteenth century.

We recommend to the readers of this Review two works recently published in French, in which they will be able to study the progress of Greece since its regeneration. These are—"La Grèce telle qu'elle est," by M. Moraitinis; and "La Grèce à l'Exposition universelle de Paris en 1878," by M. Mansolas, director of the Office of Statistics, in which may be found a record of the social and intellectual work which in the space of fifty years has transformed Greece, by changing the uncultivated desert of former times into a prosperous and vigorous society. The apology of much-misunderstood and much-decried Hellenism is made by the eloquence of the figures in this history, which is symbolical of its spirit. The regenerate country, by comparison with the other provinces which have remained under the yoke of Turkey, witnesses to the work which has been accomplished, and which has transformed the aspect of Greece, thanks to its national and political enfranchisement.

Fifty years ago Greece emerged from a catastrophe: she had been deprived of everything and devastated by a long and desperate war; she was without resources, without agriculture, without commerce, without manufactures, without the least social or political organization; everything had perished during her long struggle for independence, except her genius and her faith in the future. This faith has already wrought marvels. Agriculture, which is *par excellence* the basis of the prosperity of nations, has made considerable progress; its development goes on day by day in geometrical progression. Thus, in the space of the last fifteen years there have been taken into cultivation nearly 5,000,000 acres. The number of inhabitants engaged in the cultivation of the soil, including the shepherds, is, according to the census of 1870, 562,559 out of the 991,387 inhabitants (among the 1,457,894 inhabitants of the kingdom) whose employment could be stated. Of this number 218,027 are agriculturists, properly so called. This is the chief industry of the country. Like agriculture, manufactures have also made considerable progress of late. We extract from M. Mansolas' book the interesting description which he gives of the state and progress of manufacturing industry in Greece:—

"Any one returning to Athens after an absence of fifteen years would certainly be surprised to see, on landing at the Piræus, tall chimneys by the side of the railway station, and the vast district of industrial establishments which has been formed, where a few years ago one did not see a single cottage, a tree, or a blade of grass.

"When we consider that all these manufacturing establishments which one sees in Greece are the work of a few years, we shall learn with interest what progress has been made in so short a space of time, and so much the more so since all this is due to individual enterprise, to the association of capital, and to competition, that universal condition

of the progress of nations as of individuals. The various manufactories in which steam-power is employed, distributed among the different towns in the kingdom, have been founded since 1863; their saleable value is over £1,000,000 sterling. They spend £1,600,000 in raw material, about £100,000 in fuel, and turn out products of the value of nearly £2,000,000. Seven thousand three hundred and forty-two operatives, male and female, are employed in these establishments, which, under the impulse of the national industry, are multiplying and developing themselves daily with considerably rapidity. Again, it is a Greek, an Epirote, Evangelis Lappa, at whose cost have been instituted, under the name of 'Ολύμπια, exhibitions of agriculture, and manufactures every four years, in which, conformably with the fundamental statutes, all the products of Hellenic industry are to be represented, and particularly its manufactures, its agriculture, and cattle-breeding. A magnificent palace, erected expressly for it at the cost of the generous founders, is destined to receive, when finished, the fourth exhibition of the 'Ολύμπια."

In common with agriculture and manufactures, trade is likewise making considerable progress. It is to the commercial spirit of the Greeks, of which traces are everywhere seen, that we owe the considerable extension which commerce has undergone in Greece since her national regeneration. Her general trade shows the following figures:—

Year.	Imports.	Exports.
1865	£3,155,403	£1,775,775
1874	4,261,870	2,668,662

The spirit of association, under every aspect, is the secret of human progress and development in modern times. In Greece this idea, essentially human, of association has not yet realized the grand results in the way of progress which we admire in the rest of Europe. The poverty of the country, recently delivered from general destruction, is, doubtless, one of the chief causes of this. However, since the year 1868, a great impetus has been given to our national life in respect of association. The first company was formed in 1836. From that time to the present 144 joint-stock companies have been created at different dates. Of all these companies there remain at this day fifty, witnesses to the vitality of the country, and to the constant progress of Greece. This fact is still more clearly affirmed by the operations of the National Bank of Greece.

This bank, established in 1812 with a capital of £165,000 divided into 5000 shares, possesses to-day a capital of £600,000. While in the year following its establishment (1813) the highest amount of its note circulation only reached £12,500 that of its discounts £85,000 and that of its advances £6500; in 1877 the note circulation reached £1,500,000, its discounts £3,800,000, and its commercial

advances £1,100,000. The annual dividend has increased from about £3 per share in 1816 to £8 6s. 6d. in 1875.

It is in the budget more especially that we may ascertain this great national progress which is manifesting itself under every aspect of Hellenic life. The revenue of the kingdom, according to the budget for the year 1879, amounted to over £1,600,000, while at the date of the establishment of the first monarchy the total of the ordinary public revenue was £260,000.

This extension of the vital forces of the nation is, doubtless, a visible progress. We have not yet arrived at the completion of the national work necessary to place us on the level of European civilization. Much has yet to be done; but this does not depend only on the good-will and the capacity of the inhabitants. The too narrow limits of the kingdom, the political uncertainty which has weighed upon the life and upon the future of the country, particularly during recent years, divert the attention of the Government and of the nation to more general and more urgent matters. The peaceful labour of the country has not, however, been entirely suspended during the late period of agitation and crisis, when the cannon was thundering in close proximity to us. The material and social progress which has taken place during the last three years shows the confidence which the nation has in herself, in her mission, and her future.

Already, since the creation of the new kingdom, the West, regretting in some sort what it had just done, had shown itself very severe towards Greece. After the phil-Hellenic enthusiasm a singular change supervened in the sentiments of Europe. A calculating and scornful spirit had succeeded that fever of generosity which produced the day of Navarino. It was thought that a Lilliputian could play the part of a giant. Impossibilities were asked of a new State, without means, without resources, scarcely risen from the tomb of oblivion and ruin. If clear-sighted men of this period had been listened to—Leopold of Belgium, Palmerston, Metternich even—Greece would have had limits more natural in order that she might breathe and act more freely. This youngest child of the European States would to-day be a strong Power, capable of struggling against the Pan-Slavist spectre in the East, and of realizing the projects of the West in this country of the Balkans which appears to be menaced by Muscovite conquest. However, if in a military point of view Greece cannot to-day be the chief actor, she yet remains the most important factor of civilization in the East in intellectual, political, and ethnological respects. It is the indomitable genius of this nation which in the darkest moments of its historical life has been able to throw some brilliant flashes over the history of the human race. It is Greek industry which to-day plays *par excellence* the most active part in the propagation of culture in the East. Intermediate between the West and the East, the Greeks assimilate with an astonishing rapidity the results of progress; and the ancient East, that unfortunate mummy of history,

begins to be born again, to revive, to breathe, to speak, like the legendary statue of Memnon, under the breath and at the approach of the new spirit casting its vivifying rays on the motionless and silent body of the *alma mater* of human civilization.

Here is a country which formerly existed and which lived only in its past, and which to-day presents itself with promises, aspirations, claims on the future. It was only an historic tradition, a sad souvenir, a geographical expression, a land of the dead, where everything was lacking except the sun, which still shone as a lamp which cast a mournful light on the tomb of a departed glory. This land has to-day become quite young again. There are towns now, where formerly the shepherd led his flock silently among the ruins of a past which he did not know. Athens, formerly an insignificant village, is to-day the finest town in the East, and may be compared with the first cities of the West. She numbers, according to the recent census, more than 70,000 inhabitants; the Piræus, which contains more than 20,000 of this number, has latterly become the centre of the industrial activity of the new State. All the large towns of Greece are now centres of commerce, of manufactures, of culture. The population which existed at the time of the creation of the new kingdom has been doubled, in consequence of the material development of the country, whose prosperity is every day attracting foreign capital. The credit of Greece is assured in the money-markets of Europe in consequence of the much desired agreement which has been come to between the Government and the creditors of the unfortunate loan of 1824. Already the *Times* is raising its voice in favour of the Greek exterior loan recently contracted at Paris. Greece has, indeed, yet other unworked resources; she lacks only sufficient means by the aid of which she might continue her civilizing march in history.

The disquietude and uncertainty in the condition of Eastern affairs which have followed upon the war and changed the political condition of the Balkan peninsula have not been able to completely arrest the intellectual movement which is a peculiar trait of the Hellenic race. On the contrary, there has in recent years been observed in the life of the nation a more active and serious tendency to a radical improvement and a more complete reorganization of the education of the country, and particularly of popular instruction. This famous word, which for some time past has been going the round of Europe, and according to which it was the German schoolmaster who gained the victory over France, is in Greece also, as everywhere in Europe, the watchword of the day, which occupies individuals as well as the Government. The impetus which was at first given by the *Syllagoi* on this fundamental question of a more complete instruction of the nation has been followed by the Government, which does not ordinarily distinguish itself by taking the initiative in general questions which do not particularly affect its political interests. Primary normal schools, on the model of those of

Germany, without, however, losing sight of the character and the individuality of the Hellenic mind, have been founded in different parts of the kingdom, and in the Turkish provinces; and we hope that this lively and generous impulse will produce the most glorious and most useful fruits in the future of the nation. A thorough and living popular education is always the fundamental basis of the morality and liberty of nations. It is always the surest guarantee of their intellectual and national independence. In modern society, in which, according to the famous saying of Royer Collard, democracy moves like a ship in full sail, in which the people, by universal suffrage, take a direct part in the affairs of the State, popular instruction ought to be always very extensive and scattered abundantly among the people. We would even say, quoting from M. Jules Simon, that no citizen who does not know how to read and write ought to take any part in the concerns of the State. Our Governments unfortunately do not take the initiative in order to revive the noble tendencies of the nation. However, there are here individuals, associations, and societies (*Syllogoi*), who, in a way different from that which is taking place in other countries, have the preponderance and make up for the deficiencies of the Government.

It is to the "Society for the Propagation of Greek Literature" that we owe this new impetus which has been given to public instruction. Popular instruction, methodical, practical, according to principles and experience of modern science, at present occupies all the enlightened minds in our nation, both in independent Greece and in the Greek provinces of Turkey. The principal aim of this society is the instruction of the two sexes, especially in the Greek communities of Turkey, and the publication of works useful for the young and for the people generally. It has, according to the latest returns, founded at Thessalonica a model school similar to those of Germany, in which are four classes, five masters, and 118 pupils. It has, moreover, established in the same town a normal school to educate masters for primary instruction. This same Society has also opened, in several communes and communities of enslaved Greece, schools for boys and girls. It has subsidized several schools in the communes of Greece and in the Greek communities of Turkey concurrently with other Societies, which have the same end in view, of instructing the people and of maintaining the patriotic idea in the Greek provinces of Turkey, which the rising wave of Pan Slavism to-day threatens to engulf. In order to attain this object, the Society has, up to the present time, published several works of instruction, and has expended considerable sums in the purchase and distribution of books for the use of the people. It has founded at its own cost, or aided by the liberality of generous fellow-countrymen, several prize competitions, the most important of which have for their subjects the Greek language, education in Greece, the mercantile marine of the country, labour, the improvement and encouragement of agriculture, manufactured and artistic products, commerce, and the

means of communication and circulation in general. At the present moment one of our fellow-countrymen, who knows how to put his fortune to the most noble use, M. Zaphiropoulos, a rich merchant of Marseilles, has placed at the disposal of the Society the necessary funds for publishing some geographical maps, in order to give a better knowledge of the historical geography of Greece. These maps are those of "Ancient Hellenism," of "Macedonian Hellenism," and of "Hellenism during the Middle Ages." These maps, taken in conjunction with that which was recently published at the cost of the same donor, will serve to give the most exact and complete idea of the historic and national unity of Hellenism.

The "Parnassus," a Society of young men connected with literature and the sciences, has for its object the progress of the nation and general usefulness. This Society is developing day by day, and will soon become one of the most active and serviceable agents of the literary education and the scientific movement of the country. The Parnassus pursues this aim by the reading during its sessions of articles and memoirs, by the collecting of documents and materials relating to the language, songs, and popular legends, as well as by the publication of these works in a Review which appears under the title of *Νεοελληνικά Ἀνάλεκτα*. In this collection are published popular songs of modern Greece, riddles, proverbs, distichs, tales, &c. Under the auspices of this same Society is published another Review, bearing the name of the *Sylogos*, which has already won, by its articles so interesting and full of learning, the first place in the periodical press of Greece. But what specially indicates the exalted and philanthropic point of view in which this Society has placed itself is the foundation of a school, almost unique of its kind, and which does not exist even in Europe—that which is called the "School for Poor Children." In this school the classes are held in the evening. They comprise reading, writing, arithmetic, grammar, physical geography, Greek history, and elements of natural philosophy and chemistry. It is an interesting sight to see attending these lessons each evening a number of orphan children, who, by means of a suitable education, will one day be good citizens and useful members of society, whose enemies they would probably have become had they remained without education and without a moral influence on their character.

It is perhaps needless for me to enlarge upon other learned societies and associations having an analogous object in view—such as the Archaeological Society, the Association of Friends of the People, the League of Instruction, the Musical and Dramatic Society, and other similar ones, which demonstrate that activity of the Greek mind—always vigorous, always aspiring after moral victories—which is the characteristic feature of all its history.

This movement was manifested in a brilliant manner some time ago, when the general congress of all the societies and associations assembled

under the initiative of the Parnassus Society. This was a most evident proof of the intellectual and national unity of Greece. Representatives from all points wherever Hellenism is scattered—of free Greece, of enslaved Greece, and of the Greek colonies established in all parts of Europe—assembled at Athens, that Jerusalem of the dispersed people. The congress, which lasted a fortnight, discussed several questions touching the future of Greece and her mission in the East. We are unable at this moment to say what were the results. What we hope is that from this moment may commence a new era of work and of activity, greater, more important, than that which has already preceded our modern history. Alone, more or less proscribed, finding in the policy of the Western Powers only a cold indifference, our future depends entirely upon continual and persevering labour. Greece, though, doubtless, she has not yet produced men worthy to be compared to the ancients,—those masters in every branch of science, art, and literature,—is nevertheless the most active agent in the propagation of Western civilization in the East. We have seen this phenomenon produced in the Congress of the *Sylogoi*, where might be seen the representatives of Athens and of Constantinople, of Macedonia and of Asia Minor, of Alexandria and of the Greek colonies established in Europe—of all places, in short, where the beautiful and sonorous Greek tongue makes itself heard—discussing all the questions which constitute the vital force of Hellenism. The words of an ancient writer who called Athens “the Greece of Greece” were brought to my memory when the president, in a parting address to the members of the congress, called this latter “the organized manifestation of the public consciousness, and the incarnation of the intellectual unity of the nation.”

This unity is concentrated in the University of Athens. This is the most brilliant star, which directs the nation in the ways of civilization and progress. It exercises a great and salutary influence as well in the free country as in the neighbouring provinces. Pupils of the University of Athens become zealous apostles, who propagate in all corners of the East devotion to the national sentiment, and reawaken the ancient traditions and hopes of the future. At the doors of the University young men from all the Hellenic countries, who will form the generations of the future, meet and mingle, more and more. This fusion of the nation, fortunately already begun by those great struggles for independence during which all have passed through the same dangers and kept up the same combats under the same standard, the University is gradually completing, by prosecuting unremittingly the double aim which it proposes to itself,—that is to say, the education and the unity of the Hellenic race. More than two hundred doctors of every branch of science go forth from the University annually, and spread themselves throughout the East, among the Greeks or other nations, carrying with them the salutary influence of civilization and of the spirit of modern times. The University, which includes four chief faculties, possesses at

the present time an endowment of nearly £166,000, made up of the donations of various liberal fellow-countrymen, one of whom, recently deceased, bequeathed to it £33,000. According to the return of the last rector of the University, from the foundation to the end of the academical year 1877-78, 8426 students have attended the lectures, of whom 3130 have obtained diplomas. We think that in these figures, more than in the whole of our argument, may be seen that vital force of Hellenism which it exercises on the destinies and the future of the East.

The character of the intellectual movement in Greece is didactic rather than scientific, in the widest acceptation of the term. We have not yet here those strifes and debates which at the present time agitate and enliven the modern mind in Europe. We teach, and teach. This is our mission for the present. Debate, which, if I may so express myself, is the luxury of science,—strife, which betokens a vigorous body trained by labour for the combat, have not yet disturbed the peace of our intellectual arena. We do not concern ourselves with philosophical, theological, or social discussions, and latterly we have abandoned even political discussions, which a few years ago were the exclusive occupation of the newspapers and of the professional politicians at Athens and in the provinces, because the whole attention of the nation has been turned towards the Eastern Question, the solution of which concerns alike its present and its future.

We are in the epoch of translations, but not yet in that of production. Our printing-offices are every day reproducing the results of Western science by means of translations, which spread abroad useful information for the instruction of the nation.

There have not been many original productions within the last few months. M. Koumanoudis, the distinguished archaeologist, the well-known author of a learned work, *Ἀττικῆς ἐπιγραφαὶ ἐπιτομή* (Sepulchral Inscriptions of Attica), frequently publishes in a Periodical Review of the University, the *Ἀθηναῖον*, very interesting papers on the archaeological discoveries which are daily being made in Hellenic soil. M. Anagnostakis, one of the most eminent professors of our Faculty of Medicine, has recently published two pamphlets full of interest relating to the archaeology of that science—*Μελέται περὶ τῶν ὀπτικῶν τῶν ἀρχαίων* (Studies on the Optics of the Ancients); and another small work in French, "Encore deux mots sur l'extraction de la Cataracte chez les Anciens."

But a work by the eloquent Professor of History at the University is that which is most deserving of particular mention—viz., the *Ἐπιλογὴ εἰς ἱστορίαν τοῦ ἑλληνικοῦ ἔθνους*, which has been published in French under the title of "Histoire de la Civilisation hellénique." It is a summary of his large work in five volumes on the history of the Hellenic nation from the most distant period down to our own time. The writer has had for his object to establish the idea of Hellenic civi-

lization and history, so often called in question in the West. We may boldly affirm that the author has attained the object of his labour. At a moment when Greece is condemned in Europe unheard, this book has appeared very opportunely as a defence of Hellenism. It is thus that the European press characterizes this product of an enlightened patriotism, in analyzing it in terms as flattering to the author as to the nation for whose apology this book serves.

We have here made a rapid sketch of the intellectual work of the last few months. We do not wish to speak now of other publications and labours of young men who promise still more than they realize for science. What we have to say to-day is that Greece, which has taken some eminent steps in progress and in modern culture, ought to repeat to Europe with assurance these words of her Archimedes: *Δός μοι πού στῶ καὶ τὴν γῆν κινήσω* (Give me a fulcrum, and I will shake the earth). The narrow horizon within which this small kingdom was enclosed when it was created does not allow of that intellectual spring and flight which is necessary for the accomplishment of the views and wishes of those who see in Greece the most active and enlightened propagator of civilization among the peoples of the East. Lord Beaconsfield has said of us recently, that we ought to hope, because *the future belongs to us*. I know not whether these words are a biting irony of the author of "Coningsby," or whether they express his sincere opinion on the future of Greece in the East. Doubtless the future belongs to those who hope and work; but no nation can produce anything great by struggling on a soil so small, so barren, and so narrow, just as no individual can work efficiently if deprived of every resource, and kept without air and light.

Such is the position of Greece to-day. She can neither work sufficiently for her physical and moral development, nor become powerful and capable of contending against the Panславist invasion in the East. Europe will, no doubt, understand this at last; but it will then be too late.

N. KASASIS.

CONTEMPORARY BOOKS.

I.—BIBLICAL LITERATURE.

(Under the Direction of the Hon. and Rev. W. H. FREMANTLE.)

THE Bishop of Natal has published his seventh and final volume on the Pentateuch (*The Pentateuch and Book of Joshua critically Examined*, by the Right Rev. J. W. Colenso, D.D., Bishop of Natal. Part VII. Longmans: 1879). In the preface he notices the various works, including the Speaker's Commentary, the work of Alford on the Pentateuch, and those of Kalisch, Graf, and Kuenen, which have appeared of late years, together with the New Table of Lessons, and explains the method of the present volume. The body of the work consists of an examination of the Scriptural books from Judges to the Canticles, undertaken with the view of showing what testimony they yield to the views maintained by the author in the earlier part of the work. Incidentally, however, the books themselves come under review, and the opinion of the author on their age, authorship, and purpose is given. The general results of this laborious criticism may be given as follows:—

It is believed that five persons or sets of persons, at five different periods, composed or rehandled the Pentateuch and the other historical books. These are (1) the first Elohist (E), who was Samuel or one of his scholars; (2) the second Elohist (E), who wrote about the end of Saul's reign or early in that of David; (3) the Jehovist or Jahvist (J), who wrote towards the end of David's or the beginning of Solomon's reign, who may be identified with Nathan, and may possibly be the same with E; (4) the Deuteronomist (D), who probably was Jeremiah; and (5) the Levitical Legislators (LL), who wrote about 250 B.C., or even later.

The share which each of these is supposed to have had in the six first books of the Bible is given in the final appendix, a "Synoptical Table of the Hexateuch." In another appendix, the author explains the changes in his views of numerous passages, which have led to the more precise conclusions now put forward, and the task is attempted of giving (1) the story of E alone in Exodus and Numbers, and (2) the story of E and J by themselves in Numbers, Deuteronomy, and Joshua. Thus the author gives the reader the fullest means of judging of his theory.

It may be best to give the author's conclusions as to the authorship of the various books in order:—

Genesis, chiefly written by E and J, with some additions by E and D.

Exodus, mostly by J and D, with a shorter narrative by the earlier authors.

Leviticus, a very late work, wholly by LL.

Numbers, mainly by J and D, but with considerable additions by LL.

Deuteronomy, almost wholly by D, but with a few verses by J and LL.

Joshua, shared between all the writers, but in the proportions indicated by the numbers 1, 1, 4, 4, 7.

Judges, mostly by E.

1 Sam. to 1 Kings xi, by J.

The rest of the books of Kings, by D.

The books of Chronicles, Ezra, and half Nehemiah, by LL; a late, hierarchical, and quite untrustworthy work.

Ether, a mere romance of a late date.

Job, written after the Captivity, about 450 B.C.

Psalms, at various times; great stress is laid on Ps. lxxiii., which is assigned to the age of David, "the golden age of Hebrew literature," which produced also the Songs of Moses and Deborah.

Proverbs, written at various times from Solomon till after the Exile.

Ecclesiastes, in the age of Antiochus.

Canticles, in the time of Rehoboam II., about 800, and in the Northern kingdom.

The Bishop believes that the name Jahveh was originally used by some of the tribes of Canaan, that it was then merely a name like that of Chemosh or M. Jem, but that it was adopted by E. the great writer of the early days of David, as the name of the national deity of Israel, and inserted by him in his narrative of the Exodus, and under the influence of the Prophets came gradually to be associated with the noble ideas of purity and righteousness.

The criticisms upon the authors of the latest books are severe and vehement. In the books of Chronicles "the real facts of Jewish history, as given in Samuel and Kings, have been systematically distorted and falsified, in order to support the actions of the L.L. and glorify the priestly and Levitical body, to which the Chronicler himself belonged." In the books of Ezra and Nehemiah, not only the whole narrative except part of Nehemiah but also the diaries of the kings of Persia, the letters of the governor, and the prayers of Ezra and the Levites are "pure fictions of the Chronicler," and the book of Esther is an unhistorical romance, suggested by a wish to account for the existence of the Feast of Purim, which was probably no more than the commemoration of the choosing by lot of the new inhabitants of Jerusalem in the days of Nehemiah.

It was said by Dr. Arnold that the Old Testament required a Niebuhr; and Bishop Colenso is not a Niebuhr. Indeed, it is but fair to him to say that he is modest enough to disclaim functions such as those of the great German, and to regard himself as preparing the way for their future exercise. Many of his criticisms are telling and convincing. But in his construction he is weak. Even if men can be persuaded that the employment of fiction in the Old Testament histories is as extensive as the Bishop supposes, and that at every turn they are to be on the watch not only for a Levitical colouring of the narrative but for the most barefaced invention, yet they will hardly be persuaded that the name of Moses should be "regarded as merely that of the imaginary leader of the people out of Egypt, a personage quite as shadowy and unhistorical as Mæas in the history of Rome or our own King Arthur." Indeed, when even Keenan attempts a reconstruction of the earlier history, his narrative is merely a bald and meagre statement of the events as usually believed. The impartial reader will close this book with the conviction that the goal has not been reached, and will await the time when mere criticism must give way to positive history.

The work of the Bishop of Natal has extended over eighteen years. It closes in a different tone and amid different feelings on the subject from those in which it was begun. It arose in a panic about the doctrine of inspiration, and it created a panic. In the first volumes and criticism could hardly see clearly or escape the series of about-litins on a mountain of the clouds of controversy. In the last volume all this is changed. The author writes calmly and in the consciousness that many of the views it propounds are no longer unacceptable. The present state of theological thought in the English Church (how far brought about by the work itself each man must judge for himself), is such that any serious criticism will be weighed quietly and without prejudice.

The plan of the New Testament Commentary for English Readers (*A New Testament Commentary for English Readers*, By Various Authors, Edited by C. J. Elliott, D.D., Lord Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol, Vol. II. Cassell, Petter and Galpin 1879) has been given in our notice of the first volume (*CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* for August, 1878). This second volume is in every respect worthy of the first. The Acts of the Apostles and the Second Epistle to Corinthians are taken by Professor Plumptre; the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians by Mr. Sanday; the First Epistle to the Corinthians by Mr. Tregenthorpe Shore.

The Acts of the Apostles afford Professor Plumptre a congenial field for his powers. He considers that the main purpose of the book is "to inform a Gentile convert of Rome how the Gospel had been brought to him, and how it gained the width and freedom with which it was actually presented." He admits, but justifies, the mediating or reconciling character of the work. This is done successfully, for the most part; but perhaps his vindication of the omission of the dispute between St. Peter and St. Paul at Antioch will be felt to be somewhat constrained, both when he remarks that "there is absolutely no evidence that he (St. Luke) was acquainted with that fact," and when he says, "Would a writer of English Church History during the last fifty years think it an in his possible duty to record such a difference

as that which showed itself between Bishop Thirlwall and Bishop Selwyn at the Pan-Anglican Conference of 1867." The introduction, besides the usual dissertations on the authorship, &c., contains some important and suggestive sections on the relation of the work to the controversies of the time, to the Epistles of St. Paul, and to external history, and on the sources from which St. Luke probably derived his information. It contains also lists of the coincidences between the Acts and St. Paul's and St. Peter's Epistles, of their points of contact with the contemporary history of the outer world, and of the incidents which show the naturalness and veracity of the narrative. The introduction closes with an excellent chronological table from A.D. 28 to 100.

The Book of the Acts is treated throughout as sound history, and this enables the commentator to find himself at home in all the circumstances of the contemporary world, both within and without the Church. In the scene on the Day of Pentecost full scope is allowed to the physical phenomena, the storm and darkness, the earthquake and the lightning. Ananias' death is understood as in the familiar phrase "by the visitation of God." The state of Peter in his deliverance from prison (xii. 9), is understood by reference to the phenomena of somnambulism. The "revelation" by which St. Paul went up to the Council at Jerusalem is explained in harmony with the assertion of the Acts that he was sent by the Church at Antioch, as "a thought coming into his mind, as by an inspiration, that this was the right solution of the problem." The healing of the sick by handkerchiefs and aprons that had touched the body of St. Paul (xix. 12) is likened to that attributed to the relics of saints. The accounts of Theudas, Judas, Gamaliel (v. 37), of Claudius (xi. 28), of Herod (xii.), of the early life of St. Paul (viii. 58), of the numbers composing the first congregation at Jerusalem (iv. 37), are interesting and suggestive. Under the civil realizations expressed in these notes we seem to see the Apostles sitting in permanent conclave (iv. 35), the daughters of Philip as members of an "independent order of Virgins" (xvi. 9), or the rapturous Felix catching at the words "alms and offerings" when uttered by St. Paul (xxiv. 26). The extreme fertility of conjecture which we noticed in the Commentary on the Gospels is somewhat chastened, and is exercised in a more legitimate field. The possibility, for instance, of Stephen's having had some connection with Samaria, as accounting for various statements in his speech (note on vii. 10), the possibility that the words of St. Paul's description of God's goodness at Lystra (xiv. 17) may have formed part of an ancient sacrificial hymn, the conjecture that Apollonia may have been the author of the apocryphal Book of the Wisdom of Solomon, are all interesting and worthy of consideration.

Turning to Mr. Sanlay's portion of the work, on the Epistles to the Romans and Galatians, we have in the introduction to the former Epistle a vigorous and original conception of the object of both Epistles. We give this in the words of the author:

"The key to the theology of the Apostolic age is its relation to the Messianic expectation among the Jews. The central point in the teaching of the Apostles is the fact that with the coming of Christ was inaugurated the Messianic reign. It was the universal teaching of the Jewish doctors—a teaching fully adopted and enforced by the Apostles—that this reign was to be characterized by righteousness. . . . The means by which this state of righteousness is brought about is naturally that by which the believer obtains admission into the Messianic kingdom, in other words, Faith. Righteousness is the Messianic condition, Faith is the Messianic condition. But by Faith is meant not merely an acceptance of the Messiahship of Jesus, but that intense and living adhesion which such acceptance implies, and which the life and death of Jesus were eminently qualified to call out."

In accordance with this view, Mr. Sanlay, in his analysis of the Epistle, terms it "A treatise on the Christian scheme as a divinely-appointed means for producing righteousness in man, and so realizing the Messianic reign."

The simple view thus indicated, which is also borne out by the "Excursus on Faith, Righteousness, and Imputation," is somewhat impaired by another Excursus (D), in which Sacrifice is regarded as the infliction of a penalty. In this note also this view exercises a weakening influence, and, combined with some other similar features, produces a sense of indistinctness. Otherwise, the notes are written with great care, impartiality, and freedom. There is a devout sense of the greatness of the subject, and much modesty in the treatment of it, while at the same time the commentator does not hesitate to treat all the latter part of Gal. ii. as St. Paul's afterthoughts or comments upon his own words: a suggestion which has a wide application to other passages both in the Gospels and in the Epistles, or to speak of words such as those of Gal. x. 10: "I would that they were even cut off that trouble you," as "momentary ebullitions" which "are among the very few flaws in

a truly noble and generous character." As regards the curious question suggested by the MS. discrepancies in the last three chapters of the Epistle to the Romans.

namely, whether the Epistle was sent to the Romans alone. Mr. Sanday flows Dr. Lightfoot in believing that its original form was such as we now have it, with the exception of the last three verses, and that these formed an appendix, added on at the end of chapter xiv., when, during his captivity at Rome, St. Paul converted the earlier part into a circular epistle. The interesting view of M. Renan, who believes it to have been originally a circular epistle, and takes the four endings (vs. 33, and xvi. 26, 27) as the endings of three epistles addressed respectively to the Churches of Rome, Asia, Macedonia, and some other unknown, is rather too curtly dismissed with the remark that it fails when applied in detail. There is one more serious omission in this part of the commentary. Though honourable mention is made of the commentaries of Dr. Vaughan and Dr. Lightfoot, of Meyer and Wieseler, Alford and Wordsworth, not a single allusion is made to that of Professor Jewett. We can hardly believe that the old theological prejudice against the author has blinded the present commentator to the great exegetical and philosophical value of Professor Jewett's labours. But we cannot account for this strange omission of a work to which all English students of St. Paul's Epistles are so much indebted.

The two Epistles to the Corinthians are commented on respectively by Mr. Teignmouth Shore and Professor Plumptre. It is hardly possible that anything new or striking should be written on these Epistles, which in our day have not only passed through the hands of writers like Alford and Wordsworth, but have been a specially congenial field for the genius of F. W. Robertson and of Stanley. But Mr. Shore and Dr. Plumptre have well represented to English readers the sense and spirit of these Epistles and the Church-life which they reveal to us. Mr. Shore's judgment is, perhaps, at fault in a few special instances; he still believes not only in a non-existent Epistle to the Corinthians, but in an unrecorded visit of St. Paul to them; in which Professor Plumptre differs from him (conf. p. 285 with note on 2 Cor. xii. 14 and xiv. 1), he attributes the words, "It is good for a man not to touch a woman" (1 Cor. vii. 1) to St. Paul, not to those who wrote to him, and he thinks the history of the Last Supper was revealed to the Apostle directly in a trance—as to which he might be corrected by Professor Plumptre's explanation of St. Paul's "going up to Jerusalem by revelation" in the note on Acts ix. 2. But these are comparatively small blots, if they be blots, in an exposition which is well worthy to take its place in this most useful of modern Commentaries on the New Testament.

We are glad to hear that Professor Plumptre's "Commentary on the Acts" has been reprinted for the use of schools, and we hope that the other parts of the Commentary may be similarly treated.

The translation of Professor Cremer's "Biblico-Theological Lexicon," from the German, by Mr. Urwick (*Biblico-Theological Lexicon of New Testament Greek*, by Hermann Cremer, D.D., Professor of Theology in the University of Gießenwald. Translated by W. Urwick, M.A. Edinburgh, T. and T. Clark), supplies a great want in our helps to the study of the New Testament. Parkhurst is out of date and limited in his range of reference. Winer is a Grammar, not a Lexicon. Archbishop Trench's Synonyms, with all their value, do not cover the whole ground. The student turns, therefore, with eagerness to such a book as that of Professor Cremer. And he will not be disappointed. The book is what it professes to be. The author speaks modestly and truly of his work: "The work which, after a labour of nine years, I have now brought to completion is certainly an attempt only, and effort to do, not a result accomplished; it simply prepares the way for a cleverer hand than mine." He writes as an earnest believer, a pupil of Theilack's, whose commentaries he singles out as alone fully investigating the great conceptions embodied in particular words of the New Testament Greek. He seems to have been fired by an expression of St. Hieronimacher's, who might be taken as the motto for his work: "A collection of all the various elements in which the language-moulding power of Christianity manifests itself would be an adumbration of New Testament doctrine and ethics." Like so many of Theilack's pupils, he has tested his theology by the practical work of the ministry, not, however, neglecting the student's part, which after many years' toil has issued in the important work which has won him his professorship. The work has reached a second edition, and it is from this second edition (which contains an addition of 120 words) that the present translation is made.

Some words will, we may hope, be added in future editions. Such a word, for instance, as *ἐξορκισμός* James, which is used for religion itself, or again, such a word as *ἡγορέω*, with its compounds, which St. Paul makes the vehicle of so much teaching

in Rom. xi; or *ἀρχαία*, a word which may be said to have been converted by the language-forming power of Christianity, and others of equal or greater importance, have as yet no part in this Lexicon. The classical use of the words is fully noticed, it is, he says, in many cases "a vessel prepared to receive the Christian thought." The use of Greek words in the Septuagint is also worked out, though the author laments that the helps for this are so few. Of the Rabbinical or Post-Rabbinical writings use is also made, and of some of the earlier Fathers of the Church. But we miss the wide range of varied illustration from medieval and modern literature which charms us in the work of Archbishop Trench. One source of illustration is deliberately put aside. "The works of Philo and Josephus," he says, "afford little help, because of their endeavour to import Greek ideas and Greek philosophy into Jewish thought." Most students will be surprised to find that, even in reference to the conception of the *Λόγος*, Professor Cramer considers that Philo's use of the word has no bearing on its use by St. John, which he considers to be simply an adaptation of the "Word of the Lord," as commonly used in the Old Testament and the Rabbinical writers. The object of the work is to discover the conceptions or ideas of the New Testament (or, as the writer expresses it with better, "the language of the Holy Ghost"), by bringing together the passages in which the words are used. Whether he has always succeeded in this, or whether, as in the case of *αἰών* (where he says that *ὁ αἰὼν ἡλικίας* is in Matt. xiii. and xvi. the imagery of the world inaugurated by the resurrection of the dead and the second coming of Christ, or as in the case of *οὐρανός* where he does not even refer to the apparent use of the word by St. Paul in 1 Cor. xv. and otherwise elsewhere as implying hardly more than personality), he has not at times been dominated by conventional views, each reader must judge. But every student will find in the careful enumeration of passages, and the discriminate and decided but not dogmatic judgment pronounced upon them, materials which will assist him in working out (as each man must do) his own theological conceptions.

An edition of the Septuagint, with a literal translation into English (*The Septuagint Version of the Old Testament, with an English Translation, and with various Readings and Critical Notes*, Samuel Bagster and Son), is a work attempted by no one, we believe, before Mr. Bagster, and will be welcomed by the increasing number of thoughtful students of the Bible. There is a short introduction stating all that is known of the origin of the Septuagint, the Greek text and English translation are given in parallel columns, in neat and small type, which enables the whole work to be comprised in a moderate quarto volume; and short notes are added which notice variations of readings, alternative translations, and the additions made by the Hebrew original and direct attention to the passages quoted from the Septuagint in the New Testament. There is also an Appendix containing a very few words to which some difficulty arises, and a few passages which are supplied from the Alexandrine text. No mention is made of the Apocrypha.

The translation is for the most part exact and literal, yet made to read fluently where this was possible—perhaps more fluently than the Greek text. The following passage from Isaiah ix. 1-5, is a good specimen of the translation, and, being well known as the lesson for Christmas Day, will enable the reader to appreciate the singular discrepancies often existing between the Septuagint and the original text as it stands in our Bible. The passage begins in the English version with the words, "Nevertheless the dimness shall not be such as was in her vexation." In the translation of the Septuagint it stands thus—

"Drink thou fire! Act quickly, O land of Zabulon, land of Nephthali, and the rest inhabiting the seacoast and the land beyond Jordan, Galilee of the Gentiles."

"O people walking in darkness, behold a great light: ye that dwell in the region and shadow of death, a light shall shine upon you. The multitude of the people which thou hast brought down in thy joy, they shall even rejoice before thee as they that rejoice in harvest, and as they that divide the spoil. Because the yoke that was laid upon them has been taken away, and the burthen that was on their neck, for he has broken the rod of the oppressors as in the day of Midian. For they shall compensate for every garment that has been required by blood, and all raiment with restitution, and they shall be willing even if they were burnt with fire."

"For a child is born to us, and a son is given to us, whose government is upon his shoulder, and his name is called the Messenger of great counsel: for I will bring peace upon the prince, and health to him."

II.—ESSAYS, NOVELS, POETRY, &c.

(Under the Direction of MARTIN BROWN.)

THERE is something very winning about Mr. Peter Bayne, who, by-the-by, has just received a Doctor's degree from his University, and read whatever you will of his, you quit the page with respect and liking for the author. You will, indeed, go far to find book or articles which more plainly bear the stamp of manliness, kindness, intelligence and wide reading. These are some of the most necessary qualities of a critic, whether of life or literature, and most of them are of especial value in historical criticism. That has lately taken up with principles and methods not very favourable to the just appreciation of such a book as Mr. Bayne's last, "*The Chief Actors in the Puritan Revolution*," and it struck some of us that the best points in that work were missed by too many of its reviewers. A venture of a very different kind is *Lessons from my Masters, Carlyle, Tennyson, and Ruskin* (James Clarke & Co.). This large volume has grown out of articles which were originally published in the *Literary World*, but these have now been much elaborated by Dr. Bayne, and have received considerable additions. The essay on Carlyle is beyond dispute the most valuable of the three studies, but they all belong to a class of writing which is sure of a welcome. We feel quite certain, however, that Dr. Bayne imposed upon himself a little or more than a little, when he undertook his task. He tells the reader plainly he found, as he went on with it, that he could not maintain the attitude of mere pupil, as he had fancied he might. Of course not, and he need not have apologized even indirectly for the freedom of his criticisms, which might well have been much bolder. The real attraction of the work he undertook was, that it *could* give him scope for wide-ranging comment; and it is the inevitable by no means inartistic, or unhealthy directness of the treatment which makes it difficult to do justice to it. But we will venture upon a point or two nearly at random.

In discussing "*Model Prison*," or rather the assumptions of that latter-day Pamphlet, Mr. Bayne takes a view of our duty to criminals with which we agree, and he quotes the fact that the majority of those who belong to the criminal class are found to have abnormal brains and often diseased bodies. He also treats just in the way we might expect the *Lesson* that stupidity means badness. The last meaning of that, we almost fear, Mr. Bayne has not quite caught, as John Bunyan meant it, and as Carlyle means it, it is surely true. Again, it seemed odd that if Mr. Bayne, in taking up Kant's complaint that, while there is so much kindness in the world, there is so little justice, has put the complaint in the right place. It is awfully true, and not to be hidden from any honest and acute observer, that the love of justice and truth is very weak in most human beings, while the instinct of kindness is comparatively strong. Again, Dr. Bayne nearly surprises us by adopting the commonplace that great talents bring with them an increase of moral responsibility. Well, we all know the monumental difficulties of the subject, how they all run up at last into one final problem of which the most plausible-looking solutions turn out to be only paradoxes. But, after all, can it be maintained that there is really any final difference in the degree of moral responsibility to be assigned to a man with a constitution like Byron's or Edgar Poe's, and that which is to be assigned to one of those criminals with abnormal brains? Shelley's grandfather was crazed; the father, Sir Timothy, was half-crazed; what Shelley was we know. And can we consistently say that his faults (we do not speak of any particular act) were one shade less the natural result of the constitution of his brain than are those of any of Mr. Carlyle's "dog-faced" criminals? Is there any sense in suggesting that the splendid powers of such a man ought to be expected to act as breakwaters against the force of his special temptations? Of course we know how the enlightened British jurymen would answer such a question, and equally of course there are rocks ahead, and answer it as you may, but we must pause a little longer on it than Dr. Bayne does (page 89) over the question "What is justice?"

Passing over other things, we now come to smoother water—the Essay on Tennyson. Here there is, of course, much to say "on both sides." Many of us would have liked a little less poet-worship, and a little more scrutiny. "*The Princess*" is dismissed with a line or two of apology—but it is far more, for Dr. Bayne's purpose, than "*a serio-comic poem*,"—it contains, indirectly, a great deal of self-discipline. There is something very wrong about Mr. Taine's way of looking at Mr. Tennyson's domestic sweetness, but he has a glimpse of a truth about the poet and his work. Whatever the worshippers of Mr. Tennyson may say, his poetry contains more feeling after human passion if huply he may find it, than of passion itself, and he is con-

ventional. He has never been right out and away into the wilderness. His poetry wants largeness, boldness, and breadth of atmosphere. We find no fault—being profoundly grateful for what this exquisite singer has given us, and knowing better than to expect contradictory qualities from the same harp, and certainly M. Taine has made a great blunder in setting up Alfred de Musset on the other side of his altars—but it is a fact that Mr. Tennyson has shown in his writings a tendency for subtendency, if the phrase may pass to please Mrs. Grundy, as well as the higher Pallas—a tendency which does a little to excite those who insult the poor old and without occasion, and who, indeed, are sometimes thought to be grumbling at the Divine Wisdom, when they are only teasing the old lady.

The subject of "Emmeline" interests Mr. Bayne more than it does us, and we decidedly disagree with him in his general apology for the digging up of early writings when the writers may be presumed to wish kept dark. The alteration in the words of Emmeline in the "Dream of Fair Women" is not as good as it might be, and Mr. Bayne most justly condemns "the bright death," but it is quite clear that the lines as they originally stood

" One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat
Slowly and nothing more "

did not grammatically considered, express the poet's meaning, and are certainly open to ridicule on other grounds. The words, "And I know no more," do express the meaning.

The alterations and additions in "Maud" appear to us to be about as bad as they could be. Explanatory additions were wanted, but not those flat prosaic hints, though Mr. Bayne appears to like them. On the other hand, the verse

"I kissed her slender hand,
She took the kiss readily,
Maude is not seventeen,
But she is tall and stately."

which our intelligent critic does not like, appears to us perfect in its place. Sweeter love-poetry than the finest parts of "Maud" is not to be found in the language, the remark being confined to the more superficial kinds of love. For the "tender passion" of the poem is, after all, superficial and thus the strongest parts being the cynical. It has always been a grief to us that so much exquisite poetry (Cantos XII, XVIII, XXII, in Part I; and IV, in Part II) should have been framed in what is really nothing but a very poor "sensational" novel, with a moral or lesson which is poorer still. Poetry is not bound to be unimportantly poetic, there must be flat passages,—but such second-hand phrasing as "a war of defence of the right" "that an iron tyranny now should bend or cease" "a cause that I felt to be pure and true" "a giant war" is intolerable in a poem of which the climax is so high-pitched. Better the merest conversational familiarity, than this rhetorical magnificence.

Before passing from Tennyson's poems, we cannot help noting a curious example of Dr. Bayly's tendency to excessive praise and admiration. In that very poor poem, "Sen-Dreams," the city clerk's wife induces her husband to forgive the just-died man who has robbed them of their savings. Upon which Dr. Bayly remarks, "There is not a sadder heroine in literature than this wife of a city clerk, and I see no reason to believe that there are not many such to be found in London." Nor do we—six women out of ten exhibit every week of their lives "heroism" just as "table." It is pathetically commonplace, and it is the critic's warm-heartedness which betrays him into those extravagant uses of language.

The Essay on Ruskin has been nearly all rewritten, and it is a fine specimen of studious candour, and something more. All we will add is, that we hope Mr. Bayne holds, along with Mr. Ruskin—the right hardly looked at, of holding, that “the destruction of beauty is a sacrifice and a sin.” Thomas undoubtedly is a fair account of what Mr. Ruskin means in certain portions of his writings, and he is not the only one who has authored “a selfish, little sort of despair, at certain ‘works of profanation.’” Mr. Bayne quotes Mr. Ruskin’s passionate words about the befouling and desecration of the “pools and streams” around Carthage. Now, it would not be easy, perhaps, to prove that God made those “pools and streams,” still lovely in their degradation, in a sense in which he did not make the human beings who have “unscientifically defiled” them; but we may at least say that the human will was concerned not only in the “defiling,” but in the production of the defilers, which was not concerned in the production of those “pools and streams.” And we may conjecture that if Mr. Ruskin had been asked to *define* what the “pools and streams” should retain in their original freshness and beauty, and the human beings who defiled them, and whether the latter should be more or less excused, he would

and streams" be defiled, he would have stood for the first alternative. But if he afterwards followed out his decision to its consequence, it would make an end of what Mr. Ryne rightly calls the "sommatico" element in his writings. It is painfully certain that if Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth had been disgusted by "people from Birlwaite" before the "Excursion" was written, that poem would have been very different here and there.

Mr. John Addington Symonds writes much, and he writes with absorbing pains. When he called his new book *Sketches and Studies in Italy* (Smith, Elder, & Co.), had he forgotten a previous title of his, *Sketches in Italy and Greece*? In any case there is a wide difference between the two volumes, in the former we had more of the traveller, in the latter we have more of the scholar, though the traveller is still present; for instance, in the Essay, "Amalfi, Positano, Capri," and in the "Lombard Vignettes." In the Essay on the "Orfeo" of Poliziano, and that on the "Popular Italian Poetry of the Renaissance," we are again glad to recognize the author's masterly power in certain kinds of translation, and those the kinds in which the labourers are few, though the harvest is so large. In about seventy pages, close pages it is true, Mr. Symonds presents us with a sketch of Florentine history, the like of which, for compactness and minuteness of information, one knows not where to seek. Mr. Symonds is a striking example of the modern school of "culture"—using that word in its more special sense. Unwearied in the pursuit of detail, it occasionally tires the reader. There is a want of emphasis—not to say a shame-faced avoidance of it, there is the want of grasp which comes of the absence of hearts controlling emotion, or of any purpose beyond what may belong to the monograph before you. There is too much colour, and too little motion—the reader would even be glad of a jolt now and then, almost anything rather than this eternally grave gliding manner, in which the end is like the beginning, the beginning like the middle, and the *quarta via* seldom answered with anything like energy. If we take an Essay like that on "Lucretius," we become conscious, in deed, of an effort, but it seems rather an effort to lift a weight, than the effort of a living mind in free movement over a large subject. Inevitably we have much that is true, very much of refinement and accomplishment, and of course a good *opera* now and then—but such interest as there is appears a little forced, as if the author only half-believed in his own points, and too often endeavoured to give an air of breadth to literary stippling by mere largeness of phrase. These hints apply (in our opinion) with peculiar force to the paper on "Lucretius;" but they are not wholly inapplicable to that entitled "Antinous," which does not fall far short of being tedious. But no apology was necessary for reprinting the essays on blank verse, &c., which are contained in the Appendix, though in those also there seems an excessive tendency to make small "points," and force large meanings on trifles. The volume has a finely-executed steel engraving of the Idefonso group (Antinous) in the museum at Madrid.

There is nothing rude, we trust, in wondering aloud how many readers will know quite off-hand, without glancing lower down, who wrote this exquisite little poem, though scarcely any one will read it without a sob, and none will ever forget it.—

"My little son, who looked from thoughtful eyes,
And moved and spoke in quiet grown up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him and discomf'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His mother, who was patient, being dead
Then fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with idleness,
And two French copper coins ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart
So, when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept and said

Ah, when at last we lie with tran-
 Not vexing Thee in death,
 And Thou rememberest of what toys
 We made our joys,
 How weakly understood
 Thy great commanded good,
 Then, rather not less
 Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
 Thou'lt leave Thy wrath and say,
 'I will be sorry for their childlessness.'

Only we hope the number of those who can readily assign the poem to its author is after all, considerable—for it would be an ill omen if "The Angel in the House," "Faithful for Ever," the "Unknown Eros," and their companion poems did not find a fairly large, as well as a choice public. "The Unknown Eros, and other Odes," was published in 1877. Though it contained the little poem we have just quoted, and a few others of the most pellucid simplicity and the most homely sweetness, these were found in the company of "odes" in which the theme was as high-strung as the title, and a few in which the author's peculiarities were stretched to the utmost. On the whole that volume could hardly be supposed to appeal to any but a few. Several years ago there was a very cheap edition of "Tottenham Church Tower," and most of the other poems (including the "Angel in the House"), and we should conjecture that it sold well—but it is now out of print, we are told. We have now, published by Messrs. George Bell & Sons, a selection from Mr. Patmore's poems, made by Mr. Richard Garnett (himself a poet) and entitled *Flamingo on America*. It makes 230 pages in a very handy little volume, and contains some of the most exquisite things Mr. Patmore has printed, along with a few that are new to us. We are not sure that we miss many of the very best or best-loved pieces, but judging, as we are at the moment compelled to do, from the earlier editions of the poems, we fancy there has been some "cooking,"—the sort of thing which an affectionate reader who gets his poet by heart always regrets a little. The "Wedding Sermon," as we have it here, looks like an extension of Dean Churchhill's letter to Frederick in "Faithful for Ever"—though we note some changes in the old familiar lines. Some very charming touches are omitted in "The Royal Bazaar'd Hours;" but we are not surprised, for we had them struck out once by an editor! The first four lines, about the curtailed and locked "esquise" in the train, were, we presume, looked upon as sure to set the legs snorting over any such touch as "the stumps of your waist." Some portions of "The Victories of Love" seem to have been worked into "Amelia." The piece entitled "Alexander and Lyrion" does not strike us as being good enough for its company. But certainly we know of no such "lover's garland" as this, and do not well see how there can be such another. This must not be taken to imply that Mr. Patmore will seem to every thoughtful reader consistent in his presentation of the others of his top. For example, Dean Churchhill's Sermon will not hang together with Mrs. Graham's beautiful letter to Frederick upon the difficulties of married life.

If there is any real defect in this miscellany, it is, perhaps, that we do not see a little more of Lady Clitheroe, with her ever-dearful humour. But perhaps Mr. Garnett—or Mr. Patmore, looking over his shoulder—remembered Mr. Shandy's advice to my Uncle Toby, to "chew mirth while paying his addresses to Widow Wadman." We, however, are under no restraint in this respect, and recommend everybody who takes up Mr. Patmore to make the most of Lady Clitheroe, and not to pass thoughtlessly over her most playful sayings, for they are usually quite as wise and good as the serious passage which we now extract from her letter to a newly-married couple:

"Age has romance almost as sweet,
 And much more generous than this
 Of youth and love's. Withal the bliss
 Of the evenings when you could with him,
 And upset home for your side when,
 You might have cried, were you wise,
 The tears within your mother's eyes
 Which, I dare say you did not see
 But let that pass. Years yet and be
 I hope, as happy, kind, and true
 As lives which now seem void to you
 Have you not seen shop-painters paste
 Their gold in sheets, then rub to waste
 Put out, and do you read the name?
 Well, I am my dear, does truth have the same
 With the unvarying glare of love."

These are the last words of the book, and, having read them, the worst enemy of lovers' garlands will not accuse Mr. Patmore of "putting stuff and nonsense into people's heads" about love and marriage.

Two more slight but perhaps not uninteresting remarks. It may be from our ignorance, but we have never been able perfectly to enjoy the lines—

‘ It was as if a harp with wires,
Was traversed by the breath I drew.”

The force of the "harp" suggestion is plain, and it is good, but why "a harp with wires"? The other small matter is amusing. The poem in praise of England (p. 76), reproduced from "Fidelity for Ever," is dated 1846, and this is the only date given in the volume. What does it mean? We conjecture that Mr. Patmore has an almost savage wish to make it clear that since what he has elsewhere called "the year of the great crime when the false English nobles, with their Jex, show our trust," he thinks this beautiful description has become inapplicable to his country:—

‘ Remnant of Honour, brooding in the dark,
O'er your litter cark,
Staring as Ruzbeh stared, astounded seven days,
Upon the corpses of so many sons
Who loved her once,
Dead in the demoniac lion-haunted ways,
Who could have dreamt
That times should come like these!’

Those are a few of the bitter lines about England which abound in "The Unknown Eros, and other Odes."

Among books to possess—books to be bought, begged, or stolen, pleasant to look at, pleasant to dip into, and useful to refer to, we give a place in the front rank to *Poems of Rural Life in the Dorset Dialect*, by William Barnes (C. Kegan Paul & Co.), and nobody will dispute this award. Many of these poems are familiar upon the tongue, or laid up silent sweet in the memory of hundreds of world-weary Cockneys, who never set eyes on a Dorset vale, and probably never will. Mr. Barnes writes a modest and characteristic preface explaining that two of these three collections of rural poems had long been out of print (we are glad to hear it), and also calling attention to the glossary at the end of the volume, "with some hints on Dorset word-shapes." Mr. Barnes is past reviewing, and we will only add that this complete collection (467 pages) forms a handsome and well-printed volume, and is altogether a thing to be delightedly thankful for.

Titles often prove misleading things, and it is not often that the outside of any book gives the faintest hint of its quality, unless it tells you, or nearly tells you, the publisher's name, for of course there are publishers who very rarely issue bad, or even weak books. *Memoirs; a Life's Epilogue. New Edition. With a Letter for Posterity Alive.* This is so very unpromising a title-page that if it had not been for the names, Longmans, Green & Co. at the foot of it, we might well have begun to turn over the leaves with some prejudice against the anonymous author. But a very casual glance informs the reader, in this case, that he has to deal with a highly intelligent man of the old school, with plenty of caustic humour in him. The author appears to be a gentleman advanced in years, and the "Memoirs" consist of recollections of incidents in his father's life and his own, going back at least as far as the days of Cribb and Moineux, and taking in some pleasant scenes of Continental travel. There is something exceedingly quaint, almost ludicrous, in the author's way of employing the Spenserian stanza, and as it is not always clear that he is conscious of this humour there is in it, the reader's attention is kept on the alert in the very last way that would commend itself to a critic.

"The matron of the house obligingly
Led him to two large rooms on the first floor,
Where he would have more light and liberty,
With a good walk along the corridor;
Besides which, they expected one or more
Nice gentlemen tomorrow afternoon.
The gentleman who left the day before—
Poor man! he had a cough would kill him soon—
Ten months he had been with them on the twelfth of June."

This is certainly odd, and the puzzle is that though the author, as we have said, has true and biting humour in him, he never drives his stanza with the common-sense lift that you find in, for example, Byron's use of a substantially knickered measure in "Beppo," or "Morgante Maggione." Take the first lines that occur to one's mind in the latter:—

"There being a want of water in the place,
Orlando, like a trusty brother, said,
Morgante I could wish you in this case
To go for water—You shall be obeyed," &c.

Here Byron is making the flat prose of the metre (so to speak), a source of humour in itself, but we cannot find that the author of these "Memories" intends anything of the kind. We agree with some of our brethren in finding the occasional lyrics good, and the opening lines of the seventh canto contain hints of genuine poetic quality. Altogether the book is a noticeable bagful of go-up in verse with not a few strong, pointed passages to relieve the effect of the flat or weak pages, which latter are, to speak the truth, too numerous. We should guess the author to be a very "clubbable man."

This is a very pleasant title, at all events, *A Nook in the Apennines, or a Summer Beneath the Chestnuts*, by Louisa Scott, author of "The Painter's Ordeal," &c., &c. With twenty-seven illustrations, chiefly from Original Sketches (C. Kegan Paul & Co.), and the book is pleasant too. Finding the heat at Florence, on the 11th of June not *just* June—too much for them, it being 95° in the shade, an English family flee to a nook in the mountains, where an old villa has been got ready for them, and there they sit, "at the receipt of coolness," like Lamb's "gentle giant," till September. The villa on the Apennines is 2220 feet above the level of the sea, and the thermometer stands only at 77° in the open air. Now 70° is ordinary agreeable summer heat for England, though it is many degrees higher than anything we have seen (up to the middle of July) in England this dreadful year. The illustrations are helpful, and, without being obtrusively antiquarian, have most of them a retrospective or historical interest, as well as the more obvious one which is common to illustrations. The forty short chapters of which the book consists are filled with sketches of the life our English friends lived in the mountain nook, and of the manners and daily lives of the peasantry by whom they were surrounded—and these will be more instructive to a reader who knows a little about the Etruscans than to one who knows nothing of them. The interest of the narrative is never strong, but it is strong enough to carry the attention equably forward to the end, and there is no affectation; but it is a great mistake, and an unkindness to the reader, to omit, in a case of this sort, giving a sufficiently full, complete, and picturesque account of the travelling party themselves. We ought to be told how many there were, their ages, relationships, &c., and something of their previous travelling experience, if any.

Of course it is a good thing when a first-rate French, German, or Scandinavian novel is translated into English, and this is pretty sure to happen, when it does happen, through the agency of high-class publishers. But it is a very different thing when translations of foreign novels are thrown at our heads by the score, by writers or publishers whose chief object is to pander to certain questionable tastes. We fear that this evil is upon us, or not far off. But a word of pleasant, if qualified, welcome is due to *A Distinguished Man: a Humorous Romance*, by A. Von Winterfeld, translated by W. Laurel Clowes, (C. Kegan Paul & Co. 3 vols.). The chief thing to *qualify* the welcome is the fact that the author is too fond of hinting at the skeleton in the cupboard of what people call "modern thought." But apart from this, the book is amusing, and often more than amusing. It belongs to a type which is very rare in English literature—a sort of childlike farce, that is exceedingly difficult to describe—but it must be a very satirical reader that can help a good laugh at some of the wild adventures of the German schoolmaster and German doctor upon English ground. These two men are rivals in love, and have both sought the hand of a German butcher's daughter. In the fulfilment of a certain ordeal, or test, which he imposes, they have to travel by way of Oxford to London, and thence to Edinburgh, the one who is first at certain marked points in a given route, to be the winner of the fair prize. Make up your mind that you are going to read some nonsense, and you will enjoy the book. The accuracy of the German in guide-book matters, spelling, and in just those matters in which a French author always fails, is very striking. But we fear he is a little off the blue once or twice. Is there in London any teacher of mathematics who keeps a man-servant, and covers his floor with carpets of velvet pile?

INDIA AND AFGHANISTAN.

WHEN the news arrived that Major Cavagnari and his companions had fallen victims to the fury of the Kabul populace, the *Daily Telegraph* "called aloud, before Heaven, for a punishment which should ring from end to end of the Continent of Asia." It is a pity that so much fine and eloquent indignation should be expended on the Afghans instead of those who are truly responsible for the catastrophe which has evoked it. If ever there was a future event which might be predicted with absolute certainty, it was that Major Cavagnari and his companions would perish precisely as they have done. Twice, within forty years, have we invaded Afghanistan, although on both occasions we have frankly avowed that with the inhabitants of the country we had no cause of quarrel whatever. Nevertheless, we carried fire and sword wherever we went, cutting down their fruit trees, burning their villages, and leaving their women and children shelterless under a winter sky. What could we expect as the fruit of such acts, except that our victims—knowing, as we did, that they were revengeful, passionate, and too ignorant to forecast the consequences of their actions—should retaliate in kind the moment that they had the opportunity? The first invasion of Afghanistan is now known by general consent as "the iniquitous war;" but it is open to question if even that war was so elaborately contrived, or so long laboured for as this—the first act of which has terminated in the slaughter of Major Cavagnari and his escort.

The circumstances which preceded it are briefly these. For eighteen months Lord Lytton had attempted, by alternate threats and cajolery, to prevail upon the Ameer Shere Ali to make a surrender of his independence, and become a vassal of the Indian Empire. These attempts having failed, war was declared against him on the pretence that he

had insulted us before all Asia by declining to receive a "friendly" mission sent by the Indian Government. This mission was *not* friendly. It was notorious throughout India that it would go to Kabul charged with an *ultimatum* which offered the Ameer the choice of war, or the sacrifice of his independence. But even this mission the Ameer never refused to receive—nay, it is certain that he would have received it if the opportunity had been given to him, so great was the value he attached to English friendship. But what the Government of India desired was not the reception of the mission, but a pretext for making war upon the Ameer. It knew that the policy which it meditated in Afghanistan would so completely destroy the sovereignty of the Ameer, that it was impossible he should agree to it. At the same time, it was impossible to declare war against an independent prince, simply because he declined to divest himself of his independence. The war must, somehow or another, be made to appear as if it were due to some act of the Ameer. Consequently, almost from the hour in which the announcement was made that the mission was to start, the Ameer was plied with insults and menaces which, if they were not intended to drive him to some act of overt hostility, had no purpose at all. And when these proved unavailing, Lord Lytton directed Sir Neville Chamberlain to attempt to force his way through the Khyber Pass, without waiting for the permission of the Ameer. In the most courteous manner the Afghan officer, in command at the Khyber, intimated to the mission that, without the sanction of his master, it was impossible to allow it to proceed; and this refusal was instantly telegraphed to England as a deliberate insult which must be wiped out in blood. From first to last, so far as his conduct towards us is concerned, the Ameer was absolutely blameless. During his entire reign his consistent endeavour had been to draw closer the ties of amity between himself and us. The Russian mission had forced its way to Kabul, despite of all his endeavours to hinder its advance; and there can be no question that but for the previous action of Lord Lytton that mission would never have come to Afghanistan. But eighteen months before that occurrence Lord Lytton had withdrawn our Native Agent from the Court of the Ameer. This had been done as a mark of displeasure, and a proof that no alliance of any kind existed between the two States. This proceeding Lord Lytton followed up by the occupation of Quetta, although he was well aware that such an occupation would be interpreted—and rightly—by the Ameer, as a menace to his independence, and the harbinger of war. So it came about that when the Russian mission knocked for admission at the doors of his capital, the Ameer found himself on the one side threatened by Russia, and on the other abandoned and threatened by Lord Lytton. Lord Lytton, in point of fact, is as directly responsible for the entry of the Russian mission to Kabul as he is for the dispatch of his own.

But if Lord Lytton's treatment of the Ameer was cruel and

ungenerous, criminal, at least to an equal extent, was his treatment of the people over whom he ruled. At that time there was an appalling amount of suffering all over India. The country had been ravaged by a series of famines. In the Punjab prices were abnormally high. The North-West Provinces were still unrecovered from a dearth, during which the Government of India had exhibited a rapacity and indifference to human suffering which would, with difficulty, be credited in England. Terrible as is the mortality resulting from a famine in India, the death-roll represents but a tenth part of the suffering which such visitations inflict. For every human being that dies, ten are left, without money and without physical strength, to struggle feebly for existence on the margin of the grave. They cannot give a fair day's work for a fair day's wage. They may reckon themselves fortunate if their enfeebled powers can earn just sufficient to keep body and soul together. For all these wretched beings—and last year in Upper India they numbered many millions—the smallest rise of price in the necessities of life means death from hunger. A war, therefore, with the enormous rise of prices which it would immediately produce, was nothing less than a sentence of torture and death passed upon tens of thousands of our own subjects. Undeterred, however, by the warnings of experience, deaf to considerations of humanity and justice, the Government of India started on its wild-goose chase after a "Scientific Frontier." The victims whom it trampled to death in this mad chase have never been numbered—they never can be numbered. The Afghans who died in defence of their village homes form but a hundredth part of them. The residue was composed of our own mute and uncomplaining subjects.

A war thus wantonly commenced resulted in a failure as ignominious as it deserved. Long before the Treaty of Gundamuck the ambitious policy of the Government had become an object of contempt and ridicule all over India. It was known that Lord Lytton and his advisers were at their wit's end to discover something which might be made to do duty as a "Scientific Frontier," and so bring a misjudged enterprise to a conclusion. But it is the peculiarity of our Ministers to believe that they can arrest the inexorable sequence of cause and effect by a dexterous manipulation of the faculty of speech. Lord Beaconsfield appears to have imparted to his colleagues his own belief in the omnipotence of phrases to remove mountains, and make rough places smooth. So the Treaty of Gundamuck was no sooner signed than Ministers and Ministerial journals raised a great hymn of triumph over the wondrous things which they had wrought in Afghanistan. The one solid national advantage to be derived from the sacrifice of Cavagnari and his comrades, is that this method of treating facts will have to be laid aside. Lord Lytton is not likely to appeal again to his "carefully verified facts" as a proof that he is a much wiser man than Lord Lawrence. Lord Cranbrook will not again express his conviction that the "objections (to an English Resident) expressed by Sher Ali

will be shown to have been without substantial foundation." Yakoub Khan and his five attendants are all that remain of that "strong, friendly, and independent Afghanistan" which Mr. Stanhope informed the House of Commons had been created by the war. The anguished cry of the *Daily Telegraph* "for a punishment which shall ring from end to end of the Continent of Asia" is the latest expression of the "results incalculably beneficial to the two countries" which, according to Lord Lytton, were to flow from the Peace of Gundamuck.

A failure in policy more signal and more complete than this it is impossible to imagine. But it is to be noted that the Ministerial journals are doing their utmost to save the "Scientific Frontier" from the destruction which has overtaken the projects of the Ministry. And so long as a belief in this Frontier is cherished anywhere, the return to a safe and rational policy is obstructed. In the following pages, therefore, I shall, firstly, endeavour to show that the (so-called) "Scientific Frontier" is as purely fictitious as the "strong, friendly, and independent Afghanistan" which we were told had been created out of chaos by means of the war. And, secondly, I shall discuss the various lines of conduct which lie open to us, when we have occupied Kabul, in order to determine which is best fitted to ensure the stability of our Indian Empire and the contentment of its inhabitants.

The Scientific Frontier.

In all the discussions on this Frontier question, a very obvious, but all-important, fact has been persistently forgotten. It is that British rule in India is a rule based upon military supremacy; and that, therefore, our Indian army—English as well as native—is primarily a garrison, having its duties upon the places where it is quartered. We could not withdraw our troops from any part of India without incurring the risk of an outbreak in the districts thus denuded. The "Punjab Frontier Force" has always been a force distinct from the "Army of India," and recognized as having special duties of its own. So far as I know, in the discussions on a "Scientific Frontier" no reference has been made to the above circumstance. The Indian army has been spoken of as if it were so much fighting power, which we were free to concentrate at any point we pleased. And to this oversight is due the hallucination that an improved frontier would enable us to diminish the strength of the Indian garrison (properly so called). The fact is, that before this last war we had almost the very frontier which our situation in India required. If the authority of the Ameer had extended up to the boundaries of our Empire, troubles between the two States must have occurred, resulting inevitably in the extinction of the weaker. The evil of such an extension of territory no one denies, we should not only have had to hold Afghanistan with a strong garrison—certainly not less than twenty thousand men—but we should have been compelled to maintain a frontier force, to guard against

aggression from without, either from Russia or Persia. Forty thousand men would have been needed for this double duty, in addition to the pre-existing garrison of India. But by a piece of supreme good fortune the authority of the Ameer did not begin where ours left off. Between us and him were interposed the tribes which dwell in the hills along our North-Western frontier. These tribes acknowledged allegiance neither to him nor to us. Broken up and divided amongst themselves, the worst they could inflict upon us was an occasional raid into our territories; and these we could repress without having to call the Ameer to an account for the lawlessness of his subjects. A few regiments of horse and foot were all that we needed for the defence of our frontier; while as against foreign invasion we possessed a frontier that needed no defence at all. That frontier consisted of the foodless deserts and inaccessible hills of Afghanistan. These were impenetrable to an invader, so long as we retained the friendship and the confidence of the people who dwell among them. Consequently, to quote the language of Sir Henry Rawlinson, "our main object has ever been, since the date of Lord Auckland's famous Simla Manifesto of 1838, to obtain the establishment of a strong, friendly, and independent Power on the North-Western frontier of India, without, however, accepting any crushing liabilities in return." We all know the manner in which Lord Auckland set about obtaining the "strong, friendly, and independent Power," and the "crushing liabilities" we had to accept in consequence. Tutored by experience, we adopted a wiser and more righteous policy, which was producing admirable results.

The difficulty of establishing a stable friendship with Afghanistan arises from the character of the people. It is the habitation, not of a nation, but of a collection of tribes, and the nominal ruler of Afghanistan is never more than the ruler of a party which, for the time, chances to be strongest. Consequently there never existed an authority, recognized as legitimate throughout the country, with which we could enter into diplomatic relations. At the same time, their divided condition crippled the Afghans for all offensive purposes. We had, therefore, nothing to fear in the way of unprovoked aggression, and our obvious policy was to win the confidence of these wild tribes and their chiefs, by carefully abstaining from encroachments on their independence. Such, in fact, has been the policy which every Governor-General has pursued in the interval which divides the "plundering and blundering" of Lord Auckland from the like achievements of Lord Lytton. And it had been attended with the greater success, because under the firm guidance of two remarkable men, Afghanistan had progressed considerably towards the status of an organized kingdom. Sher Ali had diligently trod in the footsteps of his father, the Dost, and it is in these terms that the Government of India describes the rule and policy of the Ameer in the year 1876:

"Those officers of our Government who are best acquainted with the affairs

of Afghanistan, and the character of the Ameer and his people, consider that the hypothesis that the Ameer may be intimidated or corrupted by Russia (even supposing there was any probability of such an attempt being made) is opposed to his personal character and to the feelings and traditions of his race, and that any attempt to intrigue with factions in Afghanistan, opposed to the Ameer, would defeat itself, and afford the Ameer the strongest motive for at once disclosing to us such proceedings. Whatever may be the discontent created in Afghanistan by taxation, conscription, and other unpopular measures, there can be no question that the power of the Ameer Sher Ali Khan has been consolidated throughout Afghanistan in a manner unknown since the days of Dost Mahomed, and that the officers entrusted with the administration have shown extraordinary loyalty and devotion to the Ameer's cause. It was probably the knowledge of the Ameer's strength that kept the people aloof from Yakub Khan, in spite of his popularity. At all events, Herat fell to the Ameer without a blow. The rebellion in Baluchistan in the extreme West was soon extinguished. The disturbances in Budukshan in the North were speedily suppressed. Nowhere has intrigue or rebellion been able to make head in the Ameer's dominions. Even the Char Elnak and the Hazara tribes are learning to appreciate the advantages of a firm rule. . . . But what we wish specially to repeat is that, from the date of the Umballa Durbar to the present time, the Ameer has unhesitatingly accepted and acted upon our advice to maintain a peaceful attitude towards his neighbors. We have no reason to believe that his views are changed."

This "strong, friendly, and independent Power"—this edifice of order and increasing stability—the British Government deliberately destroyed in the insane expectation of finding a "Scientific Frontier" hidden somewhere in the ruins. It is difficult to conceive of an action more impolitic or more cruel. In a month the labours of forty years were obliterated, old hatreds rekindled, and the wounds of 1838, which the wise and gentle treatment of former Viceroys had almost healed, were opened afresh.

We come next to the inquiry as to what this "Scientific Frontier" is, in order to obtain which this act of vandalism was perpetrated. This is a question involved in some obscurity. The *Times* is the great champion of the "Scientific Frontier," but in its columns, as also in Ministerial speeches, it changes colour like a chameleon. Sometimes it is called the "possession of the three highways leading to India," thereby rendering the Empire "invulnerable." At other times it is recommended to us because it protects the trade through the Bolan Pass, and enables us to threaten Kabul. The fact is that the (so-called) "Scientific Frontier"—meaning thereby the frontier we acquired by the Treaty of Gundamuck—is a make-believe, an imposture. It is not the "Scientific Frontier" in pursuit of which we "hunted the Ameer to death" and reduced his territories to a condition of anarchy.

Those who have followed the history of the war with attention will remember that in September of last year the Calcutta correspondent of the *Times* was smitten with a really marvellous admiration for Lord Lytton. "India," he wrote, "is fortunate in the possession at the present time of a Viceroy specially gifted with broad statesmanlike views, the result partly of most vigilant and profound study, partly of the application of great natural intellectual capacity to the close cult

ration of political science and the highest order of statecraft." Here we have the portrait of the lion painted by himself; and it is not surprising that this superb creature should have regarded with considerable scorn the policy of his predecessors who never claimed to be "specially gifted" for the exercise of "the highest order of statecraft." "The present measure," the correspondent went on to say, "for the despatch of a mission to Kabul forms but a single move in an extensive concerted scheme for the protection of India, which is the outcome of a long-devised and elaborately worked-out system of defensive policy." Here we have a fine example of the "puff preliminary." In the issue of the *Times* for the 10th September this "extensive concerted scheme for the protection of India" is detailed at length, and is there plainly set forth as intended for a barrier against Russia:—

"The Indian Government are most anxious to avoid adopting any policy which would bear even the semblance of hostility towards Russia, but the extreme probability of a collision sooner or later cannot be overlooked. It is necessary, therefore, to provide for a strong defensive position to guard against eventualities. From this point of view it is indispensable that we should possess a commanding influence over the triangle of territory formed on the map by Kabul, Ghuznee, and Jellalabad, together with power over the Hindoo Khosh. This triangle we may hope to command with Afghan concurrence if the Ameer is friendly. The strongest frontier line which could be adopted would be along the Hindoo Khosh, from Pamir to Bamian, thence to the south by the Helmand, Ghorshk, and Kandahar, to the Arabian Sea. It is possible, therefore, that by friendly negotiations some such defensive boundary may be adopted."

Such were the moderate designs entertained by the Indian Government when they dispatched what they called a "friendly mission" to the Court of the Ameer. If Lord Lytton imagined that "friendly negotiations" would obtain these tremendous concessions from the Ameer, it would show that a training in "the highest order of statecraft" does not preserve even a "specially gifted" Viceroy from the credulousness of an infant. But his acts show that he entertained no such belief. He felt, as every one must feel who reads the extract I have made, that demands such as these must be preceded by a war. Hence the menacing letters addressed to the Ameer; hence the rude and insulting manner in which Sir Neville Chamberlain was ordered to attempt an entrance into Afghanistan without awaiting the permission of the Ameer; and hence, finally, the monstrous fiction of a deliberate "insult" inflicted upon us, when, in point of fact, we had been the "insulters" all along. The obvious intention throughout was to obtain a pretext for declaring war, because without a war the "Scientific Frontier" was manifestly unattainable. Lastly, when war had been determined upon, the same "official" correspondent came forward in the *Times* to make known the objects of the impending campaign. "We have," he wrote, "been driven into what will probably be a costly war entirely against our will, and all our endeavours to avoid it. The occasion, therefore, will now be seized to secure for ourselves the various passes piercing the mountain ranges along the whole frontier from the Khyber to the Bolan; and

further strategic measures will be adopted to dominate entirely the Sudei-mau range and the Hindoo Kohsh."

It is impossible not to admire the hardihood of this remarkable correspondent when he alleges that the war was "entirely against our will, and all our endeavours to avoid it." But this is not the matter with which I am at present concerned. The official character of these communications will be denied by no one, and they make it clear that the "Scientific Frontier" was intended as a barrier against Russia, and would have made the Hindoo Kohsh the external boundary of the Indian Empire. Such a frontier is manifestly the dream of a military specialist, to whose mental vision the Indian Empire, with all its diverse interests, has no existence except as a frontier to be defended against the Russians. And it illustrates the ignorance and precipitate folly which has plunged us in our present difficulties that a project so wild should have been seriously entertained. To have carried it out the subjugation of Afghanistan would have been an indispensable preliminary, and then the civilizing of it, by means of a system of roads and strong garrisons throughout the country; the entire cost of these vast operations being defrayed by a country already taxed to the last point of endurance, heavily burdened with an increasing debt, and ravaged by periodical famines. Such, however, was the "Scientific Frontier" for which a "specially gifted Viceroy," trained in "the highest order of political statecraft," declared war against the Ameer. But the frontier which we obtained at the close of the war, and which Ministers and Ministerial journals would have us believe is the genuine article which they wanted from the beginning, is not only not this frontier, but it has not the smallest resemblance to it.

The new frontier does not differ from the old except in three particulars. We hold the Khyber Pass as far as Lundi Kotal, and we have acquired the right to quarter troops in the Kurram Valley and the Valley of Peshin. Of these the Kurram Valley is a mere *cul-de-sac*, leading nowhere. But I will not ask of my readers to accept of my judgment on this matter. Among the best known advocates for a forward and aggressive policy in Afghanistan is Dr. Bellew. An accomplished linguist and an experienced traveller, he accompanied Colonel Lumsden's mission to Kandahar in 1857; he was also a member of the mission entrusted with the settlement of the Seistan boundary question, and no man living is better acquainted with the geography and people of Afghanistan. I believe it will not be denied that Lord Lytton, during the recent war, trusted largely in his knowledge and suggestions. He has thus expressed himself on the policy of occupying the Kurram Valley:—

"The Kurram Valley would involve the addition of about one hundred and fifty miles of hill frontage to our border, and would bring us into contact with the independent Orakzais, Zaimukhtis, Toris, Cabul-Khel, Waziris, and others, against whose hostility and inroads here, as in other parts of the border, we should have to protect our territory. By its possession, as we are now situated, we should be committed to the defence of a long narrow strip of land, a perfect

valley are in the hills, hemmed in by a number of turbulent robber-tribes, who are under no control, and acknowledge no authority. In ordinary times its acquisition would add to the serious difficulties of our position. In times of trouble or disturbance on the border, its possession would prove a positive source of weakness, a dead weight upon our free action. In it we should run the risk of being hemmed in by our foes in the overhanging hills around, of being cut off from our communications with the garrison of Kohat, by the Orakzais on the one side, by the Waziris on the other. These are the disadvantages of the step. In return what advantages should we derive? Not one. With Kurram in our possession we certainly could not flank either the Khyber or the Gohari Pass, because between it and the one, intervenes the impassable snowy range of Suled Koh, and between it and the other, intervenes the vast routeless hilly tract of the Waziris. From Kurram we could neither command Kabul nor Ghazni, because the route to either is by a several days' march, over stupendous hills and tortuous dells, in comparison with which the historical Khyber and Bolan Passes, or even the less widely-known Gohari Pass, are as king's highways."

This, I think, is sufficient to dispose of the Kurram Valley. If the old frontier has been rendered "invulnerable," it is not the acquisition of the Kurram Valley which has made it so. There remains the Peshawar Valley. This valley is an open tract of country lying almost midway on the line of march between Quetta and Kandahar, but nearer to the former than the latter. Three easy marches from Quetta suffice to place a traveller in the centre of it. It cannot accurately be described as an extension of our frontier, because it is dis severed from it by more than two hundred miles of difficult country. Between the valley and British territory, the lands of the Khan of Khelat are interposed in one direction, and numerous robber-tribes—Kakers, Murrees, Bhogtees—in another. Until the valley is securely linked to the Indus by a railway from Sukkur to the Bolan Pass—a costly work, which could not be executed in less than seven years—it will be impossible to quarter more than a few thousand men in it—and these for six months of the year will be as completely detached from their base of supply and reinforcement in India, as if a tract of empty space ran between them. So far from ensuring any increased security to India by our premature occupation of this valley, we have only enhanced the chances of a hostile collision with the rulers and people of Afghanistan. We were already in military occupation of Quetta, and until easy and rapid communication had been established between Quetta and the Indus, nothing was to be gained by a yet further advance from our base. As a barrier against Russia this frontier is without meaning, and no better proof of this fact could be adduced than Sir Henry Rawlinson's commentary upon its merits in the Article on the "Results of the Afghan War" which recently appeared in the *Nineteenth Century*.—

"The Afghan settlement is a very good settlement as far as it goes, but it is not immaculate—it is not complete. To yield us its full measure of defence, the Treaty must be supplemented by all legitimate precautions and supports. *Pervia non sit detecta, sed Russia contra que colle.* Russia herself must not be left in any uncertainty as to our intentions. She must be made to understand . . . that she will not be permitted unopposed to establish herself in strength . . . even at Abovood, nor to commence intrigues against the British power in India.

She might indeed be warned that, if necessary, we were prepared in self-defence to support the Turcomans—with whom she has no legitimate quarrel—with arms or money, or even to turn the tables on her by encouraging the efforts of the Uzbeks to recover their liberty *It would be absurd at such a moment to withdraw our garrison from Candahar. . . . Yacub Khan must be made to see that it is as much for his interest as our own to hold an efficient body of troops in such a position that, on the approach of danger . . . they might, with military alacrity, occupy Herat as an auxiliary garrison.*"

And what is implied in detaching Persia from Russia he explains in another part of his Essay.

"If Russia, as there is strong reason to believe, is now pushing on to Merv or Sarikhs . . . with the ultimate hope of occupying Herat, then it might very possibly be a sound policy to extend to Persia the provisions of the Asia Minor Protectorate, or even to support her actively in vindicating her rights upon the frontier of Khorassan."

From all which it would appear that our "Scientific Frontier" is simply good for nothing until it has been supplemented by an offensive and defensive alliance with the barbarian enemies of Russia all over the world. In order to ensure the safety of India, we must protect not only our own "Scientific Frontier," but we must guarantee the Sultan all his Asiatic possessions; we must be ready at any moment to fight for the "integrity and independence" of Persia; we must be prepared to march our troops to Herat, and to show a front against the Russians on the Oxus; we must provide the Tekeh-Turcomans with arms and money, and assist the Uzbeks in their attempts to recover their liberty. Such are the "legitimate precautions and supports" which are requisite to render the new frontier immaculate and complete. But if with a "Scientific Frontier" we remain liable to such tremendous demands as these, it passes imagination to conjecture in what respect we could have been worse off when our frontier was "haphazard."

The Circumstances of the Peace.

I shall next endeavour to show the circumstances which compelled the Indian Government to acquiesce in a peace which thus left the avowed object of the war unfulfilled. The preparations for the invasion of Afghanistan were on a scale corresponding to the magnitude of the enterprise as explained by the "official" correspondent of the *Times*. Troops were set in motion for the North-West frontier from garrisons in the extreme south of India. Men were sent from England to man heavy gun batteries. In addition to the troops under General Roberts, no less than three columns were formed to invade Afghanistan via Sukkur and the Bolan, and the same number to advance through the Khyber. The force which marched to Kandahar was supplied with four heavy gun batteries, and a fifth was sent up subsequently, although, except upon the supposition that permanent entrenched camps were to be formed in Afghanistan, these heavy guns were simply an encumbrance and a source of danger. But the campaign had barely commenced before the Government became aware that

it had utterly miscalculated its cost and difficulty. It is easy enough for an army to enter Afghanistan; it is next to impossible for it to subsist when it has got there. It is easy enough to scatter the Afghans when collected in battle array; it is next to impossible to subjugate them because they never are so collected. From these causes our raid into Afghanistan was but little removed from an ignominious failure. If we had not made peace we should have been compelled to evacuate the country from the enormous costliness of retaining troops in it. Under such circumstances, a peace was needed too urgently to allow the Government to stand out for any extraordinary concessions. They took what they could get, which proved to be, as we have seen, the right to place garrisons in the two valleys of Kurram and Peshin. But having gone to war in search of a "Scientific Frontier," no alternative was left to them except to frankly confess that they had not found it; or to affirm that these two valleys constituted it.

We come now to the causes of our failure. These are all-important, and ought to dissipate for ever the fear of an invasion of India by Russia or any other Power. The plan of the campaign required that Afghanistan should be invaded from three points; but the most important operation was understood to be the advance of General Stewart upon Kandahar. As soon as hostilities appeared inevitable, a small force under General Biddulph had been sent forward to secure Quetta against a sudden attack. General Stewart followed later on, and the two columns numbered upon paper about 20,000 men, with 60 guns. Meanwhile, a third column was ordered to assemble at Sukkur in support, and placed under the command of General Primrose. These extensive preparations were supposed to indicate the determination of the Indian Government to push on as far as Herat. The distance which had to be traversed between Sukkur and Kandahar is, roughly speaking, about four hundred miles, but the country presents extraordinary difficulties. From Sukkur to Jacobabad extends a level tract which, during the rains, is flooded to a depth of seven feet. Between Jacobabad and Dadur—a town situated at the entrance of the Bolan Pass—extends the Sindh desert. Any large force marching across this desert would have to take with them, not only food and forage, but water, for only at intervals of fifteen or twenty miles is the parched and barren soil pierced by a few brackish springs, which just suffice for the needs of the hamlets which have sprung up around them. For six months of the year this desert is literally impassable. A hot wind sweeps across it, which is fatal to man and beast. Only once did the Indian Government venture to send troops across it after this "blast of death" (as the natives call it) had begun to blow. This was in the last Afghan war. Some hundreds of native troops were sent as an escort in charge of supplies, and in four days one hundred Sepoys perished, three hundred camp followers, and (I think) nine officers out of fourteen. Beyond Dadur is the Bolan Pass. This Pass is about eighty miles in length;

regular road there is none ; what purports to be a road is merely the bed of a stream, which, during the rainy weather, is filled from bank to bank with a volume of rushing water. Neither food nor forage is obtainable in the Pass, and even the camels, when starting from Dadur, had to carry a seven days' supply of food for themselves. Between Quetta and Kandahar the country is open, but neither is food procurable for a large force, nor forage for the horses and camels. From first to last General Stewart's troops were almost wholly fed from India. The winter, luckily, was one of unprecedented mildness. But for this, in place of a march upon Kandahar, a terrible catastrophe could hardly have been averted. In ordinary seasons the snows fall heavily in and around Quetta early in November, and the cold is intense. The Bolan Pass is swept from end to end by hurricanes of wind and rain and snow. At the very time when these storms usually occur we had a dozen regiments and batteries straggling along the whole length of the Bolan Pass. Last year, however, there was neither snow nor hurricane, and our troops got through the Pass in safety. There was no opposition offered to our advance on Kandahar, but, from the want of food and the hardships which had to be endured, no less than twenty thousand camels perished upon the march. This mortality decided the campaign. When General Stewart reached Kandahar the situation was as follows :—The magazines at Quetta were nearly empty. Four months' food was collected at Sukkur, but awaited carriage for its transport to Quetta. The third column under General Primrose was assembling on the Indus, and needed ten thousand camels to enable it to advance. To supply all these wants there were at Sukkur about 1600 camels. In order to lessen the pressure on the Commissariat, General Stewart divided his forces, despatching one column to hunt for supplies in the direction of Girishk, and sending another with the same object to Khelat-i-Ghilzie. These movements caused the death from cold and hunger of a large additional number of camels, and demonstrated that there was not food in that part of Afghanistan sufficient for a force so large as that collected at Kandahar. Sinde, meanwhile, had been swept so bare of camels that it was impossible to collect a sufficient number for the carriage of food to Quetta before the hot weather had set in, and the march across the desert was barred by "the blast of death." Immediate action was necessary if General Stewart's troops were not to starve ; and eight thousand men returned to India, reducing the garrison left at Kandahar to four thousand. This number, it was trusted, the Commissariat would be able to feed during the hot weather. But even this small force was so scantily supplied with carriage that it could not have moved, in a body, for fifty miles in any direction. It was, so to speak, nailed to the spot on which it was encamped. This want of food, far more than the physical difficulties of the country, is and always will be the insuperable obstacle to carrying on extensive military operations in Afghanistan. The people

obtain no more from the soil than just suffices for their own wants; and for days together an invading army has to pass over huge wastes with hardly a trace of human habitation, and consequently destitute of food.

Not a little amusing was the revulsion of feeling caused throughout India by the lame and impotent conclusion of the advance on Kandahar. It was a demonstration of the impossibility of an invasion which convinced those who were most reluctant to be convinced. If when we had all India from which to draw our supplies, and with no enemy to oppose us, our utmost efforts had merely sufficed to place four thousand men in Kandahar, and leave them there, isolated and defenceless, it was chimerical to suppose that the Russians could march for double that distance an army capable of attempting the conquest of India. "Kandahar," writes a military correspondent to the *Pioneer*—the official journal of India—"is acknowledged to be a mistake, and it is hoped that a British army will never again be dispatched in that direction; it is a mere waste of men, money, and means, and an unsuitable line for either attack or defence."

And the *Pioneer*, the very purpose of whose existence is to preach the infallibility of the Indian Government, thus endorses the remarks of its correspondent: "The theories about Kandahar are by this time exploded; indeed, there are many critics who have refused to adopt them from the very beginning; believing against General Hamley, that the main road into Afghanistan, whether we march as defenders of the Kabul Ameer or as avengers, must lie past Peshawur and Jelalabad."

The failure on the Kandahar side placed the Indian Government in an extremely difficult position. An advance on Herat was plainly out of the question; even one on Ghuznee was beyond the power of General Stewart and his troops. Elsewhere the aspect of affairs was hardly less cheering. The expedition in the Kurram Valley had resulted in the somewhat ignominious retreat out of Khost. We had about 15,000 men holding the line from the Khyber to Jelalabad; but in effecting this, 14,000 camels had perished, and several of the regiments had been more than decimated from sickness and exposure. We had not subjugated a rood of territory on which our troops were not actually encamped. The main strength of the Ameer's army was untouched, while all along our Trans-Iudus frontier the hill tribes were in a state of dangerous unrest. The hot weather was coming on apace, when cholera and typhoid fever would be added to the number of our enemies. Thirty thousand troops had been set in motion, the garrisons in the interior of India dangerously weakened; three millions of money expended; and this was all that had been achieved. If now Yakoub Khan refused to come to terms, what was to be done? General Brown might be ordered to force his way from Jelalabad to Kabul, but what was he to do when he got there? The cost in money would be certainly heavy—the cost in men, not improbably, heavy also. And if, on our arrival at his capital, Yakoub Khan retired to either Balkh or

Hermt, we were powerless to follow him. Yakoub Khan, in fact, had the game in his hands. We had shot our bolt and failed. He had simply to decline to make peace, and keep out of our reach. We should then have been compelled either to evacuate the country, or to occupy it with the certainty that a little later on we should be compelled to withdraw, when the drain on the finances of India became too heavy to endure. Sir Henry Rawlinson rightly says, that a very small force can march from one end of Afghanistan to another; but a very large force is requisite permanently to hold it. The tribal divisions which hinder unity of resistance hinder also the achievement of any decisive victory. Each tribe is an independent centre of life, which requires a separate operation for its extinction.

Such was the dilemma in which the Government found themselves involved. It was almost equally disastrous either to withdraw or to advance. If the troops were withdrawn, they would return burdened with the ignominy of failure. If they advanced, it would be into a tangle of military and political embarrassments, the issue of which it was impossible to foresee. There was only one way of escape possible, and that was to relinquish the ambitious projects from which the war originated, and acquiesce in any settlement which the adversary would agree to. The result was the Treaty with Yakoub Khan—a Treaty which I have no hesitation in saying has placed in peril the existence of our Indian Empire.

It is, indeed, impossible to account for the infatuation or the obstinacy which caused the Indian Government to stipulate for the reception of an undefended British Envoy at the Court of a prince in the position of Yakoub Khan. It would have been so easy to have introduced a clause in the Treaty, to the effect that as soon as Yakoub Khan's authority was firmly established an English Envoy should be accredited to Kabul. This would have saved the political consistency of the Government without exposing the Indian Empire to the tremendous strain and peril of a second Afghan expedition. There was absolutely nothing to be gained, either in India or England, by immediately forcing an English Envoy on the luckless Yakoub; while it enormously enhanced the difficulties with which he had to cope. Nevertheless, in the face of historic precedents, in defiance of multiplied warnings, Lord Lytton deliberately resolved to reproduce, for the edification of Asia, the tragedy of Shah Soojah and Sir William Macnaghten, the only difference being that on this occasion the principal parts were played by Yakoub Khan and Major Cavagnari. The fact is that from first to last in this bad business the chief agents were moving in a world of their own imagining. They appear to have persuaded themselves that they had but to refuse to see facts, and the facts would vanish. They had but to publish in the *Times* that Lord Lytton was a "Viceroy specially gifted," and forthwith he would become what he was described to be. They had but to assert that the Afghans had no objection to the presence of a British Envoy at Kabul, and immediately their ob-

jections would disappear. The mischief is done now past recall. Hardly even in 1857 was our Indian Empire in a position of greater peril than it is now. The persistent opposition between official acts and official language which has been the distinguishing characteristic of Lord Lytton's administration has created an universal disbelief in the sincerity of our speech and the equity of our intentions. In the circle which surrounds the Viceroy, it seems, indeed, to have become an accepted maxim that it is a matter of indifference whether or not the natives are heartily loyal to our rule. And Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, in his Minute on the Repeal of the Cotton Duties, notes the fact as "a grave political danger." It is a maxim which could not have been formulated except by the agents of a Government who felt that they had forfeited, past hope of recovery, the confidence of those they were set to rule over. Of the alienation itself there can be no question. The loyalty of the native has, probably, never been at a lower ebb since 1857. And any reverse in Afghanistan might kindle a flame that would spread from one end of India to the other.

But there is nothing to be gained by anticipating greater difficulties than already beset us. I will assume that no additional complications occur—that General Roberts has succeeded without much difficulty in the occupation of Kabul—that General Stewart has possession of Kandahar, and that all we have to determine is what to do with Afghanistan now we have got it. There are but three courses of conduct possible—withdrawal from the country altogether, a return to the arrangements formulated in the Treaty of Gundamuck, or annexation. I will consider the last first.

Annexation.

Nobody, so far as I know, desires to annex Afghanistan. But there are, I apprehend, but few who are aware of what is involved in "the annexation of Afghanistan," and the danger is that we may drift almost unwillingly into annexation, to discover the full consequences only when too late. Everybody is agreed that India cannot defray the costs. This is set down by the supporters of Government at a sum of five millions annually. I believe it would be much larger; but we will assume that five millions is a correct estimate. By no possibility could we screw this additional sum from the people of India. Already the expenses of the administration increase at a far quicker rate than the revenues which have to meet them. The costs of governing Afghanistan, therefore, would have to be defrayed from the English Exchequer. But assuming this to be arranged, the pecuniary difficulty is the smallest which has to be encountered. To garrison the interior and frontier of Afghanistan we should require not less than forty thousand men—one-half of whom would have to be English soldiers. For, until the interior of Afghanistan is completely opened out by roads which can be traversed throughout the year, the garrisons holding the country would have to be sufficiently strong to be independent of reserves and supports during the winter. And if we attempted to hold Balkh and

Herat, twenty thousand English soldiers would not suffice. Now where are these English soldiers to come from? An addition of at least forty thousand men to our regular army would be required in order to supply them. But the English part of our Afghanistan garrison does not present so insuperable a difficulty as the native. It would not be safe, at least for many years, to organize our native garrison from the Afghans themselves. The regiments would have to be recruited in India specially for this service—but out of what races? The natives of the Southern parts of India have not the physique capable of enduring the severities of an Afghanistan winter. The Sikhs or Hindoos of Upper India would certainly not enlist in a service which carried them so far from their homes into the midst of an alien people and an alien faith. The only recruits we should obtain in large numbers would be Muhammadans. The danger, then, is obvious. In India the fierce fanaticism of the Moslem creed is mitigated by its contact with the milder tenets of Hindooism; but remove an Indian Moslem to Afghanistan, and he would very soon become inspired by the religious zeal of his co-religionists around him. We should be exposed to the risk, perpetually, of our native garrison combining with the people of the country to expel the infidel intruders from the land, and restore the supremacy of the Prophet. But even these dangers dwindle into insignificance when we contemplate the main result of an annexation of Afghanistan. That result would be that the hills and deserts of Afghanistan would no longer extend between the Russian Power and our own. We should have given to Russia the power to interfere directly in the internal concerns of India.

I have never supposed Russia to have any sinister designs upon India. After much reading I have failed to discover any proof of such designs. Those who suspect Russia obtain their evidence by a very simple process. They reject as incredible the objects assigned by the Russian Government as guiding its policy, and substitute their own fixed preconception in place of them. I believe that neither Russia nor any other Power would accept of India as a free gift. I cannot imagine a rational statesman coveting for his country so burdensome and unprofitable a responsibility. But that a Russian Government should ever attempt the invasion and conquest of India is to me beyond the power of belief. What Mr. Cobden wrote in 1835 appears to me as convincing at this day as it was then.

"China," he wrote, "affords the best answer to those who argue that Russia meditates hostile views towards our Indian possessions. China is separated from Russia by an imaginary boundary only, and that country is universally supposed to contain a vast part of riches well worthy of the sphere in which it is situated. It has not enjoyed the benefit of being civilized by English or other Christian conquerors—an additional reason for expecting to find a wealthy Pagan community, waiting, like unwrought mines, the labours of some Russian Warlike Hercules. Why, then, does not the Czar invade the Chinese Empire, which is his next neighbour, and content himself with conquering and selling, rather than conquering, the Tartar writers and speakers prefer to do so, marching three thousand and even legions of fighting troops and masses of many thousands to the frontiers, where he would find that Cane and Wellesley had preceded him."

Apart, however, from the question of motives, it is not possible to march an army from Herat to the Indus. And we must always bear in mind that even if the Russian army reached the Indus, their real work, instead of being over, would only then commence. With that vast extent of hill and desert behind them they would have before them some sixty thousand British troops in an entrenched position. Even a victory would leave the invader begirt about with dangers and difficulty; a defeat would be his utter annihilation. Not a soldier of the army of invasion would return to tell the tale. It is impossible to divine where or how Russia could raise the money for so gigantic an enterprise; and if the money was forthcoming it is not credible that any Government should fling it away on such a hopeless undertaking. In assuming that Russia will refrain from an attack upon India, there is no need to credit either the Government or the people with more than that ordinary common sense which hinders men and nations from attempting to achieve the impossible.

The danger to India arises not from the existence of any Russian designs against our Empire, but from the belief that such exist. This belief will, so to speak, hibernates for a season; then all at once we find it in full activity, and creating a panic in every heart of which it takes possession. These are the critical moments for the well-being and security of our Indian Empire. In such a period of panic we rushed into the disastrous war in Afghanistan in 1838. Under the influence of like feelings we involved ourselves in the inglorious raid the first act of which has just terminated. On both occasions we have been guilty of assailing a Prince whose only desire was to form an intimate alliance with us. On both occasions we have carried fire and sword among a people with whom we frankly avowed that we had no assignable cause of quarrel. But so long as Afghanistan extended between us and the Russian dominions in Asia it was physically impossible to declare war against Russia. In our unreasoning panic we fell upon the Ameer and his people, because there was no one else to attack. But if we make the Hindoo Khosh our military frontier, then Russia, by assembling a few thousand men upon the Oxus, can, whenever she pleases, agitate India from one end to the other. She will not need to attack. The menace will be sufficient. For we must remember that the undisputed supremacy of British rule in India depends, in the main, upon two conditions, both of which are destroyed if we annex Afghanistan. The one is, that no heavier burden be laid upon the people than they are willing to bear; and the other, the absence of any hope of deliverance. The cost of maintaining our supremacy in Afghanistan will make the burden of our rule utterly intolerable alike to our native soldiers and our civil population; the assembling of a Russian army on the frontiers of Afghanistan will provide the hope of deliverance. The hazards and uncertainties of the situation would keep the natives in a state of perpetual unrest. The ambitious and the disaffected would

engage in intrigue and conspiracy; trade would languish; the internal development of the country be abruptly arrested; and the Empire would assuredly be wrested from our hands on the occasion of the first European war in which we became involved.

The Treaty of Gundamuck.

Annexation being impossible, is it wise, or is it practicable, to return to the provisions of the Treaty of Gundamuck? It is neither wise nor possible, for the simple reason that this Treaty was based upon a fiction. It was grounded upon the utterly false assumption that there existed in Afghanistan a central authority, acknowledged as legitimate by all the people of Afghanistan, with whom we could establish permanent diplomatic relations. There is no such authority. Instances have been adduced of attacks made upon European Embassies in other Oriental countries, and the argument has been put forward, that as, notwithstanding such outbreaks, diplomatic relations have been maintained with Turkey and Persia, there is no reason to conclude from the fate of Major Cavagnari that they are impossible in Afghanistan. The cases are not parallel. The Ameer of Kabul has no such authority in his capital or throughout his dominions as the Sultan or the Shah. It is possible, though not very probable, that a British Envoy might reside in Kabul without being murdered, but the measure of his utility would depend upon the fluctuating fortunes of the Ameer to whom he was accredited. The only way to obviate this would be to place a force at the disposal of the Envoy, sufficient to put down all insurrectionary movements against the Ameer. But if we undertook this duty, we should become responsible for the character of the civil administration. We could not punish the victims of a cruel or rapacious Ameer, without at the same time cutting off at their source the cruelty and rapacity, by the deposition of an unworthy ruler. And thus, in a very brief time, we should find that virtually we had annexed the country. Facts are stubborn things, and it is worse than useless to fight against them. Those who contend that the murder of Major Cavagnari ought not to be allowed to overturn what they term the "settled policy" of the Ministry, are bound to show in what way this "settled policy" can be carried out. How do they propose to obtain an Ameer towards whom all the sections of the Afghans shall practise a loyal obedience? And if no such Ameer can be obtained, with whom or with what are we to establish diplomatic relations?

The Policy of Withdrawal.

There remains the policy of withdrawal. The surest barrier against foreign aggression in India is to be obtained in the contentment and prosperity of the people. A people thus situated are prompt to repel invasion, and secret intrigue is deprived of the conditions essential to its success. But in order that the people of India should be prosperous and contented, it is absolutely necessary that the financial burdens they have to carry—and especially the military charges—should not

be enhanced. It is not possible to advance our military frontier—even to the extent of the (so-called) “Scientific Frontier”—without an enormous enhancement of our military expenditure. And all military expenditure is unprofitable, in the sense that it takes so much from the tax-payer and brings him no material equivalent. Consequently, whatever else this forward policy accomplishes, it cannot fail to impoverish the people and stimulate their discontent. Moreover, the incidents of the war have demonstrated that an invasion of India from Central Asia is physically impossible. We started from the Indus, firmly resolved to march to Herat, if necessary; but when we had reached Kandahar, we found it impossible to advance further. It would be equally impossible for a Russian army to march from Herat to the Indus. There is, therefore, no such reason for a change of frontier as was alleged in justification of the war.

In all probability there is not even a Tory in England who does not in his heart approve of a policy of withdrawal; but there are, he would say, difficulties in the way. There are. After all the glowing eulogies they have pronounced upon themselves, it will not be pleasant or easy for Ministers to transfer these eulogies to their opponents. It will be extremely disagreeable for a “specially gifted Viceroy” to have to confess that his chiefest gift was a gigantic capacity for blundering. But if India is to be preserved to the nation, there is no escape from this unpleasant alternative. Either Ministers must acknowledge an error that is now patent to all the world, or India must be saddled with the heavy costs and the incalculable risks of an annexation of Afghanistan. These risks, it must be remembered, are not transitory, but enduring; and if we accept them, we must be prepared for a doom of absolute effacement in the politics of Europe. The argument which will be urged against withdrawing from Afghanistan is, of course, the old familiar one—the loss of prestige. This is an argument impossible to refute because the exact worth of prestige is an unknown quantity, as to which no two people are agreed. But whatever be its value, to rush upon ruin and destruction in order to preserve our prestige is an act of insanity. It is as if a man should commit suicide in order to preserve his reputation for courage. When we retired from Afghanistan in 1842, we frankly confessed the mistake we had committed, and I am not aware that any evil resulted from the confession. The wrongs that we had done left behind them a legacy of evil, but not the confession of those wrongs. And so it is now. The frontier policy of Lord Lytton has ruined our reputation for justice, truthfulness, and generosity, and the stain of that policy must cling to us for ever. We shall not conceal or efface it by laying a crushing burden upon our native subjects and upon future generations of Englishmen, in order to evade the humiliation of a confession. On the contrary, we make what reparation is still in our power when, in the interests of both, we refuse to annex Afghanistan.

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CRITICAL IDEALISM IN FRANCE.

La Science positive et la Métaphysique. Par Louis LIARD, Professeur à la Faculté des Lettres de Bordeaux. (Ouvrage couronné par l'Institut de France.) Paris, 1879.

FOR some years past there has been observable in France, outside of and in opposition to Positivism, a growing movement in favour of idealism in general, and of the critical idealism of Kant in particular. This philosophy, which had previously found very few adherents in our country, has now begun to make its way into our teaching and our Universities. Berkeley and Kant have been the subjects of special works, and an attempt has been made to translate and reproduce their ideas by harmonizing them with the principal doctrines of spiritualism. We have here a movement full of promise and well deserving of attention.* Among the different productions affording some notion of this philosophical tendency, we make choice—as being both the most recent and the most complete—of a remarkable work, distinguished and crowned by the French Institute, *Positive Science and Metaphysic*, by a young and learned professor of Bordeaux, M. Louis Liard.

To begin with, M. Liard's work is well composed, its plan being simple, severe, and lucid. It divides itself into three parts. The first is devoted to determining the nature and limits of positive sciences—that is, of the sciences properly so called—and to showing that they cannot pretend to abolish or replace metaphysics. In this portion of his book the author discusses the three forms of the experimental philosophy of our day, namely—Positivism, the philosophy of association, and that of evolution.

In the second part, the author examines what he calls Criticism—that is to say, the philosophy of Kant. The preceding discussion having demonstrated that the human mind is incapable of departing from

* We already endeavoured to make this philosophy known at its earliest appearance, by an article that appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of the 15th Oct. 1873, under the title, "A New Phase of Spiritualism." We are now dealing with the most recent form of this new school.

certain forms, certain laws, without which experience itself would be impossible,—the author now resolves these into five fundamentals: space, time, substance, cause, the Absolute. But are these forms or laws of the mind the laws of things as well? Have they an objective authority? We know that metaphysics hang upon the solution of this question. We know, too, what is the solution given by Kant to this great problem. In recognizing the necessary existence of these forms as laws of the mind he disputes their external reality; hence he only admits critical, not real and dogmatic metaphysic. Now, as regards this point the author of the book under our notice, instead of dissenting from Criticism as he had done from Positivism, appears on the contrary to accept it by its own name, and to admire and endorse its conclusions. He seems to grant or even to affirm that if Positivism is wrong, Criticism is right, and that, strictly speaking, metaphysic is not a science.

And yet if metaphysic were not a science in the strict sense of the word—that is to say, in the sense of objective sciences—would it follow that it was nothing, or nothing more than criticism itself? By no means: our author does not stop at that apparent solution; metaphysic according to him has an object that criticism has not reached, has not shaken; metaphysic has its own proper function, in which criticism can never take its place. Only instead of founding it on the object, we must found it on the subject. The mind must turn away from the external world and re-enter itself. It is there that, without need of forms or categories of which criticism has demonstrated the fallacy, the subject grasps itself not only in its phenomena but in its being, and determines itself in conformity to an end. This end is goodness: and this is the only notion we can form to ourselves of the Absolute. Thus, metaphysic is not the science of the object, but that of the subject; or if the name of science be still withheld, it is at least the study of the subject, and it is founded on and completed by morality. Thus, the author ends by an evolution very similar to that of Kant, but with certain differences which it will be our part to point out.

These constitute the three parts of the work. We will now take them up in succession.

I.

Let us first of all consider the characteristics of positive science. It has for its object the conversion of facts into laws, or in other words the resolving the composite into the simple, the particular into the universal, the contingent into the necessary. But let us observe with our author that we are only dealing here with a relative simplicity, a partial universality, a conditional necessity. None of these characters present themselves in a really absolute manner. The simple is invariably composed of several terms; the universal only applies itself to a certain class of phenomena; the necessary is so only with relation to the consequences of a law, but the law itself always remains contingent. Thus, no

positive science can ever attain to the absolute. It is the same with methods. These methods are induction and deduction. Now, however precise these processes be, however marvellous the sequence and interdependence of the propositions they discover and demonstrate, their data are never more than particular and contingent facts; consequences, then, can only be proportioned to those data. Hence it is certain that the positive sciences cannot go beyond a relative universality or necessity. It may seem as though we ought to make an exception in favour of mathematics. But by a subtle discussion which it would be difficult to give summarily, the author shows that they too come under the same law, whence it follows that the domain of positive science properly so-called is contained within the relative.

From this consideration there has sprung up in our day a philosophy that reduces all sciences without exception to the knowledge of relation, and by so doing has declared all metaphysics impossible: and this philosophy is called Positivism. "Any proposition," says Auguste Comte, "which is not finally reducible to the simple enunciation of a particular or general fact, is incapable of holding a real or intelligible meaning." "There is nothing absolute," says the same philosopher, "if it be not this very proposition that there is nothing absolute." As to the proof of this proposition, it lies, according to the school in question, in the celebrated law which reduces all progress of the human mind in all orders of research to three phases: the theological phase, in which facts are explained by causes and supernatural agents; the metaphysical, in which they are explained by abstract and ontological entities; and, finally, the positive, in which phenomena are verified by experience and referred to their laws—that is to say, to constant and always verifiable relations of coincidence and succession.

Our author, having expounded this doctrine with much precision, proceeds to criticize it with equal sagacity. He points out what is illusory in this law of the three states; shows that it confuses metaphysic with scholasticism; and proves, finally, that, in aiming at merging mind in knowledge, and subordinating, as he says, the subjective to the objective, Positivism does not understand what it is speaking of, since all knowledge is ultimately referable to facts of consciousness—that is to say, to something subjective, which is in effect, as Descartes has pointed out, the only order of absolutely certain truths. Besides which, let positive science, or rather the positive philosophy, in the name of positive facts, proscribe metaphysic as it will, is it not evident that the fundamental conceptions of all science—number, atom, force, matter, cause, law—are metaphysical conceptions? Is it not evident that all science whatever is impossible without a certain number of principles or notions,—in a word, of intellectual laws, which even govern experience itself? As yet the positive school has not answered the learned demonstration of Kant on the necessity of the *a priori* principle, or rather it has ignored it. It has made no addition to

that old empiricism which the school of Leibnitz and of Kant had refuted.

But since the Positivism of Auguste Comte, too little versed in metaphysical knowledge to discuss it authoritatively, there have arisen two important schools, the one of association, the other of evolution. The former has endeavoured to base experience on an experimental and positive law; the latter has generalized this law, and made of it a particular case of a more general law embracing the whole of Nature—namely, the law of evolution.

The doctrine of association may be referred to the fundamental law that all ideas rising simultaneously or successively in the human mind, tend invariably to recall each other in the same order; this is what is called association of ideas. When any two ideas have thus been constantly associated without ever being separated (as, for instance, form and colour), they unite indissolubly and thus become necessary laws. Now, of all these necessary connections, the most universal is this: no phenomenon ever appears without having been preceded by some other phenomenon, which is always the same under the same circumstances. This law is that of causality, which is both the supreme principle and, at the same time, the result of all experience. To this doctrine of J. S. Mill and Alexander Bain our author opposes the two following objections:—1st, How does it explain the generalization? 2nd, How does it explain the necessity of the laws of the understanding? On the first point the English School appeals to a law that it calls the law of *similarity* or faculty of identifying the like in the different. But this is indeed, strictly speaking, a fact of association? Should not association, properly understood, be reduced to the law of contiguity—that is to say, to the fact of our ideas only becoming associated through relations of time? To admit the faculty of recognizing similarity in diversity, what is this but to admit mind, intelligence—something, in short, which is other than a simple external association? As to the second point, can we reduce the rational necessity that Kant and Leibnitz have laid down as the criterion of *a priori* principles to a pure necessity of habit—that is to say, to the automatic expectation of the future inscribed on the past? Where is the scientific guarantee in this hypothesis? Why should Nature bend to our habits? “Who can assure us that we do not dream in thinking of the future, and that the next sensation may not interrupt our dream by an unforeseen shock?” We see how far-reaching this doubt is; it affects not only metaphysic but science as well.

As to the philosophy of evolution, we know that, with regard to the origin of the principles of thought, it consists in linking the experience of present generations to that of generations past; in substituting secular for individual experience—in a word, in filling up by the accumulation of ages on ages the interval existing between particular and contingent facts and the universality of principles. This hypothesis is always at bottom no other than that of the *tabula rasa*, only it is no

longer the individual who is this *tabula rasa*, since each one has, by heredity, received a pre-formed intelligence. Nevertheless, under pain of contradicting the hypothesis, we are forced to admit that there was a first subject who, prior to the action of the object, must have been this *tabula rasa*. But here the objections of Leibnitz reappear. What can a pure, abstract, and unmodified subject be? And again, before any meeting of subject with object, we have to admit a pure object having nothing subjective, just as the subject had nothing objective. What shall we affirm of this pure object? Let us divest it if you will of colour, heat, sound; must we not at least conceive it as extended, as existing in time, conceive it, that is, according to the necessary forms that are supposed to be suppressed? For to say that it has been capable of existing without having anything in common with these forms, and that out of this unknown and nameless condition have arisen, by way of transformation, the notions of which we treat, were to admit that something can come out of nothing. We must therefore acknowledge that universal notions do at least exist as germs at the origin of evolution. It is not evolution that has created them, evolution has only developed them, and be they ever so attenuated, they still remain conditions without which nothing can be thought.

Such is the gist of the first part of M. Laard's book, and we have nothing to add to it but our approbation. We can but admire the skilful analysis with which it begins, and the vigorous discussion accompanying that analysis. The three stages traversed by the experimental philosophy of our days—namely, Positivism, the Associative Philosophy, and that of Evolution—are competently and precisely summed up. The discussion is cogent, solid, and could not be further developed without injury to the unity of the work. No doubt it requires close attention to follow it; but it is lucid and well sustained. Whatever the difficulty metaphysic may encounter in constituting itself a science, and getting recognized as such, it has been established that empiricism is not a tenable position, since it has been found necessary to pass from positivism to association, from association to evolution; while evolution itself still supposed some pre-formation. One thing is certain, intelligence invariably contains a something that does not come from without—namely, intelligence itself.

II.

The criticism of Positivism has taught us that there is no knowledge possible without *à priori* elements—that is to say, without laws inherent in thought, which impose themselves upon phenomena, so as to constitute veritable knowledge. This is the system of Kant, and thus that system avoids not only empiricism, but scepticism as well, though commonly confounded with it. For without necessary laws phenomena only form an arbitrary succession, entirely dependent upon the organization of the individual; we have no longer anything but

individual sensations. In the Kantian philosophy, however, the individual is subjected to laws that are superior to himself; these are the laws of human thought, and even, perhaps, of all thought whatever. These laws impose themselves on each one of us in a necessary and universal manner, and by so doing communicate to phenomena an objective reality in this sense at least, that they are for individuals veritable objects; and thus it is that mathematical truths are objects to the intellect, even supposing they should be nowhere realized in any existence independent of thought.

But are these laws of thought anything else than laws of thought? Do they really attain to objective reality—to *things in themselves*. Kant has denied that they do, and our author, in following in his steps, agrees, or seems to agree, with the "Kritik" of Kant.

Let us then resolve the fundamental laws of the human intellect into five principal concepts: these are, space and time, forms of sensibility, substance and cause, laws of external experience, and, lastly, the Absolute, the final and supreme condition of all knowledge. Now, according to Kant and our author, these notions, at least the four first, are at the same time necessary as subjective conditions of thought, and contradictory so soon as we seek to realize them outside of thought.

For example, that space and time are found by implication in every internal or external representation, that they are not the result of abstraction and generalization, this has been firmly established by Kant; for the elements from which some have sought to derive them already imply them. But, at the same time, they are only internal conditions, of which the objects are unrealizable outside of ourselves, and the reason of this is given by M. Liard, as follows:—Space and time have three essential characteristics, they are homogeneous, continuous, and unlimited. Now, if we seek to make of space and time *things in themselves* we may doubtless conceive them as homogeneous and continuous, but not as unlimited, for no actual magnitude is unlimited; all magnitude is expressed in numbers, and numbers are necessarily finite, an infinite number involving a contradiction.

We will not enter into a question here mooted by the author, leading to what Leibnitz calls the labyrinth of the continued (*Labyrinthus continui*), or of invisibles; we will content ourselves with pointing out that the reason here given is not by any means in conformity with the ideas of Kant—indeed, that it contradicts them. In fact, our author here applies to the two forms of sensibility the objection that Kant raised only about real things and the sensible world. The world, indeed, being composed of parts, can only be conceived as infinite by adding these parts to each other, and by thus supposing the actual reality of an infinite number. But it is not so with space, which, not being composed of parts, is consequently not representable by numbers. "There is only one single space, there is only one single time," says Kant. The notion of space is therefore not formed by the infinite addition of small

portions of space and time. These are unities, not numbers. Hence illimitableness is given with the very intuition. "Space," says Kant, "is represented as a given infinite magnitude," *als eine gegebene unendliche Quantität*. Now, so soon as the infinite is *given*, instead of *being made* by a mental addition, it seems to us that the above difficulty vanishes.

Let us pass to the notion of substance and to that of cause. These two notions are necessary to render possible the connection of phenomena in the human mind. Our perceptions are, in fact, diverse; if they were only diverse, and had no unity, there would be no passage from one phenomenon to another; consciousness would arise and disappear with each phenomenon, to arise and die anew with the next, and so on. But then there would be no thought, for in order that thought should exist there must be at least two different things presented to the unity of consciousness. In other terms, we should be incapable of perceiving a changing thing without something that was changeless. Hence this is a necessary condition of knowledge. Now, let us see whether this condition can be rendered objective. According to our author it cannot, for if we subtract from surrounding things all the phenomena that fall under the domain of the senses, what remains? Nothing. Common-sense, indeed, believes in substance, but does not mean thereby an abstract and metaphysical entity, it means the whole of what strikes the senses; when the phenomenon is opposed to substance nothing is meant but that a new phenomenon has just added itself to preceding ones. Wood burns; here wood is the substance, combustion the phenomenon. This is how common-sense understands the matter; but if we separate from the idea of wood all that characterizes it as wood, nothing remains but a pure abstraction, of which common-sense takes no account, and has never so much as thought. Our author further combats the idea of substance by appealing to the metaphysical difficulties that it suggests. Is there only one substance, or are there several? Either hypothesis is equally difficult to sustain. In other words, substance is nothing more than that law in virtue of which the mind connects phenomena in one and the same act of thought.

Here, again, we are obliged to say that the preceding arguments against the objectivity of the notion of substance are, in our opinion, far from conclusive. In the first place, it seems to us a false philosophical method to exclude an object from the human mind because it suggests difficulties that we are incapable of solving. Every object must be presented to us as existing before we can judge of the possibility of that object. Perhaps we do not possess the means of solving all the questions which the existence of an object may suggest, but this is no reason why it should not exist. The existence of things cannot be subordinated to the limits of our understanding; it is this very principle which seems to us soundest of all in the "*Kritik*" of Kant. Even should we be for ever incapable of knowing whether there is one substance or whether there are many, even should we be for ever doomed

to doubt as to this point, it would not follow that the existence of one or of many substances were thereby done away with. Moreover, the criticism of our author goes much further than the imperilling the objectivity of substance; it really bears against the very notion itself. If, in fact, every phenomenon being withdrawn, nothing remains any longer in my mind, it is not merely objective substance that vanishes, it is the notion itself. What, indeed, is a notion which, analyzed, comes to naught? And what is this necessary law which is a nonentity? Our author tells us that if we remove all the accidents there remains "nothing perceptible to the senses." This is mere tautology, for it is too evident that nothing sensible ought to remain in the notion, all sensible accidents having been withdrawn; but what does remain is that without which phenomena could not be connected. And this is no empty concept, for how should an empty concept have any uniting power? And, lastly, when the author, correcting himself, as we think, says that the notion of substance reduces itself to what he calls a "fundamental phenomenon," he does nothing but change the word, and in reality reverts to what we call substance. For in what sense does anything fundamental—that is to say, that to which other phenomena ultimately reduce themselves, and which cannot be reduced to any other—still preserve the name of phenomenon? All this, therefore, is but admitting under one name what has been denied under another.

The criticism of the notion of cause is quite similar to that of the notion of substance. It is a notion necessary to the mind, for just as without substance there can be no mental connection between simultaneous phenomena, in the same way without cause there can be no connection between successive phenomena. Causality is the necessary law that connects each phenomenon with its anterior conditions. Without this law there could be no science, no induction, no experience. It cannot, consequently, be derived from experience, since it is the very condition of it. But do we seek to render cause objective as well as substance? If so, we must understand it in a different sense. Cause is no longer merely a phenomenon anterior to another, the antecedent of a consequent. It is something quite different, it is force, the active power, that initiates the movement, and of which we find the type in our own consciousness. Hence, to render cause objective is nothing less than to spiritualize the universe, to suppose everywhere causes similar to ours—it is a kind of universal Fetichism. And, further, we fall into the same difficulties as we did with regard to substance. Is there only one cause or many causes? Lastly, causation thus understood is of no use whatever to science, for science has no need at all of metaphysical forces, that which is necessary to science, and employed by it under the name of force, being a measurable quantity which it disengages from phenomena and from experience.

On this new ground the difficulty that confronts critical idealism is the same as that affecting the notion of substance. It lies in defending

the position against empiricism, from which are borrowed all the arguments against the reality of the cause, while attempting, nevertheless, to preserve the notion of it. How succeed in retaining as an *à priori* law what empiricism declares to be only an acquired habit? How explain a law of mind imposing a determined order on external phenomena? How can the entirely subjective need of relation determine phenomena to produce themselves in the order desired by our intelligence? The thunder rolls: my mind, in virtue of an innate law, insists on this phenomenon being connected with a certain totality of antecedent phenomena—namely, heat, the formation of clouds charged with electricity of different kinds, the meeting of these clouds, and the combination of the two electricities, &c. How and why have these phenomena produced themselves in order to satisfy my mind? Our author somewhere reproaches the partisans of innate ideas with supposing ideas on one side and phenomena on the other. How can he exonerate Kant's system from this objection? No philosopher ever insisted more than he on the opposition between matter and form, the former being, as he says, "given *a posteriori*," the latter ready prepared *à priori* in the mind. No philosopher, not even Leibnitz, has more radically separated sensibility which is passive from the understanding whose principle is spontaneity. How do these two opposite principles happen to agree? Even were it pointed out that our senses themselves are innate, since our sensations are but the manifestation of the specific activity of each one of them—light, of the optic nerve, sound, of the acoustic—it still remains certain that our sensations are only subjective as regards their content and not as regards their origin; they arise in virtue of causes to us unknown. How should understanding, by aid of a purely mental law, and in order to its own satisfaction, evoke sensible phenomena from nothingness, and if it had such a power, it could only be in virtue of an active force, that is, of a veritable causality? You say that you require relation, without which there could be no knowledge. And why must there be knowledge because you feel the need of it? And why should there not be in the understanding a need of unity and relation that sensibility does not satisfy? To say that the mind at the same time that it thinks the law produces phenomena conformable to that law, is to make the mind itself the cause in the objective and metaphysical sense of the word—is no other than that universal spiritualism that the author began by refuting. We are therefore very far from admitting his criticism of the principles of causality. Let us go on to the notion of the absolute.

M. Liard begins very properly by pointing out the confusion too often made between the notion of the infinite and that of the absolute. He says that the infinite can only be strictly understood in the mathematical sense, but that hence, as Leibnitz has said, the true infinite is the absolute. He admits the existence in the mind of the notion of the absolute in so far as it is inseparable from that of the relative. The

Scotch philosopher, Hamilton, had endeavoured to suppress this notion, and had reproached Kant for not having completely exorcised the phantom of the absolute,* and for having retained it in the character of *idea* while contesting its objective existence. It is remarkable that on this point, so decisive for metaphysics, Hamilton should have been opposed and refuted by the more modern English philosophers, who often pass for having pushed the critical and negative spirit further than he, when, indeed, on this point it is just the contrary. Herbert Spencer especially is one whom it is interesting to consult here. He maintains against Hamilton the notion of the absolute as positive, not negative, "as the correlative notion of the relative, as the substratum of all thoughts"—I quote verbally—"as the most important element of our knowledge."† He also maintains in opposition to Hamilton that the affirmation of the absolute is "a knowledge and not a belief." Only according to him this object that underlies all our thoughts is absolutely indeterminable by us. We know that it *is*, not *what* it is. It is the incomprehensible, the unknowable.

M. Liard seems to us substantially to admit all these conclusions. "Existence by others," he says, "is not to be understood without self-existence." "Without the spur of the notion of the absolute, how comprehend the obstinate persistence of the human mind in transcending the limits of the relative? Is not this a proof that the relative is not sufficient to itself?" It is one thing to affirm the absolute, another to determine its nature. Even granting that we be powerless to speak as to the essence of the absolute, and that it can never be for us other than the indeterminable and unknowable, "is it nothing to be assured of the existence of an unknowable? At all events religious beliefs might in default of scientific certainty find in an irremovable basis this conviction."

We see therefore that our author agrees with Mr. Herbert Spencer in granting the existence of the absolute; he does not seem to reduce it, as Kant does, to a mere idea. He confines himself to saying that it cannot be determined. He shows that none of the notions that have been previously examined can fill up the concept of the absolute. Neither space, nor time, nor substance, nor cause, nor the totality of phenomena, can be raised to the notion of absolute. It is therefore indeterminable. Now, as the absolute is the proper object of metaphysics, it follows that metaphysics lack an object, having nothing to say thereon. Hence it is self-condemned, and consequently metaphysics is not a science.

Such is the conclusion of the second part. The first appeared to raise us above phenomena by establishing the necessity of thought and of its fundamental law. But the second confines us within the domains of thought, and forbids us to go beyond. There is, indeed, a science of

* Hamilton's "Discussions: Cousin, Schelling."

† Herbert Spencer's "First Principles," First Part p. 18.

thought, but this science is criticism, not metaphysics. Have we, then, only escaped from positivism to fall into the abyss of scepticism?

Before explaining in what manner the author has endeavoured to escape from this abyss, there is room for an important remark on the previous discussion as to the notion of the absolute. Scepticism on this point may assume three forms. Either, first, we do not even possess the notion of it, our notion is entirely negative,—the absolute is the non-relative, is indeed the relative with a negation: such is the view of Sir W. Hamilton. Or else, secondly, we have the notion of the absolute, of being in itself and by itself, of the superlatively real being, *ens realissimum*, as Kant expresses it, but it is only a notion, we cannot affirm the existence: this is Kant's doctrine. Or, thirdly, we have indeed a positive notion of the absolute, and we necessarily affirm its existence, only we are unable to determine its nature: this is the conclusion arrived at by Herbert Spencer. Now, of these three doctrines the two first alone, in our opinion, belong to what may be called criticism. The third is manifestly a return to dogmatism. The more or less of determination in the notion of the absolute is only the second problem of metaphysic; the first is the existence of that absolute. And, moreover, the doctrine of the divine incomprehensibility has always been maintained by the greatest metaphysicians as well as the greatest theologians. All mystics incline to it. There may therefore be room for debate as to the more or less approximative character of our concepts of the absolute. That any of these are adequate, or absolutely adequate, is what no philosopher has ever thought himself obliged to maintain. No doubt, to define the absolute as the unknowable, is to express the doctrine under a very rigorous form, but one could hardly refuse to allow the absolute to be the incomprehensible.

Consequently, then, if the author, as appears to be the case from the passages we have quoted, thinks with Mr. Herbert Spencer that the notion of the absolute corresponds to an existence, and if he contents himself with maintaining its indeterminability, we may, if we like, consider this to be a singularly attenuated metaphysic, but we are not entitled to deny that it amounts to a departure from criticism and a return to metaphysic. If, on the other hand, criticism does at least suppose one fundamental datum,—thought, namely, and with the thought the thinking,—we are still forced to grant to Descartes, and consequently to metaphysic, the existence of the thinking subject; and hence that science which our author declares not to be one would be found already in possession of the claim by the single fact of what he has called the criticism of two fundamental postulates: I think, I am—I think the absolute, the absolute is. And is this then nothing?

We are therefore of opinion that M. Liard ought to have concluded the second part of his work as he did the first—that is to say, that he ought to have shown the insufficiency of criticism as he did that of positivism. To our mind, criticism supposes metaphysic, as positivism

supposes criticism. Metaphysic contains the reason of criticism, as criticism does that of positivism. Instead, then, of saying that metaphysic is not a science, we should rather call it the culminating point of science. But in place of following this natural order, which is, indeed, only his own method, our author has preferred to prove criticism right in the second part of his book, and metaphysic right in the third, by a sort of *saltus*, not contained in what goes before. He has chosen to appear nearer to Kant than he really is; has chosen to carry on his own evolution in Kant's manner, and to rebuild on different bases what he had demolished; but we shall see that this evolution is in reality quite different from that of Kant, and that his justification of criticism is only apparent, or at least if he defends it, this is really only in order subsequently to undermine it.

III.

Kant's evolution, which makes dogmatism to result from scepticism, was an entirely moral evolution, substituting for speculative the authority of practical reason. The evolution we have now to deal with is of a quite different character; it consists in passing from objective to subjective knowledge, from the object to the subject. Even if all that has been just said on the side of criticism were true, there is at least invariably one existence that remains untouched by it: this existence is that of the thinking subject, and this existence is incontestable. What appears to us as a circle to the circumference are objects, in the centre is the subject. We do not confound ourselves with our sensations, we distinguish between them and ourselves. Can, then, this consciousness of the thinking subject be no more than the transformation of external events? No; for all exterior events reduce themselves to one—i.e., motion; and all interior events to one—i.e., thought. There is no transition or transformation possible between one of these phenomena and the other. "We acknowledge," says a distinguished savant, Professor Tyndall, "that a definite thought and a molecular action of the brain occur simultaneously, but we do not possess the essential organ, nor even a rudiment of the organ we should require in order to pass by reasoning from the one to the other." Thus, then, the subject exists and is not reducible to the object. Shall we say that this subject is nothing more than a sum of phenomena? But what adds up these phenomena? A common bond is needed. Have we any consciousness of such a bond? "Yes," replies our author, "we call internal states of consciousness, past, present, or possible; we attribute them to ourselves, we say that they take place within us. What does this mean if the *ego* to which we refer them is only their succession? How comprehend the continuity of consciousness?" In a word, our author admits absolutely that the *ego* has a consciousness of its own being, as distinct from its sensations and from external objects. "It is," he says, "an activity constantly modified, but yet always one,

which dominating its states refers them to the unity of one same consciousness."

Here, then, we have, without possibility of mistake, the fundamental doctrine of the spiritualistic philosophy of Descartes, Leibnitz, Maine de Biran, and Jouffroy. By laying down this principle the author believes himself enabled to reinstate that metaphysic which criticism had condemned. We, for our part, have no doubt of this; but we fail to see how the author can at the same time hold this principle and the Kantian principle of idealism. The "*Kritik*" of Kant bears upon the subject as well as the object; according to it both the one and the other are unknowable and incomprehensible noumena. The human mind is but a complex compound of sensations and categories, the unity of which is reached by the same process as the unity of external objects. No doubt Kant is, indeed, obliged to concede something to the *ego*, the *cogito* as he calls it; but he does not very clearly say what it is; it is not a substance, not a category, not a result. "It is," says he, "the vehicle of all categories." What can be more vague? The metaphor shows both how little disposed Kant was to assign its due part to the *ego*—how vague and uncertain he left it, and at the same time how he was forced to take it into account. The *ego*, the active, continuous, self-conscious *ego*, is the rock ahead to Kant's philosophy. For how dispute the consciousness of substance and of cause, when one admits "a continuous activity dominating all states of consciousness and reducing them to unity?"

What, then, is substance, according to our author? It is, he says—something that does not change considered as the necessary condition of that which changes. What is cause? Is it not the power of initiating any given movement? Now, this same consciousness which gives us the *ego* as a continuous activity, does it not in so doing give it us as the condition of phenomena and as the productive cause of movement in voluntary efforts? Consequently, to grant that the *ego* knows itself as *ego*, and as activity, is in point of fact to restore the notions of cause and substance which had been done away with. At most all that has been gained from criticism is the difficulty of comprehending substance and cause without objective, that is, material form. Its results, then, amount only to the incomprehensibility of matter. But the cause of metaphysic is not to be confounded with that of matter; metaphysic is not tied to the existence of materialism; and were it even led in self-defence to deny the very existence of matter altogether, one does not see that such a negation need cost it much. Descartes did not hesitate to place the existence of bodies in doubt, in order to save the existence of spirit. Malebranche did not believe that the existence of bodies could be proved except by revelation. Leibnitz did not think that bodies were more than phenomena, the reality of which was spiritual. There is, then, no common cause between the interests of metaphysic, or of what Kant calls *dogmatism*, and the question of material objectivity, which may be left

open without compromising the fundamental basis of things. How, then, can our author appear to assign the victory to criticism while in reality depriving it of its chief support by restoring to the *ego* the immediate consciousness of itself as a being, one, active, permanent, and continuous? Kant may have played this game, because, in effect, outside of criticism, he only admits moral reasons for reinstating dogmatism. But although our author follows him too on that ground, he nevertheless enters in point of fact upon an entirely different path when he invokes immediate consciousness as a guarantee of the existence and activity of the mind. These are not moral and practical, but metaphysical reasons. Metaphysic, then, independently of morality, has its own proper foundation, which, far from being affected by criticism, is the very foundation of criticism itself. This foundation once admitted, are we entitled to declare metaphysic no science? We hold that we are not. Doubtless, if by science be meant an absolutely adequate knowledge of the object, such as mathematics affords, metaphysic cannot pretend to such knowledge; but we have here only a question of degree. The perfection of a science is not the same thing as its existence. A science is what it is by reason of the difficulties its objects present, and the imperfections of its method; but it is science none the less if it possesses a given object and a solid foundation. Now, such a foundation is admitted by our author when he admits the intuition of the *ego* by itself; and hence it is no longer a mere question of words to refuse the name of science to the series of deductions that may be drawn from a principle which has been admitted valid.

If our author grants the foundation of metaphysics by adhering to the Cartesian principle of the immediate knowledge of the mind by itself, he at the same time acknowledges its most elevated term by defending the existence of an absolute perfection, a supreme type of spirituality. "If in ourselves," he says, "relatively perfect ideas realize themselves in virtue of their relative perfection, why should not the total perfection from whence they are derived exist? There is nothing contradictory in such an absolute." Is not this to admit the doctrine of the perfect being as the Cartesian School has constantly expressed it? but is it enough to say that the total perfection *may* exist, enough to inquire why it should not exist? Should we not go further, and say with Bossuet, "On the contrary, perfection is the reason of being." Here we are forced to allow, in the views, or at all events in the expressions of our author, a fluctuation and uncertainty which now impel him towards the critical, and now towards the metaphysical position, without his arriving at a sufficiently decided conclusion. "The absolute," he says, "would then be the ideal of moral perfection. But by such a definition do we not compromise its reality?" To which doubt he replies that the "true reality is precisely the ideal." Now, this is an equivocal and obscure reply, demanding explanation. No doubt the reality claimed for the perfect being is not a sensible and material

But there is another than material reality—there is a spiritual, as is manifested to us in the reality of consciousness, in the immediate activity and intuition of our being. We may, indeed, style this of existence *ideal*, in opposition to material existence; but the assertion is incorrect, for that which, properly speaking, is an ideal existence is one merely represented to the mind when thinking of something that no longer exists, does not yet exist, nor ever will exist. Now, the question is, whether the moral absolute, of which we have just had a definition given, belongs to the first or to the second of these ideals, whether it exists for itself, or only for us, in so far as we think it, and while we think it. For a mode of existence like this, dependent on our own thought, is very far from being the supreme reality; it is only a modal and subjective reality. Thus our author, we see, expresses himself too uncertainly. Nevertheless, his own principles sufficiently authorized him to declare himself with more precision. Indeed, we have seen, on the one hand, that he, with Mr. Herbert Spencer, affirms the existence of the absolute: and, on the other hand, that he acknowledges the concept of total perfection to be in nowise contradictory. Granting so much, must not absolute perfection be the reason of the existence of the absolute, as relative perfection is the reason of the existence of the relative? If, however, any choose to call that supreme perfection the *Idea*, with Hegel—as Plato calls it the *Good*, Aristotle the *pure Act*, Descartes the *Infinitely Perfect Being*—we have nothing to object, so long as it be clearly understood that the *idea* shall signify the identity of the thought and the being, and not merely a subjective conception of the human mind.

To sum up: it results from what has been already said, that spite of his powers of thought, the author has not been able to escape a certain fluctuation between criticism and spiritualism, and has only arrived at a contradictory compromise between the two conceptions. From criticism he borrows the ideality of the notions of space, time, substance, cause, and the idea of a moral absolute founded on purely moral motives. From spiritualism he borrows the existence of the absolute as the necessary correlative of the relative, and the consciousness of the subject, which perceives itself in its continuity as the cause of its phenomena; and, finally, the idea of a total perfection, which may, without involving any contradiction, have the reason of its existence in itself. These two orders of conception are not so closely connected as they should be; too much is conceded to criticism, too little to metaphysic; and M. Liard inclines overmuch to give to morality the exorbitant privilege of deciding between the two.

iv.

But is this equivalent to saying that we blame our author for his enterprise, and for the attempt he has made to reconcile criticism with dogmatism? By no means; for we are inclined to believe that this is

the very aim that all metaphysic should set before itself at the present day. How, indeed, could we possibly admit that so powerful, so lofty an intellectual effort as that initiated by Kant, which under the name of criticism, of subjective or objective idealism, or even of positivism, has but been the development of his primary thought; that so prodigious a mental movement as this should be absolutely void of meaning, and destined to leave no trace in science? How believe that since the days of Descartes the human intellect has gone mad? Would not this be to express ourselves in the same way as those who, including Descartes himself in this condemnation, have maintained that since St. Thomas the whole course of human thought has been only one long error? Can there be anything more contrary to the laws of the human mind than this hypothesis of absolute truth discovered once for all, leaving no room beside it for anything but error? And besides, what more did Kant do than, under the form of a system (a defective form, no doubt, but hitherto the only one known to philosophy)—what more, we ask, did he than develop and render prominent what had been implicitly contained in the teaching of all preceding metaphysicians? Had not they all assigned a share in human consciousness to the subjective and relative, and very often a larger share than we are led to think, if we only regard their conclusions? Has there, for example, been since the days of Plato a single metaphysician who has denied the knowledge of the senses to be relative, and has the full scope and bearing of this principle been accurately measured? Can that be denied which has been scientifically demonstrated, which Descartes already affirmed, *i.e.*, that light and sound—Nature's two great languages—are only the products of our physical organization, and that outside of the eye that sees, and the ear that hears, there is nothing external to us but a series of vibrations and undulations, which are neither luminous nor sonorous? Reduced to itself, without the presence of men or animals, matter is merely darkness and silence! What sort of matter may this be, and how little resembling the one we know? But is not, it may be said, the reality of that matter attested at least by resistance, by impact? The reality—yes; but is the very nature of the external thing, as it is in itself, manifested thereby? What is impact, what is resistance, if not a mode of our sensations? To be assured of this, we have but to turn to all that metaphysicians teach us as to the nature of God. All agree in saying that God has no sensations. If God be cognizant of matter, as is indubitable, it follows that He does not know it through sensations similar to ours. The *argumentum baculinum* which appears so convincing to Sganarelle, would be powerless with regard to a pure spirit, still more an infinite spirit. Now is not this as much as to say that impact is the mode of action bodies exercise on each other, and by which sentient beings are made aware of their existence, but that it is a mode purely relative to the sensibility of finite beings? Say that, we at least admit with Descartes the reality of extension. But what is the

real size of the extended things by which we are surrounded, and which according to the shape of our lenses we see enlarged, diminished, or even distorted in a thousand ways? Were it to please God, as Leibnitz has said, to collect the immensity of worlds into a walnut-shell, while preserving the proportion of objects, we should never find it out; and such diminution might be carried on infinitely, without ever reaching any term of smallness. 'We grant it,' will be the reply—'all sensible knowledge is relative; Plato, Malebranche, Leibnitz, have sufficiently told us this; but above the senses there is the understanding, which alone is made for truth. Our senses give us the appearance of things, our understanding makes us see them as they are in themselves.' Nothing more true, and this is the basis of metaphysics. But the question is, to what point the understanding is separated and separable from sensibility, and reciprocally, to what point sensibility enters into the understanding. Is there anything in us which can really be called understanding pure? Understanding—yes; but pure—no! Man cannot think without images, says Aristotle; this alone demonstrates that our understanding is always obliged to sensitize its most abstract concepts. Moreover, between pure concepts and the data of sensibility there is still a debatable and obscure region—that, namely, of space and time. And here it is that Kant has made his mark ineffaceably. It is by so doing that he renovated metaphysics. He believed, thought, that both these domains belonged to sensibility and not to intelligence, that they too were only modes of representation—that is to say, modes purely relative to the nature of our mind. On this point also traditional metaphysics came to his support, at least as regards time. For is it not said by all schools whatever that God is not in time, that He is an eternal *Now*, that past and future are nothing to Him? Is it not this conception which is constantly appealed to as affording the solution of the conflict between divine pre-science and human liberty? Now to affirm that God is not in time, and that He sees all portions of time in one sole and eternal present, is not this as much as to say that time is only the mode of representation of finite beings with regard to themselves; that, consequently, it is an image belonging to their finitude, but not to what they are in themselves, since God, who must see them as they are, sees them in an absolutely and radically different manner? Let us add another difference between the human and divine intelligence, pointed out by Bossuet, when he said, "We see things because they are, but they are because God sees them." Therefore in God intelligence is anterior to things, in us posterior. Now, though we can, through artistic creation, form some idea of an intelligence anterior to things, the analogy is, after all, a coarse one, since in us creative imagination only deals with materials borrowed from without. Hence it follows that our intelligence is but a very imperfect image of the divine. Now, as the latter alone can be the type of veritable intelligence, we can only attribute to ourselves a relative intelligence, subordinated to the conditions of the creature. But

does not this amount precisely to saying that we only see things in a subjective and human manner, and that, consequently, we do not know them as they are in themselves? Let us go further still; let us raise ourselves to conceptions of the perfect being, the divine being. Here, too, all metaphysicians agree in acknowledging that we have only an entirely relative view of the Divinity. Is there one who admits that we can, without anthropomorphism, understand literally all the attributes that we impute to the Deity? Has not God Himself defined Himself in Scripture as *Deus absconditus*, and does not the doctrine of mysteries in every great religion imply that the true essence of the Deity is unknown to us, and that, consequently, the philosophic doctrine of the attributes of God is a purely human conception, by which we strive to represent to ourselves the unrepresentable, and to bring within the grasp of our sensibility and our imagination the august and sublime notion that confounds all created substance?

This is what we are taught by all metaphysic doctrine whatever, and not only by that of Kant, Plato, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, Descartes, Malebranche, Leibnitz, Fénelon: all alike teach us that the senses are but a confused and relative knowledge, that space and time are modes of finite existence, that God can only be conceived of by analogy, and not in His essence. Are such conceptions as these very different from those of Kant? And if he has taken them up again under another form, if by isolating he has exaggerated them, his is the merit of having brought them into prominence, of reminding us of them, and forcing us to assign them a more important place in our doctrines. Despite the warnings of the greatest minds, and of all great minds, are we not ceaselessly tempted to yield to the automatic instinct which makes us believe things to be as we see them, makes us suppose the existence of a matter, solid, coloured, sonorous, cold, or hot, such as the senses acquaint us with; makes us believe in an absolute space and time, with which we no longer know how to deal when we think of the true Absolute; makes us conceive of this true Absolute or Goodness as of a species of great man, that we strip of a body, without even reflecting whether we have really the power of representing to ourselves anything absolutely incorporeal? It is against this vulgar current dogmatism, which philosophy has so much trouble in getting rid of, that not only Kant, but every metaphysician, protests. Kant only expounded, under a rigorous and systematic form, all the critical portion of previous metaphysics. To us it seems impossible—with more or less reservation, and without insisting at present too rigidly on the share of the relative and subjective in human knowledge—impossible, we say, not to allow this share, and consequently, in a certain measure, not to give in our adherence to transcendental criticism and idealism. There is, however, as we have seen above, something which escapes from this relativity of all human knowledge: it is the very fact of knowing. This fact has in itself something absolute. I know not whence it comes, I cannot

explain it; I marvel that a being should be met with in whom at one time or other what we call knowledge has appeared; but this fact cannot exist without being known by the knower. All knowledge supposes, then, a subject that knows itself—that is to say, who is internally present to himself. Here knowledge comes from within, not from without. Whatever is objective can only *appear* to me, and is consequently a *phenomenon*. I only see its outside, and it is only in relation to myself that I can grasp even that outside. But the conscious *ego* sees itself from within. Shall we say that it appears to itself? I am willing to say so, but as it appears to itself that appearance is a reality, for the form that I give it is my own form. In order that it should become *me*, I must be *me*. Every other object has to be given in the first instance before it is perceived; in order that I should see a house, a house must be there. It is not so with the *ego*. For if at the moment it is given me it is not already me, how is it to become so? How shall I know it as such? And if it be already me, it is already perceived as such. Hence it follows that the external thing may be represented without being, as happens in sleep, while I cannot think without thinking myself, or think myself without existing. All subjectivism, all relativism, all criticism, therefore, are baffled in presence of the *ego*.

It is from this solid and immovable foundation laid by Descartes at the entrance of science that we may set out to extend the sphere of our knowledge. Everything, it is said, is relative. What matter if that relative be connected by precise and fixed relations with the unknown, if that which is given be a strictly faithful projection of that which is thought? For instance, we do not know the souls of other men in themselves, we have never seen a soul such as it is in itself; those even which are dearest to us are unknown like the rest. But if we suppose all the signs by which they manifest themselves to be sincere, is it not to know them truly and in the only way intelligible to us, to hear their voices, and understand their words, and interpret their actions? No doubt nothing external to ourselves can be known internally by us; but if the exterior be the expression of the interior, is not the one the equivalent of the other? And to ask more would amount to asking to be more than man. Science teaches us that all appearances have a fixed and precise relation to reality. The visible apparent sky is strictly what it ought to be to express the real sky. The deeper our knowledge of things goes, the more we see the perfect conformity of the apparent to the real, the more faithfully do phenomena translate noumena. Are we not, therefore, justified in supposing that these relative noumena, which are still no more than appearances, could be translated in their turn, if only we had the key to them, into other noumena of which they are the form and image? I may say the same about the anthropomorphic representations of Deity. I admit that the Absolute is in its essence above all human representations. But these representations,

when we disengage them as much as possible from all sensible elements, are none the less the true expression of that incomprehensible essence in so far as it appears to a human consciousness. If not God in Himself, it is God in relation to me ; and it is with only this last that we have to do so long as we are but men.

We do not, therefore, consider it impossible to assign to the critical element its part in metaphysic without denying the objective reality of knowledge. We think that the famous old distinction between being and phenomena, the intelligible and the sensible, still endures, despite the "*Kritik*" of Kant ; or rather, this very "*Kritik*" itself is, in our eyes, only a hyperbolical but striking manner of expressing this great truth.

PAUL JANET.

ON THE MORAL LIMITS OF BENEFICIAL COMMERCE.

WHEN a Professor of *Political Economy* was first established in the University of Oxford, a controversy presently arose in the academical common rooms concerning the just meaning of the phrase. Among elder and conservative men, the most active-minded insisted that it ought to receive the full width of meaning attached to it by Aristotle in his *Treatise on Economy*, which, with him, was essentially the economy of the State—that is, in pure Greek, *political economy*, although this epithet is not annexed to his title. By this interpretation, the science naturally and necessarily became implicated with moral considerations, which never can be excluded from the statesman's view. But the actual students and professors of the new science—eminently Mr. Nassau Senior and Dr. Whately, shortly afterwards Archbishop of Dublin—naturally feared that by such an interpretation political economy would become confounded with politics; would, indeed, cease to be a science; and by so great an enlargement of its area, would fail to receive that special and definite cultivation which Adam Smith had bestowed on it, as the theory of national wealth. Whately indeed, to avoid this inconvenient extension of the sense, proposed to call the topic, not political economy, but *Catallactics*—that is, the science of exchanges. Excellent in many respects as the last title was, it might have seemed to exclude the whole doctrine of taxation, and still more decisively all discussion of Malthus's theory of population, which belongs to politics or to morals, not at all to the doctrine of exchange. In the end, the economists ruled that their science does not at all teach what *ought* to be, but simply what *is*, what *goes on*, and *will go on*, as an inevitable result of individuals holding exchangeable right in definite articles. Thus they seemed to have driven moral considerations out of their science, as much as out of gardening or medicine. To call their

political economy, on that account, *heartless* (as so many have done) may seem ridiculous; but this form of attack on it arose from a perception or belief that its professors were claiming for it an *imperative* force, while disclaiming morality, and were assuming that it was a sufficient and supreme rule for political action.

Of late it has been maintained on a special ground that moral considerations cannot wholly be excluded from political economy. Dr. W. B. Hodgson, first holder of a new chair in Edinburgh as Professor of *Mercantile Economy*, has urged that, in so far as morality or immorality in individuals affects wealth and the markets, we do not exhaust the discussion on exchanges while we neglect this consideration. Perhaps indeed no one, in discussing taxation, has omitted to consider what taxes lead to fraudulent evasion or to smuggling; but economists hitherto, with great unanimity, have resolved that, in their character of economists, they will not notice moral evils from an opium trade, or from sale of deadly weapons and ammunition, or from traffic in intoxicants; nor can one in general discover from their writings that they know vice to be wasteful, or national expenditure on needless and foolish objects undesirable. They have a right to select what topics they will treat, and what they will not treat. They have a right to say: "Such and such considerations belong to morals, not to *our* political economy." But, on the one hand, if they are resolved that their science shall be as unmoral as engineering or navigation, they must not claim for it any decisive weight in State-politics; on the other hand, the topics which they neglect need, so much the more urgently, to be treated by others, especially since we have no professors of practical morals, and (for more reasons than one) questions of the market are not thought suitable to the pulpit.

That an exchange of one thing for another does, on the whole, *please* both parties to the exchange, is evidently testified by the fact that each acts voluntarily; hence, the inference is too lightly made that each is *benefited* by the transaction. Not only so, but from an increasing magnitude of exchanges increase of wealth is inferred, without any reference to the nature of the things exchanged. In a rough estimate, this reasoning has, no doubt, a *prima facie* weight, for we may not dictate to the tastes of others, nor assume that tastes which are not ours are therefore silly. Yet, evidently things which perish in the using quickly cease to be wealth, and things which are not likely to be approved continuously cannot long command the same high price. No article could fetch a price at all if it were not intended to be enjoyed, used, or consumed; the final purchase is called expenditure, and all expenditure is liable to moral judgment, approving or censuring. When we censure expenditure, not merely because it is excessive, but because it is essentially foolish or evil, we necessarily deplore and deprecate the traffic which feeds it—the traffic which it encourages; hence, some vicious trades are even forbidden by law. Short of this,

there is necessarily a large margin of trades which law does not, and perhaps cannot successfully, forbid, which nevertheless may be justly regretted, censured, and, as far as may be, discountenanced. Economists are not here blamed if they (disowning moral considerations) do nothing of the kind; but they must not be allowed to blind us to the fact that some trades, not forbidden by law, are so far from promoting wealth and well as to be gravely pernicious. To rejoice in their magnitude, to announce it triumphantly as a proof of national prosperity, is something worse than a mistake.

No reader, it is believed, will complain that the last sentence is mysterious or obscure. Our manufacturers of cotton and woollen have of late loudly deplored the falling off of their home trade, while the consumption of intoxicating drink continues to increase. They believe that if the labouring classes spent less on the brewer and distiller, they would spend more on the clothier. The most fanatical devotee of alcohol cannot deny that too much of it is drunk, in face of the long-continued avowal of the judges that drink is by far the greatest cause of crime—drink, short of evident and provable drunkenness. Indeed, it is not from those who are outright drunk, but from those who have been drinking, that the worst and most numerous outrages come, while the foot and the eye are steady, though the brain and the passions are perverted. To boast and rejoice in the magnitude of the drink traffic, legal as it undoubtedly is, has no moral defence. The topic is here adduced, not in order to push that argument further, but in order to insist that the mere increase of a trade does not *in itself* denote an increase of wealth; is not *in itself* necessarily a thing to be applauded either by the economist or by the moralist. In each case we must look into detail, and consider whether this or that prosperous trade, like a huge weed in a garden, dwarfs or kills other growths, which, but for it, might thrive.

An avowed ardent disciple of Mr. Cobden—a gentleman in some eminence of place and rank—has recently dissuaded taxes on wine and tobacco for the sake of revenue, *not* on the ground which one might expect—viz., that a Government ought not to base a revenue on what may chance to be public vice, *but* on the ground that “the grower of wine in France and of tobacco in America” can reasonably refuse to trade with us, if “we will not accept payment in the *only coin* which he has to offer—namely, in his wine or his tobacco.”* As if we were not competent to reply: “Of wine and tobacco we quickly get more than enough. Preserve your grapes in sawdust, or make them into raisins, and you will not find our people averse to enjoy them, nor will you encounter any unreasonable duty from our Custom-house. As to tobacco, surely the rich land which alone can raise it, can raise no end of other products which we are certain to value.” This we informed writer, in his whole argument, seems to account wine the co-

* “Reciprocity,” by Sir Louis Mallet, C. B., 1879. Printed for the Cobden Club.

food-product which we receive from France (to silks and elegant articles he once slightly alludes); but he cannot be ignorant that the solid food which France sends us in eggs, cheese, butter, vegetables, chickens, and dry fruit is enormous; she would in ordinary years send us wheat, did not America, Russia, and Australia make it needless. To speak of wine as *the only coin* of France is a wonderful straining of argument. But the reason for quoting it here is to illustrate how completely the School of Cobden wishes the State to ignore moral considerations in trade. Yet the State deserves no reverence, if it be not moral. Laws and enactments, framed by minds reckless of morality, are apt to be, on the one side unjust and oppressive, on the other eminently corrupting. A State which gains revenue from a vicious trade, such as gambling and debauchery, demoralizes its people so effectually as to deserve reprobation rather than reverence. According to the ancients, the lawgiver begins to civilize society and to earn veneration by establishing marriage and sanctifying the family. Are we to say, "We have changed all that now; let the Church care for morality: it is no concern of the State?" Who first taught such sentiment as wise policy, it is not easy to say; but it certainly has, in practice, if not in theory, attained a deadly currency. It never was the doctrine of Adam Smith. It is obviously a sure road to ruin, if its development be unopposed.

A legislator, of course, ought not to guide his enactments by the morality of any one school. If, in Greek fashion, we were to set up an Epimenides, a Solon, a Lycurgus, as plenipotentiary to start us in a new course, there might be some little danger of one-sided and conceited morals; yet not much, even so; for a very one-sided or very stupid man would hardly be elected: every lawgiver wishes his new institutions to be permanent, and is sure to have some regard to the friction which they would encounter in working. But where the legislation must have sanction, not from one man, but from a thousand men, of whom six hundred are elected from different circles of mixed ranks, from diverse localities, where forms and schools of religion, based on variety of thought, prevail, it is evidently impossible that in the laws collectively approved any moral ideas should dominate, except those which are common to all who are morally cultivated. To dread moral considerations in the debates of an English Parliament, lest the morality prevailing in its laws become one-sided and arbitrary, pedantic and ascetic, is so baseless, so wanting in good sense, as scarcely to seem sincere. When people tell us, "We shall be liable to have laws against dancing and cardplaying, or laws compelling us to go to church, if we insist that legislation ought to study for the public virtue," they not only make themselves ridiculous, they even force us to suspect that they fear lest vice be repressed in ways inconvenient to the vicious. So much is premised, lest it be imagined or pretended that in pointing at moral limits to beneficial commerce any morality is desired less broad than

that which all noble and well-reputed schools accept—the morals of mankind. At the same time, what is here advanced is intended to bear less immediately on law than on the general tenor of public opinion and practical writing.

Many economists write, as assuming that it is a step forward in civilization when a barbarous people learns artificial wants. If a New Zealander, instead of being satisfied with a mat for his back, which, made by himself, will last him for years, betakes himself to an English coat, which he must buy with a price,—which indeed less effectually shields him from wet, and sooner wears out,—he does that which is convenient to the English trader, but to him is a very doubtful gain: perhaps rather he brings on himself colds, cough, and consumption. If a thousand Maoris did the same, the commerce might figure in a Maori budget, and a Maori economist might point to the new trade as a step forward in national prosperity. The Zulus, as described by Englishmen who have travelled in Zululand or lived in the midst of them in Natal, are an upright, generous, faithful, honest race; and strange to say, Englishmen, who have such experience of them, are found to corroborate the utterance of Cetewayo, “A Zulu trained by a missionary is a Zulu spoiled”—that is, when trained in our habits they lose their national virtues. How can this be? why should it be? Apparently, because from us they learn artificial wants. While an apron suffices a Zulu for clothing, and a very simple hut for shelter, he can in many ways afford to be hospitable and generous. A man with very few wants has all the feelings of superfluity and wealth while surrounded by possessions so slender that we count him very poor: and when with an amount of toil which to his hardihood is not at all severe, he can always calculate on providing for himself and family all that their simple habits need, he is not deterred from present generosity by studying for his own future. But if he learn to covet and count necessary a number of articles which require from him threefold labour, he feels himself no longer rich, but poor; then, instead of giving small favours gratuitously, he claims to be paid for everything; instead of being princely, he becomes mercenary and stingy. If he imitate the dress, he is liable to envy the wealth of the Englishman, and in schemes of laying up for the future he easily becomes avaricious, perhaps fraudulent. Such are the steps by which one may justly calculate that some or many barbarians degenerate from the normal goodness of their fellows. The artificial wants which they learn when housed with our missionaries, or imbued from the crafty allurements of traders, are not (*prima facie*) a benefit at all, do not conduce to independence, to the sense of wealth, nor to the practice of virtue. They are simply a convenience to the European trader. If a Maori or Zulu chief frown upon such trade, which judgment does he deserve—to be scolded as barbarous, or to be praised as sagacious? With them, perhaps also with us, to account but few things necessary or a foundation for many virtues. Our economists often reverse the picture.

No stress is here laid on the fact that the historical saints of Christendom thought it an excellence to be satisfied with a minimum of external appliances for the comfort of the body. So much of arbitrary opinion may be imputed reasonably to them, and so much of fancy and credulity to their biographers, that it does not occur to the present writer to account their practices or principles any support to his argument. But the case of Socrates, and many other Greek philosophers, is different, and much to the point. With them, high thought, cheap feeding, and mean circumstantialia frequently went together; and perhaps even those philosophers, who were somewhat mercenary and rich, would vehemently have renounced the idea that it is a good thing to acquire habits and tastes which make necessary to us things previously needless. But there is danger of drawing the reader's thoughts into a new channel by this allusion to Greek philosophers when an argument of national economy is chiefly intended, not of personal virtues. As it is better for an individual to be satisfied with supplies that are sufficient, close at hand, and easy of attainment, than to have fastidious tastes which cannot be supplied without considerable effort and labour, so it is better for a nation to have a taste for its native products, so far as our lower wants are concerned. If we can get all that the health and strength of the body needs from our own soil, and with small expediture, this is better for us than to be enslaved to artificial tastes, which multiply labours for mere bodily supply. To fix ideas, let me illustrate the principle here contained by discussing those popular beverages, tea and coffee.

Tea undoubtedly, as superseding beer, cider, and wine, has wrought much benefit to England, even if it have been (when heavily taxed) dearer than our native intoxicants. When taken with little food, in strong and frequent cups, it may often have weakened the nerves; but it does not, like alcohol, pervert the brain and inflame the mind, thus leading to folly, vice, and crime. The present writer is, and always has been, a tea drinker; nor have the many assaults on this beverage which have been sent to him shaken his belief that, taken in moderation, it has no evil comparable to its good. The present argument does not aim to prove that tea is in itself bad, only that the too-exclusive addiction to it has hurtfully excluded the trial of native beverages, which are perhaps better, certainly cheaper, and far more accessible.

Rigid enemies of alcoholic drink often assure us, in poetical and ecstatic language, that water is the only reasonable and right drink for man, as for other animals; but the water which they recommend and describe as gushing and sparkling in mountain rills does not come to the hearth and home of every mountain dweller, much less is it attainable by the inhabitants of cities or boggy plains. The hardy herds of the field, if they can get the water pure, manage to endure its coldness in all seasons; so perhaps might we, if we could recover robustness of the stomach without losing any advantage of a developed

brain. That such recovery is impossible is not here asserted, but simply that, under the existing circumstances, the water (through its impurities or its coldness) often needs to be cooked, to be warmed, to have then some taste superadded which shall overcome mawkishness. When this is conceded, the question arises, will no native botany suffer? Are we of necessity driven to import tea from China or Assam? Such are the wonderful and deep harmonies of Nature that in each long-inhabited country the constitution of animals becomes adapted to its plants as well as to its climate, and finds among them not only its food, but its remedies for disease. Native herbs are often found more health-restoring than pretentious foreign drugs; nor is it extravagant to imagine that native leaves and berries might adapt themselves as well to the palate of Englishmen as tea and coffee, and better to their stomachs, if, instead of buying from the foreigner, we had duly studied our home resources. In the case of coffee, it curiously happens that there are persons among us who prefer what is called dandelion coffee to the coffee of Arabia; and that the preference is sincere seems proved by the accident that the dandelion thus prepared is dearer than the best Mocha. Nor does this dearness weigh against our argument. Twenty years ago brown bread was charged by bakers as fancy bread; ten years ago lentils were double their present price; in each case because the demand was so uncertain. The price of dandelion would quickly come down if it were in large and daily request. As substitutes for tea many leaves may be named which will not be called simply medicinal, prominently those of the sweet bay, the peach, and the black currant. If we were by any cause cut off from tropical markets, some combination would soon be discovered which carried off public preference; and when a national taste in it had once been established, every good purpose would have been attained without the foreign article. Should we not in that case moralize with wonder over the vast apparatus of great ships, which had been built, and manned, and stored, and sent to sea, with loss of sailors' lives, entailing widowhood and orphanhood, for no better reason than to bring back leaves, for which adequate substitutes abound at home? This argument undertakes not to prove, but to illustrate. It is not specially confined to the case of tea or coffee. It does not make positive assertion that we can now change the English taste, nor does it urge a transition which would be violent, if at all sudden. It merely points to reasonable probabilities, as showing that a vast trade with a distant country to gratify an artificial want, if it prove how much we can afford to spend without being ruined, yet does not at all prove that we enrich ourselves by the exchange. At the same time, so great is the facility for making drinks, that we might assume higher ground and press our argument farther. The deliciousness of Oriental sherbet is no matter of doubt or controversy. Its basis is simply barley-water; to flavour it, the foreigner, of course, uses some of his own fruits, but we have plenty of substitutes at hand, at least while sugar abounds to us. It may be warmed, if necessary so little

need we depend on the Chinese. Besides, some among us are satisfied with, and warmly applaud, the drink prepared from simple oatmeal. If we all had this taste, we should nationally be richer.

It may be retorted, "Did you not name *Sugar*? Do you advocate making sugar of beetroot?" But no general renunciation of foreign commerce is for a moment here suggested as expedient. While we can bring sugar made from cane, and save our lands for other uses than beetroot, we presume this commerce to conduce to wealth. Not but that we may suspect the cheapness of sugar to conspire with other causes in slackening our zeal for *Honey*. Bees do not occupy and use up arable land. An abundance of cottage gardens and little rockeries satisfy them. Their depredations do not lessen the sweetness of flowers, nor the savour of herbs. They add to our wealth, at very small expense. They greatly add to the fertilization of plants. By all means let us get from the foreigner what we need; only let us not therefore neglect and forget our native resources.

In other and greater matters a like topic recurs. When the controversy against the Corn Laws was at its height, the advocates of repeal were taunted with wishing to explode native wheat. They replied, "Wheat is now largely sown in England where the climate or soil is unfavourable; in such fields only, the culture will be discouraged; where it can be produced and ripened with greater certainty it will still be grown, and the price will no longer be forced up; the lands less suited to wheat may well yield, either some other grain in rotation, or other useful crop." Valid as this reply seemed, grand and glorious as are the results of opening our ports to foreign corn, the retrospect of thirty years nevertheless suggests new lines of thought. Want of food in Ireland when the potato crop failed was the argument which converted Sir Robert Peel; but the desire of selling cotton and woollen fabrics, or hardware, to those whose "chief coin" was wheat, gave an earlier impetus to the Anti-Corn Law League. Cobden and his associates were in the right, and performed well the task of the day; but the existing state of our agriculture is now discerned to be highly unsatisfactory. Every year widens and deepens the conviction that our laws of Land Tenure are fundamentally wrong; indeed, they are diverse from those of all the world; if they are not signally better than those of all other nations, they are gravely and lamentably worse; and the idea now presents itself, that the temporary relief given to us by the free importation of wheat has proved a buttress to an evil system of land laws, and has blinded us to the essential evils contingent on a perpetual increasing ratio of the population in great towns to that of the rustic districts. Much wealthier, no doubt, we are, and our poorer classes are less hard-worked. To dwell on the drawbacks through higher expectations, artificial wants, higher prices of coal, bricks, and houses—not to mention worse matters—might lead into too long digression. But, to bring out the idea here pointed at, we may speculate as to the results which must have followed, if no foreign markets had been

able to give us permanent supplies of necessary food. Suppose that barely we had been able in 1817 to save from starvation as many poor Irishmen as we did save, but that in succeeding years the United Kingdom had been cast on its own resources for grain and cattle: will any one maintain that by a proper use of the land we could not have fed our own population?

If any one is of that opinion, let him consider the phenomena of French agriculture. A century ago France seemed unable to feed her inhabitants. Thousands of the population died of starvation, even the king's own servants. Misery among the peasants and the poorer classes in towns was universal. No one imagined that the country could afford to export food, or had any idea of its vast capacity of production. Her climate is not now superior to what it was; her area is somewhat enlarged by the sagacious plantings on dunes of sand; the soil is improved by a century's tillage; the produce is more valuable, because the peasants have been taught many secrets of fruit culture. Most important of all, millions of peasants are owners of small freeholds. The "magic of property" has made them industrious, saving and ever vigilant to increase and improve the crops. We in England censure and deplore the compulsion on a French parent to divide his petty freehold and his gains equally among his children. If this be a grave evil, yet so much the more remarkable are the marvellous results of the union in one man of landlord, farmer, and labourer: for we see that by the universal and untiring industry which this fact elicits, not only were the great extravagances of the Second Empire and its wars sustained, but, in spite of the scarcely calculable losses of the Franco-German war, the fine of two hundred and fifty millions sterling, which France had to pay, was paid within four or five years, while a larger army than ever was raised and maintained. No one can dispute that the unexampled buoyancy of French finance is due mainly to the sound conditions of French landed tenure. Ireland, Scotland, and England all await a similar development, and never can be satisfied without it: but we have postponed the day of necessary reform by buying our food of almost every kind, in dangerous amount, from foreign countries, while our own arable land goes back into grass and pasture.

And what reply does the Right Hon. John Bright make, when addressed with a claim of reformed landed tenure? His name is here adduced for honour, as an eminent type of the Golden School; but the habitual reply is, "Good! we are in favour of Free Trade in land:" as though Free Trade were in itself a charm which can scare away all evils: as though the existing freedom to accumulate land to any extent by purchase were not one of our greatest mischiefs. Men cannot live in the air. Land for a dwelling is as essential as air and water. Land is very limited in quantity, especially land conveniently situated, with favourable conditions. Land primitively belongs to a nation, and no man naturally has any right to more of it than he can himself cultivate and use. Large landed estates are a vast power, social and political.

Their possession was originally in England an official trust, coupled with political duties and customary dues in payment: but without right of ejectment while those dues were paid. The commercial idea of land is a perversion and abuse. Those who fancy that the abolition of entails and primogeniture and whatever makes conveyances expensive, will bring about the desirable reform, boast that their remedy will hoist up the market price of land: in other words, it would make an effective purchase by the State more and more difficult, more and more burdensome to the community. Nay, it might even delay the necessary reform, until the patience of a nation under a landlord Parliament broke down, and such a revolution followed as that of France under Louis XVI. As there is a moral limit to the magnitude of beneficial commerce with the foreigner, much more is there a moral limit to the beneficial magnitude of landed estates. Happily some despots are philanthropic; yet we are not in love with despotism. Some great landowners are philanthropic; higher honour be to them! but we must calculate that very many will covet power over all who reside on the estate, and will use the power not always kindly; or will employ it as a political engine to win state-offices and salaries for their families; others, more directly and unblushingly mercenary, will think chiefly how to raise rent, and will forbid both crops and inhabitants, if wealthy lovers of occasional sport outbid ordinary farmers. If from mere pride and love of the romantic a landlord make his estate a wilderness, the nation still suffers the damage. Its population is cooped into towns or driven into exile, its markets are starved, its military force is lowered. While the Cobden School pertinaciously connives at these great evils, and juggles with the phrase "Free Trade" as if land were an article which ought to be on the same footing as moveables, they are playing into the hands of their nominal adversaries.

The first measure which we need is not one which shall facilitate the purchase of new and new estates by the over-wealthy, who, if they are not gamblers or otherwise vicious, often know not what to do with their vast incomes; but much rather a measure which shall set a maximum area for estates. The mildest thing to do is, not in the first instance to pass any new *Act*, but only a resolution or *Vote* of the Commons, declaring that it is against the public interest for any individual to possess more than a thousand acres of rustic land, or more than five acres of town land; and that whoever bequeaths to one person more than the above-named, ought to be subjected to a heavy and special land tax. In the same direction we need other special votes of the House, to the effect—that by legislation, by purchase, and by taxation the recovery of the national soil for the nation from year to year ought to be systematically pursued, wherever now held in large masses by bodies of men or by individuals; and that in order to give to cultivators the full results of their own industry, it is expedient that the State, out of its own present or future domains, carve out numerous small farms to be held under it as by copyright tenure, not subject to rise of rent.

Space does not permit further detail, or reply to objections; but the idea intended is to work in the direction of *virtual* freeholds, ever increasing in number, which cannot be bought out of the hands of the cultivators by tempting prices from the rich, because they are legally State property, and destined to remain as areas of small culture. By buying up from time to time the lands possessed by large charities, by legacy taxes directed to discourage bequests of land in great mass, and by direct purchases of land or rather by taking the legacy tax in land itself, the State would beneficently in the course of many generations undo the injustices and frauds of the past.

Land is so far from being a desirable object of unlimited commerce (called by the Cobden School Free Trade), that, especially under the modern interpretation which makes the lord (or chief man) *owner* of the land, the most jealous limitations ought to be imposed on it by the State. So long, indeed, as a man holds no more of it than one family can cultivate, jealousy is needless; for the holder (especially if he pay a quit-rent for it) is sure to cultivate it, and cannot offend by excluding population. Town land ought, as soon as possible, to become town property; and, meanwhile, as early as possible, all town building to be subjected to a public veto for sanitary reasons. To make away into mercenary hands, as an article of trade, the whole solid area on which a nation lives, is astonishing as an idea of statesmanship. There is another matter connected with land as to which the State may justly feel great jealousy—namely, as to the consumption and exportation of material which cannot be reproduced. It is said that Sicily, under the Romans first, was largely deteriorated by the perpetual exportation of corn, exhausting even very fertile soil. Ireland in the past may have suffered by the constant sending out of cattle and pigs, with no back-current of commerce to restore all that their bones and flesh took out of the earth. Virginia and other States of the American Union largely ruined their soil by unceasing exportation of tobacco and other products. But to come closer home, no crops of coal can be grown in England and Wales. We reap where we have not sown, where we cannot sow. We export in enormous mass what we cannot reproduce. We allow individuals to become, out and out, proprietors of the national coal, and then sanction their unlimited exportation of it, with the high probability that this may cripple industry in the near future of England. This surely is a commerce, the benefit of which is very doubtful even in a cosmopolitan view. It may seem better to stimulate other nations to search for coal on their own soil than to use up what we cannot replace. And as for some other articles of immense commerce, as tobacco, it may seem doubtful which nation loses more by it—the importers or the exporters. Surely in all these cases the quality of the things bought and sold must be considered carefully, before we regard the magnitude of any trade a national benefit or a source of national wealth.

F. W. NEWMAN.

that the significance of Calypso's name is half forgotten when her part is assigned to Circe. The journey to Hades from Circe's island, *Æaca*, tallies exactly with the journey to Scheria from the island of Calypso; only, for the island of the blest is substituted the underground home of souls; and when Odysseus addresses there his companion, Elpenor, whom he had but a little while ago left dead on Circe's island, and asks him how he could have come under the dark west more quickly on foot than Odysseus did sailing in a black ship, we see that the meaning of the ocean journey is forgotten, and that a sort of confusion has arisen between the Hades under men's feet, to which the souls of the dead descend, and the Hades at the end of the journey lying far away. This part, then, is not significant of the Greek belief concerning an earthly Paradise. The learned Welcker, who first showed how these Phæacian ships were the carriers of souls,* wishes also to connect the myth with some non-Hellenic source. He supposes it to have been gathered from the Teutons. But surely we are not obliged to go so far, unless we are prepared to consider Charon non-Hellenic also; and no one can really pretend that. For the Phæacian myth is in many ways truer than the myth of Charon and Styx. Styx is but the earth-river (or sea), *Oceanus*, transferred to beneath the earth; and the story of the ferryman is a compromise between the two creeds—that of the under-world and that of the western paradise beyond sea; while the myth of the Phæacians is a simple expression of the last. The connection which we find between Greek and German in these beliefs is derivable only from their common ancestry—not from a contact in later days. Certainly these legends have their close counterparts in Norse mythology; the two series only require to be stripped of local colouring, and some unessential details, to display very clearly their common brotherhood. How curious, for instance, is it to see that Calypso corresponds literally in name with the Northern goddess of the dead, *Hel*! Another myth, the story of the burning of Baldur, repeats the same images of death which we trace in the legend of Odysseus.

Baldur is quite evidently the sun-god. Less of a hero, more of a god, than Odysseus, he is nevertheless mortal—as, indeed, all the Norse gods are—and falls pierced by the hand of his own brother, *Hödur*. Then his corpse is placed upon his ship, *Hringhorn*, and sent out upon this, as on a pyre, drifting into the ocean. We can imagine how to the Norsemen upon their stormy seas, the image of the sun dying red upon the western waters recalled the story of Baldur's burning ship. The Viking imitated his god in this, and when his time came ordered his funeral fire to be lighted in like manner upon a ship and himself to be set sailing, as Baldur was. After this we are brought in the myth to the underground kingdom of *Hel*, and there the goddess entertains Baldur, as Calypso entertained Odysseus, making ready her best to do him honour, and seating him in the highest place in her hall. Then the gods take

* "Rheinisches Museum für Philologie," vol. i. N. S. p. 219. *Die Homerische Phäaken*.

counsel how Baldur is to be brought back again, and one of them, Hermodr,* the messenger, like Hermes, is sent to beg Hel to let Baldur out of Helheim. Fate and death are more powerful in northern lands than they are in Greece. The gods cannot command that this Calypso should let her prisoner go; and alas! they do not even obtain an answer to their prayer save on conditions which they are unable to fulfil. Hel will set Baldur free, if all things, both living and dead, weep for him; but if one thing refuses to weep, then he must remain in the underworld. Thereupon the gods sent messengers over the whole earth, commanding all things, living and lifeless, to weep Baldur out of Helheim; all things freely complied with the request, both men and stones, and trees and metals; until as the messengers were returning, deeming that their mission was accomplished, they met an old witch sitting in a cave, and she refused to weep, saying, "Let Hel keep her own."† This old witch is Calypso or Circe in another guise. Her name is Thokk, that is, darkness (*dokkr*).

The Teutonic people had many myths and stories about the carrying the dead across the sea. We have signalized the belief in such a passage as the origin of those countless mediæval legends of the earthly Paradise: doubtless it is the parent of the modern superstition that ghosts will not cross the running water. Side by side with the story of the Phæacians we may place the superstition which Procopius records touching our own island. The Byzantine historian of Justinian seems to have had but vague ideas of the position of Britain, which, by the tide of Teutonic invasion across the Rhine, had long been cut off from intercourse with the Empire. These Easterns were careless and ignorant of the remote West. So Procopius speaks of Britannia as lying opposite to Spain; and then he mentions another island, Brittia—evidently in reality our island—which faces the northern coast of Gaul, and of this he tells the following strange story—There is, he declares, an island called Brittia, which lies in the Northern Seas. It is separated into two divisions by a wall;‡ and on one side of this wall the air is healthy and the land fertile and pleasant, and all things most apt for human habitation. But on the other side the air is so noxious that no one can breathe in it for an hour: it is given up to serpents and poisonous animals and plants. Yet not entirely; for this is the home of the dead. Then he goes on to relate how the fishermen who inhabit the coast opposite this part of Brittia have to perform the strange duty of carrying the souls across the strait. Each does his office in rotation; when the man's night has come he is awoken by a knocking at his door, but when he opens it, sees no one. He goes down to the shore, and finds there strange vessels, which, though empty to mortal eyes, lie deep in the water as though weighed down by some

* Hermodr (*her muth*, *kriegsmuth*) was originally one of the names of Odin, and therefore originally the wind. We easily see the connection between the rushing wind, and the battle's rage. Hermes is likewise the wind, and means 'the rusher' (*cyane*, and cf. Sanskrit *vanat* the Vedic).

† *Lalla Smorra*, *Drumaga*, 49.

‡ Procopius, *Bel. Goth.* iv. The wall identifies the island with Britain.

freight. Stepping in, each fisherman takes his rudder, and then by an unfelt wind the vessels are wafted in one night across the channel, a distance which, with oar and sail, they could usually scarce accomplish in eight. Arrived at the opposite side—our coast—the fishermen heard names called over and voices answering in rota, and they felt the boats becoming light. Then, when all the ghosts were landed, they were carried back to Gaul. We may picture them returning to the habitable world in the first glow of morning, or with the one bright morning-star which shone on Odysseus landing at Ithaca.

So much for the myth of the sea, or river, of death. A most important change was wrought in belief when the custom of burning the dead was introduced. It would seem that our Aryan ancestors were the beginners of this rite. Whence it arose we cannot say; but if the God of Fire was a prominent divinity, the thought of committing the dead into his charge seems a simple and natural one. Among the Aryan people the only deep traces of fire-worship are to be seen in the Vedic and Iranian religions,* while the fire-burial survived in all: but the former may well have held a prominent place in their older creed. Or—and this is far from unlikely—the custom of fire-burial may have arisen out of the sun myth, just as the belief in the soul's journey after death was suggested by watching the sun's journey to the west. The two great fire-funerals mentioned in Greek and Teutonic mythology are the funerals of sun-gods. Heracles burning on Mount Eta, on the western coast of the Egean, may have been first thought of by Greeks who saw the sun setting in fire over that sea; and Baldur's bale on the ship *Hrimhorn* is evidently the Norse edition of the same story, his blazing ship the blaze in the sky, as the sun sinks into the water. Burning the dead never seems to have been a universal practice; rather a special honour paid to kings and heroes. But then we must remember that immortality itself was not, in ancient belief, granted to all men indiscriminately, only to the greatest.

We see at once that with the use of fire-burial many of the old beliefs had to be given up; all those, for instance, which depended upon the preservation of the bodily remains. Of old time men had buried treasures with the corpse in the expectation that they would be of some kind of use to it; the body itself was at first imagined to descend to the under-world or to travel the western journey to the home of the sun. But now the body is visibly consumed upon the funeral pile, where, too, are placed, by a curious survival of old custom, the precious things which would formerly have been buried with it in the ground. The body and these things have been consumed, are gone; where have they gone? Have they perished utterly, and is there nothing more left than the earliest belief of an 'A-tênç—a nowhere; is nothing true of all those myths of the soul passing away to a home of bliss? Instead of giving

* The Iranian religion, as it has come down to us, is the historical one founded by Zoroaster, who swept away most of the traces of the old Aryan faith. There is difficulty, therefore, in obtaining the evidence of a belief which was shared by the old Persians.

up this faith, the Aryan people have only spiritualized it, robbed it of the too literal and earthly clothing which in earlier times it wore. The thought which had once identified the life with the breath comes again into force, or, if some material representation is still wished for, we have the smoke of the funeral pyre, which rises heavenwards like an ascending soul. In this spirit we find in long after years, in the description of the funeral fire of Beowulf the Goth, it is said that the soul of the hero *wand to wolcum*, "curled to the clouds," imaging the smoke which was curling up from his pyre. There is even a curious analogy between the words for *smoke* and *soul* in the Aryan languages, showing how closely the two ideas were once allied. From a primitive root *dhu*, which means to shake or blow, we get both the Sanskrit root *dhuma*, smoke, and the Greek *θυμός*, the immaterial part of man, his thought or soul. *Θυμός* is not a mere abstraction like our word mind, but that which could live when the body was killed or wasted to death by disease.*

Evidently, therefore, even the inanimate things, the weapons and treasures which are burnt with the dead, survive in a land of essences for the use of the liberated soul. To the question, Where does man's essence go to when it rises from the funeral fire? the answer, if the wish alone urged the thought, would be "To the gods." But with the majority of burying people the belief in future union with the gods was not strongly insisted upon. The islands of the blest are certainly not to be confounded with Olympus; although the Phœacians claim to live very near the gods.† Yet with the use of burning, and among the Aryan people, the hope gains a measure of strength. The gods of the Aryan were, before everything, gods of the air. As the soul and the smoke mounted upwards, "curled to the clouds," the belief of its having gone to join the gods—chief god, Dyâus, the air—was impressed more vividly upon his mind. And as the notion of the western journey to the home of the sun was not abandoned, a natural compromise would be to send the soul upwards to the path of the sun, and make its voyage a voyage in heaven, led by the sun or by the wind. But his path still lay westward, the home of the dead ancestors lay beyond the western boundary; there was still an Oceanus to be crossed, and a dark Cimmerian land to be passed through.

The heavenly path taken by the soul becomes, in the eye of mortals a *bridge* spanning the celestial arch, and carrying them over the river of death, and men would soon begin asking themselves where lay this heavenly road. Night is necessarily associated with thoughts of death—"Death, and his brother Sleep"—and of the other world. The heavens wear a more awful aspect than by day. The sun has forsaken us, and

* *And θυμός is simply derived from the root dhu—(A. 1. 102).*

† *Odyssey, viii. 249, 250, 251, 252.*

‡ *Odyssey, viii. 249, 250, 251, 252.*

§ *We are here speaking of the idea which is the basis of the belief in the earth. The home of the dead is the land which is the journey of the soul.*

is himself buried beneath the earth; and a million dwellers in the upper regions, who were before unseen, now appear to sight—the stars, who in so many mythologies are associated with souls. Among the stars we see a bright, yet misty, bow bent overhead: can this be other than the destined bridge of souls? The ancient Indians called this road gods'-path, because besides that it was the way for souls to God, it was also the way from gods to men. They also called it the cow-path—*gápatha*, meaning possibly cloud-path—from which it is likely we derive our name for it, "the Milky-way." The Low-German name for the Milky-way is *kau-pat*—i.e., *kuh-psad*, cow-path. But in their hymns the Indians oftenest speak of it as the path of Yama, the way to the house of Yama, the god of the dead:—

"A narrow path, an ancient one, stretches there, a path untroddeu by men, a path I know of:

"On it the wise who have known Brahma ascend to the world Svarga, when they have received their dismissal," sings a Sanskrit poet.*

Another (R. V. i. 38. 5) prays the Maruts, the gods of the wind, not to let him wander on the path of Yama, or, when he does so—that is, when his time shall come—to keep him that he fall not into the hands of Nirrtis, the Queen of Naraka (Tartarus). In another place we find as guardians of the bridge two dogs, the dogs of Yama, and the dead man is committed to their care:—

"Give him, O king Yama, to the two dogs, the watchers, the four-eyed guardians of the path, guardians of men: grant him safety and freedom from pain."

Thus stands out in its complete development the myth of the Bridge of Souls: a narrow path spanning the arch of heaven, passing over the dwelling of Nirrtis, the Queen of Tartarus (perhaps not clearly distinguishable from the river of death), and reaching at last the country of the wise Pitris, the "fathers" of the tribe, who have gone to heaven before, and who since their death have not ceased to keep watch over the descendants of their race. This road is guarded by two dogs, the dogs of Yama, both wardens of the bridge and likewise psychopomps, or leaders of the soul up the strait road.

This was essentially an Indian myth—or perhaps an Indian and Iranian—and took the place of the myth of the sea journey, as it was conceived by Greeks and Germans. The Indians and Iranians had never a sea of death, so they could not have such ferrymen as the Phæacians, or legends such as the voyages of Odysseus and the burning of Baldur. In the place of them, and with their mortal river, they adopted this Bridge of Souls. The guardians are manifold in their nature; for their names show them related both to Cerberus, who guards Hades, and to Hermes, who leads the souls of the dead below; and, so far as we can gather from the Vedas, these dogs of Yama

* *Vishalārasayaka*. Ed. Pol. i. 17

discharged both offices, sometimes keeping the bridge and sometimes conducting souls along it. "Give him," says the prayer, "O Yama, to the two dogs." No doubt their terrors were for the wicked only, and they are thus apt images of death:—

"Death comes to set thee free;
Oh, meet him cheerily
As thy true friend!"

Still, as we see from their appearance, the dreadful aspect of death predominates. In like forms, as dogs or wolves, they return time out of mind in Norse mythology and in Middle-Age legend.

It has been said that this myth of the Bridge of Souls was essentially Indian and Iranian (old Persian). It is often most difficult to ascertain what were the ancient Persian beliefs: but in this case the myth has been handed down to us from the Persians through the Arabs, a people possessing of right no part or lot in its construction. It is generally acknowledged that Mohammed took from the Persians that famous bridge so vividly described in the Korân.[†] Es-Sirât is the bridge's name. It is finer than a hair and sharper than the edge of a sword, and is, besides, guarded with thorns and briars along all its length. Nevertheless, when, at the last day, the good Muslim comes to cross it, a light will shine upon him from heaven, and he will be snatched across like lightning or like the wind; but when the wicked man or the unbeliever approaches, the light will be hidden, and, from the extreme narrowness of the bridge and likewise becoming entangled in the thorns, he will fall headlong into the abyss of fire that is beneath. This is the fragment of our old Aryan mythology which the Mohammedan has taken to himself to form an image of hell and of punishment after death. It is significant that from the Persians should have been inherited the most gloomy myth concerning the Bridge of Souls. For from the same source we (Christians) gain our fearfulest notions of the Devil.

The bridge cannot be always the Milky-way. In at least one Sanskrit hymn we learn—

"Upon it, they say, there are colours, white, and blue, and brown, and gold, and red.

"And this path Brahma knows, and he who has known Brahma shall take it: he who is pure and glorious."

Here the singer is evidently describing the rainbow. Now in the Norse cosmology the rainbow had the same name as the Indian *patha-derazano*, gods'-path. The Fœdjas call it *As-bru*, the bridge of the Æsir, or gods. Its other name, *Bifrost*, the trembling mile, it may even have inherited from the Milky-way, for that, when we look at it, seems to be always trembling. *Asbru* or *Bifrost*, then, is the bridge whereby the gods descend to earth. One end of it reaches to the famous Uddar fount, where sit the wind-sisters three—the Nornir, or fates. "Near the fountain which is under the ash stands a very fair house, out of

[†] *Forster*.

[‡] Sa'id's Koran, introd. p. 21. The Persian bridge was called *Chavvat*.

which come three maidens, named Urd, Verdandi, and Skuld (Past, Present, Future). These maidens assign the lifetime of men, and are called Norns.¹ To their stream the gods ride every day along Bifrost to take counsel. For in the Norse creed the gods know not the hidden things of the future, nor have power to ward them off. Fate and death, the Twilight of the Gods, lies ahead for them also, as these things lie ahead of mortals.

It is possible that a trace of the rainbow bridge is to be seen in the Greek myth of the asphodel meadows, which are a part of the infernal regions. But no other trace of the Bridge of Souls—if this be one—is to be found throughout the range of Hellenic mythology.

The Eddas have nothing to say of the Milky-way. But we have clear evidence that it was considered by the German people a path for the dead. Indeed, in the scanty legends which survive, we can trace the characteristic features of the Indian myth of the bridge guarded by Yama's dogs, and the souls led along it by the wind-god. The wind-god of the north is the father of gods, none less than Odin himself; and this is why Odin is described as riding with his Valkyriur to the battle-fields, to choose from the dead the heroes who shall go with him to Valhöll, the hall of the chosen. It is because, as the wind-god, he collects the breath of the departed. Odin and Freyja (Air and Earth) divide the slain, says one legend—that is, the bodies go to earth, the breath goes to heaven. Now, in the Middle Ages, when Odin-worship had been overthrown, the gods of Asgaard descended to Helleim; from being deities they were turned into fiends. Odin still pursued his office as leader of the souls; but now he was huntsman of hell. One of the commonest appearances of this fiend, therefore, is as a huntsman—called the Wild Huntsman. He is heard by the peasants of the wild mountain districts at this day. He is companioned by *two dogs*, and his chase goes on along the Milky-way all the year through, save during the twelve nights which follow Christmas. During that time he hunts on earth, and the peasant will do well to keep his door well-barred at night. If he does not, one of the hell-hounds will rush in and lie down in the ashes of the hearth. No power will move him during the ensuing year, and for all that time there will be trouble in the house. When the hunt comes round again he will rise from his couch and rush forth, wildly howling, to join his master.

A gentler legend is that which we find preserved in a charming poem of the Swede, Torpelius, called "The Winter Street"—another of the names for the Milky-way. With this, in the form in which it has been rendered into English,² we may end our list of legends connected with the Sea of Death or the Bridge of Souls. The story is of two lovers:—

¹ See *Edda den Eldra*, Grimms III 41, and *Edda Snorra*, D 13. That Bifrost did not crumble through weakness we may gather from the fact that it is the "best of bridges," the strongest of all bridges" (*Saurok*, D M. 20), and that it will only be broken at the day of judgment.

² By E. Keary: *Evening Hours*, vol. III.

“ Her name Salami was, his Zulamyth ;
And each so loved, each other loved. Thus runs the tender myth :

“ That once on earth they lived, and, loving there,
Were wrenched apart by night, and sorrow, and despair ;
And when death came at last, with white wings given,
‘Tondemned to live apart, each reached a separate heaven.

* * * * *

“ Yet loving still upon the azure height,
Across unmeasured ways of splendour, gleaming bright,
With worlds on worlds that spread and glowed and burned,
Each unto each, with love that knew no limit, longing turned.

“ Zulamyth half consumed, until he willed
Out of his strength one night a bridge of light to build
Across the waste—and lo ! from her far sun,
A bridge of light from orb to orb Salami had begun.

“ A thousand years they built, still on, with faith,
Immeasurable, quenchless, so my legend saith,
Until the winter street of light—a bridge
Above heaven’s highest vault swung clear, remotest ridge from ridge.

“ Fear seized the Cherubim ; to God they spake—
‘ See what amongst thy works, Almighty, these can make ! ’
God smiled, and smiling, lit the spheres with joy—
‘ What in my world love builds,’ he said, ‘ shall I, shall Love itself destroy ? ’ ”

* * * * *

C. F. KEARY.

MR. MACVEY NAPIER AND THE EDINBURGH REVIEWERS.

*Selection from the Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier, Esq. Edited by his son, MACVEY NAPIER.
London: Macmillan & Co.*

MR. MACVEY NAPIER, who succeeded Francis Jeffrey in the editorship of the great Whig Review, had, of course, a perfect right to preserve the letters which are published in this volume, and to study them in private as much as he pleased. Indeed, for anything that appears to the contrary in the "Introduction" by his son, the present Mr. Macvey Napier, they may have been bequeathed by the original recipient with instructions that they should some day be published. An edition, privately circulated a short time ago, led to "representations that a correspondence of so much interest ought to be made more accessible," and the present volume is the result; but it might be maintained that the writers of such letters would, if they could have been consulted, have objected to their publication; and that to send them forth to the world in all their nakedness was, at all events, not a delicate or magnanimous thing to do. "Much might be said on both sides." Paley, in his chapter on the original character of the Christian Morality, remarked that though a thousand cases might be supposed in which the use of the golden rule might mislead a person, it was impossible in fact to light on such a case. That was a hazardous observation, for the truth is that when we once get beyond elementary conditions of being and doing, we find human beings differ so very widely, and in such utterly incalculable ways, that it is in vain to poll the monitor in the breast on questions that do in fact arise daily—five hundred in a thousand will vote one way, and five hundred in another. "How would you like it yourself?" is a question that elicits the most discordant replies. I have a very positive feeling that I should have left many of these letters in the portfolio, or put them into the fire; but when I look about me for a standard which I could take in my hand to Mr. Napier, I am baffled—he might produce one of his own

that would silence me on the spot. And when one has taken up a book to comment upon it with as little reserve as may be, it seems idle, if not Irish, to begin by saying that the most amusing or most fertile things in it ought never to have seen the light.

This point may recur before we have done; and in the meantime it should be remarked that nothing very momentous, either to the honour or the disgrace of human nature in general, or literary human nature in particular, can be extracted from this correspondence. A late essayist used to tell a true anecdote of a distinguished statesman who had lived many years and seen as many changes as Ulysses. A friend asked him something like this: "Well, now, you have had a great deal to do with mankind, and you have outlived the heats and prejudices of youth; what do you think of men in general?" And the veteran replied: "Oh, I like them—very good fellows; but"—and here we shall mollify his language a little—"but condemnably vain, you know." And really that is about the worst thing you can find it in your heart to say of literary men after running through these letters—"very good fellows, but very vain, you know."

Another point which lies less near the surface, and has at least the look of novelty, would perhaps be this. It is the most frequent and most voluminous of the writers who unconsciously tell us the most about themselves; and who, with the pleasing exception of Jeffrey, show us the most of their unamiable sides. But there is comfort for impulsive people in the fact that it is not always the most self-controlled and inoffensive of the writers who win upon us. The Brougham-Macaulay feud runs sprawling through these pages till we are tired of it; and some of poor Brougham's letters are downright venomous. But the total absence of disguise and the blundering boyish inconsistency disarm us. Taking the letters one by one, the moral superiority is with Macaulay on Brougham as against Brougham on Macaulay, but taking the correspondence in the lump, it is something like Charles Surface against Joseph Surface, in another line—only, of course, there is no hypocrisy. While you come to feel for Brougham in his spluttering rages, you feel also that Macaulay, in his too-admirable self-contenance, can do very well without your compassion, whatever he may have to complain of. It is easy to discern that Brougham honestly believed in his own superiority to the young rival who outshone him, and yet that he was inwardly tormented. Macaulay's forbearance was of the kind *qui coûte si peu au gens heureux*. The editor, Mr. Napier, was, we may conjecture, the greatest sufferer of the three. Much was owed to Brougham as a man of enormous intellectual force; to which, apart from his past services, great respect was due; but Macaulay was by far the best writer, and (to employ a bull which is common enough) incomparably the most attractive contributor. The strength of his hold upon the Review and its editor is apparent on every tenth page of the book, and comes out forcibly enough in a letter from Sir James Stephen

to Mr. Napier. Mr. Napier had written to Sir James, expressing some delicate surprise that no article from his pen had reached the Review for a long time. Sir James excuses himself in this fashion:—

"I know that many of your contributors must be importunate for a place, that you must be lending and compromising at a weary rate: that there are many interests of the passing day which you could not overlook; and that we should all have growled like so many fasting bears if denied the regular return of the Macaulay diet, to which we have been so long accustomed."

Sir James was an exceedingly busy man, and he was not professedly a man of letters like Macaulay; but we may, if we like, read between the lines in these excuses and find a little pique there, as well as a just sense of an editor's difficulties.

Another point which lies broadly and prominently upon the surface in these letters is a very unpleasant one. It is scarcely credible how much dull conceit and sheer ignorant arbitrariness there often is in the minds of able and cultivated men. It does not seem even to occur to them that their own range may be limited, and their judgments upon many (or even a few) topics not worth ink or breath. It should hardly be offensive to an ordinary man to be told, or at least to find it tacitly assumed, that he could not have invented fluxions, painted like Rembrandt, or sung like Pindar. Why, then, should it be difficult for any cultivated specialist, of more than ordinary faculties, to make the reflection that he must be deficient in some direction or other? Yet we find in practice that it is not only difficult, but impossible, in the majority of cases. Mr. Napier seems to have invited, or at all events not to have repelled, free criticisms on his Review from the contributors in general, and the outcome is little short of appalling. If ever there was an able man it was Mr. Senior, yet these are the terms in which he allows himself to speak of an article on Christopher North—or rather of Christopher North himself:—"The article on Christopher North is my abomination. I think him one of the very worst of the clever bad writers who infest modern literature; full of bombast, affectation, conceit, in short, of all the *ritia*, *tristia*, as well as *dulcia*. I had almost as soon try to read Carlyle or Coleridge." Now Mr. Senior was, of course, entitled to dislike Christopher North, and there is plenty to be said against him in the way of criticism; but the charge of "affectation" is foolish, and the whole passage pitched in the most detestable of all literary key-notes. John Wilson was a man of genius, whose personal likings and rampant animal spirits led him most mournfully astray. He was wanting also in love of truth for its own sake; but he was as much superior to Mr. Senior as Shakspeare was to him. And the addition about Carlyle or Coleridge—or Coleridge!—is just the gratuitous insolence of one-eyed dulness. There is enough and to spare of blame ready in any balanced mind for either of these great writers, but they can do without the admiration of wooden-headed prigs, however able. The point, however, is that it never dawns upon

the mind of even so clever and cultivated a man as Mr. Senior, that his head may have gaps in it.

Another instance to the same purport may be selected from a letter from Mr. Edwin Atherstone, the poet—for it would perhaps be hard and grudging to deny him the title, since he found an audience, and I have a vague recollection of having once read verses of his about Nineveh or Babylon which had in them power of the picturesque-umelative order. Now, this is the way in which Mr. Edwin Atherstone speaks of Dr. Thomas Brown, the metaphysician:—"For myself, I know not a writer, with the exception of Shakspeare, Milton, Homer, and Scott, from whom I have derived such high delight as from Dr. Brown."

Was ever such a category put on paper before? It is as if a man should say his favourite musical instruments were the organ, the harp, the trumpet, the violin, and the sewing-machine. Brown was one of the most readable of metaphysicians; he made some acute hits, and he wrote elegant verses; but his position in Mr. Atherstone's list is as inexplicably quaint as that of "Burke, commonly called the Sublime," in the epitaph on the lady who "painted in water-colours," and "was first cousin to Lady Jones."

The worst examples of all, however, come from the letters of Francis Jeffrey himself. Jeffrey has been underrated, and he was a most amiable man; but some of the verdicts he thought fit to pronounce upon articles in the *Edinburgh*, when edited by Mr. Napier, are *sanguine*. In one case he is about suggesting a contributor, to deal with a certain topic, and is so polite as to say that the name of Mr. John Stuart Mill had struck him:—"I once thought of John Mill, but there are reasons against him too, independent of his great unreadable book and its elaborate demonstrations of axioms and truisms."

There might be weighty "reasons against" Mr. Mill, but what his "Logic" could have to do with the question is not clear. It never seems to have crossed Jeffrey's mind that he *might* be totally disqualified for forming an opinion of a book like that; and, having called it "unreadable" (though to a reader with any natural bent towards such matters it is deeply interesting), he actually puts forward the fact that Mill had written it as a reason against his being entrusted with the treatment of a political topic in a Whig Review. Editors are human, and the editorial position is a very troublesome one. An editor may lose his head, as an overworked wine-taster may lose his palate. In a word, allowances must be made; but, after a disclosure or two like this, it is difficult not to conclude that the Review owed no more of its success to its former editor than it might have owed to any intelligent clerk. But we cannot let Jeffrey go yet. The following passage relates to an article on Victor Cousin:—

"Cousin I pronounce beyond all doubt the most unreadable thing that ever appeared in the *Review*. The only chance is, that gentle readers may take it to

be very profound, and conclude that the fault is in their want of understanding. But I am not disposed to agree with them. It is ten times more *mystical* than anything my friend Carlyle ever wrote, and not half so agreeably written. It is nothing to the purpose that he does not agree with the worst part of the mysticism, for he affects to understand it, and to explain it, and to think it very ingenious and respectable, and it is more gibberish. He may possibly be a clever man. There are even indications of that in his paper, but he is not a very clever man, nor of much power; and beyond all question he is not a good writer on such subjects. If you ever admit such a disquisition again, order your operator to instance and illustrate all his propositions by cases or examples, and to reason and explain with reference to these. This is a sure test of sheer nonsense, and moreover an infinite resource for the explication of obscure truth, if there be any such thing."

Now, the writer of the article in question was Sir William Hamilton. "He may possibly be a clever man, but beyond all question he is not a good writer on such subjects." So much for Jeffrey.

"Nec sibi carnarum quivis temere arroget artem,
Non prius exacta tetui ratione saporum."

Poor Mr. Carlyle is again dragged in, and Sir William is pronounced "ten times more *mystical*" than he—"mystical" in italics. When a writer, using the word *mystical* opprobriously, prints it in italics, it is usually safe to decide that he knows nothing of metaphysics. The concluding sentences are instructive examples of editorial self-confidence: "If ever you admit such a disquisition again, order your operator to" do so-and-so. Thus, the treatment of Mill and Hamilton being equally ignorant and inept, there is no escape for the ex-editor. Both verdicts were after the too-celebrated "this-will-never-do" manner, and that is all.

In the communications from literary men there are some fine instances of just self-consciousness. Tom Campbell writes, with great warmth and alertness, to promise an article upon a new work about the Nerves; but shortly afterwards writes again, candidly confessing that he had found, upon looking again at the work, that his aptitude for scientific detail was not great enough to enable him to do justice to the subject. A letter from William Hazlitt is so striking, both for its truthfulness and its clear-headedness, as to deserve quoting in full. He had been written to by Mr. Napier for some contributions to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and he replies, from his well-known retreat at Winterslow Hut, in these terms:—

"I am sorry to be obliged, from want of health and a number of other engagements, which I am little able to perform, to decline the flattering offer you make me. I am also afraid that I should not be able to do the article in question, or yourself justice, for I am not only without books, but without knowledge of what books are necessary to be consulted on the subject. To get up an article in a Review on any subject of general literature is quite as much as I can do without exposing myself. The object of an *Encyclopædia* is, I take it, to condense and combine all the facts relating to a subject, and all the theories of any consequence already known or advanced. Now, where the business of such a work ends, is just where I begin—that is, I might perhaps throw in an idle speculation or two of my own, not contained in former accounts of the subject,

and which would have very little pretension to rank as scientific. I know something about Congreve, but nothing at all of Aristophanes, and yet I conceive that the writer of an article on the Drama ought to be as well acquainted with the one as the other."

The honesty of this is quite refreshing. There is one more letter, of a similar order, which deserves to be signalized. In August, 1843, Macaulay, being pressed for more frequent contributions, writes from the Albany that he can promise, at the very utmost, no more than two articles in a year:—

"I ought to give my whole leisure to my History; and I fear that if I suffer myself to be diverted from that design as I have done, I shall, like poor Mackintosh, leave behind me the character of a man who would have done something if he had concentrated his powers instead of scattering them away. There are people who can carry on twenty works at a time. Southey would write the history of Brazil before breakfast, an ode after breakfast, then the history of the Peninsular War till dinner, and an article for the *Quarterly Review* in the evening. But I am of a different temper. I never write so as to please myself until my subject has for the time driven away every other out of my head. When I turn from one work to another a great deal of time is lost in the mere transition. I must not go on dawdling and reproaching myself all my life."

There is something melancholy in this, admirable as it is. Macaulay had begun to watch the shadow on the dial too closely to permit him to do much miscellaneous work with an easy mind. There is an important lesson for men of letters in the sentence,—“When I turn from one work to another, a great deal of time is lost in the mere transition.” Here lies the great difference between serious literary work and that of ordinary business, where the mind is solicited by one thing after another in rapid succession. In the first case, time and energy have to be expended in evolving from within a fresh impulse for every topic. The most readable writings of Southey are those which he produced fragment by fragment, on topics for which little renewal of impulse was required. To write a great poem in scraps, all by the clock, was a task which only a very conceited and rather wooden man would have attempted; and the result we know, though there are fine things in Southey's longer poems. A powerful passage by Cardinal Newman on the difficulties of literary work is almost too well known to bear quoting, but a living poet, Mrs. Augusta Webster, has put the case so fairly that Macaulay's shade—which is, of course, a shade that reads everything—may be gratified by seeing in a handy way a few of her sentences:—

“Occupations of study, scientific research, literary production—of brain-work of any kind that is carried on in the worker's private home with no visible reminder of customer or client—are taken to be such as can lightly be done at one time as well as another, and resumed after no matter what interruptions, like a lady's embroidery, which she can take up again at the very stitch she left her needle in. Professions of this sort not only admit, but in many instances require, considerable variation in the amount of daily time directly bestowed on them,—*directly*, for the true student is not at his work only when he is ostensibly employed, but whenever and wherever he may have his head to himself,—and there is no measure of visible quantity for the more or less results of

application. . . . The literary man probably fires the worst of all. His is not merely not protected by the manual part of his processes, but it is his danger. It is so easy—what anybody can do at any time. . . . Of course the simple fact is that it is more difficult for this class of persons to practice their vocations under the drawback of perpetual breaks, actual and (what comes to nearly the same thing) expected, than it is for 'business men.' Let the attention of the solver, for instance, based on the points of an intricate case, be perforce diverted to another matter, there is lost from that case just the time diverted, and a little extra to allow for the mind which returns to any interrupted course of thought, never returning to it exactly at the point at which it was forced to leave it. But there are the recorded facts; the direct conclusions to be drawn remain undisturbed; nothing has disappeared, nothing has lost its identity. But suppose, let us say, a dramatist, devising his crisis after hours, perhaps days, of gradual growth, to the moment when he sees it before him as a reality. . . . Forces his attention away, and he has lost, not merely the time he needed to complete a spell of work, with something over for the difficulty of resuming, but the *power* of resuming. All has faded into a haze; and the fruit of days, may be, has been thrown away at the reopening, for such moments do not come twice."

There are but few of Mr. Napier's own letters in this volume, so that we have only indirect means of measuring his idea of his editorial rights or duties as against contributors. There is one case in which Macaulay complains strongly of certain excisions, and there is another in which he defends certain phrases of his own which appear to have offended the taste of Mr. Napier, who found them undignified, if not slightly vulgar. He submits of course—all the mutilated ones submit—and he says he submits "willingly," but all the while we can too plainly see the wry faces he is making. Mr. Napier was, apparently, a purist in the matter of style; but there is something almost grotesque in the spectacle of a man of his quality correcting Macaulay. It reminds one of *cet imbécile Buloz*.* The case of Leigh Hunt was very different, for he sometimes went to the extreme verge of decorum—quarterly review decorum, that is—and beyond it. But we may safely conclude that Macaulay knew much better than his editor how to turn a sentence, or when the use of a French locution was desirable for ends of literary effect. Upon this subject of imported phrases Mr. Napier was, it seems, very punctilious, for with Mr. G. H. Lewes he must have had a brisk correspondence about it. Mr. Lewes, who was then a young writer, anxious to get his feet well planted, submits, with every possible expression of acquiescence, one might almost say, of abject agreement; but it is easy to see that his compliance was forced. Macaulay in his discussion of this little matter with Napier, easily and decisively lays down the true guiding principle.—"The first rule of all writing,—that rule to which every other rule is subordinate,—is that the words used by the writer shall be such as most fully and precisely convey his meaning to the great body of his readers. All considerations about the purity and dignity of style ought to bend to this consideration."

* One, at least, of the contributors whom Buloz tortured (George Sand wrote that she worked him "en diable" ten hours a day, only he'd let her jump at a sign) used to date his letters in this style: "A vingt-cinq heures de cet imbécile Buloz."

Thus, indeed, exhausts the subject; and leaves the editor only one question to solve—namely, whether the writer whom he employs has presumably a meaning fit to be conveyed to the readers of his periodical. Upon that point he must use his own judgment; but it was idle for a man like Mr. Napier to criticize the phrasing of a man like Macaulay, who had ten thousand times his reading. For it is upon the “reading” that the matter very largely turns. The force of a quotation or a phrase imported from a foreign tongue depends, not upon the bare meaning of the words, but upon the suggestiveness of certain associations. This does not necessarily imply that the precise context is recalled, or certain hackneyed trilles from Lucretius and Horace, and a score of such chips in porridge, would be indecent. If it be said that all this implies that an editor should be omniscient, or at lowest an omnivorous reader, the reply is, that it certainly does—unless the principle adopted in the conduct of the periodical be the more recent one of choosing contributors largely on account of their names, and then leaving them to answer for their own sins, if any. One thing is clear, that if a man like Jeffrey—or like Napier—could be shown the number of blunders he made in mutilating the writings of his contributors, he would feel very much humiliated. Thackeray complains very bitterly of the suppression of some of his touches of humour, and his sufferings at the hands of a critic like Mr. Napier (able man as he was) must have been terrible indeed.

The system recently adopted of having every article signed, has not yielded the results which were predicted or expected by those who so long struggled to get it introduced. It has led to “starring” more outrageous and more audacious than any that was ever seen upon the stage, and to mischief far more serious. The worst of these is the substitution of a spurious sort of authority for the natural influence or weight of the writing, even upon some of the most important topics which can engage the human mind. The opinion, for example, of a versatile politician, or traveller, or physicist, on a question of religion or morals may be of no more value than that of the first man you meet on passing into the streets. But it will attract attention in proportion to the notoriety of the author, and though wise men may know that it is weak or foolish, they may wait a long while for the chance of saying so from any pulpit worth preaching in, because the platforms are pre-engaged; and also because, the “organs of opinion” being bound to live by keeping up a succession of attractive names in their pages, it will not do to offend the owners of such names. One other result of the recent system (not everywhere and always, of course, but generally and most frequently) is a want of freshness in periodical literature. This evil our American friends manage to escape; only they are much bolder than we are, and do not stand in terror of the charge of levity. But, as a rule, writers who are fit for starring purposes lose freshness in a very short time; and then they do a still farther mischievous

by striking that key-note of second-hand thought which is so prevalent, or at least so common in even our better literature.

It is amusing enough to recall the superstition of secrecy which inspired the policy of the first Edinburgh Reviewers. Lord Jeffrey has told us how the conspirators, Brougham, Sydney Smith, Horner, and himself, used to meet by night in the back room of a printing-office, and steal to their work by winding paths and back stairs, like assassins. This was folly, though not inexcusably without rational ground or motive, and one cannot resist the belief that the more modern plan will work well some day, if it does not now. But the difference in the results is not so great as might have been hoped for. Men of letters do not now openly insult each other for differences of opinion in politics or theology; but it is not any variation of mechanism which has made the change, and, though less brutality of phrasing is now permitted, it would be difficult to surpass in bitterness or unfairness some of the signed and accredited criticism of our own day. On the whole, it comes to this,—you can get no more out of given moral conditions than there is in them. If public writers are clique-ish (a word to disturb Mr. Napier in his grave, and certainly an ugly one) and unjust to each other, it is because you cannot change the spots of the leopard. A man who loves the truth will employ his pen conscientiously and kindly, whether he writes anonymously or otherwise. To this it may be added that there is something extremely quaint in one thing that we may see taking place every week—the greater part of our newspaper writing is still unsigned, and, considering what a hastily got-up miscellany a newspaper necessarily is, it can hardly be otherwise. A column of reviews in a newspaper is sometimes the work of as many hands as there are books reviewed in it. But it might certainly have been expected beforehand that reviewers who write without signature should be both careful and moderate in attacking writers who sign, and who, presumably, take more time over their work than contributors to newspapers can generally do. Yet the newspaper columns in which quarterly and monthly periodicals are reviewed are “too often” (we must round the corner with the help of that commonplace) models of slippancy and dogmatism.

On the whole, it is not from any mechanical changes of method that we must expect improvement in Review literature. Of course, in largeness, fulness, richness, and versatility the Review-writing of to-day is immeasurably superior to that of the days when Macaulay and Brougham fought for precedence in the *Edinburgh*. But so is the literature reviewed—one is a big “rolling miscellany,” and so is the other. It does not seem to some of us that, *other things being made equal*, the literature of our modern Reviews (using the word widely) is either superior or inferior to that of the *Edinburgh*, for example. The growth, however, of literature generally in force, colour, range, and effectiveness, is something astounding. We note this, or rather it overwhelms us, in

turning over such a book as the *Memoirs of Harriet Martineau*; and there is more than the insolence of new-fangled tastes in putting such a question as—where would Campbell's "*Pleasures of Hope*" be if it were published to-morrow? One day when Brougham had just left (for London) a country-house where he had been staying, Rogers, who was a fellow-guest with him, made some such remark as this—"In that post-chaise went away this morning, Bacon, Newton, Demosthenes, and Solon." It is not recorded that Rogers meant this as a joke; but where would Brougham be after a little manipulation by Mr. Jevons or Mr. Goldwin Smith? It would be tiresome to dwell upon this, and wrong to suggest that the men were smaller because the outlook was less; but this view, if anything, helps us to see the direction in which one of our best hopes for literature must lie—namely, in its ever-increasing volume. There will always be hostile camps, and there will always be warriors of low *morale*, but as each camp enlarges, the *average* pain of those who suffer from injustice or neglect will be lessened. And this observation is by no means addressed to mere questions of reviewing in the minor sense, but rather to literature in the mass as representing the culture of the time.

Since the time when Jeffrey ruled the *Edinburgh Review*, and even since the death of Mr. Napier, "the advertising element," and commercial elements in general, have played a great and new part, an increasing part, too, in the fortunes, and thus in regulating the quality and tendency, of current literature. One result of this state of things is an ever-increasing tendency to compromise in the expression of opinion. In spite of the spirit of tolerance of which we hear so much, there was perhaps never a time in which the expression of opinion was so much emasculated in the higher periodical literature, or in which so much trickery of accommodated phraseology was going forward. This will last for a long time yet—as long as periodical literature is a matter of commercial speculation. It is an evil omen that the greatest amount of freedom now displayed is in political and scientific discussion. It is difficult to see where the remedy is to come from in discussions of another kind. Probably we shall have a lesson by the cataclysmic method before very long. There is in this volume a letter from Brougham to Napier, in which Brougham is very angry about an indirect disclosure of Romilly's heterodoxy, and he goes off at a tangent to express a doubt whether Macaulay was any better than Romilly, but is very anxious that conventional conformity should be strictly maintained in the *Review*, even to the length of concealing from the general reader as far as possible such facts as that a man so good and "religious" as Romilly could be a disbeliever in this, that, or the other. We have now got beyond that; the accredited policy is in a vague way to trump the cards of the dangerous people, and then nobody shows his hand fairly and freely. Meanwhile, everybody feels uneasy, from a latent sense of insincerity; and, when once the excitement is off, the natural perception that out of nothing nothing can come,

reassumes its sway. The game cannot go on in this way for ever, though no one can foresee by what accident the lights will be blown out, the tables thrown over, and the stakes roughly dealt with at last.

A great difference, as might be expected, arises from the incredible widening of what might be called the constituencies of opinion. Political articles of the "inspired" order do not count as they did, or were supposed to do, in the days of "Coningsby" even, much less as they did a decade or two sooner. The effective currents of thought are far too numerous and far too massive to be guided—nay, too numerous and too massive for even the most conceited of propagandists or prophets to fancy he could calculate them. What sort of figure as a publicist or "inspired" political writer would a man like Croker cut at this end of the century? It must have been a dolorous day for such as he when they first felt sure the tides were coming up which were to sweep them and their works into oblivion, or at least into limbo, and make successors to their function impossible in future. We do not affirm that the present phase of change is for the best; no theory of progress will justify statements of that kind. In fact, things are quite bad enough; but some security against certain evils there must be, in the fact that these are days in which it is difficult to hide a wrong, or an error, which has an immediate sinister bearing upon ends cherished by any school of opinion. Who on earth would now think of calling the *Times* the Thunderer? Just when middle-aged men of to-day were babies it was thought finely argumentative, if not conclusive, to call the London University "Stinkomalee"—in the interest of Church and King; but the "hard hitting" of our own time is done in other fashion. Even if the Marquis of Salisbury were to edit a paper he would not be able to make much out of Titus Oates. But the allusion to that episode in another sphere of action may remind us of the late Lord Derby, who might almost be called the last of the old school of politicians. The mere mention of his name seems to flush light upon the gulf we have traversed since the days when the world was divided between a Whig organ and a Tory organ.

Simultaneously with the incalculable increase of devotion to science, we have had an increase of devotion to ends held to be practical, and this has largely governed our literature. The subject now barely hinted at is well worth extended treatment. It is, however, no more than the truth that there has been recently a great diminution of speculative enthusiasm of all kinds, with a largely increased tendency to make things pleasant for all parties. Convenience, in fact, becomes more and more the governing factor of life; this tells upon our better literature; and until the wind sets again from the old quarters—as it certainly will some day—we shall feel the want of certain elements of freshness, individuality, and moral impulse which touch us more closely than we at first recognize in reading the old Edinburgh Reviewers.

MATTHEW BROWNE.

THE SUPREME GOD IN THE INDO-EUROPEAN MYTHOLOGY.

Comparative Mythology.*

TOWARDS the end of the last century the men of letters of Europe were astonished to hear that in Asia, on the banks of the Ganges, a more ancient and richer language had been found than that of Homer. It offered in its words and forms striking analogies with the languages of Rome and Athens. Interest once roused, systematic comparisons were made, and comparative grammar was founded. The sphere of comparisons widened and the group of Aryan languages was established.

It was thus ascertained that the languages of the Romans, of the Greeks, of the Gauls, of the Germans, of the Lithuanians, and of the Slavs in Europe, of the Hindoos and Persians in Asia, are made out of the same materials and cast in the same mould; that they are only varieties of one primitive type. The precise laws which regulated the formation of each of these varieties were discovered, so that it is both possible to proceed from one of these languages to the other, and to trace all of them to the original type whence they come, to the lost type which they reproduce. This lost type, the source of all the idioms of nearly the whole of Europe and of a third of Asia, science has reconstructed: with an almost absolute certainty, it has described the grammar, drawn up the lexicon of that language, of which no direct echo remains, not the fragment of an inscription on a broken stone, of that language of which the life and the death are pre-historic, and which was spoken at a period when there were as yet neither Romans, nor Hindoos, nor Greeks, nor Persians, nor Germans, nor Celts, and when the ancestors of all those nations were still wandering as one tribe, one knows not where, one knows not when.

* Cf. Max Müller: "Lectures on the Science of Language," and "Lectures on the Science of Religion;" Michel Bréal, "Mélanges de Mythologie et de Linguistique."

Closely following comparative grammar, almost at the same time rose up comparative mythology, and with the ancient words awoke the gods that they had sung, the beliefs that they had fostered. It was recognized that if the Indo-Europeans spoke essentially the same language, they also worshipped essentially the same gods and believed in the same things. As comparative grammar, on hearing the sister-tongues, caught up the echo of the mother, whose voice they repeat, so comparative mythology, in its turn, on looking at the sister religions, has tried to see through them the original image which they reflect. As the one restored the words and forms of the language which lived on the lips of the Aryans at the moment of the breaking up of the Aryan unity, the other endeavoured to restore the gods and beliefs which lived in their souls at the moment when, with the unity of the race, the identity of language and belief passed away. This restoration of the pre-historic gods and of the pre-historic beliefs is the final object of comparative mythology, just as the reconstruction of words and forms is the final object of comparative grammar. The object was analogous and so was the method. It is the comparative method, which by comparing kindred divinities and kindred beliefs, finds the original divinity and the original belief which gave birth to them, and which are reproduced in them. To sketch the picture of the original mythology, it is sufficient to separate from the various derivative mythologies the essential characteristics common to them. Every characteristic common to the secondary religions will be legitimately referred to the primitive one, whenever it is essential—that is to say neither borrowed from one of the kindred religions nor due to an identical, but quite independent development. If, for instance, the various Indo-European mythologies agree in naming the gods *Daiwa*, “the shining ones,” it follows that in the primitive mythology, in the religion of the period of unity, they were known already as beings of light and called thus. It is a great deal easier to admit that the seven derived religions have faithfully repeated what has been handed down to them from their common source, than to imagine that once separated they have created the same conception, each one on its side, and have clothed it with the same expression: the former hypothesis is a simple and natural induction: the second is in reality made up of seven hypotheses, and implies seven chances agreeing together, seven miracles.

Our object in the following pages is to give a sketch of one of the chapters of the Aryan mythology. We try to show that the religion of the Indo-European unity recognized a Supreme God, and we try to find the most ancient form and the earliest origin of that conception among the Aryans, and to follow out the transformations it has undergone in the course of ages.

The Supreme God: Zeus, Jupiter, Varuna, Ahura Mazda.

The Aryan Gods are not organized as a Republic: they have a king. There is over the gods a Supreme God.

Four of the Aryan mythologies have preserved a clear and precise notion of this conception: they are those of Greece, of Italy, of ancient India, and of ancient Persia. This Supreme God is called Zeus in Greece, Jupiter in Italy, Varuna in ancient India, Ahura Mazda in ancient Persia. Let us then listen to Zeus, to Jupiter, to Varuna, and to Ahura Mazda each in his turn.

*Zeus and Jupiter.**—About three centuries before our era a Greek poet thus addressed Zeus:—

"Oh! Thou most glorious of immortals, whose names are many, for ever Almighty, Zeus, Thou who rulest nature, directing all things according to a law, hail! To Thee all this universe moving round the earth yields obedience, following whither thou leadest, and submits itself to Thy rule. . . . No great in Thy nature, King Supreme above all things, no work is achieved without Thee, neither on the earth, nor in the celestial regions of ether, nor on the sea, but those which the wicked accomplish in their folly."

This is the Zeus of the philosophers, of the Stoics, of Cleanthes: but he was already the Zeus of the ancient poets. Powerful, omniscient, and just is the god of Æschylus, as that of Cleanthes: he is the king of kings, the blessed of the blessed, the sovereign power among all powers, the only one who is free among the gods, who is the master of the mightiest, who is subservient to no one's rule; above whom no one sits, no one to whom from below he looks with awe; every word of his is absolute; he is the God of deep thoughts, whose heart has dark and hidden ways, impenetrable to the eye, and no scheme formed within his mind has ever miscarried. Finally, he is the Father of Justice, Dike, "the terrible virgin who breathes out on crime anger and death," it is he who from hell raises vengeance with its slow chastisement against the bold wayward mortal. Terpander proclaims in Zeus the essence of all things, the god who rules over everything. Archilochus sings Zeus father, as the God who rules the heavens, who watches the guilty and unjust actions of men, who administers chastisements to monsters, the God who created heaven and earth. The old man of Æscra knows that Zeus is the father of gods and of men, that his eye sees and comprehends all things and reaches all that he wishes. In short, as far back as the Greek Pantheon appears in the light of history, even from Homer, Zeus towers above the nation of gods which surrounds him. He himself proclaims, and the other gods proclaim after him, that, unrivalled in power and strength, he is the greatest of all; the gods, at his behest, silently bow down before him; he would hurl into the gloomy depths of Tartarus whomsoever should dare to disobey him; he would hurl him down into the uttermost depths of the subterranean abyss: alone against them all, he would master them. Should they let fall from the sky a golden chain on which all the gods and goddesses might be suspended, they still would be powerless, however hard they might strain to drag him from the heavens to the earth; and if it pleased him, he could draw them up even with the earth, even with the sea,

* Maury, "Histoire des Religions de la Grèce;" Preller, "Griechische Mythologie"

and he would then fix the chain on the ridge of Olympus, and suspend on it the whole universe; so much is he above mankind, above the gods. Not only is he the most powerful, but also he is the wisest—the *μνστήρ*; he is all wisdom and he is likewise all justice. It is from him that the judges of the sons of the Achæans have received their laws: very good, very great, he holds learned conversations with Themis (the law) who sits at his side; prayers are his daughters, whom he avenges for all the insults of the wicked.

Thus, power, wisdom, justice, belonged from all time to Zeus, to the Zeus of Homer as well as to the Zeus of Cleanthes; to the Zeus of the poets as to him of the philosophers, in the remotest period of paganism as at the approach of the religion of Christ. A providential god rules the Pantheon of the Hellenes.

What Zeus is in Greece, Jupiter is in Italy: the God who is above all the gods. The identity of the two deities is so striking that the ancients themselves, forestalling comparative mythology, recognized it from the very first. He is the God, great and good amongst them all: *Jupiter, optimus, maximus*.

Varuna.—The most ancient of the religions of India, which the Vedas have made known to us, has also a Zeus, whose name is Varuna.*

"Truly admirable for grandeur are the works of Him who has separated the two worlds and fixed their vast extent: of Him who has set in motion the high and sublime firmament, who has spread out the heavens above and the earth beneath.

"These heavens and this earth which reach so far, flowing with milk, so beautiful in form, it is by the law of Varuna that they remain fixed, facing each other, immortal beings with fertile seed.

"Thus Asura,† who is acquainted with all things, has propped up these heavens, he has fixed the boundaries of the earth. He is enthroned above all the worlds, universal king; all the laws of the world are the laws of Varuna.

"In the bottomless abyss the king Varuna has lifted up the summit of the celestial tree.‡ It is the king Varuna who has traced out to the sun the broad path he is to follow: to footless creatures he has given feet so that they may run.

"Those stars, which illumine the night, where were they during the day? Infallible are the laws of Varuna: the moon kindles itself and walks through the night.

"Varuna has traced out paths for the sun: he has thrown forwards the fluctuating torrent of rivers. He has dug out the wide and rapid beds where the waves of the days, let loose, unroll themselves in their order.

"He has put strength into the horse, milk into the cow, intellect into the heart, Agni§ into the waters, the sun in the sky, soma|| into the stone.

"The wind is thy breath, O Varuna! which roars in the atmosphere, like the ox in the meadow. Between this earth and the sublime heaven above, all things, O Varuna, are of thy creation."

There is an order in nature, there is a law, a habit, a rule, a *Rita*.

* See Muir, "Sanskrit Texts," v. 58; Max Müller, "Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion," p. 284.

† "The Lord."

‡ The cloud often compared to a tree branching out in the sky.

§ The fire (Agni) which is born in the waters of heaven in the form of lightning.

|| A sacred plant whose sap is offered to the gods. It is pressed between two stones to extract the sacred liquor.

This law, this *Rita*, it is Varuna who has established it. He is the god of the *Rita*, the god of Order, the guardian of the *Rita*; he is the god of efficient and stable laws; in him rest as in a rock the fixed immovable laws.

Organizer of the world, he is its master. He is the first of the *Asuras*, "of the lords;" he is *the Asura*, "the Lord;" he is the sovereign of the whole world, the king of all beings, the universal king, the independent king; no one amongst the gods dares to infringe his laws; "it is thou, Varuna, who art the king of all."

As he has omnipotence, he has omniscience too, he is "the Lord who knows all things," the *Asura vija-redas*. He is the sage who has supreme wisdom, in whom all sciences have their centre; when the poet wishes to praise the learning of a god, he compares it to that of Varuna. "He knows the place of the birds which fly in the air, he knows the ships which are sailing on the ocean, he knows the twelve months and what they will bring forth, he knows every creature that is born. He knows the path of the sublime wind in the heights, he knows who sits at the sacrifice. The God of stable laws, Varuna, has taken his place in his palace to be the universal king, the god with the wondrous intellect. Hence, following in his mind all these marvels, he looks around him at what has happened and what will happen."

As he is the universal witness, he is also the universal judge, the infallible judge whom nothing escapes: none can deceive him, and from above he sees the evil done below and strikes it: he has seven-fold bands to clasp thrice round the liar by the upper, by the middle, and by the lower part of the body. The man, smitten by misfortune, implores his pity, and feels that he has sinned, and that the hand which strikes is also the hand that punishes:

"I ask Thee, O Varuna, because I wish to know my fault:

"I come to Thee, to question Thee who knowest all things. All the sages, with one voice, said to me, Varuna is angry with thee.

"What great crime have I committed, O Varuna, that thou shouldst want to kill thy friend, thy bard. Tell me, O Lord, O infallible one, and I will then lay my homage at thy feet.

"Free me from the bonds of my crime, do not sever the thread of the prayer that I am weaving, do not deliver me over to the deaths that, at thy dictate, O Asura, strike him who has committed a crime: send me not into the gloomy regions far from the light.

"Let me pay the penalty of my faults: but let me not suffer, O King, for the crime of others; there are so many days that have not dawned yet! Let them dawn for us also, O Varuna!"

Such is the supreme God of the Vedic religion, an organizing God, almighty, omniscient, and moral. The following is a Vedic hymn which sums up with singular force the essential attributes of the God:—

"He who from on high rules this world sees every thing as if it were before him. That which two men, seated side by side are plotting, is heard by King Varuna, himself the third.

"This earth belongs to the king Varuna, and this sky, these two sublime worlds with their remote limits; the two seas* are the belly of Varuna, and he rests also even in this small pool of water.

"He who should leap over the sky and beyond it, would not escape the king Varuna. He has his spies, the spies of the heavens, who go through the world, he has his thousand eyes which look on the earth.

"The king Varuna sees everything, all that which is between the two worlds and beyond them. He reckons the winking of the eye of all creatures:

"The worl is in his hand like the dice in the hand of the gambler.

"Let thy sevenfold hands, O Varuna, let thy bands of wrath which are thrice linked together, let them enfold the man with a lying tongue, let them leave free the man with a truthful tongue!"

Ahura Mazda.†—Ancient Persia opposes to Zeus, to Jupiter, to Varuna, her Ormazd or Ahura Mazda.‡ "It is through me," he said to his prophet, Zoroaster, "that the firmament, with its distant boundaries, hewn from the sparkling ruby, subsists without pillars to rest upon; it is through me that the earth, through me that the sun, the moon, and the stars take their radiant course through the atmosphere; it was I who formed the seeds in such a manner that, when sown in the earth, they should grow, spring up, and appear on the surface; it was I who traced their veins in every species of plants, who in all beings put the fire of life which does not consume them; it is I who in the maternal womb produce the new-born child, who form the limbs, the skin, the nails, the blood, the feet, the ears; it was I who gave the water feet to run; it was I who made the clouds, which carry the water to the world," &c. This development, taken from a recent book of the Ghebers, the Bundahish, is to be found entire, in the very first words of their oldest and holiest book, the Avesta: "I proclaim and worship Ahura Mazda, the Creator." As far as history can be traced, he was already what he is now. Near the ruins of the ancient Ecbatana, the traveller may read, on the red granite of the mountain of Alvand, these words, which were engraved by the hand of Darius, the king of kings, nearly five centuries before the birth of Christ:—

"A powerful God is Auramazda!

'Twas he who made this earth here below!

'Twas he who made that heaven above!

'Twas he who made man!"

This God, who made the world, rules it. He is the sovereign of the universe, the *Ahura*,§ "the Lord." "He is a powerful god," exclaims Xerxes; "he is the greatest of all the gods." It is to his favour that Darius, inscribing upon the rock of Behistun the narrative of his nineteen victories, ascribes both his elevation and his triumphs. It is to his supreme care that he confides Persia: "This country of Persia, which Auramazda has given me, this beautiful country, beautiful in horses, beautiful in men, by the grace of Auramazda, and through

* The sea of the earth and the sea of the clouds.

† See J. Darmesteter, "Ormazd et Ahurman," § 18 59.

‡ Ormazd is the modern name contracted from the ancient Ahura Mazda.

§ Which is the same word as the Sanskrit *Aura*.

me, king Darayavus, has nothing to fear from any enemy. May Auramazda and the gods of the nation bring me their help! May Auramazda protect this country from hostile armies, from barrenness and evil! May this country never be invaded by the stranger, nor by hostile armies, nor by barrenness, nor by evil! This is the favour which I implore from Auramazda and the gods of the nation!"

This world which he has organized is a work of intelligence; by his wisdom it began, and by his wisdom it will end. He is the mind which knows all things, and it is to him that the sage appeals in order to penetrate the mysteries of the world.

"Reveal to me the truth, O Ahura! What was the beginning of the good creation?"

"Who is the father, who, at the beginning of time, begat Order?"

"Who has traced for the sun and the stars the paths that they must follow?"

"Who makes the moon increase and decrease?"

"O Ahura! I would learn these mysteries and many more!"

"Who has fixed the earth and the immovable stars to establish them firmly, so that they might not fall? Who has fixed the waters and the trees?"

"Who has directed the rapid course of the wind and of the clouds? What skilful artist has made the light and the darkness?"

"What skilful workman has made sleep and wakefulness? Through whom have we dawn, noon, and night? From whom do they learn the law which is traced out for them? Who endeared the son to his father so that he should train him? Those are the things that I wish to ask Thee, O Mazda, O beneficent Spirit, O Creator of all things!"

In his omniscience are embraced all human actions. He watches over all things, and is far-seeing, and never sleeping. He is the infallible one; "it is impossible to deceive him, the Ahura, who knows all things." He sees man, and judges and chastises him, if he has not followed his law, for from him comes the law of man, as well as the law of the world; from him comes the science supreme among all other sciences, that of duty, the knowledge of those things we ought to think, say, and do, and of those things we ought neither to think, nor say, nor do. To the man who has prayed well, thought, spoken, and acted well, he opens his resplendent paradise; he opens hell to him who has not prayed and who has thought, spoken, and done evil.

The Supreme God, the God of Heaven.

Thus the Aryans of Greece, of Italy, of India, and of Persia agree in giving the highest place in their Pantheon to a supreme God who rules the world and who has founded order, a God sovereign, omniscient, and moral. Has this identical conception been formed in each of these cases by four independent creations, or is it a common inheritance from the Indo-European religion, and did the Aryan ancestors of the Greeks, of the Latins, of the Hindoos, and of the Persians already know a supreme God, an organizing, a sovereign, an omniscient, a moral God?

Although the latter hypothesis is more simple and more probable than the former, it cannot, however, be taken at once as certain,

because an abstract and logical conception of this kind may very well have developed itself at the same time among several nations, in an identical and independent manner. To whomsoever looks upon it at any time and in any place, the world can reveal the existence of a Supreme maker: Socrates is not the disciple of the psalmist; yet the heavens reveal to him, as to the Hebrew poet, the glory of the Lord. But if it be found that the abstract conception is closely connected with a naturalistic and material conception, and that the latter is identical in the four religions, as it is known, on the other hand, that these four religions have a common past, the hypothesis that this abstract conception is a heritage of this past, and not a creation of the present, may rise to a certainty.

Now, these Gods who organize the world, rule it and watch over it; this Zeus, this Jupiter, this Varuna, this Ahura Mazda are not the personifications of a simple abstract conception; they emerge from a former naturalism, from which they are not yet quite detached; they commenced by being gods of the heavens.

Zeus and Jupiter have never ceased to be gods of the heavens, and to be conscious of it. When the world was shared among the gods, "Zeus received the boundless sky in the ether and the clouds for his share." It is as the God of heaven that sometimes he shines luminous, calm, and pure, enthroned in the ethereal splendour, and that sometimes he becomes gloomy and gathers clouds (*νεφέλη γιγέρησι*), causing the rain to fall from heaven (*ὀμβροίος, ὑέτιος*), hurling upon the earth the eddy of fierce winds, drawing forth the hurricane from the summit of the ether, brandishing the lightning and the thunderbolt (*κεραύνιος, ἀστραπαῖος*). This is why the thunderbolt is his weapon, his attribute, "the thunderbolt with its never-tiring foot," which he hurls in the heights; why he rolls on a resounding chariot, brandishing in his hand the fiery trident, or dashing it on the wings of the eagle, or on Pegasus, the aerial steed of the lightning. This is why he is the husband of Déméter, "the mother Earth," whom he impregnates with his torrents of rain; this is why he sent forth, from his brow according to some, from his belly according to others, from the clouds according to the Cretan legend, Athênê, the resplendent goddess with the penetrating glance, who came forth, shaking golden weapons, with a cry which made heaven and earth resound, as she is the incarnation of the stormy light which breaks forth from the brow of heaven, from the belly of heaven, from the bosom of the cloud, filling space with its splendour and with the crash of its stormy birth. Lastly, the very name of Zeus (genitive *Dios*, formerly *Divos*) is, in conformity with the laws of Greek phonetics, the literal representative of the Sanscrit *Dyaus*, heaven (genitive *Divas*), and the union of *Ζεὺς πατήρ* with *Γημήτηρ* is the exact counterpart of the Vedic union of *Dyaus pitar* with *Prithivî mātṛ*, of the Heaven-Father with Earth-Mother. The word *Ζεὺς* is an ancient synonym of *Οὐρανός*, which became obsolete as a common noun; still, in a certain number of

expressions, it retains something of its former meaning. Thus it is, when the Earth prays Zeus to let rain fall upon her; when the Athenian in praying exclaims: "O dear Zeus, rain thou on the field of the Athenians and on the plains"—"Zeus has rained the whole night," says Homer: *ὅς τε Ζεὺς πάννυχος*. In all these expressions Zeus may be literally translated as a common noun, *sky*.

Jupiter, identical with Zeus in his functions, is identical with him in his material attributes.

The word *Jupiter*, or better *Jup-piter*, is for *Jus-piter*, composed of *pater* and of *Jus*, the Latin contraction of the Sanscrit *Dyaus*, of the Greek *Ζεύς*: *Juppiter* is then the exact equivalent of *Ζεὺς πατήρ*, and the word has even preserved more strongly than Zeus the sense of its early meaning; *sub Jove* signifies "under the heavens;" the hunter awaits the marsian boar, heedless of the cold or snow, *sub Jove frigido*, "under the cold Jupiter, under the cold sky." *Dyaus* is also in Latin, as it is in Sanscrit, the name of the brilliant sky: "Behold," exclaims old Ennius, "above thy head this luminous space which all invoke under the name of Jupiter:"

"Aspice hoc sublime candens quem invocant omnes Jovem."

Varuna, like his European brethren, has been, and is yet, a material god, and a material god of the same kind, a god of heaven. This is why the sun is his eye, why the sun, "the beautiful bird which flies in the firmament," is "his golden-winged messenger;"* why the celestial rivers flow in the hollow of his mouth, as in the hollow of a reed; why everywhere visible, by turns full of light and of darkness, by turns he infolds himself in the night, and irradiates the dawns, and by turns clothes himself in the white garments and in the black ones. Like Zeus, and from the same cause, he gathers together the clouds, he turns the sack that contains the rains, and lets it loose upside down on the two worlds; he inundates the heaven and the earth, he clothes the mountains with a watery garb, and his blood-red eyes unceasingly furrow the watery dwelling with their twinkling flashes. As Zeus is the father of *Athênê*, he is the father of *Atharvan*, "the Fire-God," of *Bhrigu*, "the Thunderer"—that is to say, of *Agni*, of the lightning. *Agni* himself is brought forth "from his belly in the waters," like a male *Athênê*. Finally, like Zeus, like Jupiter, he bears in his very name the expression of what he is; and the Sanscrit Varuna is the exact phonetic representative of *Ὠὐρανός*, *sky*.

In fine, the sovereign god of Persia, notwithstanding the character of profound abstraction which he has acquired and which is reflected in his name *Ahura Mazda*, "the Lord," can himself be recognized in the Sanscrit formulae of the litanies still in use; that is to say, that he is the creator *Ahura*, the corporeally beautiful;

(the *Suhyantia*).

white, luminous, seen from afar, they invoke the entire body of Ahura Mazda, the body of Ahura which is the greatest of bodies; they say that the sun is his eye, and that the sky is the garment embroidered with stars with which he arrays himself; lastly, the most abstract of the Aryan gods has preserved a trait which shows him more closely tied than the others to the material world from which they have freed themselves, he is called "the most solid of the gods," because "he has for clothing the very solid stone of the sky." Like Varuna, like Zeus, the lightning is in his hands, "the molten brass which he causes to flow down on the two worlds," like them he is the father of the god of lightning, Atar. Lastly, the most ancient historical evidence confirms the inductions of mythology, as at the very time when the Achaemenian kings proclaim the sovereignty of Auramazda, Herodotus wrote: "The Persians offer up sacrifices to Zeus," going up on the highest summit of the mountains, as they call *Zeus the entire orb of the sky*."

Thus the supreme gods of the four great religions of Greece, of Italy, of India, and of Persia, are at the same time, or have begun by being gods of the skies. By the side of these four, Svaroga, the god of the ancient pagan Slavs, should no doubt equally be placed. Like Zeus, like Jupiter, like Varuna, like Ahura Mazda, he is the master of the universe, the gods are his children, and it is from him that they have received their functions; like them he is the god of the heavens, he is the thunderer, and like them he is the father of the Fire, Svarojitchi, "the son of heaven."[†]

His Origin:

How did the god of the heavens become the organizing god, the supreme God, the moral God? How was the abstract conception grafted on the naturalistic conception? What is the connection between his material attribute and his abstract function? The Vedas give the solution of this problem.

As far as the eye can reach, it can never reach beyond the sky; whatever is, is under the immense vault; all that which is born and dies, is born and dies within its bounds. Now, whatever takes place in it, takes place according to an immutable law. The dawn has never failed to appear at her appointed place in the morning, never forgotten where she is to appear again, nor the moment at which she is to reanimate the world. Darkness and light know their appointed hour, and always at the desired moment "the black One has given way to the white." Linked together by the same chain in the endless path open before them, they follow their way onwards, the two immortals, directed by a God, absorbing each other's tints. The two fertile sisters do not clash with one another; they never stop, dissimilar in form, but alike in spirit. Thus run the days with their suns, the nights with

* That is to say "to their Supreme God."

† G. Klok, "Einführung in die slavische Literatur-Geschichte."

‡ "Ormazd et Ahriman," p. 62, 14.

their stars, season following season. The sky has always in regular course ushered in by turn the day and the night. The moon has always lit up at the fixed hour. The stars have always known where they should go during the day. The rivers have always flowed into the one ocean without making it full.

This universal order is either the motion of the heavens, or it is the action of the God of heaven, according as we think of the body or the soul, and view in the heavens the thing or the God. Thus, in the Rig-Veda, to say "everything is *in* Varuna"—that is, "in the heavens"—and to say "everything is *through* Varuna"—that is, "through the heaven-God"—are one and the same thing; and in these formulæ of the Veda, so clear in their uncertainty, theism is ever found side by side with unconscious pantheism, of which it is only an expression. "The three heavens and the three earths rest in Varuna," says a poet, and immediately afterwards, giving personality to his God: "It is the skilful king Varuna who makes this golden disc shine in heaven." The wind which whistles in the atmosphere is his breath, and all that exists from one world to the other was created by him. "From the king Varuna come this earth below, and yonder heaven, too, these two worlds with remote limits; the two seas are the belly of Varuna, and he rests also even in the small pool of water."

This pantheistic theism, which makes no clear distinction between the God of heaven and the universe over which he rules, or which is comprised in him, penetrates Jupiter as well as Varuna. The Latin poets offer the equivalent of the vacillating formulæ of Vedism. "The mortals," says Lucretius, explaining the origin of the idea of God, "the mortals saw the regular motions of the heavens and the various seasons of the year succeed each other in a fixed order, without being able to discover the causes. They had, therefore, no other alternative than to attribute all to the gods, who made everything go according to their will, and it was in the sky that they placed the seat and domain of the gods, because it is there that may be seen revolve the night and the noon, the day and the gloomy planets of the night; the nocturnal lights wandering in the sky, and the flying flames, the clouds, the sun, the rain, the snow, the winds, the thunderbolts, the hail, the sudden convulsions, and the great threatening rumblings."*

This view of the heavens as the universal centre of the movements

* *Præterea, coeli rationes ordine certo
Et varia annorum cernebant tempora vorti,
Nec poterant quidvis ad ferret cognoscere causam.
Ergo perfragum aibi habebant omnia Divis
Trudere et cælium nutu facere omnia flecti.
In cæloque Deum sedes et templa locarunt,
Per cælum volvi quæritur et hæc videtur,
Luna, dies, et nox et noctis signa severa,
Noctivagæque facies cæli, flammæque volantes,
Nubila sol umbrosæ nox, ventus, fulmina, grando,
Et rapidæ fremitus, et murmuræ imagines minarum.*—v. 1187.

of Nature might just as well have led to pantheism as to theism. The line of the poet: "*Juppiter est quodcumque vides, quocumque moveris*"—"Jupiter is everything that thou seest, everywhere that thou movest"—does not refer only to the Jupiter of the metaphysicians of the Porch; it also expresses one of the aspects of the Jupiter of primitive mythology. It was not by a deviation from his earlier nature that Zeus was confounded with Pan; he was Pan by birth; and if the epopee and the drama show us only a personal Zeus, it is because by their very nature they could and should see him only under this aspect, and had nothing to obtain from the impersonal Zeus, although in this form he was as old as in the other. And the Orphic theologian is not quite unfaithful to the earlier tradition of religion, when he sings of the universal Zeus:—

"Zeus was the first, Zeus is the last, Zeus the thunderer;
Zeus is the head, Zeus is the middle: it is by Zeus that all things are made;
Zeus is the male, Zeus is the immortal female;
Zeus is the base of both the earth and the starry sky;
Zeus is the breath of the winds, Zeus is the jet of the unconquerable flame;
Zeus is the root of the sea, Zeus is the sun and the moon. . . .
The whole of this universe is stretched out within the great body of Zeus."

In the same manner, although Persia has in general preserved the personality of her Supreme god, yet she suffers him, especially in the sects, to become confounded with the Infinity of matter through which he first revealed himself to the mind of his worshippers. After having invoked the heavens as the body of Ahura Mazda, the most beautiful of bodies, she placed above Ahura himself, and before him, the luminous space, where he manifests himself, what the theologians called "the Infinite light," and then by a new and higher abstraction declared *Space** to have been at the beginning of the world. Between this wholly metaphysical principle and the naturalistic principle of the primitive religion, there is only the distance of two abstractions: Space is only the bare form of the luminous Infinite, and the luminous Infinite, again, is an abstraction from the Infinite and luminous sky, which was identical with Ahura.

Thus, accordingly as the heavens were considered as the seat or as the cause of things, the god of the heavens became the matter of the world or the demiurge of the world. From the period of Aryan unity, he was without doubt the one and the other in turn; but it is probable that the theistic conception was more clearly defined than the other, as it is so in the derived mythologies; it has besides deeper roots in the human heart and human nature, which in every movement and in every phenomenon sees a Living Cause, a Personality.

This god of the heavens, having organized the world, is all wisdom; he is the skilled artisan who has regulated the motion of the worlds. His wisdom is infinite, for of all those mysteries which man tries in

* In other systems, having regard to the eternity of the God and no longer to his personality, boundless Time became the first principle (*Zarvan Akarana*).

rain to fathom he has the key, he is the author. But it is not only as the Creator of the world that he is omniscient—he knows all things, because, being all light, he sees all things. In the naturalistic psychology of the Aryans, to see and to know, light and knowledge, eye and thought, are synonymous terms. With the Hindoos, Varuna is omniscient because he is the Infinite light; because the sun is his eye, because from the height of his palace with its pillars of red brass, his white looks command the world; because under the golden mantle that covers him, his thousands, his myriads of spies, active and untiring agents, sunbeams during the day, stars during the night, search out for him all that which exists from one world to the other, with eyes that never sleep, never blink. And in the same way, if Zeus is the all-seeing, the *παρόπτης*, it is because his eye is the sun, this universal witness, the infallible spy of both gods and men (*θεῶν σκοπὸν ἤδὲ καὶ ἀνθρώπων*). The light knows the truth, it is all truth; truth is the great virtue which the god of heaven claims; and lying is the great crime which he punishes. In Homer, the Greek taking an oath, raises his eyes towards the expanse of heaven and calls Zeus and the sun to witness; in Persia, the god of heaven resembles in body the light, and in soul the truth: Aryan morality came down from heaven in a ray of light.

His Destiny.

Thus, the Indo-European religion knew a supreme God, and this God was the God of the heavens. He has organized the world and rules it, because, as he is the heaven, all is in him, and all passes within him, according to his law; he is omniscient and moral, because, being luminous, he sees all things and all hearts.

This God was named by the various names of the sky—*Dyaus*, *Varana*, *Svar*, which, according to the requirements of the thought, described either the object or the person, the heavens or the God. Later on, each language made a choice, and fixed the proper name of the God on one of these words; by which its ancient value as a common noun was lost or rendered doubtful: thus, in Greek *Dyaus* became the name of the heaven-god (Zeus) and *Varana* (*Οὐρανός*) was the name of the heavens, as a thing; in Sanscrit *Dyaus* or *Svar* was the material heavens; the heaven-god was *Varana* (later changed into *Varuna*); the Slavs fixed on the word *Svar*, by means of a derivative, *Svarogn*, the idea of the celestial god; the Romans made the same choice as the Greeks with their *Jupiter*, and set aside the other names of the heavens; lastly, Persia described the god by one of his abstract epithets, the Lord, *Ahura*, and obliterated the external traces of his former naturalistic character.

This god, who reigned at the time of the breaking up of the religion of Aryan unity, was carried away, with the various religions which sprang up from it, to the various regions where chance brought the Aryan migrations. Of the five religions over which he ruled, three

remained faithful to him to the last, and only forsook him at the moment when they themselves perished; —they are those of the Greeks, of the Romans, and of the Slavs, with whom Zeus, Juppiter, and Starogü preserved the titles and attributes of the Supreme god of the Aryans, as long as the national religion lasted. They succumbed to Christ; "Heaven-father" gave way to the "Father who is in Heaven."

India, on the contrary, very soon forgot that god for whose origin and formation, however, she accounts much better than any other Aryan religion does; and it was not a foreign god who dethroned him—a god from without—but a native god, a god of his own family, Indra, the hero of the tempest.

In fact, the supreme god of the Aryans was not a god of unity; the Asura, the Lord, was not the Lord in the same sense as Adonai. There were by the side of him, within himself, a number of gods, acting of their own accord, and often of independent origin. The wind, the rain, the thunder; the fire under its three forms—the sun in the heavens, the lightning in the cloud, the terrestrial fire on the altar; the prayer under its two forms—the human prayer, which ascends from the altar to heaven, and the heavenly prayer, which resounds in the din of the storm, on the lips of a divine priest, and descends from the heights with the torrents of libations poured from the cup of heaven, all the forces of nature, both concrete and abstract, appealing at once to the eye and to the imagination of man, were instantly deified. If the god of the heavens, greater in time and space, always present and everywhere present, easily rose to the supreme rank, carried there by his double Infinity, yet others, with a less continuous, but more dramatic action, revealing themselves by sudden, unexpected events, maintained their ancient independence, and religious development might lead to their usurping the power of the king of the heavens. Already during the middle of the Vedic period, Indra, the noisy god of the storm, ascends the summit of the Pantheon, and eclipses his majestic rival by the din of his resounding splendour.

He is the favourite hero of the Vedic Rishis; they do not tire of telling how he strikes with his bolt the serpent of the cloud, which unfolds the light and the waters; how he shatters the cavern of Sambara, how he delivers the captive Auroras and cows, who will shed torrents of light and milk on the earth. It is he who makes the sun come out again; it is he who makes the world, annihilated during the night, reappear; it is he who recreates it, he who creates it. In a whole series of hymns he ascends to the side of Varuna, and shares the empire with him; at last he mounts above him, and becomes the Universal King:—

"He, who, as soon as he was born, a god of thought, has surpassed the gods by the power of his intellect, he whose trembling made the two worlds quake by the power of his strength—O man, it is Indra!

"He, who has firmly established the tottering earth and arrested the quivering mountains; he who has fixed the extent of the wide-stretching atmosphere, and who has propped up the sky,—O man, it is Indra!"

"He, who, after slaying the serpent, unpenned the seven rivers; who brought forth the cows from their hiding-place in the cavern: he, who, by the clashing of the two stones, has engendered Agni,—O man, it is Indra!"

"He, who made all these great things; he, who struck down the demon race, driving it to concealment; he, who, like a fortunate gamester who wins at play, carries off the wealth of the impious,—O man, it is Indra!"

"He, who gives life to both rich and poor, and to the priest his singer who implores him; the god with beautiful lips; the protecting god who brings the stones together to press out the soma,—O man, it is Indra!"

"He, who has in his hands the leids of horses and cows, the cities and the chariots of war; he, who has created the Sun and the dawn; he, who rules the waters,—O man, it is Indra!"

"He, who is invoked by the two contending armies, by the enemies facing each other, either triumphant or beaten; he, whom, when they meet in the struggle on the same chariot, during the onslaught, they invoke against each other,—O man, it is Indra!"

"He, who discovered Gambara in the mountains where he had been hidden forty years; he, who killed the serpent in his full strength, who struck him dead on the body of Danu,*—O man, it is Indra!"

"Heaven and earth bow down before him; when he shakes, the mountains tremble; the drinker of soma, look at him! bearing the bolt in his arm, the bolt in his hand,—O man, it is Indra!"

But the usurper does not enjoy his triumph long; in the heat of his victory he is already stung to the heart, mortally wounded by a new and mystic power which is growing at his side, the power of prayer, of sacrifice, of worship, of *Brahma*, whose reign begins to dawn towards the end of the Vedic period, and which is still in existence.

What Indra did in India during an historical period, Perkun and Odin did in a pre-historical period, the one among the Lithuanians, the other among the Germans. Perkun and Odin are the Indras of these two nations, and have each dethroned the god of the heavens. Perkun was the god of the thunder with the Lithuanian pagans, and one can recognize in him a twin brother of the Hindoo *Parjanya*, one of the forms of the god of the storm in Vedic mythology. This king of the Lithuanian Pantheon is a king of recent date; what proves it is that the Slavs, so closely related to the Lithuanians in their beliefs, as well as in their language, and who also knew the god Perkun, have still as their Supreme god the Supreme god of the ancient Aryan religion, the god of the heavens, Svarogu.

The same revolution took place in Germany, but in a more remote period. The god of the heavens has vanished; he is replaced by the god of the stormy atmosphere, Odin, or Wuotan, the Vâta of India, the warrior god who is heard in the din of the tempest, leading his dishevelled bands of warriors, or letting loose on a celestial quarry the howling packs of the wild chase.

Thus did the Greeks, the Romans, and the Slavs allow their god to be

* His mother.

vanquished by a foreign god ; the Germans, the Lithuanians, and the Hindoos themselves forsook him for an inferior creation. Only in one single nation he finds worshippers faithful to the last. They are not numerous, but they have not allowed their belief to be encroached upon either by time or by man. We mean the few thousands of Ghebers or Parsis, who, during the great political and religious shipwreck of Persia, fleeing before the victorious sword of the Prophet, kept from Islam the treasure of their old belief, and who to this day, in the year 1879 of the Christian era, in the fire temples in Bombay, offer up sacrifices to the very same god who was sung by the unknown ancestors of the Aryan race at a time which eludes the grasp of history.

JAMES DARMESTETER.

LAZARUS APPEALS TO DIVES.

THE elaborate schemes which have been propounded in attempts to solve the much-vexed riddle how best and most effectually to ameliorate the condition of the working-classes—such as Owenism, Fourierism, and such like—have had their inception in the minds of philanthropists outside and above our circle. They have been conceived for the most part with a genuine feeling of the immense importance of this, the most burning and momentous question of modern days, and illumined in many cases with deep philosophic insight : yet, as it is almost impossible for any but a born proletarian to understand the needs, the wants and the daily lives of the proletarian, it is not unreasonable to suppose that the absence of this special knowledge may have contributed somewhat to the unworkableness of the various systems proposed. Beyond this, however, it strikes me that most of them contained a fatal flaw, inherent in their constitutions. They were too ambitious, aimed at too much, and were altogether of so revolutionary and subversive a character as to alarm the great majority of those whose goodwill must be obtained before it can be possible to reduce any theory to experiment on a sufficiently extended scale to enable an unprejudiced observer to pronounce decisively on the result accomplished.

Were it not that the accident of my having been thrown by birth and association amongst the very poorest of the poor ("but indifferent honest") community of a large city may enable me to supplement to some extent the ideas enunciated by benevolent theorists belonging to the upper strata of society, I should not have the temerity to seek to pass out of the region of the "eternal silences." Moreover, I do not announce a new and perfect evangel to be ushered in by loud flourish of trumpets. I aim at nothing more ambitious than to be allowed to

offer a few hints as to the direction which I conceive future gospels of humanity must take in order to be of practical utility.

Having thus endeavoured to justify myself for rushing in where sometimes "angels fear to tread," I have no intention of apologizing for the crudeness of my ideas, or my lack of grace in literary composition. Taking into consideration the small amount of elementary education drilled into me at a charity school for a brief period of my very juvenile days, and the continued absence of any duly qualified instructor since, "all that goes without saying."

One more egotistical, or egoistical, remark, and I proceed. I am in no sense a *specialist*. I am neither a Good Templar nor a Convivial Toper; neither a disciple of Nihilism, nor any other school of advanced thought (so called), nor a bigoted sectarian. I am a private in neither the ranks of bovine Toryism nor of rabid Radicalism; but I write simply as one of that common ruck of ordinary practical working men, which in reality forms the great staple of our plebeian, although certain very noisy and turbulent minorities may possibly have led to a contrary inference.

In the erection of my little structure, I, like all other architects, require a good foundation as the basis of operations; and in the present case the foundation required is simply a desire on the part of those bipeds who stand erect on pedestals for an increased knowledge of their fellows who crawl and kneel and lie in a thousand and one contorted postures on the miry clay. Enlarged knowledge will bring enlarged sympathy for each other on the part of high and low alike. As matters now stand, those above us never really see us in undress. When they come across us we are either too slavishly sycophantic or too ruggedly independent,—both being masks donned for the occasion,—and not in any sense our natural selves; and I have a dim kind of suspicion that on the few occasions when gentlemen voluntarily come forward and try to make us believe that they are taking us into their confidence—on the hustings, say, for instance—some disguise of the same kind may be adopted, and that the features we then see are not altogether the real ones. If I am right in this assumption, how is it possible for either class to have anything like a competent knowledge of the other? Indeed, I do not think I should be far wrong in saying that the manners and customs of the Fijian Islanders and other aborigines of distant lands are better known generally to the upper ten thousand than those of the lower native millions; and, of course, the converse holds equally good. Domestic servants, perhaps, may be said to form exceptions to this latter rule, seeing that they often have peeps into the innermost arcana; but as they are for the most part—the male portion of them at all events—more utterly inexplicable beings than their masters, the general fund of information is not much increased through that channel. Flunkeydom is much more insufferable and incomprehensible to the general run of us than swifdom itself.

Granted, however, the desire for a better acquaintance with their humbler brethren on the part of our aristocracy and plutocracy (for this, like all other good things, must *descend* from above), it will be found that, as a mutual understanding of each other's peculiarities is increased, the rich man (in this paper, as in an Act of Parliament, words denoting persons of the masculine gender shall be construed as including persons of the feminine gender also) will bestow a little less careful thought and attention on—shall I say partridges?—and more on his fellow-man; and the bitter class-prejudice which undoubtedly exists among the needy against the prosperous and well-fed will gradually die out. Then, and then only, will a new and brighter era dawn on "poor humanity;" and, I may say, that I hold optimist views with reference to this consummation. I think I observe a growing acknowledgment of the claims of humble folk in the literature of the day; and as literature is universally regarded as an outcome of the prevalent tone of feeling, I look upon this as a good omen.

Having worked myself into this happy frame of mind, I am emboldened to request that consideration may be given to a few examples of the ideas which, "in the stillness of the night," and otherwise, have intruded themselves upon me—ideas embryonic and unformed, I doubt not, but genuine as far as they go. From the multitude of these shadowy phantoms which have now for a long time past oppressed me, I select those which strike me as having special reference to the improvement of our poor populations in four of the salient matters of life—viz., in health, pocket, mind, and amusements; and these I will deal with *seriatim*.

Health.

This, amongst all sublunary blessings, is undoubtedly the one of paramount importance, and, seeing how things now stand with us, it is imperative that it should be the question to receive earliest attention.

I think it is the Rev. Harry Jones who, in one of his warm-hearted essays, likened a rotten, worn-out, filthy habitation to a lump of putrid carrion, exhaling poison all around, and which should be as remorselessly cut out from amongst the dwellings of human beings as a fly-blown spot is cut out from a carcass. This simile, perhaps, is not a very savoury one, but it possesses a much greater merit, that of being *absolutely true*—slightly vulgar, but astonishingly correct. I could illustrate its verity by many pertinent instances which have come within my own experience, but I feel that this is not the place to do so. What then is the remedy? Obviously to re-enact the present "Artizans' Dwellings Improvement Act" as a *compulsory* statute, and not as an optional one. Let the squalid, crazy, tumble-down rookeries which exist in every town in the kingdom be ruthlessly demolished, care, of course, being taken that suitable dwellings are cotemporaneously built on better sanitary principles for those whom it will be necessary to evict in order to carry out such improvements. And I would suggest,

as a branch of the pervading idea which forms the centre and core of my suggestions (of which more anon), that the Municipal Corporations of our cities and towns should be themselves in their official capacity the landlords of such new and improved dwellings, and should employ their own tradesmen to build them. And, furthermore, that in the erection of whatever new cottages may be found necessary for the purpose indicated, the latter-day style of running them up all alike, as uniform as so many squares of glass in a sash, should be abandoned, and a little variety of style, if only in trifling particulars, introduced. Human nature, even the human nature of the uneducated poor, rebels against this painful monotony, and grows intensely weary of over-much regularity, which, if a virtue at all, is one of so starched and rigid a character, that it takes a considerable amount of resolution, and a far higher degree of culture than we can lay claim to, to enable us to fall in love with it. To our uneducated eyes, diversity of form is much more pleasing than undeviating rectangularity.

Again, the most painstaking care must be taken that these substituted domiciles be properly and thoroughly drained. Unhappily, although this is a truism and a self-evident proposition, it is, through carelessness or indifference, frequently neglected—a fact too sadly attested by the ravages of fever from time to time in our outlying districts, where, twenty years ago, the bricklayer and hodman had not arrived upon the scene. To obviate this it is absolutely necessary that the most skilled science should be employed, and the most searching local legislation strictly enforced, to secure the carrying out of approved sewerage and drainage systems.

Furthermore, I would suggest that no horse or cattle slaughterer, tallow-melter, manure-merchant, tanner, or other person plying any of the trades known as noisome or offensive, should be allowed to continue such trades without a special licence, and that by the terms of such licence they should be prohibited, under heavy penalties, from carrying on their businesses outside the limits of a certain area to be expressly set aside for that purpose, at such a distance from the centre of every town as may be judged desirable by the sanitary authorities. Within this area pig-styes and fowl-houses should be erected, and no swine, ducks, or geese be permitted to be kept outside its boundary. An inspector should be appointed specially for this quarter of the town, who should direct all his energies to seeing that the best principles of ventilation, smoke-consumption, drainage, use of disinfectants, &c. &c., are adopted throughout his domain; and all ill-conditioned recusants against the decrees of the local senate should be mulcted in heavy damages. On the part of the senate itself there must be no apathy, no supineness, no dilettanteism, but a stern, vigorous determination stringently and impartially to enforce prompt obedience to its edicts.

No doubt this would be somewhat of a hardship upon certain individuals, on the score of inconvenience and increased cost of production;

but I doubt not they would take care to indemnify themselves. Even were it otherwise, however, the aggregate gain in so important a matter as the public health must swamp all minor considerations. Private interests must inevitably be sacrificed in the advancement of the general weal. All the Mrs. Partingtons that ever existed, with all their mops (whether such mops are called monopolies, vested rights, or what not), must perforce recede before the rising tide of the ocean of civilization.

Having well drained our streets and habitations, and consecrated a *quartier* for the purposes last mentioned, the next step must be to increase the number of our iron hospitals; and, disregarding sentimentality, immediately to isolate and put in quarantine all persons suffering from infectious diseases. Firmly grasp this nettle the moment it crops up, and without a shadow of doubt you will reduce to a minimum the high rate of mortality at present existing in our overcrowded cities through a total neglect of proper precaution. All textile fabrics, bedding, books, &c., which have come in contact with the patient, to be consumed by fire. Even Vandalism is excusable, nay, commendable, in certain circumstances.

Finally, on this branch of the subject, I submit for the consideration of municipalities the following recommendations:—

1. Preserve or procure open spaces, sufficient to form recreation grounds for your communities—say an acre for every thousand inhabitants. Regard this to be quite as imperative a necessity as the acquisition of further land to add to the cemeteries in which you inter the bodies of those who have “gone over to the majority.” Let the quick share your care and attention on equal terms with the dead in the matter of requisite space and accommodation.

2. Cause your common lodging-houses and your still worse haunts to be under the most vigilant supervision; and that *constantly*, and not fitfully and spasmodically. The more severe and restrictive your regulations are with reference to these matters the better it will be for all decent, quiet citizens.

3. Provide every householder within your jurisdiction with a *filter*, to insure to him and his the opportunity of enjoying water free from organic and other impurities.

4. Furnish him also with two boxes, varying in size according to the dimensions of his domicile: one to form a receptacle for dust, cinders, old rags, broken bottles, and what is generically known as “dry dirt;” and the other for decayed vegetables, the entrails of fish, and that kind of refuse that we rather uncophoniously call “muck.” Such boxes to be taken away once a week and empty ones left in their stead. As a corollary to this, forbid him, under penalties, to continue his present practice of pitching derehets into the street, as the readiest means of being quit of them; and make him responsible for the cleanliness of his doorsteps and the pavement in front of his dwelling.

5. Send round carts of chloride of lime at short intervals during warm or "muggy" weather, and direct a bucketful to be delivered to every housewife, to remove stench from sinks, water-closets, &c.

6. Erect a furnace in some convenient locality, to serve the same purpose as that known as the "Queen's tobacco-pipe" at the London Docks does or did—i.e., to reduce to ashes all infected or condemned articles.

The foregoing list of recommendations might be extended indefinitely; but perhaps the above will be sufficient to begin with.

There are, no doubt, two objections at least which may be raised against the adoption of any scheme founded on these hints: first, one on the score of increased expenditure; secondly, one condemning increased centralization. With regard to the former, my answer is that health, especially the health of the aggregate mass of the body politic, cannot possibly be bought too dear; and that nothing really is so costly to any community as pestilence and death. As to the latter, I have no other defence to urge than my firm conviction that, much as it is railed against, centralization is as nearly an unmixed good as it is possible for anything in this sublunary (and marvellously complex) sphere to be. Everybody knows how inadequate the very best isolated efforts are to exterminate any widespread evil; and even organizations which are independent of, and do not radiate from or gravitate to, a common centre, frequently cross each other's paths, and to some extent defeat each other's purposes; occasioning a great waste of wholesome energy, which, well directed, might achieve marvellous results. As cosmos is greater than chaos—as a well-spliced rope is stronger than its separate strands—so is centralization and cohesion greater and stronger than individualism and segregation.

Feet.

Many a vigorous arm has applied the axe to that dense and matted jungle, the indigence of the lower orders; but little more has been accomplished than the blunting of the hatchet and the exhaustion of the pioneer who wielded it.

This being the case, it would be the height of folly for me, with my far feebler frame and my puny weapon, to attempt to do more than to peer cautiously around the deep shades, and try to find out, as a dweller *within* those murky woods, if here a little path and there a little opening, into which a gleam of sunlight penetrates at times, be not discoverable, half hidden, perchance, by clumps of brushwood, which it will cost but little trouble to clear away. I shall therefore restrict myself to indicating such of these openings as I see, or fancy I see, from whence operations might, according to my notion, be directed towards the demolition of portions at all events of this swart and gloomy forest.

One of the largest of these clearings is undoubtedly, I think, *Co-operation*, of which there are two kinds—viz., combinations between masters and men in the shape of limited partnerships, a per-centage on

profits, &c. ; and combinations amongst the wage-earners themselves for certain specified purposes.

With regard to the first named, I am rather inclined to doubt the probability of its ever becoming an important factor in the sum of human progress, on account of the unlikelihood of its being generally adopted either in the near or distant future, and I am still more sceptical as to its efficacy as a panacea, even if it were universally reduced to practice, especially in these days of commercial disasters.

Coming, then, to the other mode of co-operation—associations of manual workers—this also divides itself into two branches, having two distinct objects namely, the receipt of higher wages for labour performed, and the obtaining greater value in commodities in the disbursement of such wages. Both these are, no doubt, laudable aspirations ; and, although at the first glance they may appear incompatible with, if not altogether antagonistic to, each other,—inasmuch as increased remuneration to the producer means an increase in the price of the thing produced,—yet it will be seen, on mature reflection, that as a very large proportion of operatives are employed in the manufacture of articles of luxury, of which they are not consumers or purchasers, so much of the increase in the price of such articles as finds its way into the pockets of the artificer in the shape of added wages is a net gain to that portion of the labouring classes, and will inevitably exude from such portion to the benefit of the whole, in the same manner as what may be called in contradistinction their normal earnings.

I should like to say one word about combinations of workmen in this place, which may be distasteful to unqualified panegyrists of the system : such combinations should invariably be in accordance with our recognized code of morals, and they must be in obedience to the ordinary laws of Nature ; and it is to be feared that these desiderata to perfection in co-operation have at times been lost sight of in the past. I am compelled to blush for my order when I find them seizing the opportunity of their employers being under a heavy time-contract for the execution of important public or other works to organize a strike : this is clearly an infraction of all the ethics of morality. Neither can I appreciate their sense of the fitness of things when I hear them laying it down as a sound axiom that wages should be equalized, so that the stupid, idle, or inferior workman should be on a par with the skilled and industrious one. This is a blunder against one of the most immutable of Nature's laws—that of variety and infinite gradation ; the suggestion implies a yearning after the utterly unattainable, which it is astonishing men of otherwise sound judgment should seriously entertain for one moment. As a comrade of mine pithily observed, not long since, when we were discussing the possibility of devising a scheme by which all men should receive the same amount of remuneration for their labour, and, when received, be enabled to make it go equally far—"You might as well try to make men all o' one height."

Remove these excrescences from our combination, and when it is found we can be practical as well as earnest, co-operation will have acquired a new vigour, and will be able to accomplish greater results. The main citadel will be none the less impregnable because our forces are not scattered abroad in various directions, in the vain endeavour to strengthen totally indefensible frontiers.

But, after all, it is from the other branch of co-operation—the *co-operative store system*—that the greatest advantages may be expected to accrue. This is growing into favour yearly, still growing (despite recent diatribes in the newspapers), and is extending its ramifications into quite primitive districts. The knowledge that this is an undoubted fact should afford gratification to the well-wishers of the poor.

Yet this gratification is subject to some modification when it is seen that this, not the least important birth of the nineteenth century, though growing and bearing within itself the germs of almost infinite possibilities, is at present of too tiny dimensions to grapple with that colossal ogre—the wasteful expenditure of the impecunious. It is Hercules indeed, but Hercules still in swaddling clothes before the strangling of the serpent. The amount of dealings at these stores by the class to whom they are calculated to prove the greatest boon, when compared with dealings by this same class with *very* retail shopkeepers and at other places where the practice of paying “through the nose” (pardon the vulgarity) so extensively prevails, will be found to be almost infinitesimal. The question therefore arises, may it not be possible to replace these pine torches by Edisonian lights, so as to eliminate from wider tracts the thick darkness enveloping the minds of the sons and daughters of toil as to what constitutes their true interests? It appears to me that there is one way of rendering this feasible, which I deferentially submit for consideration. It may be quite impracticable; and, if practicable, may contain such flaws as to be futile. If so, on defects being pointed out which I am not able, unassisted, to discover, I can only say I am open to conviction. I have no desire to be charged with an ineradicable attachment to that peculiar feat of horsemanship known as “riding a hobby to death.” My plan is simply this: first, let every town of say over 10,000 inhabitants possess an internal government complete in itself, with plenary administrative powers; let groups of villages, in such numbers as may be determined on (the present Poor-Law Union Divisions might be taken as a basis), form cordons round themselves in like manner, and with the like objects; let every care be taken to select the very best men of every social grade to form the local senate, and let the members of which it is composed be paid for their services out of the public (local) funds, be subject to re-election at short intervals, and be required to give good accounts of their stewardship. Further, let it be clearly understood that the only condition on which a man could hope to be enrolled in this representative band, or, being en-

rolled, expect to be allowed to continue his official existence, would be his distinct and unquestioning recognition of *personal* responsibility, as far as is humanly possible, for, and his unwavering resolution to secure, the well-being of *all* his constituents, physically, pecuniarily, mentally, and morally.

These preliminaries being supposed to be satisfactorily settled, such incorporation or assembly of chosen ones might (always supposing my views happened to find favour in their sight) open as many co-operative stores—so many for each trade—as would be sufficient to supply the needs of the entire community, selecting competent men from each trade to manage the different departments, and paying them by an agreed salary in the same manner as rate collectors and relieving officers are paid. A certain specified per-centage to be added to the prime cost of the various articles to defray the estimated expenses of management, advertising, rent (if necessary, though it would be better if the local legislators were also the landlords), wear and tear, depreciation in stock, and miscellaneous expenses for the year; and sales to be made to the consumer *for cash only*. The urban or rural chancellor of the exchequer would, in his annual budget, soon learn to adjust the amount of his tax (for so the per-centage may be considered), over and above the original cost price, according to the probable exigencies of the ensuing year, by the light afforded by the transactions of the preceding one.

Seeing how many millions of pounds are annually disbursed for the barest sustenance and most absolute necessities of life by the poor of the three kingdoms, from most of whom exorbitant rates of profit are wrung,—for the fact need not be expatiated on here that the more indigent the purchaser, and the more his penury drives him to live from hand-to-mouth, the less value he receives for his money, to say nothing of the further irruptions made into his income by the only partially-slain “truck system,” or by the payment of interest to the accommodating successors of the Lombards, whose golden balls proclaim them to serve the honourable office of jackal-purveyors to the lions of the gin-palaces,—seeing this, I say, shall I be stigmatized as a dreamer, a half-crazy Utopian, if I anticipate magnificent results to follow from fair trial of a scheme designed to stem the frightful torrent of improvidence at present obtaining amongst the working classes, and to enable them to occupy the new position of being participators in the benefits of a sound commercial undertaking?

Here, however, as elsewhere, there are tares amongst the wheat—if, indeed, it be wheat. An awkward inquiry obtrudes itself unbidden. What is to become of the thousands of deserving folks, too old for the most part to begin life *de novo*, who have earned a tolerably honest livelihood as small shopkeepers, and who would probably find themselves, under the system just recommended, “improved off the face of the earth?” Partially the difficulty might be met by the employment of the most active or most experienced of them in the borough stores. A little more might be accomplished in this direction also by giving some

of them appointments to the numerous new offices it will be found necessary to create if our municipal authorities ever do wake up and bestir themselves, and aspire to becoming something more suitable to the spirit of the age than mere assemblies for palaver. But when all this is done, there will still be the residuum, and that residuum composed almost exclusively of the feeble, the aged, the halt, the lame, and the blind, who will be more or less thrown upon their own resources. For these, the only gleam of light I can discern is the fact that a remnant of their old customers will not find out all at once the error of their ways, and will go on in their accustomed grooves for some time after the centralized co-operative store shall have become *an fait accompli*, and so their decline into pauperism will be slow and gradual. Heaven only knows how some of these small shopkeepers contrive to exist even now by vending pennyworths and halfpennyworths of this, that, and the other; it can only be by imposing extravagant profits on the article vended. One cannot help thinking that their case can hardly very well be worse than it is, in any event. But be this as it may, care for their particular interests must not be permitted to dominate over due consideration for those of the vast aggregate mass forming the rest of our *clientèle*, innumerable as "leaves in Vallambrosa,"—and, like other and greater folks, superfluous retailers must submit to be sacrificed for the benefit of the common weal.

It is impossible to deal even in the most cursory manner with this "pocket" question without just glancing at the important bearing which the question of temperance must exercise upon it. To place a further spending power in the hands of an incurably intemperate populace would obviously mean only to increase and intensify the vice of intemperance. While deprecating any intention of making this paper the vehicle for a furious tirade against drunkenness, I feel bound to say in passing that, little as I love total abstinence, I regard it as a much lesser evil than the unrestrained indulgence of dipsomania; and if any man feels that he is so much a slave to his degraded appetite that he cannot keep up a nodding acquaintance with John Barleycorn without wallowing under his influence in the mud of inebriety, I respect that man for signing the pledge. My optimist instincts, however, buoy me up again on this subject also, for I sincerely believe that, high authority for the assertion though there be, mankind are *not* mostly fools; and that when they have begun to realize the fact that they have a choice as to the kind of investment they may obtain for their money, the great majority of them will be looking out for some more substantial advantage than the questionable luxury of seeking temporary oblivion from carking cares and the grisly spectre of hopeless indigence. It may, I think, be relied on with certainty that an improvement in the pecuniary circumstances of the poor would beget increased self-respect, and self-respect would proclaim drunkenness *unfashionable*, and that now vigorous and lusty giant would ere long find himself as decrepit and

as firm as Bunyan's Giant Pope. Those of us who have read of the bacchanalian orgies of the great no further back than the days of the Regency of George IV., and contrast it with the sobriety which is said to prevail amongst them in our days, cannot be accused of being groundlessly sanguine if we augur the percolation downwards of this stream of moderation under happier auspices, and that, too, in no remote future.

A third means of lightening the strain upon our *ouvriers* is to multiply the facilities for emigration. I would even go so far as to say that I think an *International Emigration and Immigration League* between all the civilized nations of the world, for the purpose of drafting overplus populations into thinly inhabited districts, would be rather a good thing than otherwise, the inconveniences attending differences of language, manners, and so forth, being quite surmountable, whereas the difficulties attendant upon the possession of more hands to labour than there is work to perform, and consequently more hungry stomachs than there is food to fill, is altogether insurmountable. With regard to the affliction of *mal du pays*, from which undoubtedly many of the expatriated would suffer at intervals, that would be found to be a much more tolerable burden to bear, combined with a sufficiency of victuals and clothing, than the pangs of starvation or semi-starvation even on one's "native heather."

But as it is no part of my programme to move too fast, or too far at once, I do not insist upon any international arrangement of the kind I have hinted at during, say, the present decade. I do, however, earnestly entreat all whom it may concern to try their best to place the matter of Emigration on a proper footing. I unhesitatingly maintain that whilst Great Britain possesses untold thousands of acres of virgin soil, and practically unlimited untried possibilities, in her numerous colonies, this our "sea-girt isle" ought not to suffer from a plethora of willing workers. The existing facilities held out to our overcrowded populations to induce them to venture upon "fresh fields and pastures new" might be multiplied a hundred-fold.

Surely it ought to be part of the fundamental policy of a State—especially of a State whose real governing body is elected by household suffrage—to take the most active measures for insuring the weal of all its citizens: the humblest as well as the highest. Does not this, indeed, form the very quintessential attribute of good government? Has it not been rightly said that a State represents the totality of all the individuals composing it? I assume these are sound political axioms; and if I am right in this assumption, may I not suggest, as the most certain way of attaining the desired end, that our Representative Government should formally acknowledge our claims upon them by appointing a Minister for "the Condition of the People," with a seat in the Cabinet? The next step would be easy, for when once the whole surroundings were fairly brought within the range of vision, the vital importance of Emigration as

a principal means of amelioration would be recognized; and it would be discovered that an able Secretary for Emigration would prove an invaluable auxiliary in the effective working of the department.

It would be necessary, I apprehend, to select for this latter office a man eminent as well for good temper as for a capacious intellect, as the multiplicity of the functions he would have to perform would render such office by no means a sinecure; and the involved and complex matters he would have to deal with might, at times, go far in the direction of rattling the serenest imperturbability.

The eye of fancy depicts him in the active performance of his multifarious duties, surrounded by numerous painstaking subordinates, some of whom bear to him huge tomes, containing a full alphabetical list (compiled from the census returns and other sources) of the populations, industries, and assessments of the United Kingdom, divided into areas of certain dimensions, showing the age, sex, occupation, and earnings or incomings of every person; the number of houses (with their rentals or estimated yearly value), workshops, or other business establishments of every kind, specifying how many hands are employed in each and the amount of wages paid; and also showing the number of persons in receipt of out-door relief, and approximate number of vagrants in each district. Other attentive satellites open before him the various domesday books, containing reports by competent surveyors as to the quantity, and the latent riches or irredeemable poverty, of uncultivated lands throughout those vast dominions of ours on which the sun never sets; with copious notes by skilled mercantile men and geographers, pointing out the places where commodious ports might be formed, railways constructed, or manufactories erected. Our much-worried Secretary, whose heart is in his work, compares notes, and directs some of his chief clerks to prepare digests of, for instance, the information contained in pp. 420 to 446 of the 17th volume of the first set of books, and pp. 97 to 104 of the 32nd volume of the second set, ready for his consideration on the day but one following. He then takes up similar digests, which have previously been prepared in like manner, and sees clearly that one hundred artisan families of various specified trades, full particulars of which are before him, may, with advantage to all parties, be transplanted, passage free, from the blind alleys of Flintchester to the new settlement of Hornihand in Australasia, with the authorities of which place the usual arrangement will be made to assist them on their *debut*, and lend them a helping hand until they get fairly settled down. Day after day this kind of thing goes on throughout the year, except for some two months during the late summer and autumn vacation, when the hard-worked Secretary and his staff are enjoying a well-earned holiday.

The more I ruminate on this matter of Emigration the more I am convinced that it is indispensable; it should run on wider lines, and cover a far more extended area than is possible under anything short of Governmental intervention. Seeing the utter inutility and inefficacy of isolated

exertions to deal with the mighty problems which our complex civilization presents for solution, I should, on behalf of myself and my class, hail with joy the prospect of State interference in our interests. Sneers may continue to be directed against, and witty sarcasms levelled at, a "Paternal Government," "infringement of that liberty of the subject which is the inherent privilege and birthright of every Briton," and other like cuckoo-cries. But meantime we starve; we increase and multiply in obedience to the law of Nature, and our opportunities of earning subsistence do *not* increase and multiply in a corresponding ratio. And without by any means desiring to steep my pen in midnight blackness in order to portray possible portentous consequences, yet it is a proposition not to be controverted that the ever-increasing preponderance of born toilers over any quantity of remunerative toil which can by any possibility be created within the limits of Great Britain proper must inevitably cause such consequences to be calamitous. For some time past the dark shadow of over-population has been looming on the horizon of "Merrie England," at first no bigger than a man's hand, but later advancing nearer and still more near and assuming colossal proportions; and the time cannot be far distant when it will obstinately refuse to be ignored any longer, even by the most unreflective, but will assert itself in a manner little to be desired. How, then, to avert this evil? How to postpone the advent of the fateful day? Are not these queries of vital interest to all ranks of society? I for one feel them to be so: hence the above gropings after gleams of daylight in the midst of the gathering shades. I do not pretend to aver that I have found the sunshine, that I have discovered an absolute cure for all the ills that "flesh is heir to." Too well I know what mistakes and blunders are interwoven in the best-devised schemes of human origin. Nevertheless, I hold that the free expression and ventilation of opinions, even though they may be erroneous, is often eventually productive of good, by serving to dispel vagueness of thought and loose generalization, and solidifying the abstract into the concrete: until which process has been accomplished no thing soever can be dealt with satisfactorily. Therefore, as a firm disbeliever in the Malthusian philosophy, as also in the recommendations for checking the increase of population more recently scattered broadcast amongst us, and being deeply impressed with the imperative necessity of confronting the difficulty at once—*now*, in these days when the heavens above us appear to be hardening into brass, and the earth beneath us to be corrugating into iron—I have requested the Editor of this Review to afford me the opportunity of giving publicity to my views.

Closely allied to this division of my paper, if not actually of it, is the subject of *Charity*. Here, again, what a lamentable waste of vital force, what an invertebrate entity crying aloud to be overhauled, remodelled, jointed, and braced! Contrast the grand sum total yearly given in charity with the paucity of definite results attained—the well-worn

comparison of the Nasmyth hammer and the nut instantaneously recurs to one's mind. Except when subscriptions are raised for some specific object outside the usual round altogether, how little there is to show for the expenditure! Why is this so? And what is the remedy? Obviously, I opine, the cause is individualism, isolation, caprice,—and as obviously, I ween, the only cure is combination, organization, system. Where we have now hundreds of little benevolent societies, with their honorary secretaries and treasurers and fussy committees, each neutralizing the others, let us have two or three established on a broad basis, with a central committee who, when the “sinews of war” are collected in one focus, will be strong enough to enter on paths at present untrodden, and wise enough to understand that almost innumerable differentiations in the nature of gifts will be necessary to cope successfully with the almost illimitable diversities in the nature of requirements, and who will insist on being invested with discretionary powers in matters of occasional aids and supplemental benevolences. Then it will be no longer possible for the shameless pauper, flaunting his rags and sores in the marketplace, or the whining sycophantic hypocrite, to monopolize the coals of one society, the blankets of a second, the soup of a third, and so on *ad infinitum*, not seldom exchanged for means of procuring beer to give additional zest to the utterance of the sentiment—“What fools these gentle-folks be.” The most searching inquiries would be instituted, and perchance succour afforded to those to whom it would prove an inestimable boon, but who, from constitutional timidity or *mauvaise honte*, now starve and drop and die in silence, overlooked by almoners who take the first miserable-looking object who comes to hand, the most self-asserting or the most “umble,” and straightway pour out the contents of their cornucopias upon shame, making a miserable travesty of the sacred name of Charity.

SECOND.

It is refreshing to know that so far as this branch of the subject is concerned, our governors, having by the force of circumstances been compelled to realize the fact of our existence, and our claim to be considered as veritably part and parcel of the body politic, with rights of common citizenship, have further, within the last few years, by the passing of the Compulsory Education Act, shown themselves possessed of political sagacity, by thus taking steps to insure that our descendants, when their turn comes to exercise and enjoy the civil privileges now granted to them, shall at least have a ploughed and manured soil in which to sow the seeds of love for law and order with some chance of due fructification, instead of the rough, hilly-hobblly cinder-heap of their forefathers, which acknowledged no fertilizing influence but gross bribery, and partially justified the political ostracism and exclusion of its owners from all share in electoral privileges.

All hail, then, to the School Board system as a great step in the right direction. Undeniably true as are some of the accusations brought

against it, alleging that many blunders and useless extravagances, and much disregard for the susceptibilities of well-meaning but mistaken opponents, have marked its progress onward in too many instances; yet as the general idea is laudable and eminently conducive to promoting the highest interests of the entire population, and as in the nature of things it may be expected that greater experience will bring greater wisdom, and the faults charged against the movement gradually become "small by degrees and beautifully less," let us heartily wish it God-speed.

Yet, why does the good work stop here? Why should not provision be made for building upon the foundation thus laid? Why should totally unformed intelligences be the only ones to profit by this guardian care, and why should they be led a little way on the road and then left to flounder along by themselves, and lose themselves in interminable mazes? Why, in short, should education be confined to children, and not extended to adults?

It is true that the University Extension Scheme, as now carried out in many of our larger provincial towns to a very, very limited and only faintly appreciable extent, tends to show that the wind is just beginning to blow in this direction also. Something, however, much more comprehensive is needed. The masses are not reached, as will be patent to any one who will take the trouble to attend any of the courses of lectures delivered in connection with this extension system. The neophytes seeking initiation into this or that special branch of learning will be found to be composed principally of what we call "better class" people, with a sprinkling of pupil teachers and sucking governesses.

Nor is this the fault of the masses themselves, as may perhaps be conjectured; the mere circumstance of the prices charged for admission in itself forming an insuperable barrier to the great majority having any part or lot in the matter, to say nothing of the fact that the whole apparatus is professedly set in motion for the benefit of the middle-class public solely.

But however inadequate this minute increase in the volume of the fertilizing waters of Literature and Science may be for the mighty task of irrigating the parched and arid desert which stretches out in measureless extent before us, yet I am fain to regard it as a favourable omen—as a symptomatic indication that the "fountains of the great deeps" of human ignorance are beginning to be broken up, and that the tide is rising which, when it has reached its full height, will disseminate the fruits of the Tree of Knowledge far and wide over the landscape so that the lowly equally with the high-born may pluck and eat thereof. The monster Cerberus has received a buffet on one of its three heads, and the Hesperian Gardens may ere long, I am sanguine enough to hope, be entered by any thirsty passer-by without fear of molestation.

All this, however, is dreamy, unsubstantial verbiage. That it is not also mere chimerical nonsense, which will not bear the strain of practical application, I will attempt to show—always supposing as a

necessary preliminary, as in all the hypothetical propositions throughout this paper, that that portion of the community who are nursed in the lap of fortune are imbued with sympathetic feelings towards the less favoured sharers of their common humanity, and do not object to take a little trouble and bear a little charge by way of displaying their fellow-feeling.

Grant this premiss, and what follows, or something better, may easily be rendered an accomplished fact.

The first step will be the formation of a council or committee, after the manner before suggested, save that in this case we shall want an infusion of men of culture who at the same time shall be good workers and good philanthropists (a rare combination, but not an impossible one, I venture to think, notwithstanding the seductions a life of Sybaritic ease and delicate refinement specially offers to the scholar), in every considerable town or group of villages throughout the length and breadth of the land, with power over the district purse-strings, and with no superior authority except the Minister or Secretary of State for Education at Whitehall—for, of course, such a functionary will in those happy times be quite as much a necessity as a Master of the Backbands—who alone will have power to veto their proceedings and issue general rules for their guidance.

If I had the ear of this all-important official, I should whisper to him that in my view the best mode of enlightening the working classes would be to take possession of three already-existing institutions, and enlarge their dimensions so as to make of them real forces, distinctly visible, instead of the hole-and-corner obscure trivialities they are now. These three institutions are—1st, Free Libraries; 2nd, Lecture Halls; 3rd, Class Rooms.

1. To Free Libraries I have accorded the first place, because in all probability it is there that the beneficial results will be more immediately apparent, and the advantages offered will, in the first instance, be most considerably made use of. The major portion of the huge and unwieldy mass to be operated on would fly off at a tangent from the exactness and method necessarily incident to formal lectures, and in a still greater degree to class-work. It must first be left to itself to sprawl and struggle at its own free-will, the restraining chain must not be too soon brought into view; gradually and insensibly the quickening influence must be brought to bear; the change from density to clear-headedness, from sluggish inertness to mental activity, will not be effected in a moment; not all at once will the spiritual part of the long-beighted assert its claim to an equality with the animal part; desultory reading only will impart a love for reading; odd waifs and strays of information picked up just anyhow will alone create the desire for the acquisition of further knowledge, and by imperceptible degrees the naturally well-regulated mind will reject vagueness and demand exactness; having reached which stage it will be fit to undergo the further regimen prescribed. A good starting-point, however, will have been gained when our operatives generally are imbued with a genuine love of books and obtain a

somewhat varied, if superficial, knowledge anent the salient features of English literature.

These words, "*English literature*," are used advisedly; for while I would have every town of over 5000 inhabitants possessed of a Free Library (varying in size according to the population), and every village have its book-loan society, it would be well to insist on the greatest and best of our own writers being well represented upon the shelves of every institution of this character before venturing on translations either of the ancient classics or modern foreign authors, even of European reputation. Homer, Thucydides, Æschylus, Plato, Virgil, and the rest, as well as Dante, Cervantes, Goethe, and the innumerable host of Continental immortals, can very well wait a bit. We want to inspire *British* operatives with a love of letters. In endeavouring to effect this, shall we not give the foremost place to the productions of *British* genius? We have to *form* a taste. Is it not desirable that, to begin with at all events, this should be a *national* taste? But is not this the very way, it may be asked, to foster insular prejudices, narrowness, and bigotry? I reply, not necessarily, as many of our ablest *littérateurs* have not hesitated to attack the various abuses, follies, and weaknesses which crop up in these islands from time to time—some hurling denunciations at them aglow with all the fervour of passion and intellect; others piercing them with the sharp spear of satire; and others yet again calmly but pitilessly holding them up to contempt in a train of close reasoning. Many, too, in addition to lashing the vices peculiar to their native country, have, in terms of generous eloquence, eulogized the virtues of our neighbours. Therefore, the man who is disposed to wrap himself up in a mantle of national self-glorification and self-righteousness will not find that the hierarchs of our national literature are at all times compliant enough to fasten the clasp for him.

But I have a further answer—i.e., independently altogether of the question whether the perusal of English works solely will or will not have a tendency to nip the growing flower of cosmopolitanism in the bud, the one essential point in training the English subject to think is to train him to think in his own vernacular—to show him of what mighty things his mother-tongue is capable, and to satisfy him that

"Age cannot weary, nor custom stale
Its infinite variety."

and that if ever he, individually, wants to raise up his voice and make himself heard on any subject that interests him or his fellows, he must not fritter away his attention on more distant objects, but concentrate his gaze on those which immediately surround him.

This view may appear somewhat contradictory to the one expressed when dealing with the subject of Emigration; but really it is not so. The leaving behind the special spot of earth where one drew one's first breath, played as a boy, saw his first sweetheart, and grew up to manhood, the parting from old friends and long-familiar objects, may and

does entail a severe struggle, and inflict many a bitter pang; but it is unavoidable, and so must be submitted to. It is otherwise with home ideas, habits, modes of thought, literature. These will serve to mitigate the poignancy of separation from one's native land, will intertwine themselves more closely round one's affections by reason of that very separation, and be the means of causing miniature Englands to arise in far-off regions, and in various degrees of latitude and longitude. While releasing as cheerfully as may be what we *must* let go, let us hug more closely still that which we can retain.

To return: In a well-equipped Free Library no standard British author should be conspicuous by his absence. The poets, from Chaucer and Gower to Tennyson and Browning; the dramatists, from Marlowe and Shakspeare to W. S. Gilbert and Tom Taylor; the *modern* historians, from Hume and Gibbon to Froude and Freeman; the modern theologians, from Hooker and Jeremy Taylor to Canon Farrar and the Dean of Westminster; the modern essayists, from the projectors of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* to the contributors to the current Reviews and Magazines; the philosophers, the leaders in all departments of science, should be there; the best writers of prose fiction, also, from Fielding and Goldsmith to Trollope and George Eliot, should be well represented. The most profound and the most volatile will alike find sufficient to occupy their attention here for some time. The "Anglican paddock" (to misapply a now well-known term) will afford plenty of grazing ground to cattle of moderate appetites for a considerable period; and when it is exhausted, why, then, there are toothsome grasses in endless profusion to be crupped over the boundary fence.

2. With reference to Lecture Halls, these ought to be nearly as plentiful as churches both in town and country, and can with proper management be made to serve two ends—the carrying forward the work begun at the Free Library, and the rousing from torpidity those whom even that useful institution would fail to reach; for as many would only be led to attend the lecture through the library, so there are many with whom the contrary would hold good, as many a dormant, beer-sodden soul would consent to be carried off for an hour or two to a lecture hall who could never be persuaded to sit down in cold blood to the perusal of a book, although such book might be written in the most fascinating and brilliant style imaginable: the unused eyes would soon begin to ache, the palsied brain soon begin to numb; whereas the speaker, if a good one, and his heart in his subject, would contrive to rivet the man's attention, despite of himself, by the magnetism of enthusiasm, and he would carry away with him some sort of idea—muddled and distorted probably, but still an *idea*—of what it was all about.

Penny Readings interspersed with music have been very much derided by our erudite critics, I think without sufficient cause. These really harmless, if not very high-class gatherings, blending together the ingredients of a certain kind of instruction and of entertainment, were

doubtlessly called forth by a genuine desire to familiarize the lower orders of the people with some of the more dramatic passages in our literature, and to render visible to them a higher intellectual standard than the tap-room and the music-hall had made them acquainted with. It was a happy thought to mingle singing and playing with the readings. The introduction of these not only served to take off a possible monotony which might otherwise have been felt, but added attractions really elevating in their influence, the status and general surroundings of the auditory being taken into consideration. There is no need to pry too curiously into the petty vanities which prompted this elocutionist or that vocalist to make an appearance in public, nor to speculate too closely upon the disproportion between the ludicrous extravagance of the efforts often made by incompetent aspirants to obtain fame, and the very modest modicum and evanescent character of that article vouchsafed in return. All this is nothing to the purpose. The ample query is,—Have these things, known as "Penny Readings," in ever so slight a degree, fulfilled the object of their existence as that object is generally understood? If an affirmative answer can be given (as I certainly believe it can) to that question, then are they entitled to honest praise, and not to supercilious contempt.

However, having deposited my little offering at this humble shrine as I passed by, I am free to confess that if we never get any further than this on the road towards the mental improvement of the million, the march of intellect will be a very short march indeed. But it will not—it cannot stop here. The universal law of progress forbids the idea; and in some form or another the irresistible impetus to advance will be felt and obeyed.

Meantime, no better means, so far as I see, appearing for the moment to be available, I fall back upon my pet project of lectures, to be delivered every night (Sundays excepted) from the middle of September to the middle of May in every year, in every one of the multitudinous halls built for the purpose, by men or women well versed in the several subjects upon which they discourse.

Failing the possibility of procuring a sufficient number of lecturers who could spare the time necessary to compose original matter for the purpose, it would be by no means a bad plan, I think, to employ good and experienced hands to condense and compress standard works on different subjects into such a compass as to occupy two or three evenings and hand these digests over to practised elocutionists to be read. Take history, for example. Prescott's "Conquests of Mexico and Peru," Motley's "Rise of the Dutch Republic," Irving's "Conquest of Granada," Carlyle's "French Revolution," or Hepworth Dixon's "Her Majesty's Tower," are peculiarly well adapted to undergo this process. The absorbing interest of the incidents described could not fail to engage the attention of the audience; and I cannot help thinking that the offended *manes* of such of the above-named great ones as have departed from amongst us would be appeased when it was represented

to them that this mutilation of their invaluable legacies to posterity had been conducted with due reverence, and solely for the purpose of introducing them to a far wider (and, perchance, not less appreciative) audience than even their exalted talents could otherwise have commanded. As to the still-living ones, perhaps before taking the liberty suggested with their literary offspring, it might be courteous to ask their permission, and I feel confident they would not be churlish enough to withhold it. I may be reminded that there would still be publishers and owners of copyright to be dealt with; but I leave suggestions as to the best means of negotiating with these awful entities to persons of greater experience than myself.

Obviously this lecture-hall business, like most of my other theories, necessarily involves considerable expenditure; but if anything is to be done, opulence must feel for indigence not only in heart but in pocket.

3. A thorough and unstinted employment of the means above indicated will accomplish much towards the emancipation of our helots from that thralldom of ignorance which gives to the more galling thralldom of caste its sole *raison d'être*. But there is yet one thing needed, the *utilization* of knowledge acquired, and this can only be attained by dint of laborious and unintermitting class-work. The sacred flame may be kindled in the breast by desultory and omnivorous reading, but the light emitted is as uncertain as that of a wandering marsh-fire—it wants *focussing* to be of any use to its possessor or his species. And it is in the *class*, under the guidance of a gifted and genial teacher, that this operation can best be performed. It is here that the finishing touch must be applied; here the rounding-off take place; here the heterogeneous be brought into homogeneity, and the discordant be reduced to harmony and system.

If these things are so, the problems which present themselves to be resolved are:—Given certain millions of untrained intellects in crying need of class tuition scattered over certain thousands of square miles in unequal proportions—how to provide sufficient building accommodation to meet the exigencies of the case? and given an uncertain but confessedly immense mass of torpidity and stagnation—how to infuse the necessary leaven into it to quicken it and arouse its latent forces?

I answer as to the first proposition—Require the architects of the multitudinous lecture halls aforesaid to submit plans to you, which shall comprise sections not only of the main building but of three or four adjuncts thereto suitable for class-rooms, after the style of the chapels nestling under the wings of our old cathedrals, or the annexes thrown out at convenient angles from our modern industrial exhibitions for the display of specialities. These would add comparatively little to the original cost of the structure, and save a great deal of time and trouble in hunting up eligible sites, and, when found, negotiating terms of purchase. As to the second proposition, make a *liberal* distribution of prizes part of your system, so liberal that not only proficiency would be

certain of obtaining a reward, but plodding and persevering mediocrity also. Constant attendance, combined with such written answers to questions as evinced that the pupil was making an effort, should, however imperfectly the answers were framed, insure the possession of a prize at the end of every session. With such materials to work upon, a free use of stimulants to exertion must form no inconsiderable part of the programme.

Again, no charge whatever must be made for admission to the classics. Indeed, the entire domain of adult poor education must be as free as United Italy—free from the Alps of the library to the Adriatic of the class-room.

Lastly, no restriction should be made as to the age or sex of the scholar. I am of opinion that no greater incentive to emulation can be offered to either man or woman than the consciousness that they are associated with co-workers or competitors of the opposite sex.

It would be travelling out of the record were I ever so faintly to attempt to enter into details as to the mode in which class-teaching could most advantageously be conducted, or to endeavour to shadow forth what I conceive to be the regulations best adapted for the purpose. No general rules would be found competent to meet ever-varying special conditions. All this must inevitably be left to conform itself to the peculiarities of the respective groups of the taught and the idiosyncrasies of the individual teachers.

Amusements.

On this last, but not least, division of the subject, I need not dilate at very great length. Much has been written with reference to it of late with which I cordially agree.

No one can help being sensible of the melancholy fact that the tendency of many of our so-called entertainments is debasing and degrading in the last degree. It is difficult to imagine anything much more demoralizing in every aspect—anything which appears to be more utterly without redeeming features—than our music-halls. Dances, which are simply unnatural contortions on the part of the male performers, and indelicate exhibitions on the part of the female ones; songs, which are utterly idiotic and meaningless, except when their meaning is indecency, sounding the very lowest depths of imbecility, and having no literary merit save *double entendres* of the most vulgar description; the whole taking place in an atmosphere redolent with the fumes of beer, gin, and tobacco,—such is the paladium provided for our delectation through this particular medium. Much the same poisonous mixture is administered at our tea-gardens and other places where we most do congregate. Is it a marvel, then, that our young men waste their strength in drunkenness, and our young women stray from the narrow path? Is it wonderful that when you respectables meet us abroad on Bank Holidays, or Derby or Boat Race days, we comport ourselves in ruffianly fashion, and greet the cars of your dames and damsels with expressions which it is not good for them to hear?

Ultra-exclusives ! those of you who are most deeply impressed with the desirability of keeping us in our proper places, and are offended if we pass "between the wind and your nobility," to you most of all do I address myself, and take the liberty of saying that on *you* rests the onus of providing better and more healthy recreations for us; for needs must that at times the most fastidious of you will find yourselves in the midst of us, and it will interest you even more deeply than others that we should not sink into unmitigated and universal rascaldom, the only natural goal at which the pursuit of such pleasures as those above-named is likely to land us. Give us attractions of a less baneful character, and wean us from these cesspools of infamy. To you it is specially important that this matter should receive attention. Do not, however, seek to do the work half-way; do not attempt to take away the means of recreation we have—evil as they are—until substitutes are furnished; it will not be convenient to you that the people should have too much time to *brood*; it will be safer for you that we should be *mercurial* rather than that we should be *morose*; in one mood or the other, however you may strive to ignore us, we shall continue to exist in tangible form and be distinctly visible to your perceptions.

I like not threats or innuendoes, however, and say no more concerning this matter.

Time was when holy-days were frequent, when gorgeous pageants feasted the eyes of our forefathers—times of Maypoles and morrice-dancers, of roasted oxen and sheep, of conduits running with wine and milk: I say not I wish these to return. Much I fear that all was not pure, pastoral, Arcadian simplicity amidst these poetic scenes, fascinating as they are to the imagination. I doubt not the taint of vice was there, and the ghastly presence of misery and sorrow, and I do not regret them—let them go.

What, then, do I suggest? Aware of the risk I run in having it imputed to me that my suggestions have already been too numerous, I will, with brevity, venture yet one more.

Repetition is vexatious; notwithstanding which, unification is imperative, and committees must again be called into requisition.

Cricket-clubs, quoit-clubs, bowling-clubs, even skittle-clubs *ad libitum*, in summer; ballad concerts, dramatic performances, &c., in winter, under the same auspices. Membership extended to all comers, fee payable one shilling per annum in monthly instalments; the expulsion or suspension for a longer or shorter term—according to the more or less heinous nature of the offence—of any member for bad language, intoxication, or other misbehaviour; the gradual unbending of the rich and the cultured, and their condescending to grace the sports with their occasional presence, thereby infusing a spirit of refinement into them; the prohibition of betting or *over-drinking*,—these are, shortly and imperfectly stated, the remedies I would suggest.

To conclude the whole matter. We, the industrious poor of this

realm—the hard-working classes—are in pressing need of help now, in this present time. This, I believe, is confessed on all hands, diverse and contradictory as the theories how such help could best be given may be. The question at issue is not whether ameliorations are desirable or the contrary, but in what manner to bring them about, and how to be certain that it is bread which is bestowed, and not a stone.

I do not claim to have solved this enigma, or to have invented a millennium. I simply assert my belief that some of my propositions may contain germs capable of being nurtured into hopeful possibilities.

As I have selected four principal points in which improvements are required—health, pocket, mind, and amusements—so have I striven to indicate four principal modes which I think best calculated to attain the desired end, and which for the most part must come from *without* our borders—namely, sympathy, earnestness, money, and centralized organization—all being essential; the last-named especially being so, for it may be regarded as an irrefragable verity that every movement to be really efficacious must be *national*, and not *parochial*.

I look for many objections on both sides of the temperate zone, on the waters of which alone I elect to voyage. The frigid will aver that I expect too much, that my notions are Utopian and chimerical to the last degree, and the nostrums prescribed empirical and baneful; that it is not to be supposed sensible people will take all this trouble, and rush into such reckless expenditure in a project so visionary. To such my only answer is,—Where the return is to be great the investment must be great also. The torrid, on the other hand, will say I am not sufficiently thorough; that the only means of elevating the poor is by lugging the wealthy down to their level, abrogating dignities, distributing riches, abolishing ownership in lands and corporeal hereditaments. To these my reply will be,—Evil will the day be which shall dawn on such devil's-sabbath employments as these. Levelling *upwards* is laudable; levelling *downwards* is execrable. I would in nowise interfere with the least of these institutions. The overthrow of dynasties will not advantage us, nor will a general scramble conduce to our lasting welfare. I am a sceptic as to the benefits to be derived from revolution, although professing myself a warm admirer of reformation, as I understand the word—*re-formation*.

Neither do I anticipate that the time will ever come, under the best devised systems, when poverty will altogether cease out of the land. Evil will there be, and good also, while the world stands. This, however, should be no excuse for indifferentism in the work of lessening the sum-total of the evil, and increasing the sum-total of the good.

And so Lazarus unmoors his fragile boat, and launches it, unmanned and untended, on the bosom of the stream,—to meet its fate.

HENRY J. MILLER.

THE FORMS AND COLOURS OF LIVING CREATURES.

IN the Essay on Animals and Plants, which appeared in the September Number of this Review, the names were given of the principal groups in which the prodigious multitude of living creatures (existing or known to have existed) have been classified by naturalists. It was therein also indicated that these various groups, and all the subdivisions of such groups, are distinguished one from another by variations in the forms and structures of the creatures which compose them. This fact alone would prove that very many differences in form must exist; but, indeed, a very slight knowledge and a very cursory examination of animals and plants would suffice to show this even to any one who knew nothing of the scope or nature of biological classification. In truth, to the non-scientific observer who feels an interest in living things, the difficulty may seem to be rather how to find general resemblances than how to detect differences between creatures which seem so totally diverse as do humming birds from whales, bees from buffaloes, or the numerous African herds of antelopes from the grasses on which they feed.

Nevertheless it was pointed out in the second Essay of this series* that all living creatures do agree to a certain extent in the form and structure of their bodies, inasmuch as their bodies are always bounded by curved lines and surfaces, while, if we divide the body of any animal or plant its structure may always be seen to be heterogeneous—that is to say, composed of different substances, even the simplest showing a variety of minute particles (granules) variously distributed throughout its interior. It has also been pointed out† that all living creatures agree in beginning life in the form of a small rounded mass of protoplasm. But all animals and plants further agree in that each kind has its own proper

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for July, 1879, p. 678.

† *Loc. cit.*, p. 704.

size, shape, structure, and colour, and each (as we shall hereafter see) shows a positive unity in its fundamental constitution, co-existing with the heterogeneity above referred to.

But though each kind has its own proper size, shape, structure, and colour, yet these vary more or less in different individuals, and the degrees of variability are different in different kinds both of animals and plants.

As to size, although most living creatures have certain limits which they rarely exceed or fall below, yet many organisms vary greatly in this respect. Thus, that familiar weed, the common centaury (*Erythraea centaurium*), many vary in height—according to the soil and other external conditions—from half an inch to five feet.

As to figure and structure there is more constancy, and the amount of variation which may in these respects be found between different individuals of the same animal species, is generally but slight. In plants and in plant-like animals much greater differences exist as to external configuration; but even in them the internal structure of each species varies but little.

Colour is a character which some readers may be disposed to regard as extremely inconstant. We are familiar with many differently coloured varieties of our cultivated flowers; and white blackbirds, and black leopards are not very uncommon objects. Nevertheless, colour is really a character of much constancy, and is one not only constantly present in different individuals of one kind of plant or animal, but is one constantly present in particular groups of kinds.

Thus, for example, all the English plants of the dandelion order which have opposite leaves, have yellow flowers, with the single exception of the eupatory (*Eupatorium cannabinum*), and whole groups of butterflies are respectively characterized as being blue, or white, or yellow.

We have seen that the life of every living being is accompanied by, and may be described as, a series of adjustments of action and structure to external conditions which surround it. Accordingly we may expect to find that the sizes, shapes, structures, and colours of living beings bear relations, which are in very many cases obvious, to their external circumstances, as directly favouring their nutrition, reproduction, or preservation from external injury.

Every living creature must be either fixed (like a rooted tree), or capable of spontaneously moving, or of being passively drifted from place to place, and must have a structure and figure suitable to one or other of these conditions.

Again, every living creature, whether free or fixed, is either a terrestrial, an aquatic, or an aerial organism; and it may be fitted to live in any two, or even in all three of these conditions—as, for example, is the swan. If terrestrial, it may inhabit the surface of the earth only, or it may occasionally or habitually dwell beneath it. The structure, forms, and even colours of organisms are in most cases plainly adapted to their modes of life in the above respects.

Thus, any living creature, which is fixed to the surface of the earth, must either adhere to it by having one side or portion of its body spread out and adjusted to irregularities in the supporting surface, or else by sending prolongations of its substance into the substance of the supporting body, as a plant sends its roots into the soil. Such prolongations, moreover, must (in order to hold fast) either sink deeply or else expand, at a slight depth, into a rounded or discoidal mass, or into radiating processes whereby the whole structure may be securely anchored.

This special modification of form, again, may or may not be accompanied by certain further modifications of structure, according as such rooting parts are to serve, as mere holdfasts, simply for attachment, or (as in most plants) for the absorption of food also.

Another modification is also correlated with these conditions. We have seen* that an interchange of gases takes place between each organism and its surrounding medium. But such interchange cannot take place in the subterranean part of the body, and a corresponding difference of structure between such subterranean part and other parts must therefore obtain.

Again, as to colour, we find differences which are evidently related to the different degrees in which different parts of a living body are exposed to the influence of light. Such contrasts notoriously exist, not only between the green parts of plants above the soil and the lighter coloured roots, but between the foliage of a plant which is exposed to sun light and another of the same kind kept in a dark cellar. Many animals which live in permanent darkness are colourless, as, *e.g.*, the *Proteus*† but yet this is not an invariable rule, some, as the mole, being of a dark colour.

The forms of organisms are evidently often directly related to surrounding influences. A plant or plant-like animal fixed to the soil may be so fixed that light, air, food, friends and enemies can have access equally on all sides or not. Thus, a tree so placed that light and air are excluded on one side, will not grow freely towards that side, but only in directions from whence light and air have access. A coral reef increases much more rapidly towards the open sea (the waves of which bring in food and facilitate gaseous interchange) than towards an adjacent shore.

The mere contiguity of parts will often affect the form of organisms. Thus, in many flowers parts which are adjacent become dwarfed, while others which are freely exposed become fully developed, as we see in the flowers of many *Umbellifere*, or plants of the parsley, fennel, and hemlock order.

The shapes of flowers bear relation (as we shall see later) to their need for attracting insects which by their visits effect the development of seed, and for repelling others the access of which would be hurtful.

The avoidance of enemies may be so effected by an organism that

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for July, 1870, p. 703.

† *Ibid.* for September, 1870, p. 27.

their access may be made impossible save in one direction, the extent of vulnerable surface even in that direction being minimized. We have an example of such a condition in those worms which live in calcareous tubes, and which are some of those called "tubicolous annelids."*

Again, the medium in which an organism lives—whether aerial or aqueous—has an important relation with its form. A delicate seaweed, the beautifully radiating form of which is a just object of admiration as long as it is supported by its denser natural medium (the sea water), collapses into an amorphous mass when withdrawn thence into the thin air. Obviously a much greater rigidity and strength of structure is needed to support an aerial organism than an aquatic one, unless the former can support itself on other solid structures, such as rocks or trees. In the latter case the form attained may be very elongated and slender, as in the many creeping and climbing plants, which are so often furnished with processes for grasping (tendrils) to aid them in their mode of life.

An aerial fixed organism, if it does not rise from the surface of the earth, cannot spread itself very far without developing other points of support—without rooting again. This re-rooting is a familiar phenomenon in many plants, as, *e.g.*, the strawberry. But even a shrub like the common bramble (which is not itself prostrate, but which sends out extraordinarily prolonged branches) is aided by such a process. The ends of its long branches apply themselves to the ground and begin to pierce its surface, the incipient leaves of its terminal bud becoming metamorphosed into roots.

An aquatic fixed organism, however, may extend to a very great length, freely floating without effecting any such fresh attachment. Thus the seaweed *Laminaria digitata* will spread over a circle 12 feet in diameter, while *L. longicornis* grows in the form of an elongated riband, from 8 to 12 feet in length and 2 or 3 feet wide. The giant form *Macrocystis* (with a much more subdivided outline) may extend to the extraordinary length of 700 feet.

The conditions under which needful gaseous interchange can be effected and food obtained by different living creatures, govern in various other ways the forms of their bodies.

Thus, if it is helpful to the life of a creature to submit as large a surface of its body as possible to the influence of light, or to the action of air or water, then for this purpose its body must be expanded and its expanded parts divided and subdivided as they extend in different directions. It is for this reason that trees branch, and that their branches and twigs divide and subdivide as they do. It is for this reason also that their branches do not grow out one above another in precisely the same direction, but, on the contrary, grow in such a manner that each one may overshadow those immediately beneath as

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, September, 1879, pp. 33 and 43.

† One of the *Melanogaster*, *Ibid.*, p. 36.

little as may be. Similarly and for the same reason leaves are developed mostly in an alternating fashion, so that each may be able to expose its green surface to the light and air as much as possible.

Plant-like animals which grow up in an arborescent manner from a fixed base do not generally branch in so regularly alternating a mode as do plants, and in some cases their successive branches may even be regularly superimposed. This is due to their not requiring, as plants do, that their surface should be very extensively exposed to light, neither their gaseous interchange nor their nutrition being impaired by such superposition. The water which carries to them both the nutritious particles on which they feed and the gases they respire, will act with nearly or quite the same efficiency in either arrangement of their parts.

If the exigences of life require any organism to retain much fluid within it, this circumstance may lead to its assumption of a dilated more or less globular form, as in the melon cactus, and, to a less degree, in the leaves of the common stonecrop.

But the conditions under which alone certain fixed organisms can obtain their food may govern also their internal structure. Thus, we shall see that in plants which feed by absorbing matters through their roots, an internal arrangement has to be effected for distributing material thus obtained, and conveying it upwards through the stem. So, again, many fixed animals need a greater supply of food and gases than they can obtain from the water which bathes or may reach them without effort on their parts. Such animals may be provided with special internal structures, which cause currents of water to flow towards them, and very often to penetrate within them, as in the shell *Mya* or the razor shell.*

Fixed subterranean creatures are rare, but such do exist, as, for example, the truffle (*Tuber cibarium*). Surrounding influences must in such instances be alike on all sides, while the imbedded position of such organisms render superfluous the development of any elongated process for the purpose of fixing them. Such creatures, then, have a spheroidal figure, and neither internally nor externally are their structures developed in special directions.†

The fixed organisms which are the most aerial in their habits are attached to elevated objects, such as trees, and necessarily have a portion of their frame set apart to fix them to the object which supports them. The most conspicuous creatures of this kind are, perhaps, the plants termed "Epiphytes," on account of this habit. Amongst them may be mentioned the beautiful orchids called "air plants," and the familiar mistletoe. Other vegetable organisms—the multitude of creeping

* Creatures belonging to the class *Lamellibranchiata*, see *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, September, 1873, pp. 30 and 43.

† The truffle may be generally regarded rather as the fruit of a plant than as an entire plant, and yet in some of the group the rest of the plant (which is called the *Mycelium*) is quite rudimentary, or even absent.

plants—rear themselves to great heights by the aid of their more robust brothers, but they can hardly be reckoned as aerial organisms.*

The colours which plants display have sometimes a singular relation to the mountain elevations or geographical positions they inhabit, but these considerations will be aptly treated of in the relations borne by living creatures to physical conditions and to one another.

Living creatures which are capable of moving or being freely moved about, present us with similar but more marked differences.

Certain aquatic creatures drift passively about (borne by streams or currents) with no permanent relation between any fixed portion of their bodies and the medium which transports them. Such creatures being equally acted on on all sides by surrounding agencies might be expected (like the subterranean truffle) to exhibit a spheroidal figure, with only one kind of surface upon their whole exterior. This is just what we find to be the case in a variety of more or less minute organisms, such, *e.g.* as *Myxastrum radians* and *Magosphæra planula*.†

The former of these consists, at one stage of its existence, of a small globular mass of protoplasm, from the whole periphery of which a multitude of fine pseudopodia radiate. When about to reproduce, the creature retracts its pseudopodia, and forms around its exterior a structureless coat or cyst, an action which takes place frequently in lowly organisms, and is called their process of *encystment*. The contents of the cyst then divides into separate bodies, which escape by the rupture of the cyst. Each of these bodies is enclosed in a silicious case with an aperture at one end, whence its contained protoplasm issues, and, having so issued, assumes a spherical shape.

Magosphæra is another small creature which goes through a remarkable series of changes, the greater number of which exemplify the ball-like shape of body alike on all sides.

Wherever the surface of the body is covered by pseudopodia, those processes, inasmuch as they have a power of spontaneous movement, enable the creatures possessing them slightly to aid or to resist the drifting action of the water in which they float.

But a living organism may be devoid of any definite shape whatever, as in *Protamæba*,‡ which consists of a mere particle of protoplasm, from which irregular-shaped processes of unequal size are irregularly protruded in every direction, so that the form of the creature may be said to be quite indeterminate.

* There are climbers in Brazil, the roots of which, descending around the trunk of the tree supporting them, clasp the latter with such a deadly embrace that it dies and decays. In the meantime, the descending roots (having become fixed in the ground) swell and meet so as to form a new and irregularly shaped trunk of solid wood, which has thus (by an inverted process) grown downwards instead of upwards. There are other such creeper in the East which have a wide-spreading downward growth (see Wallace's "Malay Archipelago," vol. 1. p. 131).

† Creatures belonging to the group *Rhizopoda*; see CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for September, 1879, pp. 35 and 43.

‡ One of the lowest of the *Rhizopoda*; *Ibid.* p. 36.

The bodies of almost all organisms have, however, more or less definite forms, which may be all classed under seven morphological categories.

(1). The simplest form of all exemplifies *spherical symmetry*, and is that which we have seen in the truffle, the radiolarian, the volvox, *Myxogaster* and *Mycosphaera*. In this spherical form any number of axes drawn through the creature in any direction are equal.

(2). The next organic form is one in which the body sphere is more or less elongated at its poles, the latter being equal and similar. In such an organism we have one axis longer than any one of the others and central, while from this axis symmetrical radii can be drawn in all directions. This form may be said to exemplify *equipolar symmetry*, and such is found in some radiolarians, in some small parasites (*Gregarinida*),* and others.

(3). The next morphological category may be spoken of as *unipolar symmetry*. Bodies which exemplify it are like those included in the last category, save that the two poles of the body are not alike.

Instances of this symmetry are to be sought in creatures which have one end of their body fixed, or which always or mostly move with the same end of the body in front, and thus have their two extremities in more or less constantly different relations to surrounding influences.

The lowest worms and sponges may serve as examples of this symmetry in its simplest expression. As also may the curious compound tunicary called *Pyrosoma*.† In all such creatures the body does not extend out in the form of lateral prolongations.

But in many others it does send out processes on all sides, and in various directions, as in most trees and all plants which have a definite axis of growth, so that unipolar symmetry is the predominant symmetry in the vegetable kingdom.

(4). But unipolar symmetry with diverging outgrowths leads us to the next category which may be called *radial symmetry*. Under this head are included the forms of such creatures as possess unipolar bodies from which equal and corresponding outgrowths radiate in different directions.

We have examples of this in the starfishes, in the sea anemones, and in such plants as the melon cactus. But the outgrowths may project in only four directions, each being at right angles with the two neighbouring outgrowths. We thus get a crucial form of radiation, in which the body may be described as having one main axis (in the direction of motion) crossed by two other shorter but equal axes at right angles to it and to each other.

We have an example of this in *Tetraplatia volitans*,‡ an aquatic creature with an elongated body, which presents four distinguishable

* A class of *Hypozoa*: see CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for September, 1879, pp. 35 and 43.

† *Ibid.* pp. 31 and 43.

‡ *Ibid.* p. 33, and *Archiv für Mikroskop. Anatomie*, vol. xv. Hft 3, plate xx.

longitudinal surfaces, of which each opposite and corresponding pair is hardly distinguishable from one another.

(5). This form leads us directly to that kind of symmetry which is predominant in the animal kingdom and which is called *bilateral symmetry*. Forms of this kind exhibit four aspects which may be distinguished as right and left, dorsal and ventral. The body here presents a long axis (in the direction of motion) crossed by two shorter axes at right angles to it and to each other. Of these shorter axes, one connects the dorsal and ventral surfaces, while the other connects the lateral (right and left) surfaces, and these two axes may be, and generally are, unequal. All worms, insects, mollusks, fishes, birds, reptiles, and beasts, are examples of creatures with bilateral symmetry. The dorsal and ventral aspects of the body generally differ in correspondence with the different relations to surrounding conditions which they usually bear, as notably in snakes and creatures which glide with their bellies applied to the surface of the ground.

(6). The last kind of symmetry which here needs notice is that termed *serial symmetry*. In the creatures which exhibit it we have a body which is not only almost always bilaterally symmetrical but which is made up of a succession of similar parts, forming a series along its main or longitudinal axis. Insects, crabs, lobsters, and other allied forms give us examples of serial symmetry, but this is perhaps best seen in such animals as thousand legs and hundred legs—millipedes and centipedes.

Besides the fundamental distinctions which depend upon the kind of symmetry governing the form of any living being, other subordinate differences exist respectively related to the conditions under which the various activities necessary for life have to be carried on. Such activities are the needful gaseous interchange, the processes of reproduction, and the acquisition of food. Thus, the most intimate relation exists between the form of the body and the manner in which locomotion has to be effected, whether by the whole body or by processes projecting from it. If the latter, then whether by paddling or jumping; if by the whole body, then whether by lateral or vertical bendings of that body.

Thus, we see that fishes, which swim by lateral flexure of the body, have the tail expanded vertically; while in porpoises, which require vertical flexions (to come rapidly to the surface to breathe), the tail is expanded horizontally. On the other hand, creatures which swim not by either kind of body flexure, but by a paddling action only, have the tail shortened, as we see in swans and turtles. Further details of this kind will be more appropriately treated of in an Essay devoted exclusively to the consideration of the forms of animals.

There are a multitude of aquatic creatures which cannot be properly spoken of as either "fixed" or "mobile," for they are in fact both. They are creatures which move about by the help of others, being themselves fixed to other creatures which are actively locomotive.

Thus, sea-snails, lobsters, fishes, whales, and even ships, bear about with them sometimes lowly-organized plants; but often other animals, permanently fixed to and growing parasitically upon them and having the shape of their body suited to their peculiar situation.

Often such parasites form flattened encrustations on their involuntary hosts—as is the case with the acorn shells or sessile barnacles.* Others have elongated bodies, which stream through the water with the motions of the creatures carrying them. We see this in conservoid growths, also in ordinary barnacles, and in certain modified crab-like creatures, such as *Lerneocera*.†

These creatures fix themselves to their movable supports by means similar to those by which other creatures secure themselves to stationary supports. Thus, some of these do so by means of expanded disks, which fit accurately to the supporting surface, while certain parasites fix themselves by means of ingrowing prolongations or root-like processes, as in the *Rhizocephala*.‡ Others, again, adhere by the intervention of hooks and suckers, and this is especially the case with such as fix themselves internally and live perpetually bathed (as the tape-worms§ do) in the nutritious fluids contained within the bowels of the creatures they infest.

Terrestrial mobile organisms can, of course, only be moved by their own efforts, or by the efforts of other organisms.

The simplest terrestrial locomotion is like that of the aquatic *Amœba*, *primitiva*, and is performed by land *Amœbæ*; and the curious plant *Myxomycetes*¶ also moves in a substantially similar manner. This very curious organism consists of a net-work of protoplasmic threads, which spread over decaying leaves and stems. The threads exhibit streams of granules flowing within them, and they give out processes like pseudopodia, while the whole complex mass can slowly creep over a supporting surface, which it thus slowly flows over by its branching processes.

Other lowly plants propel themselves by means of a pair of filamentary protoplasmic threads, which vibrate actively, and are therefore called vibratile cilia. As an example may be mentioned the *Protoecoccus*** *nivalis*, the little spheroidal alga, which abounds on Alpine summits and in Arctic regions.

As in aquatic, so in terrestrial organisms, external form is intimately related to modes of motion. Thus, locomotion may be effected by undulations of the whole body, as often in serpents and terrestrial vermiform animals. It may, on the contrary, be effected by the action of levers projecting from the surface of the body, i.e., by limbs, and these may be multitudinous and minute, as in hundred legs and thousand legs, or few and large, as in beasts. Moreover, the motions may be movements of pulling or of pushing, or by combinations of these, or by

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, September, 1879, p. 31.

† One of the *Copepoda*; see loc. cit., p. 31.

‡ See loc. cit., p. 31.

§ Of the class *Ctenoides*; see loc. cit., pp. 34 and 43.

¶ Loc. cit., p. 36.

** Loc. cit., p. 37.

** Loc. cit., p. 36.

jumps, which may be effected in various manners, the consideration of which will find a fitting place in an Essay devoted to "Motion."

Again, terrestrial, like aquatic, organisms often involuntarily carry about with them other living creatures which have fixed themselves to their bodies. Thus, the fruits, or seeds, of many plants (as, e.g., those of the common Agrimony, *Agrimonia eupatoria*) are beset with hooks or bristles which readily adhere to the coats of passing animals, and so gain a greater diffusion than they could otherwise obtain. A very remarkable form of the kind is *Martynia proboscidea* (called *Testa di Quaglia* by the Italians), which has a pair of curved and pointed processes like the tusks of an elephant, which are several inches long. It is notorious for adhering to clothes, &c. Other noteworthy plants are *Uncaria procumbens*, or the grapple plant of South Africa and *Harpagophytum*,* the fruit of which is provided with hooked processes. Those of *Harpagophytum* spread out in all directions, and are of different lengths, with sharp hooks, variously turned, so that its power of clinging is extreme. The seed, with all its processes, is so large as to fill the hand when grasped. It is said to cause the death of the lion. Having adhered to that beast's skin, the irritation produced and the impossibility of getting it off at last induces the lion to bite it, and once in his mouth he cannot remove it, and so the animal dies miserably.

Some animals fix themselves much as these seeds of plants do. Amongst them are the parasites known as tics which fix themselves with great tenacity by the appendages of their mouths. Other parasites—like the itch insect† and forms allied to it—have hooked processes and stiff, hard bristles, which are at once very irritating and very adherent. Creatures are also carried about inside others, as is the case with the seeds of many plants. These are disseminated by birds which have swallowed but have not digested such seeds, and in an analogous manner the great tape-worm group becomes also widely diffused.

Moving subterranean organisms, inasmuch as they must penetrate through a dense and highly-resisting substance, must evidently either have forms which offer little resistance—reducing friction to a minimum—or must be provided with special means of penetrating such substance. Evidently the least resisting form is presented by a body much elongated, rounded, and more or less attenuated at the advancing end, which end has to effect the requisite penetration. This is the form of the earth-worm—a form which is approximated to by a variety of creatures which have not the least affinity of nature with it, but only more or less resemble it as regards its dwelling-place and mode of locomotion.

* All these three plants belong to the *Dicelydemonas* order *Sesuvier*, which would lie between the *Labiata* and the *Orchaceae* of the list given on p. 42 in the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW for September, 1879. This order contains the *Sesuvia portulacastris*, the seeds of which yield sesamum or ginghee oil, principally used in the manufacture of soap. 50,000 tons of these seeds were imported into France in 1855.

† This and the tix belong to the class *Arachnida*; see CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, September, 1879, pp. 32 and 43.

Such, for example, are the curious serpents called *Typhlops*,* and such are the legless lizard† (*Anguis*), and such, again, are the simpler vermiform animals allied to frogs, called *Cæciliæ*.‡

In order to burrow quickly and easily by means of processes of the body, it is evidently a necessary condition that the earth should be rapidly removed by the powerful action of parts situated towards the body's anterior end. The similarity of effect of similar conditions in creatures which are most widely divergent in nature is exemplified by the mole and the mole-cricket, which are each provided with a strong and broadened-out pair of anterior digging-limbs.

Living creatures may be sustained in the air for a longer or shorter time at one or another stage of their existence. The reproductive particles of the lowest forms of animals and plants are so excessively minute that they float in the air with the greatest ease, without needing any complication of structure—their spheroidal form harmonizing with the equal action upon them of influences on all sides of them. Reproductive parts which, though less minute than these, are still very small, may also be diffused by floating in the atmosphere. Such are the pollen grains of those trees which are fertilized merely by the action of the winds, such as the hazel, poplar, birch, and of lowly plants, as the grasses. It is by the wind that the pollen grains of these plants are accidentally brought into contact with the appropriate surfaces for their reception. Conspicuous in the spring of the year are the clouds of yellow dust, pollen grains, given off by fir trees, which are plants also wind-fertilized. But here we find a slight complication; for to facilitate the dispersion of such particles the outer coat of each of their pollen grains is produced into a short wing-like process on each side, and these processes help at once to sustain it in the air, and to aid its propulsion by offering more surface to the force of the aerial currents.

Very much more conspicuous are the wing-like expansions of many seeds—such, for example, as those of the maple. These expansions serve to diffuse the seeds which bear them, as do also the delicate cottony filaments which surround the seeds of a variety of plants of widely different natures and affinities, as some kinds of spider float through the air by the aid of the delicate filaments which they send forth to serve as an aerial float. Familiar to every one is the delicate little parachute-like structure of radiating filaments on the seeds of such plants as the dandelion—which seeds most children have at some time helped to diffuse by blowing.

Aerial progress by actual effort is effected by a limited group of organisms, and only in certain cases (bats, birds, and insects) does it take the form of true flight in creatures now existing. In other creatures, such as so-called flying fishes, squirrels, opossums, and the little flying

* For the *Typhlops*, see CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, September, 1879, p. 23.

† Loc. cit., p. 24. ‡ Belonging to the class *Opelion arida*; see loc. cit., pp. 27 and 28.

dragon, the more or less prolonged aerial sustentation is effected by expansions of skin, which act as parachutes in ways to be later described in detail.

True flight seems to need a definite mechanism of one kind—namely, a mechanism which shall give rapid and reiterated blows to the air from a point towards the dorsal side, and head end of the body, by structures of considerable superficial extent, and capable of rapid and delicate inclinations of surface. Such structures must be light and therefore delicate, and yet possess very considerable strength to resist the strain of the body's prolonged sustentation, and to effect its occasionally very rapid progress, as in the swift and in dragon-flies. These conditions which we find fulfilled in all existing flying organisms were also fulfilled organisms which have for ages passed away from the surface of this by planet, such as the extinct flying reptiles called *Pterosauria* or *Pterodactyles*.*

In all such rapidly flying creatures the form of the body is necessarily modified so as to throw the centre of gravity where it may be best sustained. It is this which packs what are practically a bird's teeth in its belly, and thickens so greatly the muscles on its breast which are formed in such a way as to serve both the usual purposes of breast-muscles, and also that which is effected in most cases by muscles of the back, which in birds are very greatly diminished in volume and extent.

But there are living creatures which have relations with two media; which, though they are aquatic, yet by the help of the air rise and float, so as to be partly bathed in the atmosphere; while others carry down a portion of that atmosphere below the surface of water, so as to be sub-aqueously aerial. Examples of the last-mentioned condition are afforded by such spiders as have the habit of enclosing a bubble of air within the meshes of their self-woven network, and going down with it, being thus able there to maintain themselves as in a diving-bell. The reverse condition obtains in such plants as *Valisneria*,† which secrete air within expanded bladder-like receptacles, and, thus aided, rise to the surface and float. Another example is that of certain polyp animals, such as the Portuguese man of war, which also rise and swim upon the surface of the sea by the aid of floats in the form of bladders, which are also filled with air by means of their own life processes. The same also is the case in many seaweeds.

Thus, these multitudinous forms of living creatures, both animals and plants, are reducible to certain categories in harmony with their modes of life, and the relations existing between them and all surrounding influences. We may see that, without compliance with certain of such laws, their existence would be impossible, and we see that there is a general

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, September, 1879, p. 25.

† *Valisneria spiralis*—these are distinct male and female flowers. The male flowers are on short stalks which break and allow their flowers to rise to the surface and there float, scattering their pollen. The female flowers grow on long coiled stalks, which uncoil and allow them to rise to the surface to be fertilized, after which the stalks flood and withdraw them again below. This is a monocotyledonous plant of the order *Hydrocharitales*.

correspondence between their shape and structure on the one hand, and their environment (that is, the totality of all surrounding agencies and influences) on the other. Are we to consider that such influences are the *causes* of their form and structure? Obviously the biological facts before us, as yet, are insufficient to enable us to give a satisfactory answer to this question. It will for the present be enough to bear in mind that by some writers the environment is deemed the one and sufficient cause of all the characters of living creatures. But as yet we have not even seen what is the environment. Evidently physical influences—the earth, sea, or air, light, heat, and motion—do not exhaust it. One important factor would be omitted if we neglected to note the share taken in the environment of each living creature by a multitude of other living creatures which are in various ways related to it. This question must occupy us later.

But by the forms of living creatures is not meant merely their external form. Some general notion then should here at starting be obtained of their internal form—that is, of their essential structure.

The minutest and probably the simplest forms of living creatures (whether plant or animal) are such as are presented by *Bacteria*,* the yeast-plant and *Protooccus*. Bacteria are those minute creatures the mode of origin of which in sealed infusions has been so much of late disputed, but the activity of which in promoting the decomposition of dead substances is undisputed. A *bacterium* is a particle of protoplasmic matter, either spheroidal or oblong, or like a short rod, or shaped like a corkscrew, and bacteria may also be in the form of a short chain of spheroids, or of oblong particles, or of rods united in a zigzag manner.

Their breadth may vary from the $\frac{1}{10000}$ to $\frac{1}{1000}$ of an inch. They may also assume quite another appearance, by surrounding themselves with a gelatinous envelope, which condition is called their *zooglee* state of existence.

They may be readily obtained by making some hay tea, and keeping it for a day or two, when they will be found to abound in the scum which forms on the surface, and to be in active motion. In the corkscrew form, *Spirillum volitans*, each end of the body is produced into a minute hair-like process or *cilium*, and it is by the lashings of these cilia that the minute organism moves about.

Other as simple but larger organisms may consist of a minute mass of semi-fluid protoplasm, containing granules, as we find to be the case in the plant *Vaucheria*,† and many other *Algae*, and in the animal *Amœba primitiva*.‡

An organism of this simplest kind or a fragment of a higher organism which presents this simplest condition is called a cell.§ Very generally

* See CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, September, 1870, p. 37.

† Loc. cit., p. 37.

‡ Loc. cit., p. 38.

§ There is an ambiguity in the use of the word "cell." By some writers it is only used to denote a particle of protoplasm with a nucleus (whether or not it is enclosed in a "cell-wall"), while such a particle without a nucleus is called by them a *Cybid*. By others it is used to denote any particle of protoplasm enclosed in a cell-wall, and by others, again, as

such cell has within it a more or less distinctly marked generally denser and spheroidal body called a *nucleus*, within which, again, other minute spots may appear called *nucleoli*.

Even in this simplest of all possible conditions of life a slight difference appears between its most external film and its inner substance—just as a cup of broth left to stand will form for itself a filmy outermost layer. This incipient difference between what is inner and what is outer is one which is constantly maintained in all higher organisms, as we shall soon see abundantly. But the distinction into outer and inner is, as has been said, shown in a much more marked way in the constituent units, or *cells*, which build up the bodies of plants generally; for these consist of an inner part of protoplasm, enclosed in a distinct external cellulose envelope or *cell-wall*. As has also been shown, many of the lowest animals take on occasionally the *encysted* condition when they also consist of a particle of bioplasm enclosed in a distinct cell-wall or *cyst*, though one not made of cellulose.

The protoplasmic contents of the cell may attract watery fluid thus forming clearer spaces or *vacuoles* within it, and these may become so extended that the protoplasm may be reduced to a thin layer lining the cell wall, thread-like processes or remnants of protoplasm often passing across the cell from one part of the protoplasmic lining to another. A cell, almost always a nucleated cell, is the original form of every living creature without exception; and a great number of small, and some considerably sized living beings, never get beyond this unicellular condition, however much their cell may become enlarged or complicated in shape. Such creatures form the lowest of all animals and plants; but the overwhelming majority of living creatures are formed of aggregations of cells which cohere and fuse together in various ways. As an example of a unicellular and typically cellular living creature we may take the yeast plant (*Saccharomyces cerevisiæ*), which consists of a particle of bioplasm enclosed in a cell-wall of cellulose, the whole being globular or oval in shape, and generally about $\frac{1}{30}$ of an inch in diameter. Within its bioplasm a clear space or vacuole may often be distinguished. Often these organisms appear with a more complicated outline, due to the growth of new saccharomycetes from its outer wall, and the budding forth of others again from the side of such protruding processes, all of which ultimately become detached as independent saccharomycetes, though they often continue adherent for a long time, forming strings or other temporary aggregations of such organisms.

In *Protococcus* we meet with one of the lowest order. Its colour is green, which, as in all other higher plants also, is due to the presence in its

denoting any distinct particle of protoplasm with or without a nucleus, and with or without a cell-wall. It is in this widest sense that it is here proposed to use the term "cell," distinguishing, where needful, those with a nucleus or envelope as "a nucleated" or "a walled cell."

As yet the two natures and functions of the nucleus and nucleoli are by no means clarified up. The nucleus often appears to contain a complexity of fibrils, the structure of some of which have been supposed to cause the appearance of nucleoli. The apparently simplest protoplasm is probably of really very complex, most minute structure.

protoplasm of a colouring matter called *chlorophyll*, either diffused or aggregated in certain denser granules of protoplasmic substance. *Protococcus* may be smaller or much larger than the yeast plant, it is spheroidal, and its protoplasm is enclosed in a tough case of cellulose, which, however, it may not nearly fill, while the long cilia may protrude through it and propel the whole organism by their reiterated lashings.

It has been already said that a vegetable may temporarily exist as a particle of bioplasm without any cell-wall, and such is the case with *Protococcus*, the cellular envelope of which occasionally disappears. More remarkable still is the form already referred to under the name *Myxomycetes*,* which, for part of its existence, is the form of an indefinitely-shaped, naked protoplasmic mass.†

Living creatures which consist of a single cell may present, nevertheless, a considerable complication of structure. Thus, an organism as simple as the *amoeba primitiva*, before noticed, may have the power of forming, or, as it is technically called, *secreting*, from its own substance and its surrounding medium a most complex supporting skeleton of calcareous or silicious nature. It may have its outer envelope so markedly differentiated from its inner as to require a distinct designation as *ecrosarc*, while it may give rise in its interior not only to a nucleus and nucleolus, but to two regularly formed cavities with the power of rythmical pulsation, and one definite portion of its external wall may be perforated to form a permanent mouth instead of as in such forms as *Amoeba*, any part serving indifferently as a mouth and every portion having similar functions without differentiation. All these and other complications of structure may arise by direct growth and transubstantiation of the single cell into the various physically and chemically different parts.

Again, a living creature which is fixed may so extend itself as to simulate stem, roots, and branches, and yet remain essentially simple, consisting merely of one greatly enlarged and complicated cell.

Thus, a unicellular plant may take on a great complexity of form while still remaining purely unicellular. It may assume the form of a stem with roots and leaves. An example of such we may see in the genus *Caulerpa*,‡ which, although unicellular, simulates in its outline the fern called *Blechnum*.

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, September, 1879 p. 37.

† Here reference may be made to the name *Bathysia*, which was given by Professor Huxley to a material found at the sea bottom, of great extent and indefinite shape, and which was supposed by him to be the remains of a mass of once living protoplasm, but which there is much reason now to suppose was really but inorganic material. Reference is here made to this, because some persons seem to imagine that if *Bathysia* were a truly animal some important speculative consequences would follow. But this is an utter mistake. It is generally admitted already that there are living structureless protoplasmic organisms of no definite shape, and of which detached particles can live and grow. It would make no real difference whatever to the known facts of life if a creature of the kind should be found as large as the Pacific Ocean with its portions exceptionally detachable and its shape irregular in the extreme.

‡ CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, September, 1879, p. 37.

The next grade of structural complication in living creatures is produced by the lowly plants, such as *Protococcus*, which multiply by spontaneous self-division or *fission*. This process may take place repeatedly and at the same time incompletely, in this way producing an apparently compound organism. Thus, we have the second grade of structural complication in living creatures—namely, the aggregation of cells into a loosely joined mass.

Other simple forms are those presented by the minute organisms Diatoms and Desmids, the former enclosed in silicious cases, and some presenting the only exception to the general law that organic bodies are bounded by curved lines and surfaces.

Wonderful is the minute ornamentation presented by the surfaces of these microscopic plants. Some of them cohere by imperfect division in the second grade of structural complication just described; they may form longitudinal series of cells, or they may be arranged round a common centre.

One of the best examples of this secondary grade of complication is presented by the spherically aggregated cells of *Volvox*.^{*} These present us with a good example of the way in which the shape of the individual cells may spontaneously alter, to suit the mode of their aggregation. Originally spherical, the adjacent sides of these cells become flattened, and thus the cells acquire a polygonal figure.

Other instances of the coherence of the cells of unicellular organisms into indefinite and inconstant aggregations is presented by some radiolarians, individuals which cohere into what are called *colonies*.

From such incomplete aggregation, the next step is to definite and stable aggregations, in which the life of the constituent parts is more or less plainly subservient to, and dominated by, the life of the whole. Such we find in all but the lowest *Fungi*,[†] and *Alge*, in sponges,[‡] and *Hydræ*, and also in all higher organisms. In such permanent aggregations, the dominant life of the whole is shown partly in greater constancy of external form and partly in the setting apart of separate portions of the whole, either for the nourishment of the entire creature or for the reproduction of fresh individuals, or for effecting gaseous interchange, or (in animals) for ministering to feeling and locomotion.

Thus, the overwhelming majority of living creatures are, as has been said, formed of aggregation of cells, which cohere or fuse together in various ways—and not only of aggregation of cells but of aggregation of aggregations of cells or “tissues.” Each tissue is a structure formed by the aggregation, or by aggregation and metamorphoses, of certain sets of cells. Thus, every higher plant or animal is made of an inconceivable multitude of cells, together with tissues which are not cellular, but which have originated by metamorphosis of cells, and every such higher plant or animal at first consists entirely of an aggregate of plainly

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, September, 1879, p. 37.

† Loc. cit., pp. 37 and 43.

‡ Loc. cit., p. 34.

distinct cells; and, first of all, of one single cell only, whence its whole structure, however complex, has originally sprung, though generally not until it has had at least a portion of another cell mixed with it.

This transformation of cells, at first all alike, into distinct orders of cells or *tissues*, whence different organs with different functions arise, is characteristic of all living creatures above those which each consist throughout life of one cell only.

We have seen that unicellular organisms may unite into a cylindrical or spheroidal colony, as in some *Radiolaria*, or into a spheroid of closely-adjusted cells, forming one layer, as in *Volvox*. But however large or complex such aggregation may be, it never forms sets of united cells or tissues. The whole of these lower creatures, therefore, may be spoken of as unicellular organisms; as though they may consist of many cells, those cells retain their individuality. Such creatures are all the lowest animals—those called *Hypozoa** or *Protozoa*, and also the lowest cryptogamiet plants.

All other animals and all the higher plants are multicellular. The description of one animal (which is placed as it were on the boundary between the multicellular and the unicellular division), the little parasitic worm *Dicyema*,† must for the present be postponed, as its significance could not yet be understood.

Before leaving the consideration of the forms of living creatures, a further distinction should be made clear—that is to say, a distinction in the nature of resemblances which may exist between various parts.

There are two different relations which may exist between a part or organ in one animal or plant, and another part or organ in another animal or plant. One of these relations is called *analogy* and the other *homology*, and it is very desirable to bear clearly in mind the distinction which exists between these two relations.

Analogy refers to the use to which any part or organ is put—that is, it refers to its function.

Thus, the flower of the daisy is, as we shall see, analogous to that of the buttercup. The spathe of an arum is analogous to the corolla of the dead nettle (for both serve to shelter the essential parts of the flower).

The foot of a horse is analogous to the foot of a man, and the shell of a tortoise to the shell of an armadillo; for the two former serve for support and locomotion, while the latter two are solid protecting envelopes to the body. So also the flying organ or wing of a bat is analogous to the flying organ or wing of a beetle.

Homology refers to essential similarity in position compared with all the other parts or organs of the body, and must be considered apart from function.

Thus, as we shall see in the next Essay a single floret of the daisy is

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, September, 1879, pp. 36 and 43.

† For explanation of this application of this term see loc. cit., p. 38. ‡ Loc. cit., p. 35.

homologous with the whole flower of the buttercup. The spathe of an arum is the homologue of any bract,* however insignificant in size and apparently devoid of function. The foot of a horse is homologous (as we shall see later) to the middle toe only of man, while the shell of the tortoise is in part homologous with the shell of the armadillo and in part with the ribs of the latter animal.

There is no relation of homology, however remote, between the wings of a bat and of a beetle, and these two animals (as will shortly appear) have the parts and organs of their bodies so fundamentally different, that it is doubtful whether any definite relations of homology can be established between them.

A special term has been devoted to signify a resemblance between two parts in two different animals and plants, which resemblance has been induced by or is directly related to their common needs, and the similarity of external influences. This term is "homoplasy," and structures which may thus be supposed to have grown alike in obedience to the influence of similar external causes acting on similar innate powers have been called *Homoplasts*.

Such, then, are the more general conditions as to structure and figure which living creatures present, and (as has been said) with great differences as to the amount of possible variation, most kinds have a definite limit as to size. It remains only to make general observations on the colours of living creatures.

But a few years ago, hardly any few general remarks of really scientific interest and value could have been made respecting the varied hues and markings which organisms present. No rational relation was even suspected to exist between the colours of plants and the busy insect life which swarms about their blossoms or about the varied colours of birds, and the details of their habits and modes of existence.

It was known, of course, that Arctic foxes and hares became white in winter, and that each benefited by its change, and suffered from the change of the other; the snow tint which enabled the hare to escape also facilitating the unobserved approach of the fox. It was also known that many desert animals were of the colour of the sandy plain they wandered over, and that tree-snakes and tree-frogs were often green. But it seemed incredible that the varied shades or bright adornments of the living world should each and all be governed by rigid laws, generally connected with the welfare of the organisms so furnished. Here, if anywhere, the reign of utilitarianism in Nature appeared to be at an end, and creative fancy to have full play, regardless but of the harmony and beauty thus revealed to appreciating eyes. The labours and fruitful thoughts of Bates and Wallace have, however, opened up a wide field for most interesting inquiry. They have made it evident that in many instances the most direct utility accompanies colour both in animals and

* A kind of leaf the nature of which as well as of spathe, florets, and flowers will be explained in the next Essay.

plants. The colours of flowers serve to attract insects and birds, by the visits of which they are fertilized or their fertility is greatly augmented. It is this relation between attractiveness and insect fertilization which explains the absence of colour from the flowers of plants which are fertilized only by the wind, such as the fir trees before-mentioned, oaks, beeches, nettles, sedges, and many others. It also explains the conspicuousness of the flowers of many oceanic islands, such as those of the Galapagos archipelago. But it also explains, as Mr. Wallace has pointed out, the remarkable beauty of Alpine flowers, by their need of attracting insects from a distance, the conspicuous patches of bright colour serving thus to attract wandering butterflies upwards from the valleys.

But more remarkable still is the explanation given to the semblance borne by the colours of some creatures to those of others of quite a different kind, as of some moths to bees, and some harmless flies to wasps. For now it is clear that by this mimicry they escape the attacks of many enemies, who avoid such apparently dangerous forms. On the other hand, the bright liveries of such offensive creatures are highly useful to the wearers, for such tints act as a warning to enemies, and so save them from their being pounced on by creatures which might fatally wound them, though unable to swallow them. But the beautiful liveries of such powerful predatory kinds as tigers and leopards do not serve as warnings. They serve their wearers, however, none the less, though it is by aiding their concealment, and so allowing their prey to approach them unsuspectingly to fatal nearness. For the vertical stripes of the tiger resemble the vertical shadows of the grasses of the jungle amongst which it lurks, as the scattered spots of the leopard agree with the scattered spots of shadow amongst the foliage of trees on the boughs of which it lies in wait. But to say more on this head would be to anticipate remarks to come, when the relations of living beings to one another are under consideration, and the subject is too extensive to be here treated in full. Moreover, it must be noted that such relations do not by any means serve to explain all the phenomena of organic colour. Direct action is in some curious way exerted upon many organisms, by surrounding tints, and similarly different geographical districts and varieties of locality affect directly the colour of both animals and plants, but these questions will be fully treated of under the head of the relations of animals to the physical world. Suffice it here to note that the phenomena of colour no less than the phenomena of form are in harmony with (whether or not the result of) the active agencies of all environing conditions. But colour of some kind is a universal attribute of all material things. Though apparently most irregularly distributed through the world of life, yet order underlies the seeming confusion. Of certain large groups certain tints are characteristic, as has already been remarked with respect to the great order to which the dandelion belongs. But the same remark may be made of various others, as, for example, of the order *Cruciferae* (to which the wallflower and turnip belong), the flowers of which are generally

white, pink, or yellow, while the gentians, again, are noteworthy for exhibiting pure colours.

But the colours which predominate in the whole mass of living creatures of all kinds are tints of green, brown, or reddish-yellow. Bright colours, such as blue, scarlet, crimson, gold, or silver are exceptional, and the colour blue is especially rare. The borrowed radiance of the inorganic world, in the form of metallic brightness, is especially a characteristic of those living gems, the humming birds; but not a few other animals also exhibit it. Thus, of birds more or less gifted with metallic radiance, though in a less degree than humming birds, may be mentioned the sunbirds, the trogons, and the beautiful family of pheasants; and many insects and many fishes shine with metallic tints.

Brightness of this kind (though the leaves of a few plants have a coppery lustre) is unknown in the world of plants, in which shades of green are overwhelmingly predominant, and are universally present, except in a few exceptional forms, notably the fungi.*

Various aquatic animals belonging to very different groups agree in possessing a perfectly glass-like transparency. Amongst them are fish which live in the ocean; for example, the Teleostean† fish (*Leptocephalus*), also mollusca of all kinds, including even perfectly transparent cuttle fishes.‡ There are also glass-like crustaceans,§ and also planarians|| and sea anemones.¶ Plants, however, never present this character, although by it they might, as well as animals, escape being preyed upon.

Most fishes which inhabit the deep sea are of a dull black colour, though some are white, and the majority of all deep-sea animals, considered as a whole, are more or less decidedly coloured, many brightly so.**

Luminosity is a character of many lowly animals, and it is the presence of minute creatures possessing this character which so often causes the spray dashed from the prow of an advancing ship to appear like a shower of sparks, while glowing bodies traverse the water beneath its surface. Many insects, such as fire-flies and glow-worms, are notoriously luminous. In the vegetable world, however, this character is very rarely present, being only so in certain fungi, some of which exhibit a wonderful luminosity. Humboldt relates that he found this to be especially splendid in mines.

As like phenomena of colour characterize certain groups of living creatures, so also like phenomena of colour may characterize certain geographical regions being common to creatures of very different kinds which inhabit such regions, as we shall hereafter see. The brightest of

* CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, loc. cit., pp. 37 and 43.

† Teleostean fishes are generally bony, but the bones are represented by cartilages in *Leptocephalus*. As to teleosteans, see CONTEMPORARY REVIEW, September, 1879, p. 27.

‡ *Ibid.*, loc. cit., p. 30. § *Ibid.*, loc. cit., pp. 31 and 43. ¶ *Ibid.*, loc. cit., pp. 33 and 43.

** *Ibid.*, loc. cit., p. 34. As examples of transparent sea anemones, *Nautactis* and its allies, belonging to the *Aequorea*, may be mentioned.

** See Moseley's "Challenger," p. 302.

living things, the humming birds, have their true home in the equatorial region of America, to which continent they are exclusively confined. But it is in the equatorial region of the whole earth that we find the most brilliant birds of other kinds, the most brightly coloured reptiles and fishes, the largest and many of the loveliest butterflies, moths and beetles, the most beautiful orchids, the largest of all flowers and of all clusters of flowers.

But neither the temperate, nor even the Arctic nor Antarctic climates are denied the glory of bright tints in the long days of their brief, but sometimes fervid, summer. Indeed, the golden burst of gorse and glow of heather in our temperate zone have, in their way, an unequal charm ; while every here and there Arctic lands and Alpine heights exhibit beauties of colour which are hardly elsewhere presented by the field of animated nature to the eye of man.

ST. GEORGE MIVART.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Sept. 9th, 1879.

THREE months have elapsed since my last letter, and were it not for the suffering people we might treat of the history of the Turkish Government during these months as so many acts in a comedy; but human suffering is never ridiculous, and those who live in the midst of it find nothing amusing in the obstinate stupidity which causes it. It is not pleasant to live among the ruins of a crumbling Empire, however picturesque these ruins may appear at a distance, and however much it may be for the interest of foreign politicians to leave them undisturbed. Whatever may be the course of contemporary thought in England, where the fate of Turkey has unfortunately become a party question, the people of Turkey can only think of it as it affects their own interests, and they desire above all things that the people of England, without distinction of party, should understand their condition as it is. This is a reasonable desire, whether anything can be done for them or not; and these letters are intended to represent contemporary life and thought *in Turkey*.

The Fall of Khairuddin Pacha.

Khairuddin Pacha commenced life as a Circassian slave in Tunis. He came to Constantinople last year as an exiled Prime Minister of the Bey, but possessed of immense wealth which he had accumulated while in office, and with a high reputation for learning, skill as an administrator, and devotion to the faith of Islam. He was well received by the Sultan, who often consulted him in regard to political affairs; and finally, through the influence of France and England, he was appointed Grand Vizier. But he made no friends among the Turkish Pashas, and had no party in the country. Even the most liberal of the governing class regarded him as an interloper, who had neither the ability nor the experience necessary to fit him for the place which he had secured by

European influence. He reciprocated their distrust, and spoke of them freely as a band of bandits. He was too good a Mussulman to attempt to build up a party among the Christians. He depended simply upon his personal influence over the Sultan and the support of the French and English Ambassadors. He succeeded in exiling all the ex-Grand Viziers, but he had still more dangerous enemies among his own colleagues, who thwarted him at every step, worked upon the fears of the Sultan, and brought the affairs of the Government to a dead-lock. He finally proposed to the Sultan a plan of Government which, under the name of reform, involved an abdication of his supreme power in favour of the Grand Vizier. This was supported by all the influence of France, England, and Austria, but opposed by the Ulema and almost the whole governing class. It led to a formal decision on the part of the Ulema, which is of far greater importance than the fall of the Grand Vizier which was the first result of it. It declared that the Sultan ruled the Empire as Caliph, that he was bound by the Sheriat or sacred law, and that he could not delegate his authority to another. Under this decision there can be no such thing as civil government in Turkey. Civil law can never take the place of the Sheriat, and the emancipation of the Christian subjects of the Porte is an impossibility. The Ulema admit the necessity of administrative reform, and recognize the fact that the Empire is in peril; but it must be a return to ancient customs, and not a recognition of the principles of European civilization. They are in favour of limiting the power of the Sultan, but it must be limited by an extension of the influence of the Ulema. This triumph of the Ulema is the one important feature of the Ministerial crisis. As Khairuddin had no party, there are few who regret his fall. As few had any faith in the influence of English moral suasion applied to the Sultan by Sir A. H. Layard, there are few who are disappointed at its failure; but it may be well to note that Sir A. H. Layard and Khairuddin Pacha have both attempted to control the Turkish Government by their personal influence over the Sultan, and have both been defeated by the stronger influence of palace intrigue. There are no doubt certain advantages in maintaining intimate personal relations with an absolute sovereign, but, in fact, no sovereign is so absolute that he cannot be to a great extent controlled by his Ministers; and the Ambassador who is intimate with the Sultan, and seeks to control his actions, is certain to excite the jealousy and opposition of the Ministers and the palace. Even with the Sultan himself, he is obliged to assume a very different tone from that which he would use in dealing with a Minister. He may smile, but he cannot frown—he may suggest, but he cannot threaten—he may persuade, but he cannot dictate—he may secure a promise, but he cannot exact its fulfilment. In the present case he has certainly failed to keep his own *protégé* in office, and, what is more important, he has failed to secure any modifications in the system of government.

The Ulema who have triumphed in this conflict are the most powerful, compact, and thoroughly organized body in Turkey. They represent all the wealthy and influential Turkish families. They monopolize the two great departments of law and religion, and the revenues of the higher orders of the hierarchy are immense. Those who are not fanatics by nature or conviction are so by profession, and their idea of reform is a return to the good old days of the Caliph of Bagdad. The Sultan is afraid of them, and he has reason to be so. When the crisis came it was much easier and safer for him to yield to them than to follow the counsels of Sir A. H. Layard, or to abdicate in favour of Khairuddin Pacha. He could invite the former to dinner oftener than ever, and give the latter a pension. He had nothing to fear from either.

The office of Grand Vizier was abolished for the second time within two years, and a Prime Minister appointed who could be trusted to do nothing; and it is a curious fact that this office is now abolished for the sake of increasing the power of the Sultan, while it was given up two years ago for the purpose of limiting his authority and strengthening that of the Ministry. It was Achmet Vefik Pacha, the most determined and independent man in Turkey, who was then appointed Prime Minister. It is Arifi Pacha, a man who never had an idea of his own, who is now selected to fill the place; while men of strong will and reactionary proclivities like Osman Pacha and Said Pacha continue to hold their places as Ministers of War and Justice.

Sultan Murad.

It must not be supposed that all the Turks are satisfied with this triumph of the Ulema, and the rule of Osman Pacha. Those who are out of office are, of course, dissatisfied. But beyond this there is a strong party at Constantinople which favours a radical change in the Government as the only hope of saving the Empire from destruction. They would limit the power of the Sultan by a genuine Constitution, and a Representative Assembly; but they believe that this can never be accomplished under the present Sultan. The fate of Mithad Pacha is always before their eyes. Their plan is to dethrone Hamid and reinstate Murad, whose liberal views are well known, and whose health is such that he could not resist radical measures even if he did not favour them. I have no means of knowing the real strength of this party, or exactly who are its leaders, nor do I know anything more of the health of Sultan Murad than the fact that his partisans declare that he is quite as sane and strong as his brother. But there is such a party, and it is confident of ultimate success. Of course, it is not supported by the British Ambassador, as Mithad Pacha was in the overthrow of Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz; but it may have other foreign influence behind it, and it would, no doubt, result in the immediate recall of Mithad Pacha to the capital. As I am constitutionally a Conservative and opposed to

revolution, I have not much sympathy with this movement; but I have no doubt that, if Turkey is to be left to herself to work out her own destiny, there is more to be hoped from a Representative Assembly than from any other possible modification of the Government. Mithad Pacha's Parliament was a surprise to the world, and not least to those who devised it. His Constitution was a fraud designed to deceive Europe. The members of his Assembly were selected by the Government, its acts were ignored. It was finally disbanded, and many of its members were imprisoned. But in spite of all this it demonstrated the fact that there was material in Turkey for an independent Assembly, which would be qualified by a little experience to control the Government, and would favour radical reforms in the administration. The governing class at Constantinople is hopelessly corrupt and effete, but men came up to this Assembly from the interior, who might in time have supplanted the present rulers, and infused new life into the administration. Those who now favour an Independent Parliament believe that the present Sultan will never consent to it, and therefore propose to reinstate Murad; but it is possible that if English moral suasion were turned in this direction, it might meet with more success than it has obtained thus far. The Ulema would probably oppose it, although they accepted it as part of the plan of Mithad Pacha. Circumstances have changed, and their experience of the last Assembly was not satisfactory.

There is no reason to suppose that Sultan Murad himself has any part in this plan, or any knowledge of it. He is kept a close prisoner, and guarded from all outside influences with the greatest care, but his name is powerful, for his misfortunes and the well-known amiability of his character have roused the sympathy of the common people in his behalf. They are inclined to regard him as their rightful sovereign, and to believe that he might save them from their present misery. They may be mistaken, but all the world sympathizes with their kindly feeling towards this unhappy prince, whose mind gave way under the burden of responsibility which was suddenly forced upon him, and the shock which he experienced at the death of his uncle and his Ministers, who was himself deposed before he had regained his faculties, and who, for no fault of his own, is doomed to spend his life as a prisoner of State.

The Progress of Reform.

We are officially assured that the change in the Ministry will in no way impede the progress of reform, which has already been carried out in the Department of Justice, and which is soon to be applied to the civil administration. The plan has already been elaborated. It has been sent to the Valis for their approval, and will soon be submitted to the Eastern Roumelia Commission, after which it will be considered by the Sultan and, if approved by him, will be proclaimed in the form of a new *Hatt*. It professes to be a plan for a reorganization of the

Vilayets, on the principle of decentralization and local self-government. It does not seem to excite much interest in any quarter, probably for the reason that all this exists already *on paper*, and that if Aali Pacha could not execute the elaborate scheme, which he proclaimed when the Vilayets were organized, there is not much probability that the new *Hatt* will be any more effective. The people of Turkey have no faith in paper reforms. They are issued as easily as paper money, and are as easily repudiated; they are like leading articles in the daily papers—they are written, read, and forgotten, alike by the author and the reader, within the twenty-four hours. There is an old proverb current among the Turks which says, "The decrees of the Sultan last three days—the day they are made, the day they are kept, and the day they are forgotten." If the proverb were a new one, the second day would be omitted.

The reforms which have been completed by Said Pacha, the Minister of Justice, are not of a nature to encourage the hopes of the people. A large number of new officials have been appointed, but they are of the same class as those already in office. Indeed, there seems to have been a special purpose in these appointments of making it known to the people that no change was to be expected in the method of administering the law. Only seventeen out of one hundred and eighty-three of these new officials are Christians, and the Turkish papers take pains to declare that it is absurd to suppose that Christians are competent to hold these offices. This is the result of the demand of Lord Salisbury that the Courts of the Empire should be reorganized under European control. They will continue to be what they have been, and it will be but a small consolation to the suffering people of Turkey to know that they have been condemned in strong terms by the British Government. The worst feature of the case is that the law offers no man any protection against arbitrary arrest and imprisonment. A man may be thrown into prison and kept there for years without any trial or any knowledge of the charges brought against him. Such cases are very common. Or he may be beaten by the police, or chained in a dungeon, on the most frivolous charge. I knew a case the other day of a Greek who was severely beaten because he requested a police officer to arrest a Turk who was plundering his shop in broad day. All this was done in the presence of a European gentleman, too. There are several Armenians in prison now in Constantinople whose only offence was the wearing of hats in place of the fez. At the same time, crimes of every description are committed with impunity without any apparent effort on the part of the authorities to discover the perpetrators. Almost in sight of Constantinople, and under the immediate jurisdiction of the capital, is a district where for months the peaceful inhabitants of Adabazar have been plundered and murdered by the Circassians. They have appealed again and again to Constantinople for protection. They have tried to interest the Ambassadors in their behalf. They sent a deputation to the Grand Vizier. He had no time to see them, but

turned them over to another official who requested them to present him in writing a statement of the reforms which they thought were needed in the Empire! A few hundred soldiers, or even one determined man sent from Constantinople, would have restored order; but nothing could be done. Five men were murdered while the deputation was in this city. The whole Turkish coast of the Black Sea is infested with brigands who plunder at will. They are well known, but no one thinks of arresting or punishing them. Travellers are only secure when they are provided with a safe-conduct from the leaders. The Reports of the new Consuls in Asia Minor acknowledge a state of things which is almost too bad to be believed. There is no security in the administration of the law for person, property, or life, and there seems to be no prospect of any improvement. Some more radical reform is needed than the appointment of one hundred and sixty-six new Turkish judges.

A scheme of financial reform has also been projected, and the foreign Embassies have been invited to nominate a certain number of persons as inspectors to superintend the collection of the revenue; but this is nothing new. The Imperial Ottoman Bank has nominally held this position for many years, and at times has exercised some control, no doubt with advantage to the Government. A new system of taxation, carried out under the control of honest and responsible Europeans, would increase the revenue of the Government without adding to the burdens of the people; but the place where reform is most needed is in the expenditure rather than the collection of the revenue. The present scheme does not command confidence in Constantinople in regard to the collection of the taxes, and it offers no security for the control of the expenses of the Government. The truth is that the whole financial system is hopelessly corrupt, and, however it may be patched or mended, it will be rotten still. There is no hope for the Turkish Government until it is ready to put its finances into the hands of competent Europeans who shall have absolute control over everything connected with expenditure as well as collection; and I am sorry to say that there seems to be no present prospect of any such arrangement. The enormous expenditure of the Palace is unlimited and uncontrolled, and the Sultan will not submit to any control. Financial reform must begin there, or it will amount to nothing. The present Sultan before he came to the throne was known to be a very careful and economical man, and no doubt he would be glad to be so now, but he has not the courage to break with the traditions of the past—give up his thousands of slaves, women, and palace officials, and live like a European sovereign rather than an Oriental despot. So long as he maintains the present system he must have money, no matter who starves for want of it; and he must continue to take money, on his personal order, from whatever department of the Government may be so happy as to have any in its treasury.

The Government is bankrupt; its revenues are not half enough to meet its current expenses; its army is starving; its civil service forced to live on plunder; its income mortgaged for years in advance to secure loans on which it is paying thirty or forty per cent. interest in one form or another; but still no one would dare to suggest to the Sultan the possibility of his reducing his own expenses to a sum equal to that expended by the Queen of England. Thus far all talk of financial reform is prompted by the desire to borrow more money in Europe to meet the present wants of the Government. These difficulties once surmounted, everything would go on as before. It is no friendship to Turkey to lend her money, until such time as the Sultan and his Ministers are ready for a real reform, beginning at the Palace, and conducted under the control of Europeans appointed and supported by their own Governments. But there is no prospect of any such arrangement.

The Turks do not appreciate the dangers which beset them. They see that the country is in an unsettled state, and they feel the want of money; but the evils of which the people complain are nothing new. They exist now in an aggravated form, on account of the war and the confusion which has reigned for several years at Constantinople; but the Turks see no reason why they should not be reduced to a normal state, and be quietly endured for centuries to come, as they have been for centuries past. Their attention is directed exclusively to their foreign relations, and whatever is said or done about reform is intended solely to conciliate public opinion in Europe. Could the rulers here be brought face to face with a really independent Representative Assembly, freely chosen by the people, they would be made to think less of Europe and more of Turkey. They would see that their rule has become well-nigh intolerable, even to the Mussulman population of the Empire. Then there would be some hope of genuine administration and financial reform. It is even possible that the Christian element in such an Assembly might be strong enough to secure, in time, the emancipation of the non-Mussulman population—and it should never be forgotten that this must come in some form. England does not insist upon it now, but she will, and so will all Europe. It would be far better for Turkey if it could be brought about by the Christians themselves; but if it is not, it will be forced upon the Turks by direct European intervention, or possibly by the overthrow of the Empire.

The Egyptian Crisis.

The affairs of Egypt have been so fully discussed in England that it is unnecessary for me to do more than to indicate the course of thought on this subject at Constantinople. At the outset, the Sultan and his Ministers sympathized with the Khedive. They feared that European intervention at Cairo would pave the way for a similar intervention here; and when he appealed to the Sultan he had reason to expect his support. But the Turks thought they saw their opportunity

to regain their hold on Egypt, and the Khedive was summarily removed. The Turkish papers here did not hesitate to rejoice over it as a "new conquest of Egypt," and it is still believed here that this view of the subject was encouraged by England, that it was the purpose of Lord Beaconsfield to escape from the embarrassing demands of France by restoring Egypt to the control of the Sultan.

But when the Turks found that they had been misled or mistaken, and that Egypt was less than ever under their control, they regretted the steps which had been taken, and began once more to sympathize with the Khedive whom they had deposed. He was very liberal in his expenditure of money at Constantinople, and always found it for his interest to maintain a host of retainers here; but the new Khedive will have no money to spend here, and will need agents in Paris and London rather than in Constantinople. The tribute-money no longer comes here, but is paid to bondholders in England and France. There is no hope of putting any more Turks into lucrative offices in Egypt. In short, the connection of that country with Turkey is no longer anything more than nominal, and the Turks feel their disappointment very keenly. They have now but one hope left. They understand very well the difficulties which must arise from a joint protectorate by France and England, and hope that the mutual jealousies of these Powers may throw Egypt once more into the hands of Turkey. The tone of the French press, even of so cautious and conservative a periodical as the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, gives them some ground for this hope; but the Khedive lost his throne by giving too much importance to this mutual jealousy, which manifested itself much more plainly in Egypt than it did in Europe; and it is to be hoped that the Turks will be equally disappointed. Every one in the East regards the present situation as impracticable and temporary, but it may result in the independence of Egypt under a general European protectorate, or in a further division of the Ottoman Empire by the annexation of Egypt to England and Syria to France. The opportunity of annexing Egypt without compensation to France was lost when England refused to listen to the suggestions of Germany three years ago, because, as Lord Derby is reported to have said, it would have shocked the moral sense of the world.

The Greek Question.

The Greek Question is not a simple one. Very few questions connected with the East are simple. The aspirations of the kingdom of Greece are natural. Her appeal to Europe was justifiable, and there can be no question of the advantage which it would be to Greece, and to the populations of Epirus, Thessaly, and Crete, if these provinces were annexed to the kingdom. If this were all, they would be annexed, and all the world would rejoice. It is to be regretted that the Congress of Berlin did not shut its eyes to other considerations and settle it

off-hand in this way; but they did not, and no Power now exists which can do so.

These provinces belong to Turkey, and she cannot see that it is for her interest to give them up. Greece cannot possibly offer her anything in return for them, and, as against Turkey, she has no claim upon them. The Congress of Berlin advised Turkey to arrange, by friendly negotiation, for the cession of a part of them; but there is really no ground upon which a negotiation can be based. Turkey is ready to yield something out of respect to Europe, but she naturally wishes to give up as little as possible. Then there are other Powers interested. Austria and Italy, but especially the former, have their own views of the destiny of European Turkey, and their own plans of aggrandizement. Albania and Macedonia have to be considered. England, France, and Russia, also, are looking forward to the future, and questioning how the settlement of this question will affect their plans for the final solution of the Eastern Question. Here is room for intrigues without end, and complications without limit.

The Greeks are indignant, especially against England and Austria; and their papers here have used some very disagreeable language. They are now solemnly protesting against the right of Sir A. H. Layard and Count Zichy to take a short vacation, so long as this question remains unsettled. Some of them seem to believe that Osman Pacha really contemplates a reconquest of Greece itself, and that England might consent to it. All this is absurd; but there can be no doubt about the fact that England and Austria have thus far opposed the claims of Greece, and that Austria and Turkey have, each in her own way, contributed to excite discontent in Albania, and keep up a state of anarchy in Macedonia. A leading paper in Vienna, ten days ago, openly declared that it was the intention of Austria to push on to Salonica, after taking possession of Novi Bazaar. She certainly has very little sympathy with Greece, and if this question is to be settled at all she will keep the Greeks as far from Salonica as possible.

The Turkish papers are allowed to discuss this question with perfect freedom, and one of the most moderate, the *Djeridei Haradis*, says:—

“If the Hellenic Kingdom is desirous of avoiding a war with the Albanians, it ought to follow the line of conduct proposed by the Porte. If it acts in opposition to it, a war will follow which can only result in ruin, as has happened before. If the Porte had only to satisfy Greece, it is probable that it would show itself yielding, but the Imperial Government cannot, with a light heart, provoke a conflict and see the blood of its subjects poured out, for the Albanians have decided to defend their country, arms in hand. It is astonishing that Europe, in according the demands of Greece, completely forgets the rights of the Albanians.”

The Commission appointed to settle this question is now in session at Constantinople, and some arrangement may be made, but the current opinion in the city, among both Greeks and Turks, is that neither party will yield anything. Another meeting is to be held to-morrow; and if

the Greeks are ready to give up Janina, a settlement is possible—in spite of the Albanians. The impression is that they will not fight, although the Greeks in Thessaly and Epirus have roused their hostility, and have failed to do anything to conciliate them in past years. They have an honest fear of being Hellenized by force, and although they have little sympathy for the Turkish Government, and are constantly quarrelling among themselves, they still have a strong national pride, and they may take up arms in good earnest. If they do, it will be a serious matter for Greece.

The Principality of Bulgaria.

Bulgaria is enjoying a brief period of comparative repose. The Russians have left the country. The Prince has assumed the reins of Government. The people are busy with their harvests, and, except in certain districts where the disbanded soldiers of the Turkish army have taken to brigandage, there is peace and quiet everywhere, and there is no reason to fear anything more disquieting than the excitement of a general election.

The Principality has a great advantage over Eastern Roumelia, in that it has secured its independence, and can work out its destiny by itself, without any interference on the part of the Turks or of an European Commission; but both Prince and people are without experience, and there are no popular leaders who have any practical knowledge of government. The people are jealous of their newly-acquired rights, and naturally opinionated and disputatious. The coming elections will no doubt cause great political excitement, and the new Assembly will not be very easily managed, or be likely to win the admiration of Europe by its wisdom. It should be remembered, however, that this lack of experience is the misfortune and not the fault of the Bulgarians, and that Europe has not dealt with them in a way to win their confidence and command their respect. It has left them with a grievance which they can never forget for a moment, which must influence all their political action, and which forces them to maintain intimate relations with Russia, which is not a country where they can learn political wisdom, although it has given them a Constitution which is a model of liberality. There was nothing in the Russian administration of the province which was adapted to prepare them for such a Constitution, or teach them how to conduct a free and liberal government. Prince and people have to begin everything for themselves. Indeed, they are probably worse off than they would have been if there had been no civil administration attempted in the province by the Russians. An army of occupation of any country is unfitted for the organization of civil government. This was attempted on a grand scale in the Southern States of America after the civil war, and under exceptionally favourable circumstances, but all these civil governments, established and fostered by military force, were unsatisfactory while they continued, and disappeared when the army was withdrawn. If this was a work which could not be accomplished by the

United States, and by an army which was made up chiefly of civilians, it is not strange that, with all possible goodwill, the Czar of Russia failed to establish a satisfactory civil administration in Bulgaria. He gave them as good a Prince as was to be found in the German market, and as liberal a Constitution as any in Europe. He maintained order and protected all classes as long as his soldiers remained in the country; but the whole administration was necessarily Russian in its spirit and methods, and altogether unlike what it ought to be under the new Constitution. The Bulgarians who were trained under it will have to unlearn much that they have learned, and begin anew, or they will fail to satisfy the people. All this is the misfortune rather than the fault of the nation, and it has a right to expect that Europe will be patient and friendly, while it gains by experience the wisdom which no nation has ever acquired in any other way.

Prince Alexander is young, and as inexperienced as his people, but those who know him best have confidence in his good sense, and he is said to be not unlike the late Prince Albert in character. He will need all his good qualities to attain success; and if successful, he will certainly deserve to be ranked with the Prince Consort and King Leopold. His work certainly involves more self-denial than either of theirs, and not less tact and good sense. He was no doubt elected through the influence of Russia; but he is no mere creature of the Czar, and has no desire to act as a Russian agent. On the contrary, he is heartily in sympathy with the liberal ideas of the West, and anxious to secure the goodwill of England. Thanks to the efforts of Mr. Palgrave, the English Consul-General, this does not seem to the Bulgarians so hopeless a task as it once did.

The Prince was received by his people with the greatest enthusiasm. No sovereign was ever more heartily welcomed, and each stage of his journey was a new triumph. He probably appreciated this all the more from the fact that his visit to Constantinople was made as disagreeable as possible. He was first refused permission to come at all, on the pretence that his life would be in danger. This plea was too absurd to deceive any one, but it might have caused serious difficulty if he had not appealed to the Great Powers, and at the same time manifested a disposition to conciliate the Porte by proposing to limit his stay at Constantinople to a visit of a few hours. He arrived in the Bosphorus in the morning, and left in the afternoon. He was received by the Sultan, but was told that owing to the pressure of business his Firman was not ready, and could not be delivered to him. No Bulgarian was allowed to approach him, and no boat allowed to go out to his steamer. Large bodies of troops were stationed along his route and about the Russian Embassy, and he was treated very much like a prisoner of State. It is not easy to understand why this farce was played by the Turks, or what they expected to gain by it. They probably refused the permission in the first place with the intention of treating him as an ordinary

Turkish Vali, and sending his Firman to be read in public at Tirnova by a Turkish official; but after the failure of this plan there was no obvious reason for treating him as they did at Constantinople. Some have supposed that it was intended as a studied insult to the Prince, others that it was an elaborate practical joke played upon the Russian Embassy, which had at one time suggested that it was unnecessary for the Prince to come to Constantinople, as other vassal Princes had always done. But whatever may have been the motive which prompted this singular treatment, it only served to make the reception of the Prince the next day at Varna more impressive, and to give more importance to the wild enthusiasm of his new subjects, who could not have received him with greater joy if he had himself just delivered them from the hated rule of the Turks. He was inaugurated at Tirnova, the ancient capital, and then went at once to Sofia, the new seat of government. His first difficulty was the choice of a Ministry. Two parties had already been developed in the Constitutional Assembly which adopted the Constitution and elected the Prince. They grew out of a difference of opinion in regard to religious liberty, freedom of the press, the right of association, with other similar questions, and at once assumed the names, Conservative and Liberal. The Conservative party included the clergy of the Bulgarian Church, and some of the best educated and most enlightened Bulgarians, who felt that too much liberty was a dangerous thing for a people brought so suddenly from bondage to freedom—who feared that the country would be flooded with Nihilism, Socialism, and all other isms. The Liberal party, however, had a large majority in the Assembly, and was led with considerable skill by two or three experienced politicians, who were wise enough to avoid extreme measures. When the Prince arrived, he attempted to form a Ministry which should include the leaders of both these parties; but for some reason the majority of those selected were Conservatives, and the Liberals declined to serve with them, so that he has a Conservative Ministry, with the probability that the new Assembly will have a strong Liberal majority. This is an unfortunate beginning, as the party conflict which is likely to ensue will probably weaken the influence of some of the best men in the nation, who are really Liberal in their views, but who fear that absolute liberty will degenerate into license and sap the foundations of religion and morality. They do not think that the people are ready for "a free Church in a free State." They fail to see that the influence of the Church can only be strengthened by educating the clergy and reviving their spiritual life. The Bulgarians are naturally a religious people; but, both while they were under the Greek Patriarch, and since they have received their independence, their Church has been an essentially political organization. It needs now to be spiritualized. The best men of both parties acknowledge this; but, as in all other countries, there is a difference of opinion as to how far it should be defended and supported by the State.

I have said that this division of parties was an unfortunate beginning for this new State, but after all it is far better that there should be real living questions before the people than that politics should degenerate into a new struggle for office. The very discussion of these questions will tend to educate the people and revive the Church, and it will probably be found that when a new Liberal Ministry is formed the responsibilities of office will make it as conservative in most respects as the present Government. The Prince has the confidence of all the people, and will no doubt accept the result of the coming elections as a Constitutional sovereign, and then direct the attention of the people to other questions of the utmost importance concerning the organization of the various departments of the Government. No doubt serious difficulties will be encountered and mistakes will be made, but the spirit of the people is good. They desire good order, peace, and quiet, and they will make every effort to secure it. They merit the sympathy and goodwill of all civilized nations, and especially of those who believe in free government and liberal institutions.

Eastern Roumelia.

The condition of affairs in Eastern Roumelia is much less hopeful, as the difficulties encountered in the organization of the Government are very much greater and more numerous. North of the Balkans they are only such as might be experienced by any new Representative Government in any civilized country, but in the nondescript province of Roumelia the people are suffering from evils inflicted upon them by the Congress of Berlin. Everything is unsettled. No one knows who rules the country, or what is the form of government. It seems to be for the interest of certain parties to prolong this state of things and introduce as much disorder as possible. The people are kept in a constant state of excitement, and no one knows what to expect from one day to another. The Congress of Berlin is primarily responsible for this, and no doubt it was for the interest of Austria to keep up a state of anarchy and confusion in European Turkey. It was her plan to absorb the European provinces herself, and the way must be kept open to Salonica and if possible to Constantinople. It is believed here that England went to Berlin with a secret agreement to support these pretensions of Austria, but no one sees exactly how England is to profit by this arrangement. It is certain that no one in Turkey gained anything by the division of Bulgaria, but the evils which have resulted would have been much less if in addition to this division the Congress had not devised the extraordinary scheme of giving different forms of Government to the two Bulgarias. This plan, of course, insured the permanent discontent of the whole Bulgarian nation, but, worse than this, it made the impression upon the Turks and Greeks that the arrangement for Eastern Roumelia was only a temporary one, and that by skillful agitation they might overturn it. They have not failed to

improve this opportunity. The Phanariote and Roumelian Greeks are doing everything in their power to create disturbance and cause difficulty in Eastern Roumelia. An unceasing torrent of abuse is poured out upon the Bulgarians by the Greek papers and their French organ the *Phare du Bosphore*. They are full of false statements and misrepresentations of every kind, and a portion of the Greeks in the province act in full sympathy with these papers. Free Greece does not sympathize with this crusade, and an attempt was made a few weeks since to induce the Greeks here to come to an understanding with the Bulgarian Church, by withdrawing the excommunication and arranging for harmonious co-operation. It is understood that the Patriarch was in favour of this, but the Greek papers here opposed it with a violence which was incomprehensible to the uninitiated. They declared that "the maintenance of the schism was the only hope of Hellenism," and appealed to the Porte to prevent by force a reconciliation "which would inevitably result in the union of Greeks and Bulgarians to drive out the Turks and divide the country between them." This opposition on the part of the Phanariotes prevented the execution of the plan.

The Turks also are doing what they can to create disturbance in the province, and find some excuse for occupying it with their army. This was, of course, to be expected, and is in some degree excusable. They naturally wish to regain possession of this rich province, and they feel that they have cause of complaint against the Bulgarians, who do not receive the returning refugees with much cordiality. There are real difficulties on both sides which cannot fail to give rise to serious trouble. It is a pity that the whole arrangement could not have been left to a really impartial Commission, free to act on principles of equity and common sense. The difficulties are such as these, for example. There are many towns where the Bulgarian quarter was burned by the Turks. When the Turks fled and the Bulgarians returned, they occupied the Turkish houses, and they are now naturally disinclined to give them up to the refugees and camp in the fields. Again, there are many cases where the Bulgarians were deprived of their lands in the most iniquitous manner some years ago, under the pretence of a new law in regard to title-deeds. These lands were seized by rich Turks, who fled during the war, but now come back to claim them. The Bulgarians have the original titles and the Turks new ones. To whom do the lands rightly belong?

There are other cases where Turks return who are known to have taken part in the massacres. There has been a general amnesty, but it can hardly be expected that these persons will be well received. These are only a few of the many difficulties connected with the return of the refugees which irritate the Turks and the Bulgarians both; and in some cases both parties merit our sympathy.

In addition to these deliberate attempts to make trouble on the part of the Turks, Greeks, and also of some few hot-headed Bulgarians who

are foolish enough to suppose that a disturbance might hasten their union with the Principality, the confusion in the Government is a source of constant trouble. No one knows what the Government is. The Porte claims supreme authority, and sends peremptory orders to the Pacha. The Pacha naturally considers himself the head of the Government. The European Commission claims the right to exercise control whenever it sees fit. The Consuls assume the right to intrigue or to dictate in the name of their respective Governments. The Administrative Council, a majority of which is Bulgarian, considers itself to be responsible for the administration, and there is a Constitution of hundreds of articles which is theoretically the law of the land. A National Assembly is soon to be added to the list. The militia have been under the command of a Levantine Frenchman, who was not responsible to the Governor, and who does not appear to have had a single qualification for his office. Happily he has just been replaced by a better man.

Having inflicted all this confusion upon Eastern Roumelia, the European Powers are complaining that the people do not know how to govern themselves! Perhaps they do not, but as yet they have had no opportunity to make the experiment. If peace and quiet is ever to be restored to this unhappy province, the Government must be simplified and consolidated; it must be left to manage its own affairs, and to make the best it can of the elaborate Constitution which Europe has conferred upon it. Alecko Pacha is not a great man, but he was the best man available for his position, and he is a man who is much more likely to throw up his office in disgust at the trouble which it gives him than to lend himself to any scheme for resisting the will of Europe. He ought to be encouraged and supported. The Bulgarians, who constitute the majority of the population, are discontented at the arbitrary action which separated them from the Principality, but they are satisfied that they have nothing to gain from any present agitation of this question, and they only desire to be left to govern themselves in accordance with the decision of Europe, and to be assured that they will not be turned over again to the tender mercies of the Turkish Government. The fear of this is universal, and it is this fear which keeps them in a state of constant excitement. It is not without reason. A large Turkish army is camped on their borders. The Porte is seeking some excuse for entering the province. Certain European representatives at Philippopolis are always threatening this, and the people believe that they are intriguing to bring it about. Everything is in confusion and uncertainty in regard to the Government, and nothing seems settled. There can be no peace and quiet in a country which is in constant fear of invasion, and something ought to be done to remove this fear from Eastern Roumelia. The Turkish army should certainly be removed, and the Porte should be warned to let Alecko Pacha alone and allow him to organize his Government as best he can. If this

source of fear and irritation were removed, the Bulgarians would accept the situation and make the best of it. It would be for their interest to do so, and an industrious, thrifty population is always quick to see what is for its interest.

The gymnastic clubs, which were originally formed for another purpose, are now kept up and supported by sober, conservative men, simply from this fear of a Turkish invasion. If the fear were removed these associations would be dissolved at once, as they ought to be; for Bulgarian merchants are not in the habit of spending money for anything which is not essential to their well-being. These clubs are not revolutionary, but they might become a source of disorder if they were made permanent.

It is not probable that the European Powers will allow any invasion of the country; but the Turks have always in hand the pretence of sending troops to occupy the Balkans, and this fact to some extent justifies the fears of the Bulgarians. If there were danger of another Russian invasion, the Turks would be fully justified in occupying the passes at once, and there is nothing in Eastern Roumelia to prevent or even delay such an occupation; but under present circumstances, when there is nothing to be feared from Russia—when peace and quiet is the thing of all others to be desired—the occupation of the Balkans would be a crime.

AN EASTERN STATESMAN.

CONTEMPORARY BOOKS.

I.—HISTORY AND LITERATURE OF THE EAST.

(Under the Direction of Professor E. H. PALMER.)

COLONEL MALLESON certainly did well to claim permission to rewrite Sir John Kaye's last volume (*History of the Indian Mutiny*, by Colonel Malleison, Vol. I., London: W. H. Allen & Co.), and comparison of the two may afford to the historian of the future valuable aid in interpreting the volumes yet to come. A great part of the present must be held to be the work of the virulent pamphleteer and violent partisan rather than of the historian, and if the quotations and references to the Red Pamphlet indicate relations between Colonel Malleison and its author, the publishers cannot be held to have exercised a wise discretion in their choice.

The task of the reviewer of such a book is unusually heavy. Book for book, almost chapter for chapter, it is intended to replace Sir John Kaye's work, and the reviewer therefore needs to study the two carefully, and to compare them minutely. Colonel Malleison, no doubt, had access to Sir John Kaye's materials, but within a certain field seems to have been unable to see the other side of any question. To arm, to leave Sepoys armed, is simply to detain European troops to watch them; it is nothing that to disarm them is to drive them, and all their connections, will with terror as sheep marked for the slaughter, yet be cannot be ignorant of the cases in which a few bad men committed a regiment, and how whole regiments "went" in terror of their masters' vengeful distrust.* In saying, as he does so confidently, that by enrolling the Calcutta Volunteers on their first offer, on 24th May, Lord Canning would have set free half a European regiment, Colonel Malleison must have been thinking of what the Volunteers might have been fit to do had they been enrolled and drilled six months before,—provided they had been willing to take the day work of garrison duty, and to think more of the State than of the house and furniture at Ballygunj: the real profit of the enrolment was the confidence and cheerfulness organization gave to the Europeans themselves. And—to take a more important instance—the "Gagging Act" was an insolent expression of distrust of Englishmen, an attempt to prevent their opinions reaching England in print. For distrust of their discretion English editors had given cause enough, and for influencing English opinion, as Indian newspapers may be said to be unknown in England in their original sheets, a letter from the editor of the *Friend of India* to any English paper would have been as sure of English readers, and of as much weight with them, as if it had been set up in the damp printing-house at Serampore.

Colonel Malleison quotes from the "Red Pamphlet," as Sir John Kaye had done before him, a smart description of "Panic Sunday." From Colonel Cavanagh's

* The Sixth was never heard of after the massacre of its officers; a dozen men were enough for that work, and there are those still living who believe that the percentage of traitors in its ranks was small. At Benares, &c., the mace-guard held the mass prisoner against all comers till the station was quiet, and then through sheer terror marched off with out plunder.

report it seems pretty clear that the higher classes—the "society"—of Calcutta were not among the refugees in the fort, and as Secretaries to Government and Members of Council may be counted on the fingers, it would be as well if the historian would name the fugitives before death takes all who could answer the charge. We have had access to the diary of a young civilian, then a guest of the Member of Council who lived furthest from Government House, away in Alipore, beyond the house of the Lieutenant-Governor and the great jail of Alipore; and the lines of the native regiment which was the great terror of Calcutta: on that Sunday, host and guest went to the Cathedral twice as usual, and after the evening service the guest returned home, while the host drove to Calcutta to call on some cousins; as the cousins had driven to Alipore, and the visitors at both houses waited a while those households at least were afoot till a later hour than usual, and at last went to bed as usual without closing an extra door.

The second chapter closes with an impassioned peroration, wherein the removal of Mr. William Tayler from his post at Patna is likened to the judicial murder of Lally, and the starvation of Dupleix. It is clear enough, from Colonel Malleon's account, that Mr. Tayler liked to carry out his own plans too well to risk interference by over-frankness to his superiors. In the face of an enemy such concealment may be as mischievous as disobedience, and Sir John Kaye reminds us that at an earlier date confidence in Mr. Tayler's judgment had been shaken, and his report of his message to his district officers, the report which immediately preceded, and probably led to, his suspension, says nothing of the clause which sets the treasure above anything save human life. Under any circumstances Mr. Tayler's defence is not helped by sharp censures on Mr. Money, or by blindness to the fact that the best intelligence made a march to Patna seem more perilous than the far longer one through a jungle country to Calcutta. Wise after the event, indeed, we may see that Mr. Tayler's forecast was sounder than Mr. Halliday's, but the Lieutenant-Governor, and Lord Canning too, could only act on the circumstances known to them, and Mr. Tayler was replaced by an officer of yet higher rank in the official hierarchy, and probably forestalled renewed promotion by resigning the Service as soon as he could get a pension. But why were not his services rewarded? asks Colonel Malleon, ready with the hard word "intrigue." But who were the sharers in the intrigue, and who was to profit by it? Men whom Lord Canning sharply rebuked and degraded were yet recommended by him for honour, and no courteous letter from Mr. Talbot can do away with the fact that the Viceroy, writing when all heat of strife was over and all facts known, yet did not obtain for Mr. Tayler any distinction.

On one point, however, we are bound to protest against Sir John Kaye's harsh judgment: to him the arrest of the Wahabi leaders was a scandalous breach of the usages of war. But they were unquestionably subjects of the British Crown, and the question surely is—would they have resisted arrest by ordinary process or not? If not, they had to thank Mr. Tayler for courteous consideration in arresting them himself, and detaining them in honourable captivity, in resisting they would have been guilty of that rebellion against their sovereign in which there was too good reason to believe them sharers.

On the many points whereon both authors are in substantial accord it would be waste of space to touch, and we pass to the other important episode in which Colonel Malleon traverses Sir John Kaye's judgment, and here our verdict is with the later author: in treating of Durand's conduct at Indore, Colonel Malleon seems to have risen above the region of personal feeling, if not of personal knowledge, so that while his full and vivid narrative shows plainly the difficulties, political and strategical, of Durand's position and also of his retreat, he shows us clearly that it is no simple case of Durand *versus* Holkar, but one in which each may be commended without loss of credit to the other.

So much space has been of necessity devoted to the chief points on which the two authors are at variance, that none is left for the transactions which Colonel Malleon's changed arrangement brings into the present volume, though Kaye had intended for them a place in some later one. His work in the new field makes us only the more regret that he did not bring to his task the unbiased mind of a man who had never known the author of the Red Pamphlet or Mr. William Tayler. But we would, in a concluding word, beg him to revise his Indian spelling, to a man who has once felt the charm of a fancy rule the claims of established usage go for nothing, but at all events he may be decently consistent, why does Colonel Malleon double so many letters which in Urdu are single, and why does he spell the name of the smart and famous, if now obscure, town of Jaunpore as though it were "the City of Life"?

Captain Low's *History of the Indian Navy* (2 vols., London: Bentley & Son) has long been reproachfully demanding notice; it is easy to say something about such a work, not easy to treat it worthily. A man could hardly put together 1100 pages of small type without recording many noteworthy facts, but all matters of interest might have been packed in much smaller compass, and so packed would have found more readers and a more favourable verdict.

The two volumes trace the rise and fall of the Navy from its germ in the "ten grabs and gullets" taken up for the defence of the factory and shipping of Surat in 1615, through the period of its glory when its ships bore the Company's flag alongside of the Royal Navy on many hard-fought days, through its decline, when they carried mails or transported troops with rare enjoyment of a brush, to its abolition in our own time, when, less fortunate than its sister service, it fell a victim to mutiny and disorders in which it had no share.

The first period in its history ends with the year 1759, when, with the capture of Gheriah, and the destruction of Angria's power, piracy as a business of State came to an end, and when the ruin of the Seedee, and the substitution of the Company as High Admiral of the Mogul Empire, placed the local Marine first among the maritime powers of India. Its first serious service was in the operations which broke the power of the Portuguese in the Gulf, and in 1622 reduced Ormuz from an emporium of proverbial wealth and magnificence to its normal condition of a poor barren island, and for many years the Portuguese found it as much occupation as the pirates who might well have been its first concern. No doubt the captains of well-armed Indian men, whose crews were borrowed for service on grabs and gullets, looked down on the latter as a sort of coastguard, but the aid of such light craft was invaluable against the shoals of small vessels which beset new-comers fore and aft, pouring down crowds of well-armed men from their long overhanging prows. For in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries the shores of the Indian Ocean swarmed with pirates, kept down indeed by the Portuguese in the heyday of their power, but making head again till, by the middle of the seventeenth century, according to Italian travellers, they feared none but Dutch and English, and these only for a pestilent practice of firing the magazine rather than surrender. Yet to the Mogul governor of Surat probably the pirates of home growth was less objectionable than the intrusive trader, and indeed the Nuwab was not without excuse if he regarded the European as a more powerful pirate, seeing that some commanders took by force goods which the native owner would not sell, others ransomed ships not said to belong to the Mogul's ports, the mutinous crews of others became open pirates, and lastly, we find Captain Kidd, and other heroes of the black flag, practising their vocation in these seas. The native pirate, the European rival, and the professional rover, kept the local marine pretty well employed, but it is not always easy to distinguish between the services of this body and the Company's armed trading ships.

Of more interest to the Mogul Government than foreign trade were the vessels in which Mohammedan pilgrims of all ranks sailed to Arabian and Persian shrines, and for their benefit it came to terms with the Seedee, better known to us as the Hubshi of Jinjirah, the boldest of the pirates, giving him a large allowance and high rank to secure his convoy. The Company made more than one attempt to supplant him, and indeed furnished ships to guard the Mocha-Jeddah fleet in 1698, but the Seedee kept his office till 1759; in the general decay of the central power he first neglected, then openly defied, the Governor of Surat, and instead of protecting trade became its chief oppressor, till at last, in 1759, after much negotiation, the Nuwab induced the Bombay Government to intervene, and as a reward obtained for the Company the Seedee's office. What direct profit the Company derived from the appointment Captain Low does not tell us; the omission can hardly be the consequence of the lamented destruction of papers which followed the sale of the old India House, for he records that in 1694 the Seedee's subsidy amounted to four lacs, no doubt considerably bettered by presents, and in 1735 the money allowance was but a lac and a half; the revenues of the districts and customs assigned to the Company went to support the Surat squadron, but the fees of office granted to the officer who was its deputy amounted to near a lac of rupees a year; it is well to remember that the British garrison pay was but Rs 1,000 a year, that the Governor of Bombay had but some £500, and that till near the end of the century private trade was allowed no one, however, was permitted to enjoy this great prize for a second year. Whatever were the profits to the Company, the Nuwab could see that it did more for its wages than the Seedee, for in the next nine years the Surat squadron destroyed near a hundred pirate vessels of the Gulfs of Cutch and Cambay.

After another seventy years the Bombay Marine became in name what, as the only

local armed fleet, it had long been in fact—the Indian Navy. Wherever round the basin of the Indian Ocean there had been fighting in those years, the vessels of the Bombay Marine had borne the British flag with honour, though the services of officers and crews, both afloat and ashore, had been too sparingly recognised. And in those years was commenced the series of surveys which are still the chief authorities for the navigation of the Eastern seas, and have given the names of Krumm, Moresby, Haines, and Taylor a permanent place in history. But men who entered the Bombay Marine were still serving efficiently when the Indian Navy was abolished, in the belief that ships of the Royal Navy would carry on the police of the seas as efficiently, but at less annual cost, and that other arrangements might be made for the business of inland navigation and transport, the necessity for recurrent shore surveys seems not to have been foreseen, though already a special department has been created and placed under a retired officer of the Indian Navy. It is impossible not to admit that, through its want of influential friends, the Service was treated unjustly. The guarantee of "Colonel Sykes's clause" has, through repeated agitation, been made so effectual for officers of the Indian Army that men of forty have retired as full colonels, because all their regimental seniors had joined the Staff Corps, while the officers of the Indian Navy were forced to retire without appeal on something like the pension of their rank. But they must have felt a grim satisfaction in knowing that they had outlived the piracy which had been the scourge of Western India and the first cause of the creation of the force, their last serious service was in administering a final pounding to their old enemies the Waghers, the last survivors of the flourishing pirate communities of Kattyawar.

Besides surveys of the Eastern seas, European nations trading with India are indebted to the Indian Navy for the opening up of the Overland Route, and so, indirectly, for the construction of the Suez Canal. Without steam, indeed, the Red Sea could never have become a highway of commerce, while with its extended use that great canal could not for ever be closed; but the *Hugh Lindsay* of the Indian Navy, the first steamer constructed in the East, which after thirty years of service, was still staunch enough for work as a tug at Kumchi, was the first steamer to appear on its waters, making the voyage to and from Suez in 1839, under the command of Captain John Lindsay. The expense of the voyage, however, was so great that, after seven trips, the Court bade the Government of Bombay only repeat it in case of emergency, and it was reserved for Lieutenant Waghorn, also of the Indian Navy, by sacrifice of his private fortune and professional prospects and ten years' unceasing labour, to prove that communication with India through the Red Sea was not only a luxury of State, but a profitable commercial enterprise. From his labours all have profited save himself and his family, and the only public acknowledgment of his services is a bust in the Canal Garden at Suez.

With some labour, caused by the want of an index, many notices of interest might be quarried from Captain Low's pages. The early history of Bombay, the antecedents of the rulers of Muscat and Zanzibar, the settlement at Aden, the true story of Perim, the achievements of the Sepoy Marines, who are now represented by two regular regiments of the Bombay Army, all invite notice, but our space is exhausted. Yet we must find room to mention the self-denial of Commodore Hayerz, who, rather than embroil the Company with China, released two junks captured in running the blockade from Batavia with Dutch property, and so sacrificed his large share of £200,000 lawful prize; and the gallantry of Midshipman Denton, who, unable to board a proa, lashed her bowsprit to the taffrail of his gunboat, and so continued his course, fighting her all the time. And for contrast with the experience of the Bay of Bengal, where we believe that the full pressure of a great cyclone has never been recorded, as the anemometers have broken with a pressure of sixty pounds, we may note that, in the cyclone of November, 1854, so famous at Bombay, the pressure did not exceed thirty-five pounds to the square foot: with such a storm as that which raged in Calcutta in October, 1864, the whole native town of Bombay would come down like a house of cards. We are sorry not to have been able to notice Captain Low's labours more favourably; particular points which we had noted for objection we will pass over in silence.

Captain Richard Barton is *facile princeps* of modern travellers. There scarcely any part of the world which he has not visited, and wherever he goes he seems to have the history, geography, and ethnology of the country at his fingers' ends. His last important contribution to geographical science is the account of his visit to the Land of Midian, whither he went, commissioned by the ex-Khodie

of Egypt, in search of the gold mines of which the ancient Arab geographer and others speak. The results of his expeditions are published in two works, *The Gold-Mines of Midian and the River of Misasit Cities* (London: C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1878) and *The Land of Midian (Revisited)*, 2 vols., issued by the same publishers during the present year. Having received an invitation from the ex-Viceroy, Captain Burton proceeded to Cairo in March, 1877, where an expedition was organized for the purpose of exploring the auriferous region. The author's comparison of the Cairo of the present time with the city as he knew it in his old pilgrim days, and as it is described in Lane's "Modern Egyptians," forms, although only incidental, a very interesting portion of the book. The *Hajj* or *Sa'at* also is a good specimen of Captain Burton's style, and contains at once a topographical sketch, an archaeological and historical description, and a happy and amusing account of the modern city, its society, and surroundings. Midian, still known to its inhabitants, as by the medieval Arabic geographers, *Ar-Ramla*, the Land of Midian, is that part of Arabia which occupies the east coast of the Gulf of Akabah, and extends some two degrees further to the south. The borders are somewhat difficult to ascertain, and it is probable that the ancient Midianites, like some of the larger and more powerful Bedawin tribes of the present day, wandered far and wide, and that their limits shrink or extend according to their numbers, or the resisting power of their neighbours. The ancient history of the land is told by Captain Burton in a most exhaustive manner, the Biblical accounts being supplemented by copious references to Greek, Latin, Jewish and Arabic writers of all ages. The quantity of gold, silver, and other metals mentioned in Numbers xxxi 22, as being produced by Midian, was curiously borne out by the results of the expedition. A lengthy and learned notice is also given of the Nabatheans, whose former rock-cut capital, Petra, is still one of the marvels of Arabia, whose king, or ethnarch, Arata (in Arabic, El Haroth), is mentioned in the New Testament, and whose rule embraced so large a portion of Syria and Arabia, and extended late into Christian times.

The discovery that gold existed in Midian was in the first place due to Hajj Wali, familiar to the readers of Captain Burton's "Pilgrimage to Mecca and Medina" as the companion of the author in the caravanserai at Cairo while preparing for the journey to Hijaz. The old Hajj was once returning from a visit to Mecca, when halting by the shore of the Gulf of Akabah he scooped up a handful of granitic sand which sparkled in the bed of the wady and took it with him to Alexandria. There he took his specimen to an assayer, and, although the glitter which had attracted him proved only to be produced by the presence of mica, his sand when smelted in a crucible yielded a comparatively large portion of pure gold. The information of the discovery was not received with encouragement by the official to whom Hajj Wali communicated it, and the latter ceased to think more of the subject. The assayer, however, set out for the new El Dorado and lost his life, probably murdered by the Bedawin. Captain Burton believes that the secret of the gold has never been really lost, and that the washing of sand has always been clandestinely carried on. Be that as it may, Captain Burton, believing the Hajj's story, endeavoured to recommend his discovery to the notice of the Egyptian authorities, who paid little heed to the thing, and merely remarked that gold was becoming too common. For nearly a quarter of a century Captain Burton kept the secret to himself, but at length he again sought out his old friend Hajj Wali, obtained from him more exact information as to the locality, and carried him off with the expedition, the means for organizing which Ismael Pasha furnished. The results of the expedition, which was only a pioneer one, were sufficient to corroborate all that the Hajj had said, and to confirm Captain Burton's own prognostics as drawn from the ancient sources which his extensive learning enabled him to consult. The adventures of the party fill the remainder of the first of his two books and form extremely pleasant reading.

The second of the two books contains somewhat less antiquarian research, but more practical information than the first. It is a record of the second expedition (also equipped at the expense of the Egyptian Government by order of the ex-Khedive), and is full of pleasant travel talk and adventure. Setting out from Cairo in a early season and under the most unfavourable circumstances—the resources of the country being drained by distress at home and the Turkish-Russian war abroad—they at length got under way once more for the desert, not without encountering hair-breadth escapes from the bursting of some of the tubes of the engine of their steamer. Once landed, the initial difficulties of desert travel had to be encountered. "It had been reported," says Captain Burton, "that I was the happy possessor of £22,000, mostly to be spent in El-Muwayyah. The unsettled Arabs plunder and

slay, the settled Arabs slander and cheat." These, however, were soon smoothed over by the common interest and friendship: the rival claims of two tribes to act as escort were superseded, and the work of the expedition then began.

The first march, through Midyan proper (North Midian), occupied fifty-four days. The country was essentially a mining district, and very rich in mineral wealth, though, strange to say, it had not been much worked by the ancients. The first expedition found true gold in the basalt, but the resources of the stream yielded none. The second march, through South Midian, lasted eighteen days. Its principal object was to ascertain the depth from east to west of the quartz formations, and to explore the virgin region towards the west. Here, however, they were stopped by the cautions and turbulent conduct of the Maazeh, who tried to pick quarrels with their Hawasit guides, and made it impossible for Captain Burton to proceed without such loss of time and other inconveniences as must have sacrificed the other and more important objects of the expedition. The last journey was through the southern portion of Midian, and lasted twenty-four days. This part of the country has been systematically worked in former times, and it is here that the gold and silver mines are placed by the medieval Arab geographers.

Throughout Midian, ruined towns, villages, mining-stations, and smelting furnaces were found, testifying to the former mining industry of the country, and described by Captain Burton in his usual graphic and careful style.

That Midian abounds in mineral wealth, and that gold and silver may be found in plenty there, is clear both from the documentary evidence of the author and from the testimony of the physical and geological features of the country. The very first reconnoissances showed a formation exactly reproducing "the conditions which Australia shows, and which produced the huge 'weld-me nugget' of Ballarat." The country may closely resemble the known gold-working sites of Ancient Egypt, but with *fields* of larger size. Some of these "Ophirs of Egypt Proper" yielded the treasury of Ramses, the great the enormous sum of £900,000 a year, as hieroglyphic inscriptions tell us. Herodotus, too, tells us of the immense wealth in the precious metals possessed by some of the Pharaohs. The modern Bedawins have legends of "gold pieces, square as well as round, bearing, by way of inscription, 'I pray to the Apostle of Allah,' which Captain Burton suspects to be "the Tahr, or 'pure gold dust,' washed from the sands, and at least probably in rude moulds." The close proximity to the sea and the facilities of the country for transport, it being "prepared by Nature to receive a tramway," remove half the difficulties of working.

That the specimens brought back by Captain Burton's expedition did not actually yield a larger proportion of the precious metals in all probability due to the fact that they had no expert with them, and did not, therefore, sufficiently seek for and select stone from the numerous rocks, but brought away much that the ancients had rejected, or left as unworkable. He is, however, convinced, as the impartial reader of his work must also be, that the gold land of Midian is still a fine field for commercial enterprise, which would soon restore to it the advantages which all ancient authorities declare that it once possessed.

"The Land of Midian" attracted another explorer besides Captain Burton—namely, the late Dr. Beke, an account of whose labours has been given to the world by his widow in a bulky volume on the subject. His object was to discover the "true Mount Sinai," which he identified with a certain Jebel Barguir, otherwise the "Mountain of Light," on the Eastern shore of the Gulf of Akaba, and in which he fancied he saw the "volcano," the existence of which he had previously conjectured in his pamphlet, "Mount Sinai Volcano." To make this theory accord with the Scriptural account, he had not only to shift the scene of the Law-giving from the Sinaitic Peninsula to the other side of the Gulf, but he was obliged to find another Mosaic than Egypt, and belatedly sacrificed hieroglyphic, Biblical, and classic testimony, as well as that of tradition, to his own hypothesis. In confirmation of his theory, he found indications that the Mountain of Light was regarded as a holy place, and discovered ancient inscriptions near the summit, of which he brought copies home in triumph. Unfortunately, however, the name *Barguir* turns out to be his own corruption of *Beko*, a well-known Mohammedan name, and, in the present instance, that of the petty Arab sheik whose tomb gives the only sanctity the mountain may possess, while the proper name of the mountain is Jebel el Yum, the inscriptions are only the ordinary Nabathanian graffiti and Arab tribe marks, which are so common all over Arabia Petrea; and lastly, there is no volcano at all. The volume is interesting, as it contains much topographical information about a country the ancient history and

future prospects of which render it of the highest importance; but as a contribution to the literature of the much vexed question of the Exodus the late Dr. Beke's work is absolutely useless. Whether the so-called Peninsula of Sinai is really the scene of the early portion of that drama, the recent Egyptian researches of Dr. Brugsch Bey have rendered very doubtful; but wherever Mount Sinai has ultimately to be placed, it is not that discovered by Dr. Beke.

As Mrs. Burton supplemented the "Unexplored Syria" of her husband and the late C. F. Tyrwhitt Drake with her own more personal but none the less interesting "Inner Life of Syria," so she has now embodied her own impression of the various localities which she and Captain Burton have visited during the last few years in a pleasant book entitled, *A. E. I., Arabia, Egypt, and India* (London: W. Mellan & Son, 1879). Mrs. Burton's pages are eminently readable, her powers of observation are keen, and her descriptions always fresh and vivid. If the spots she writes about have been often before depicted by pen and pencil, she yet finds something new to say, and some interesting and little-known historical incident to narrate, concerning them. The latter part of the book, containing a history and description of the old Portuguese settlement of Goa, and a minutely-detailed account of the life and works of St. Francis Xavier, the Apostle of the Indies, will be new to most readers and read with interest by all. The book is one which may be taken up at any moment with the certainty of finding something to amuse, instruct, or furnish food for earnest thought.

Egypt to Palestine, by S. C. Bartlett, though bearing the name and address of a London publisher (Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.) on the title-page, is evidently the production of an American firm, the name of which, indeed, appears on some of the maps. The book is well got up, and as a description of the localities, their antiquities and history, is equal to the average of such publications. It is, however, entirely composed of materials collected from the works of other authors, taken often without acknowledgment, and is profusely illustrated by pictures and maps copied from other works, the sources of which are never acknowledged at all. The only passages at all original in the work are those which describe Mr. Bartlett's own journey, the highest interest of which consists in an occasional enumeration of the hymns he and his companions sang to the Arabs (cf. p. 125), and which would have much the same effect on the Tiyahah as the performances of the howling dervishes leave upon an American tourist.

Sir Lewis Pelly has published, in two handsome volumes, a literal translation of the text of the *March-Play of Hasan and Husain* (London: W. H. Allen & Co., 1879), as performed throughout India and Persia during the month of Mohurram, by the Shah Mohammedians. The progress of Islam in its early days was so rapid that, in a short time, it had overwhelmed Persia, Egypt, Syria, and a large portion of the rest of the Byzantine Empire in its tide of conquest. The death of Mohammed naturally brought forward rival claimants to the supreme authority, and the dispute ultimately resolved itself into one between Ali, the cousin and son-in-law of the Prophet, and representative of the Hashimite clan, and Moawiyeh, the representative of the Omeyyeh family, between whom and the Hashimis an old feud existed, originating in their rival claims to be the hereditary guardians of the Kaabah Temple at Mecca. These two parties offered an obvious rallying point for the two opposing factions in El Islam, the conquered Persians and the conquering Arabs, the former of whom retained the traditional ceremonial law with which their Semitic co-religionists would have trammelled them. The consequence was that the Aryan faction rallied round Ali, and the Arabs round Moawiyeh. The latter proved the stronger party, and were known as Sunnis, followers of the Sunnah or traditional law, while the adherents of the former were designated Shiabs or Sectarians, and thus originated the first great schism in Mohammedanism. The struggles of Ali's party for supremacy, his own murder, and the subsequent massacre of his sons, Hasan and Husain, who lost their lives under circumstances of peculiar atrocity, are the incidents on which the drama is founded, and the memory of which has kept alive the rancorous ill feeling between the two sects. In the play itself the historical element is largely mixed with the marvellous and legendary, and the dramatic unities are wholly neglected, but it nevertheless exhibits enough of the real facts to give it an intense living interest, while the antiquated language and strange incidents that are introduced carry us back to the remotest times. An admirable introduction contains a notice by Dr.

Burkwood, C. S. I., of the origin of the Shiah schism, and of the ceremonies with which the Mubarram festival is celebrated throughout India and Persia, and Mr. A. N. Wofaston, of the India Office, has both edited the text and illustrated it with some concise and appropriate notes.

Dr Charles Biew has just issued the first volume of his *Catalogue of the Persian MSS. in the British Museum* (London, 1871), containing Christian and Mohammedan theology, and the works on History and Geography of which the Museum has a large and important collection. Amongst these are the *Jami ut tawarikh*, written in the seventh-eighth centuries of the Hegra, and comprising the histories of all the principal Turkish and Mongol dynasties, the *Tarikh-i Rashidi*, a history of the Khans of Mesopotamia and of the Amirs of Kashgar, and the *Zafar-Namah*, the earliest authentic history of Timur, written by his order in 1494 A.D. A brief but complete analysis of each manuscript is given, enabling scholars to refer at once and without difficulty to any portion of the histories without the labour of looking through an often voluminous manuscript. The value of such a scholar-like production as this Catalogue is cannot be over-estimated; it has, in fact, placed within reach of the student of history most important and authentic works, the very existence of which was unknown except to a few Orientalists. The second volume is already complete in MS., and will be shortly published. We shall look forward to it with great interest, as the British Museum possesses a magnificent collection of Persian poetical and other works.

A *Pahlavi Dictionary*, by Dastur Jamsajji Minocheherji Jamsaj Asana, of which the first two volumes have just appeared (London: Trubner and Co., 1870), supplies a want long felt by students of the old Persian speech. Pahlavi is the name applied to the old Persian tongue, and more particularly to that phase of it which was spoken during the reigns of the Sassanian kings. It is of great interest to the philologist, inasmuch as it contains a large admixture of Semitic words, derived, however, from a different source than the Arabic element in modern Persian, and appears to be akin to the Assyrian. It is sometimes called *Hazarvesh*, though this word seems to be more properly applied to a particular method of reading, by which, when a Semitic word occurs in the text, the priest reads the Aryan equivalent, just as we in English say "pounds, shillings, and pence" when we meet with the signs £ s. d., and read "namely," though we write and print "vide licet" or "viz." Dastur Jamsajji Asana interprets the word *Hazarvesh* to mean the "language of Assyria," a suggestion which, if correct, throws some light on the origin of the language. The etymology of the word Pahlavi has been the subject of much discussion, but the latest as well as the most reasonable conjecture is that of Dr. Haug (followed by the author of this Dictionary), that it is identical with *Parthia*, the Parthia of the classical writers; that most warlike and important nation having given its name to the language, just as the province of Pars has given the name to the language of modern Iran. The great difficulty in compiling such a dictionary as the present, apart from the unsatisfactory nature of the available texts, is that the alphabet is so very vague and confused. The language contains a very great number of sounds which the alphabet, borrowed from the Semitic, is incapable of expressing; the same letter, therefore, is often used for different sounds, and combinations of the various letters again often express simple sounds. This makes the arrangement very difficult, but the author of this work has adopted the only safe method, that of arranging the words according to the alphabetical order of the letters rather than in order of sounds. A table, in which the various combinations of the letters are explained, also much simplifies reference. The author has in all cases followed the traditional reading and interpretation of words, leaving to the more critical scholars of Europe the task of investigating them from a scientific point of view.

Dr Haug's *Essays on the Sacred Language, Writings, and Religion of the Persia* (Trubner's Oriental Series, 1878) is another most important contribution to comparative theology and philology. The nature of the doctrines of Zoroaster and the rites and ceremonies of the Magians had for centuries exercised the unimpaired. The earliest mention of them occurs in the Prophet Jeremiah (xxxix. 3), who speaks of the *rab magi* (chief of the Magi) as forming part of the retinue of Nebuchadnezzar at his entry into Jerusalem. Ezekiel calls the Persian king Cyrus (who professed the religion of the Magi) the "anointed of the Lord." The New Testament speaks of Magi from the East—translated "wise men" in our version—as the

first to pay homage to our Lord, and the old Persian language has supplied, through the New Testament also, the same Paradise, which is universally employed to represent heaven throughout the civilized world. Herodotus also mentions them, and testifies to the purity of their worship and their morals, and other Greeks as well as Latin writers have treated at more or less length on the subject of the Magi. But these scattered and incomplete notices were as that scholars had until Hyde the celebrated Oxford scholar, in 1700, collected all the ancient sources of information into a volume *Historia religionis veteris Persicæ, sive Magicæ*. The original texts of the Zend Avesta, &c., however, of which some manuscripts had been brought to Europe, were still sealed books, and the Parsi priests in India and Persia strictly refrained from affording any information upon their contents. At length, in 1754, Anquetil Duperron, an enterprising Frenchman, undertook a journey to India with the express intention of procuring manuscripts and learning the Zend language, in both of which purposes he succeeded, and published ten years later the first known translation of the Zend Avesta. His work was by many scholars, Sir William Jones and Richardson, the Persian lexicographer, amongst the number, regarded as worthless, Richardson maintaining that the texts themselves were forgeries, while Sir William Jones endeavoured to prove that Anquetil had been the victim of priestly fraud and deception. Nearly a century later Eugene Burnouf, an eminent French Sanscrit scholar, proved his countryman's work to be genuine, corrected many of his faults, and placed the study on a sounder scientific basis. Others, especially German and Scandinavian scholars, followed in the same path, forming, however, different schools of interpretation, until at last Dr Martin Haug brought order into the confusion, and succeeded in bringing the study of Zend within the limits of exact philological science. The foundation of all these studies must of course necessarily be the traditional interpretation handed down by the Parsi priests, but this would have been comparatively useless without the investigation of European scholars. Many of the Avesta texts are furnished with Pahlavi translations and comments, but the Pahlavi itself was but imperfectly understood, and the whole subject was for a long time in hopeless confusion; the reader may, however, take up Dr Haug's Essays with the full assurance that he has the most trustworthy account of the Parsis, their Scriptures, history, and religious rites, that can be now ascertained. Anything like a volume of such a work would be out of place here, but we can cordially recommend it as, with all its recondite erudition, a most readable book.

Mr Bernard Quaritch, of Piccadilly, has published a romance in modern Arabic, entitled, *The Autobiography of the Constantinople Story-teller*, edited by Mr J. Cataneo, a well-known Arabic scholar, and said to be the work of an Englishman, Colonel Ross. It is principally as a curiosity of literature that it will be read, as it does not narrate any very novel or original adventures, and the style is very simple and unpretending. It, however, contains some clear and concise descriptions of many localities in the East which are but little known to the ordinary reader, and will be welcome to the student of Arabic as an easy text-book of the language.

Professor James Sanua, late of Cairo, is an enthusiastic politician and an original satirist. We have just received thirty numbers of an Arabic comic paper, written, illustrated, and published by him in Paris, and directed against the ex-Khedive of Egypt, whose misgovernment he mercilessly exposes, and whose deposition it was his avowed object to bring about. The editor, a native of Egypt, and a Copt by religion, was for many years engaged in tuition in some of the highest families of Cairo. Possessing a keen sense of humour and a great mastery over the Arabic language, he used to pass his evenings in improvising a sort of dramatic entertainment, in which he himself sustained all the characters, and in which he satirized the social foibles of his fellow-countrymen. The originality of his scenes soon attracted large audiences, and amongst the visitors and admirers were the Khedive and the princes of his family. The opportunity was too good to be lost, and Professor Sanua passed from mere social topics, and administered sound and severe castigations to his august visitor for his misgovernment and oppression of the fellahs. This boldness drew down upon him the displeasure of Ismail Pasha, and Abu Naddara Zerkah (the Father of Blue Spectacles, as he was nicknamed), found it convenient to withdraw to Paris, where he published his paper. It is written for the most part in the vulgar Egyptian dialect, and contains articles upon, and illustrations of, the principal events of the latter part of the reign of the deposed prince. The pictures, which are rude, but full of force, are explained in

a French introduction, which is prefixed to the collected thirty numbers, and form a very interesting and curious record of modern Egyptian history.

A new paper, literary and political, has just been advertised at Constantinople. It is to be written in the Arabic language, and edited by M. G. Dallal, a native of Aleppo, and an accomplished Arabic scholar and poet. Modern Arabic literature is exceedingly plentiful at the present time, and Beyrout has long been a centre of activity. Shakh Nussif el Yaghi, who died some few years ago, gave a great impulse to the study of Arabic by his "*Maḥma' el Bahram*," a book in imitation of the "*Meemaa*" of Hariri, and containing in a small compass more information on the Annals of the classical period, their customs, histories, proverbs, &c., than perhaps any other work. Dr Butrus Bustani, of the same town, earned for himself a lasting name by his Arabic lexicon, "*Muḥit el Muḥit*," which has not only a native but a European reputation, and the same eminent scholar has established a press, from which have emanated many standard Arabic works, and numerous translations of valuable European works on science and history. A magazine entitled *El J'arin*, "*The Garden of Paradise*," is also published there fortnightly, and contains, besides political articles and general news, a great deal of interesting miscellaneous information. The last important publication of the "*Matha' al Maarif*," or "*Scientific Press*," as it is called, is an Encyclopædia in the Arabic language, on the plan of the European Conversation-lexicons.

II.—CLASSICAL LITERATURE.

(Under the Direction of the Rev. Prebendary J. DAVIES, M.A.)

ONE of the most useful volumes for classical students which has seen the light this year is the solid collection of *Specimens of Roman Literature, Illustrative of Roman Thought and Style*, edited by Messrs Cruttwell and Banton, of Brasenose College, and published by C. Griffin and Co. Mr. Cruttwell is creditably known for his compendious History of Roman Literature, and it is a happy afterthought of himself and his composition-master to supplement that manual by the present collection of extracts from Latin prose and poetry, designed as models for composition, samples to be learnt by rote, and exercises in unseen translation. The work contains above 300 passages, illustrative (1) of Roman thought in the fields of religion, philosophy, art, and letters, and (2) of Roman style, from the earliest date to the times of the Antonines. Edited of necessity, by reason of their bulk, sans note or comment, these selections are availably grouped in a preliminary synopsis, happily headed with descriptive and apposite English titles, and further adapted to English reference by an index of authors classed in their periods, and another of subjects and titles of passages. It is hard to conceive a completer or handier repertory of specimens of Latin thought and style, and it is but fair to add that no small proportion of the contents is comparatively novel and unbacked, a boon at the same time to the exhausted composition tutor and to the acquisition-seeking, unawake pupil. For example, among descriptions selected in illustration of style, we come upon passages from Ennius, Pacuvius, and Accius, preserved in Cicero's *De Divinatione* and *De Natura Deorum*, followed by epigrams of those elder poets, Valerius (Cilius), Pomponius Licinus, and Quintus Lutatius Catulus, enshrined in the antiquarian pages of Aulus Gellius. The literature of Roman agriculture is represented (§§ 31-4) by specimens of Varro *de Re Rustica*, treating how to choose the best oven for draught, or slaves for farm work, how to make a duck-pond, or prepare a snail bed, as well as of Columella and, of course, Virgil. Pliny's natural history is taxed largely for characteristic contributions, the letters of his nephew, as well as of Seneca and Cicero, for epistolary style, as well as for philosophy, religious views, and the like. Lucræti and Catullus are excellently represented, as in the head of Roman drama are Plautus and Terence, with fragments of other playwrights. Nor is scant justice done to the purely Roman field of satire, as is seen in apt extracts from Horace, Juvenal, and Persius, whilst a happy selection is made of

probable specimens of Petronius. Even Roman parody is not overlooked, nor yet an insight into Roman gastronomy. In fact, we know not where to turn for defects in the presence of such excellencies and various accomplishments. Here and there may be detected careless printers' errors, such as *Tor* for *Tor* (the abbreviation of *Torrens*); and it would have been nester to head the hortatory or senatorial orations, illustrated in pp. 567-8, §§ 73-5, with an English title, rather than to describe each in mingled and named speech as "a senatoria" (i.e., "senatorial oration.") But the work is so calculated to be useful to scholars and editors that we must trust its value will be enhanced in future editions by the most careful revision.

A volume of somewhat kindred use and purpose, though of additional value as suggestive of a standard of translation indisputably sound and high, is the collection of *Translations*, by Professor Jebb, Mr. Jackson, and Mr. Cursey, of Trinity, Cambridge, published by Deighton, Bell, & Co., Cambridge, and George Bell & Sons, London, just a year ago. Its usefulness is enhanced by a fourfold applicability to the wants of translators into Greek and Latin, and out of those languages into English, whether in prose or poetry. The samples are, of course, limited considerably by the area of the field they cover, but they will be admitted to be amply sufficient for models and patterns, and no tire, or even a trained student, can fail to be benefited by the variety, excellent choice, scholarly handling, brief but reasonable annotation, and general accommodation to student-use, of the selections which form the four divisions of this practical manual. The rule of "*Ne quid nimis*" has been sufficiently respected to forbid tedious repetition of types of the same style, so that in Greek verse into English only three examples of *Thersites* occur, and a sweet piece of idyllic description, a second illustrative of the mimes of Sappho, a third breathing the Alexandrian tone of poetic stimulus to the halting liberality of the would-be literary Ptolemies. The proportion of extracts from Homer and the dramatists is scarcely larger, and rather guides the reader to form a criterion of style for himself than helps him to be armed beforehand for passages which may be met in this or that examination. In translation the canon of accuracy and fidelity is tendered in preference to that of liveliness and effect, though it cannot be said that Messrs. Jebb and Jackson's translations from Plautus and Terence, or those of Jebb and Cursey from Martial, Juvenal, and Ausonius, are deficient in the life and spirit suggested by the originals. As much may be said without controversy for the prose models in either language; nor is it to be lightly regarded that the aim of the editors has been to help classical students to train themselves in preparation for examination. Not to be prolix in notice of a volume which may be referred to again and again in our examination of texts and school-books to follow in our chronicle, it may be advisable to quote in Latin and English some six lines of Professor Jebb's translation from the *Phormio* (pp. 140-1) as a type of the neatness and spirit of the average of these translations. *Phormio* is explaining how, with all his ebullitions, he has never been indicted for assault:—

"Quia non rete accipitri tenditur neque miluo,
Qui male faciunt nobis—illis qui nihil faciunt tenditur;
Quia enim in illis fractus est in illis opera ludat;
Alis aliunde est periculum unde aliquid abradi potest;
Mibi sunt nihil esse. Necesse, ducunt damnatum ducunt;
Alere noluit hominem elacem: et sapient, nec qualem sententia,
Pro maleficio at beneficium summum noluit reddere."—*Phormio*, act. ii. 2

"Because we do not spread nets for hawks and kites that do no harm; the net is spread for the harmless birds. The fact is, pigeons may be plucked; hawks and kites mock our pains. Various dangers beset people who can be pilfered. I am known to have nothing. You will say, 'They will get a writ of *habere corpus*.' They would rather not keep a large cater, and I certainly think they are right to decline requiting a bad turn with a signal favour."

From a summary notice of these two volumes of wider range and scope, it is an easy leap to each noteworthy classical translation and text of the year or season as he on our table for review. Of the former we note with satisfaction a new and very readable version of *The Letters of the Younger Pliny*, literally translated by John DeLaurens Lewis, M.A. (London: Trübner & Co., 1879), whose version of Juvenal's *Satires* some years back was accurate, lively, and well-achieved. In approaching another author of the silver age, well deserving of a more modern English transcript than

those of Melmoth and Lord Orreary. Mr. Lewis has been minded to present this pleasantest of gossip, and most cultured of letter-writers, in a guise as little as possible encumbered with notes or excursions, and in such wise that the volume is admirably adapted for the library table, whether the object be comparison with the Latin text, or refreshment of the memory, anent this or that sentiment of the many-sided and voluminous man of law and letters. Under the conviction that enough has been done to present Pliny himself to his readers in the volumes by Charch and Bohn, both the Ancient Classics, and by Pritchard and Bernard, as well as the notices of his letters by W. S. Triffel and English bibliographers, Mr. Lewis has confined himself to the briefest of introductions, and been content to bestow most pains on apt and parallel English counterparts to the expressions and idioms of the Latin. Thus the task undertaken has been made to assume an easy, unaffected form, at the same time that it is calculated to stand close examination by the criterion of the Latin text. A good specimen both of the gossiping author and his latest translator might be cited from Book II. 6 to Avitus, in which is described the triple-graded dinner given by a shabby, purse-proud host (a) to himself and his intimates, (b) to his lesser friends, (c) to his freedmen at the same board, but of fare graduated according to degree. Pliny tells his correspondent that he demurred to this procedure to his next neighbour at table, and propounded his own practice on this wise: "I invite people to dine, not to be invidiously ticketed, and I treat as my entire equals in all respects those whom I have already made my equals by inviting them at my table. And this equality, for the time being, he extended to his freedmen, on the sensible point of view that they were then his guests, not his freedmen. In the same book (letter 15) occurs a letter of Pliny to Valerianus, brief enough for quotation, and yet expressing with lively brevity more than one home truth for those who realize Horace's sketch, "O si angulus iste proximus accedat." "How," he asks, "does your old Marston property treat you? And your new purchase? Are you pleased with the estate now that it is your own? Indeed, nothing is so agreeable when you have once got it, as it was when you longed to have it. As for me, the farms which I inherited from my mother treat me but so-so: yet they delight me as coming from my mother: and besides, long endurance has hardened me: constant growling comes to this at last, that one is ashamed to growl." Next but one to this letter comes one of those charming descriptions which are, *par excellence*, Pliny's *chef d'œuvre*, minutely detailing the features and attractions of his villas. These constitute to the young student so many *loci classici*, by no means to be overlooked in preparation for facing the test-paper of a scholarship examination, and it is sound counsel to candidates for such to avail themselves of a translation like Mr. Lewis's for general purposes, taking such letters as the one alluded to (II. xvii) for special study and comparison with its original. Here, as elsewhere, Mr. Lewis adds pertinent and sensible notelets in cases of difficulty, but it is only fair to say a *propos* of the, as he would seem to imply in his preface, long-since shelved translation of Melmoth, that in Bohn's Classical Library (George Bell & Sons) will be found a revision and correction of *The Letters of Caius Plinius Cornelius Secundus*, as translated by Melmoth, annotated and otherwise accommodated to modern reading by the Rev. F. C. T. Bosanquet, B.A., of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, which will be found in all respects excellently suited for the need of the current reader. Whilst here and there the style of Melmoth strikes us as forgetting itself for a brief space, where the modern editor has felt bound to interpose a merely literal rendering, and in such cases it is simpler to refer to the uniform translation of Lewis, it is certainly a real boon to have the notes of Bosanquet's Melmoth's Pliny to consult, whether they represent the explanatory and illustrative labour of Melmoth, and his literary or antiquarian contemporaries, or the careful supplementary illustrations of his accommodator to modern eyes. So much explanation is due to one of the best recent volumes of Bohn's Classical Series (1874).

The feeling is more mixed with which we touch upon Mr. T. Hart Davies's *Translation of Catullus into English Verse* (London, C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1879), the author of which is a quondam Orionian in the Indian Civil Service. Fully persuaded that Catullus is very untranslatable, and that the subtle charm of his dainty versification evaporates, it is evidence alike of Mr. Hart Davies's courage and culture that afar from classical libraries, he has recreated his mind and tastes with the reproduction of one of the most genuine classical poets, given us now the touching songs to Lesbia, and the unequalled nuptial songs (lx. and lxi.), and rendered with more or less

success the pictorial epic, in petto, of the marriage of Peleus and Thetis, and the pathetic allusions to an early lost brother in the poem to Hortalus. He deserves, too, the praise of having read carefully the recent literature of the subject, and graced with creditable acuteness and discrimination the lumberings of Professor R. Ellis, the criticisms of Mr. Munro, and the critical essays of Schaubert, Heyss, and Conat. He hesitates, however, it would seem, to accept Munro's well-sustained rehabilitation of Caesar and Mamurra (à propos of *Poeni rex* on Caesar), and in two or three passages seems to us to err in point of probability, which is as foreign as can be conceived to the style of his original, as well as, in one or two places, in misconception of his sense. In either aspect, he cannot be regarded as competing (which indeed he does not aspire to do) with Theodora Martin; but we cannot honestly say that we regard his version of the *Atys* as an improvement in readability on that of one of the ablest of critics, but most puzzling and hopeless of verse-translators, Professor Robinson Ellis. Indeed, it is a question whether he has imported any improvement into the rendering of his *Gallanities* by adopting the Panyonian rather than the Catullan rhythm and lineature. Mr. Hart Davies is mostly happy in his shorter versions. The invitation to *Cantharus* is bright and brisk (p. 43); there is a touching sadness in the lines to *Cornutus* (p. 35). The stanzas to the poet's self in the "Coming of Spring" (p. 43) breathe much of the tincture of expectation and love of adventure infused into the original lines. And as a neat sample of the translator's muse may be quoted the transcript of the "Lines to Sirmio," adequately executed, and endorsed with some of the original pathos and picturesqueness—

"Sirmio, fairest of all isles that be,
Or all peninsulas that ocean lavas,
Whether air and them roll the mighty sea,
Or a lake's placid waves.
Thee with what joy, what rapture do I view,
Returned from Thyria and Ithymus's plain!
I scarce can credit that the bliss is true
Thee to behold again.
Oh! what more blessed is than labours past!
In weary wanderings abroad we roam.
Then spent with toil we come again at last,
Seeking our rest at home.
This for our toils the sole reward is found,
Hail, lovely Sirmio, and thou Lydian mere!
And now, my home, let all thy laughter sound,
Now is thy master here."

Mr. Hart Davies's temporary exile has obviously the solace of scholarship.

If a wide divergence from the beaten track into fresh fields and pastures now be a merit, as it must be to jaded schoolmasters, if not to school boys, some praise should be accorded to Mr. Heitland, a Fellow and Lecturer of St. John's, Cambrige, and his coadjutor, Mr. Raven, for having furnished the Pitt Rivers Series with so good an edition of that part of the *History of Quintus Curtius*, which relates to the Indian expedition of Alexander the Great. The subject, author, and hero are to modern readers novel and unhackneyed; and there is that suspension of imperfect knowledge attaching to all three which sets the mind on the *quæris* to acquire what is knowable about them. For such an undertaking no better guides could be needed. An introduction primes the student with the needful information as to Curtius and his book, (3.20 to Alexander's career; while Appendix D (187.4) supplements from Mr. Talbot Wheeler's "History of India from the Earliest Ages" the general and current information as to the plan of his Indian campaign. Asent the date and authorship of Curtius's history, it is shown to be the work of Q. Curtius Rufus, a rhetorician of the reign of Claudius, and referable to the silver age of Latin literature. His transparent imitation of Livy has suggested the not improbable supposition that he may have been even that historian's pupil, nor is it an important criticism of the editors' that in common with that master Curtius seems to ignore the "high aims and far-sightedness" which give its grandeur to Alexander's character. The string of metaphorical images in Curtius's style, given on pp. 14-15, exhibits more than one palpable Livianism, and the use of poetical language bespeaks his attentive study of Virgil. Tires will be comforted by hearing that "Curtius is less pleasant to read than Livy, but also less difficult." The criticisms of the editors on the grounds of his historical value at the revival period are in-

treating and perspicuous, and the special interest of the particular portion of history adopted as a specimen of the author reads no apology in a country where the reigning sovereign has the collateral title of Empress of India. Six chapters of the eighth Book bring the reader through the country west of the Indus to the bank of that river, its passage, and the ensuing battle on the eastern bank, with the defeat of the army of Porus, whilst the ninth Book enters Alexander's advance through the Punjab, his operations in descending the Jhelum and Chenab, his descent of the Indus, and explanation of its mouth, with an account also of the homeward march, and the least that can be said of Messrs. Heitland and Raven's editorial work, whether critical or explanatory, is, that no difficulty of text is overlooked or imperfectly handled, no discrepancy, as comparing Curtius with parallel authorities, ignored. A test passage, wherein to prove the statement, may be taken in the fourteenth chapter of the eighth Book, the battle between Alexander and Porus, which is described with unflagging care and zeal from first to last, the situations and details being compared, and, where possible, reconciled with Arrian, the poetical phrases characteristic of Curtius pointed out and illustrated, and the unusual words, e.g., *capere* ("chop") like a Gurka knife, the *coric* from the same root as *corvus*, clearly though succinctly explained. On Alexander's order to Crenus in §§ 16 of the battle chapter, "*ipse dextrum move et turbatis agros inter*" (advance the right wing, &c.), an excellent note, for which Mr. Heitland undertakes the sole responsibility, accredits him, in our judgment, as a most sound historical commentator, by the exhaustiveness wherewith he reconciles Arrian and Curtius's view of Alexander's position and movements, and those of Crenus. The former with the main body took the Indian horse in flank, before they could change their front, and enabled Crenus to fall on what had been their front but was now their disordered flank, and as to the difficulty in the way of this explanation, that according to Arrian the war-chariots were in front of the Indian horse, it is justly deemed easier to conceive Crenus eluding these clumsy adversaries, than Alexander expecting him to see from the Macedonians left the right moment for his own charge, and then wheel round the whole Indian army, and execute his orders opportunely. With the same lucidity is the whole narrative commented on, and every geographical, historical, or military difficulty investigated, with a commendable eye both to ancient and modern references and authorities. Equally interesting, too, will be found the elucidations of questions of style, such as in *vin.* 2. 10, where "*igni alia sepulchra*" reveals a certainly post-Augustan but doubtfully Ciceronian form, or as in *vin.* 14 §§ 41 the use of "*malum*" (plague take you) borrowed interjectionally from the comic poets and, as is shown in the notes ad loc., from Cicero *De Off.* ii. § 53. Students, however, must search this volume minutely to understand aright the helps it affords to their just estimate of Quintus Curtius Rufus as a rhetorical moralist and historian, worthy of perusal in the wake of Livy and of Seneca. Maps, indices, and list of names, are given, which will be found of service.

For our next topic of criticism recourse must be had to Ciceronian Latin, and to the famous speech of Rome's greatest orator, which is generally reckoned the first of his public and political orations. Called in the MSS. the speech "*De imperio Gnaei Pompeii*" "*apud Quintos*" it is better known as the oration *pro leg. Manilio*, and because there is no compendious school edition of this speech, apart from others of the same orator in the hands of English school-boys, Professor Wilkins, of Owens College, has judiciously undertaken to prepare an edition of it, with the cognizance, sanction, and assistance of Karl Helm, of Munich, and his smaller edition for English students. The English professor's name is a sufficient earnest of his work's thoroughness, and though it might be matter of doubt whether his historical introduction of over forty pages is not unnecessarily circumstantial (we note that in Chambers' preface to the same oration in the "*Ciceronis Selectæ Orationes*," 1847, of their Educational Course, it is limited to two), it must be admitted that a complete preliminary summary has the result of shortening afterwork by admitting of copious references to it in the notes in place of explanation. Such is certainly the case with Mr. Wilkins's present task (*M. Tullii Ciceronis De Imperio Gnaei Pompeii Oratio ad Quirites*, by A. S. Wilkins, M.A., Professor of Latin in the Owens College, Manchester. London: Macmillan & Co., 1879), where the introduction traces consecutively the career and campaigns and varying fortunes of Mithridates, during over twenty years, through his struggles with Lucullus and his easy resistance to Aulus Gabinius, down to the period when the tribune Manilius proposed a Bill to commit the conduct and consummation of the war to the then favourite of fortune, Pompey the

Great. Against this Bill were arrayed the Moderate Republicans, and the talents of the orator Hortensius, whilst on behalf of it spoke Julius Cæsar, either with an eye to a future precedent in his own case, or perhaps to create a reaction. It is probable, however, that the masterly eloquence of Cæsar in defence of the Bill, and his exhaustive demonstration of Pompey's fitness for the supreme command against Mithridates, were the causes of the general and irresistible acceptance of the Manian proposal. As Mr. Wilkins notes at the close of his introduction, this speech contains the best example from antiquity of the regular arrangement of a speech of the deliberate class, while the third section of the argument presents a model of demonstrative oratory scarcely paralleled in the days of the Republic, except in the funeral orations. As has been already remarked, the fulness of Professor Wilkins's introduction tends to dismember his commentary and its notes of digressive and indirect matter; and the result is highly favorable to the due mastery of the sense and gist of the oration by the patient student. Every passage has its critical difficulties explained; every uncommon construction or use of a word is noted; every antithesis is pointed out by the observant editor. In the first class may be mentioned the use in c. ii. of *estipitibus* in the masculine gender for *tributaries*, which has its parallel in § 45, in the third the contrast in c. iii. between "In Asia luce hinc," "in the foreground of Asia," *hinc* being used of what is present to the eyes of all, and open to extensive commerce, as opposed to "Pons Ictubris," as the hiding-place of Mithridates is termed just before. In the same chapter there is an antithesis, *neque* well shown in the description of past generals having carried off *insignia victoriae, non victoriam*, "only triumphs, not a victory," and as a sample of other notes dealing with fiscal duties and such like, we may notice those in c. vi. on "ubertate agrorum," "magnitudine jactationis," and the sources of revenue formed by the "publicani." In the same passage *scriptura* is the "rent for pasturage," and *caudat* is (§ 16) = "coastguard posts, to prevent vessels unloading unless at the emporia where there were custom-houses." For *publicani omnia*, a despair of reading in c. vii § 18, the editor adopts the conjecture *publicanorum lenis* or *fortissima avaritia*, and indeed seldom fails in the likeliest cure for a corrupt word or text. Incidentally he is rich in rules for orthography, as where on "tot in libus" he cites Lachmann (Lacret. 1 313) for the use of the single *l* where a long *i* is followed by a short one in the next syllable, nor does he fail to note any memorable change of construction, e.g., where in c. xiii. in the sentence, "*Hic enim non avaritia perfugium majores nostri insecutum atque amicorum totis esse voluerunt*," we have a change from the objective to the subjective genitive, "a refuge from the winter, not for avarice." But enough has been said to signify the merit of this handbook, and we must deal more briefly with such other Latin volumes as are still on our list.

Among these perhaps Mr. Reid's *Lælius* (*M. Tullii Ciceronis Lælius de Amicitia*, by James S. Reid, M.L. Cambridge University Press, 1874) is the most notable, an edition based mainly on Seyffert's elaborate edition, yet evidently strengthened by reasonable comparison with the best German editions. Mr. Reid disowns acquaintance with any English edition of the *Lælius*, having only heard of that of Mr. Arthur Sidgwick, when his own was far advanced through the press. The object and purpose of the edition is twofold, viz. (1) elucidation of the subject-matter and comparison of the editor's own conclusions touching it with those of other editing scholars; and (2) a thorough elucidation of the Latinity of the dialogue, a task to which all who are cognizant of his edition of Cæsar's speeches for Archias and Terentius will admit his eminent fitness. A fourfold introduction summarises the salient points of Cæsar, as a writer of philosophy; the scope of this treatise on "Friendship," the structure, personages, and other circumstances of the dialogue, and a quasi-dramatic analysis of the same. It will be found that Cæsar, whilst having no sympathy with the Epicurean philosophy of his day, sided mainly with the Peripatetics, though inclining in a few points of detail to the Stoics. An instructive disquisition on the sources of the dialogue opens out various clues to inquiring students, and suggests particularly manner testing of the question how far Cæsar directly imitated Plato's *Lysis*, which is perhaps more probable than that he used for it the Neoplatonist Ebbies, although, in form, beyond a doubt the *Lælius* is more Aristotelian than Platonic. The "maxima sapientia Lælii" in the dialogue stands out in contrast with the general learning of Marcus Scaevola and the severer cultivation of Gaius Fannius. An interesting passage in the dialogue is that in which Lælius states a question relating to friendship in which he was to some extent at issue with Scipio, viz., the difficulty of friendship enduring a whole lifetime. Scipio held the negative view,

and Laelius demurred to it, and in c. x, xi, &c., the occurrences which tend to break off friendship are enumerated. In the tenth chapter are to be found two or three very apt elucidations of the text, such as that on the construction of "contentione condonatus," and the sense of *conheio* (not "conflictus") in § 31, but one note (16) on "*optimis quibusque*" stands out as a sample of exhaustive criticism. The argument of Laelius is that there is no greater curse in friendships than, in the run of men, the desire of money, in the best, the desire of honour and glory "in *optimis quibusque* honores certamen et gloria." Let us see how Mr. Read examines this last clause, which he compares with the sentiment, "*optimus quisque gloria maxime ducitur*," in the oration for Archias. The best authors, it is shown, use only the *neuter* plural of *quisque*, and that with a superlative. Cic. Fam. vii. 33, where we have "*litteris longissimus quisque*," being exceptional, because *littera*, "an epistle," has no singular. Mr. Read instances, indeed, from the *De Officiis* ii. 75, "*Leges et proxima quisque duriores*," but only to propose an emendation to a senseless reading, viz., "*Leges, et proxima quisque*"—i.e., "laws, and harsher each of them than its predecessor." In the present case, he adds, "*quibusque*" may be used for *quorum* in the sense of "each set of people," or the plural may be due merely to assimilation with "*plerisque*." In a note on the difficult passage, p. 41, "*et nunc tunc qualem Gaius frater, nunc talem acerrimus*," Mr. Read, rightly, it should seem, adopts the interpretation of Maivaz, *Opusc.* 2, 281, that *nunc* qualifies *esse* to be supplied from "*acerrimus*." This sample of interpretational tact must suffice from a copious inventory; and with reference to helpful elucidation of matter and illustration of proper names, quotations, adagia, and what not, it need only be said that it is in this edition always sound and reasonable.

For the same employers, the Syndics of the Pitt Press, Mr. A. G. Paskett, M.A., of Magdalen College, has carefully edited the fourth and fifth books of Caesar's Commentaries on the Gallic War, *Gaii Iulii Caesaris De Bello Gallico Commentarii*, IV, V. (Cambridge University Press, 1879), with a helpful commentary derived from study of German and English editors, and speculations on the topographical, geographical, and astronomical problems involved in Caesar's account. These books, it will be remembered, contain *inter alia* the description of Caesar's Bridge over the Rhine, his preparations for invading Britain, his first somewhat abortive attempts, and then, after a winter in Italy and Illyriam, his matured arrangements, and landing—not without damage to his fleet—on the shore of Britain. The second of these campaigns embraces the narrative of the treachery of Ambiorix and the utter defeat of the Romans, v. 36-7. In the fourth book, one of the most interesting problems is the construction of Caesar's Rhine Bridge, c. 17, whether Caesar's method of strengthening the four bearing piles with their transverse beams was (as Kraner and Heller practically agreed) by four *fibulae* at each junction of the beam with the piles (eight in all), or, as Cohausen believes, by two *fibulae* at each end, one serving instead of cross-piece c, in fig. 1, for the beam to rest upon. Napoleon's view of the *fibula*, given in fig. 4, p. 63, is far less tenable, and the most reasonable view is that of Heller. In c. 36, Book V, note, we have good examples of the actual words of Ambiorix to Titurius, as they may be gathered from the *oratio obliqua* in which the historian casts them. In c. 37, it should seem that the reading *lups* has less likelihood, though better authority, than "clapsi," and Napoleon's identification of the site of the battle is shown to be accurate, in a note discussing the topography of Tongres, the Geer, and the village of Lowange. From a cursory examination of this edition of two interesting books of Caesar's Gallic War we should be disposed to congratulate the young student of intelligence, into whose hands a volume at once so helpful and so lucid may fall. There remains on our list only one Latin volume, the third part of Professor Mayor's *Juvenal for Schools*, containing Satires X. and XI. But this, as well as a batch of recent editions of Greek plays and Greek authors, such as Xenophon, Lucian, &c., must be postponed until another time.

III.—ESSAYS, NOVELS, POETRY, &c.

(Under the Direction of MATTHEW BROWNE.)

IN referring to two more of Messrs. Macmillan and Co.'s *English Men of Letters* we shall reproduce, reckless of the charge of "immuable iteration," the charge we have made before. Here is *Burke*, by Mr. John Morley, and *Hume*, by Professor Huxley, each volume containing over two hundred close pages, and most admirable volumes they are. But let us turn again to the prospectus and note its language: "These *Short Books* are addressed to the general public with a view both of stirring and satisfying an interest in literature and its great topics in the minds of those who have to run as they read." This language is both wise and careful; the old metaphor may be read more or less loosely, of course, and it may be said that those who care much for Burke and Hume must be provided for in the series, and that the writers who deal with them have treated their topics as pleasantly as may be. We do not deny this, and the little volumes are substantial additions to the literature of the day. But they are not for readers who have to run with their books in their hand.

Mr. John Morley's estimate of Burke is known to us all, and it is what might be expected. As a philosophical politician, and as a speculative writer in general, Burke, of course, pleases Mr. Morley by the positive tendencies of his mind. We are pleased to see that he assigns its due rank to the too often underrated *Inquiry* about the Sublime and Beautiful. But Mr. Morley has perhaps the fault which Sterne told his friend the Count belonged especially to the French, he is "too serious." Of course, Burke is a great man, and one must not cut jokes in a memoir of him—at least one must not if one can't. But it is quite certain Sydney Smith would have done it, and there are many ways in which a page may be lit up. Well worth notice, as an amusing touch, was that passage in the *Inquiry* in which Burke speaks deprecatingly of Bunyan, because he did not write like Virgil, and though the present work is biographical rather than critical, we miss a number of amusing anecdotes. This may be the result of literary fastidiousness on Mr. Morley's part, but, if so, we submit that the fastidiousness is carried too far. There is a little story that some one (we forget the name at the moment, who had lost largely by investing in some West Indian property, alleged that he had been induced to invest by Burke's glowing descriptions of the country, and that Burke replied, "Ods boddins! must one swear to the truth of a song?" or in very similar language. Now this is really illustrative. We can by no means agree with Mr. Morley that Burke was free from the vicious tendencies of the rhetor—*an*, not to say the rhetorical Celt. He had the Celtic leaning towards forlorn hopes, and the Celtic want of truthfulness. Of course, the Dr. Richard Price, who is so contemptuously treated in the "Reflections," was a much smaller man than Burke, but he had more love of truth and more capacity of adhering to principle in his little finger than Burke had in his whole nature. Mr. John Morley does his friendly and ingenuously reticent best for him, but students who reject the "positive" method (except as an auxiliary or a check) will persist in thinking that the painful tangles of the great man's life, and the blind alleys and other faults of his writings, were the result of his denseness on the side of truthfulness. It will be doing anything but injustice to Burke, Mr. Morley, or the reader, if we call particular attention to p. 173 and so on to p. 177 inclusive. They give a bird's-eye view of the most important part of the subject, they contain instructive comparisons between Burke, Sir Thomas More, and Turgot, and they seem to us to contain large proof in small compass of what Mr. Morley will of course not admit, namely, Burke's want of love for the truth, and his incapacity for abstract speculation.

As a reasoned account of the life and writings of the subject of the book, Professor Huxley's *Hume* is one of the very best of the series—we were going to pronounce it the best, but remembered in good time that we had not seen them all. In any case it is excellent. It does not seem to us that Hume's "Description of the Will" is grammatically open to the criticism on p. 181. But comment like this will be needless unless we gave the reader an opportunity of judging. This is Hume's "description of the Will," as quoted by Professor Huxley:—

"Of all the immediate effects of pain and pleasure there is none more remarkable than the will; and though, properly speaking, it be not comprehended among the passions, yet as the full understanding of its nature and properties is necessary to the explanation of them, we shall here make it the subject of our inquiry. I desire it may be observed that,

by the will, I mean nothing but the internal impression we feel and are conscious of, when we knowingly put resistance to the motion of our body, or new perception of our mind. This impression, like the preceding ones of pride and humility, love and hatred, it is impossible to define, and needless to describe any further."—u. p. 150.)

And this is Professor Huxley's comment—

"This description of a volition may be criticised on various grounds. More especially does it seem defective in restricting the term "will" to that feeling which arises when we act, or appear to act, as causes, for one may will to strike, without striking, or to think of something which we have forgotten."

But is not this mat by the last six of the words which Professor Huxley has italicised? They are certainly very wide, and one might ask, in addition, what word of absolute "restriction" is employed by Hume in this passage? He indicates what he means by the word "Will," by saying that it is what we are conscious of upon certain occasions, and this gives a clue to the quality of the sensation, but it was obvious, and did not need saying, that the quality of the sensation might remain, though its complete outcome were balked.

In presenting and criticizing Hume's views upon such topics as Theism, Immortality and Miracles, Necessary Truth, &c., Professor Huxley is, so far as we have discovered, both accurate and candid. It is only necessary to suggest that the reader should keep his eyes open—for there is really not one new word to be written upon these matters.

It is not often that you are told what a man died of. You are put off with some such phrase as "a painful malady," or a "family complaint." Yet, it is often just what we desire to know, because the illness from which a man suffers stands in direct relation to his power of work and his capacity of endurance. Consumption, except in its later stages, is not usually painful. Nor does it necessarily make work difficult. The same may be said of maladies which come on paroxysmally, and leave those blessed intervals of ease of which Paley, himself a sufferer, writes with such unaccustomed tenderness. In the *Gibbon* of this series, Mr. Morison started over the very curious, perhaps unexampled fact, that Gibbon had long concealed a bad hernia and had done nothing for it. It finally killed him, but that with his amazing corpulence he could live a long time with a serious rupture, and keep his general health and his pliancy, is very interesting. Professor Huxley tells us point-blank what Hume died of, and it is quite as well for biographers to be specific in such matters. We may just inquire, in passing, where the Professor got his "solid certainty of waking bliss"? It seems pedantic to notice every trifle of this sort, but if small errors in quotation were, so to speak, nipped in the bud, many logomachies would be saved. How much discussion, in pulpits and out of them, has been wasted up in the supposition that Pope wrote that "an honest man's the noblest work of God." Whereas Pope wrote "noble," and it was Burns, in the "Cotter's Saturday Night," who started the error. Now "solid" is as good sense as "sober," but the latter is what suits the verse best, and it is what Milton made Comus say.

The "run" upon Dante continues. Here is *Dante: Six Sermons*, by Philip H. Wicksteed, M.A. (C. Kegan Paul & Co.) "In allowing," says Mr. Wicksteed—

"the publication of this little volume, my only thought is to let it take its chance with other fugitive productions of the pulpit that appeal to the press as a means of widening the possible area rather than extending the period over which the preacher's voice may extend; and my only justification is the hope that it may here and there reach hands to which no more adequate treatment of the subject was likely to find its way."

The sermons were delivered first at Little Portland Street Chapel, where Mr. Wicksteed succeeded Dr. Martineau, and afterwards at the Free Christian Church at Croydon, where the Rev. Rudolph R. Safford formerly preached, but where the Rev. E. M. Gelhart is now (we believe) the minister. The book contains only about 160 pages, and gives a very readable and complete account both of Dante and his poetry. The style is that of the pulpit, iterative, florid, and full of amplifications, but that was natural. It is a serious matter, however, that the author keeps up his strain of onlogy from end to end at a pitch which has an almost *filletto* sound with it. It seems hardly fair to leave unnoticed the charges of artificiality and worse which have been abundantly made against Dante and his poetry, especially as this book is intended for popular use, and it is a pity that Mr. Wicksteed should go out of his way to settle difficult questions in this off-hand way.—

"It is often held and taught, that a strong and definite didactic purpose must inevitably

be fatal to the highest forms of art, must clip the wings of poetic imagination, distort the symmetry of poetic sympathy, and substitute hard and angular contrasts for the melting grace of those curved lines of beauty which pass one into the other. Had Dante never lived, I know not where we should turn for the decisive refutation of this thought; but in Dante it is the very combination said to be impossible that inspires and enthral us. A perfect artist guided in the exercise of his art by an unflagging intensity of moral purpose; a prophet, submitting his inspirations"—

and so forth, in the same strained and insistent key. But no wise critic has ever said that "a strong and definite didactic purpose must inevitably be fatal to the highest forms of art." What is maintained on *that* side of the debate is that the "purpose" must not be permitted to shape the poem, that the poem itself must be moulded upon lines of beauty and not of "moral purpose" though the "moral purpose" may be immanent in the work. But who is bound to take Mr. Wicksteed's word for the statement that Dante's great poem is not the very strongest confirmation in all literature of the truth that a *controlling* and *interfering* moral purpose injures a poem, Milton's "Paradise Lost" being the next strongest?

A well-known, and also imperfectly known, "nook in the Apennines" is the Republic of San Marino, about which there is a good deal of information in *A Freak of Freedom; or, The Republic of San Marino*, by J. Theodore Bent (Longman, Green & Co.) It appears to be partly the record of a visit paid by the author to the spot in 1877, and is illustrated by fifteen woodcuts from the author's own drawings, to say nothing of a map. Mr. Bent was presented with the freedom of the Republic, and we do not know that any one, except another citizen of it, or some near neighbour, could criticize his little book to much advantage. But we trust he will permit us to remark that he might have made his work more amusing and instructive. There is a good deal about the place in Addison, and this is referred to (among other interesting matters) in an article in Knight's "Penny Magazine" for May 31st, 1834. But though we have not time to make references, we have a strong impression that there are many descriptions, new and old, of San Marino, which it would have been refreshing to quote. We know, however, of no work which gives so much information as Mr. Bent's.

It might be the subject of a very plausible doubt whether French novels of a high order ought to be translated into English, since those who are really capable of understanding and enjoying them will be certain to understand French, and since, moreover, the finest qualities of the writing must disappear in the process of translation. Then, with regard to French novels of a much lower class, they are not worth the trouble of turning into English, are more likely in themselves to do harm than good; and their reproduction in our language cannot tend to encourage "native talent." We have before us, from Messrs. Sampson, Low, Marston, Seale, & Rivington, *The Cat and Bottledore, and other Tales*, by Honoré de Balzac, translated into English, by Philip Kent, B.A. (3 vols.). Perhaps it was not a bad idea to give the merely English reader some chance of appreciating the extraordinary qualities of the author of "Le Père Goriot," "Le Peau de Chagrin," and "La Recherche de l'Absolu" (neither of which is, the general reader may be told, in this collection): but Balzac is not a writer with a soul in him, and the experiment need not be carried any farther. Those who know nothing of Balzac, and who read novels simply for excitement, will be glad of these three volumes, and the glimpse they give of an unique writer, but to studious readers Balzac's novels have an interest which is mainly psychological. The preface (here translated) to the "Comédie Humaine" is a strange presumptuous medley, which raises, like all the author's most characteristic works, the question of perfect sanity—a question which Mr. Leslie Stephen once opened very acutely, and dismissed too curtly. To have read through a story of Balzac's is to have passed through one of those wonderfully vivid dreams which leave you puzzled and lost at the moment of awaking. It seems to be generally admitted that his writings do not tend to make his readers "momental" in the usual sense of the adjective, but there is something ineffably droll in his patronage of "Christianity, especially Catholic Christianity," and that defence of his own writings which the reader may amuse himself by studying in the preface. He is not only conservative, he is monarchial, and objects to representative Government, if it "hands us over to the rule of the masses." But what chiefly concerns those who buy novels, or send for them to the libraries, is the quality of the stories, and they may depend upon getting a full measure of excitement, with some instruction, out of "La Maison du Chat qui pelote" and the companion stories.

ON FREEDOM.*

NOT more than twenty years have passed since John Stuart Mill sent forth his plea for Liberty.†

If there is one among the leaders of thought in England who, by the elevation of his character and the calm composure of his mind, deserved the so often misplaced title of Serene Highness, it was, I think, John Stuart Mill.

But in his Essay "On Liberty," Mill for once becomes passionate. In presenting his Bill of Rights, in stepping forward as the champion of individual liberty, a new spirit seems to have taken possession of him. He speaks like a martyr, or the defender of martyrs. The individual human soul, with its unfathomable endowments, and its capacity of growing to something undreamt of in our philosophy, becomes in his eyes a sacred thing, and every encroachment on its world-wide domain is treated as sacrilege. Society, the arch-enemy of the rights of individuality, is represented like an evil spirit, whom it behoves every true man to resist with might and main, and whose demands, as they cannot be altogether ignored, must be reduced at all hazards to the lowest level.

I doubt whether any of the principles for which Mill pleaded so

* An Address delivered on the 20th October, before the Birmingham and Midland Institute.

† Mill tells us that his Essay "On Liberty" was planned and written down in 1834. It was in mounting the steps of the Capitol in January, 1855, that he thought first of converting it into a volume, and it was not published till 1859. The author, who in his Autobiography speaks with exquisite modesty of all his literary performances, allows himself one single exception when speaking of his Essay "On Liberty." "None of my writings," he says, "have been either so carefully composed or so sedulously corrected as this." Its final revision was to have been the work of the winter of 1855 to 1856 when he and his wife had arranged to pass in the South of Europe, a hope which was frustrated by his wife's death. "The 'Liberty,'" he writes, "is likely to survive longer than anything else that I have written (with the possible exception of the 'Logic') because the conjunction of her mind with mine has rendered it a kind of philosophic textbook of a single truth, which the changes progressively taking place in modern society tend to bring out into stronger relief the importance, to man and society, of a large variety of character, and of giving full freedom to human nature to expand itself in innumerable and conflicting directions."

warmly and strenuously in his Essay "On Liberty" would at the present day be challenged or resisted, even by the most illiberal of philosophers, or the most conservative of politicians. Mill's demands sound very humble to our ears. They amount to no more than this, "that the individual is not accountable to society for his actions so far as they concern the interests of no person but himself, and that he may be subjected to social or legal punishments for such actions only as are prejudicial to the interests of others."

Is there any one here present who doubts the justice of that principle, or who would wish to reduce the freedom of the individual to a smaller measure? Whatever social tyranny may have existed twenty years ago, when it wrung that fiery protest from the lips of John Stuart Mill, can we imagine a state of society, not totally Utopian, in which the individual man need be less ashamed of his social fetters, in which he could more freely utter all his honest convictions, more boldly propound all his theories, more fearlessly agitate for their speedy realization; in which, in fact, each man can be so entirely himself as the society of England, such as it now is, such as generations of hard-thinking and hard-working Englishmen have made it, and left it as the most sacred inheritance to their sons and daughters?

Look through the whole of history, not excepting the brightest days of republican freedom at Athens and Rome, and I know you will not find one single period in which the measure of Liberty accorded to each individual was larger than it is at present, at least in England. And if you wish to realize the full blessings of the time in which we live, compare Mill's plea for Liberty with another written not much more than two hundred years ago, and by a thinker not inferior either in power or boldness to Mill himself. According to Hobbes, the only freedom which an individual in his ideal state has a right to claim is what he calls "freedom of thought," and that freedom of thought consists in our being able to think what we like—so long as we keep it to ourselves. Surely, such freedom of thought existed even in the days of the Inquisition, and we should never call thought free, if it had to be kept a prisoner in solitary and silent confinement. By freedom of thought we mean freedom of speech, freedom of the press, freedom of action, whether individual or associated, and of that freedom the present generation, as compared with all former generations, the English nation, as compared with all other nations, enjoys, there can be no doubt, a good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and sometimes running over.

It may be said that some dogmas still remain in politics, in religion, and in morality; but those who defend them claim no longer any infallibility, and those who attack them, however small their minority, need fear no violence, nay, may reckon on an impartial and even sympathetic hearing, as soon as people discover in their pleadings the true ring of honest conviction and the warmth inspired by an unselfish love of truth.

It has seemed strange therefore to many readers of Mill, particularly on the Continent, that this cry for Liberty, this demand for freedom for every individual to be what he is, and to develop all the germs of his nature, should have come from what is known as the freest of all countries, England. We might well understand such a cry of indignation if it had reached us from Russia; but why should English philosophers, of all others, have to protest against the tyranny of society? It is true, nevertheless, that in countries governed despotically, the individual, unless he is obnoxious to the Government, enjoys far greater freedom, or rather licence, than in a country like England, which governs itself. Russian society, for instance, is extremely indulgent. It tolerates in its rulers and statesmen a haughty defiance of the simplest rules of social propriety, and it seems amused rather than astonished or indignant at the vagaries, the frenzies, and outrages, of those who in brilliant drawing-rooms or lecture-rooms preach the doctrines of what is called Nihilism or Individualism,*—viz., "that society must be regenerated by a struggle for existence and the survival of the strongest, processes which Nature has sanctioned, and which have proved successful among wild animals." If there is danger in these doctrines the Government is expected to see to it. It may place watchmen at the doors of every house and at the corner of every street, but it must not count on the better classes coming forward to enrol themselves as special constables, or even on the co-operation of public opinion which in England would annihilate that kind of Nihilism with one glance of scorn and pity.

In a self-governed country like England, the resistance which society, if it likes, can oppose to the individual in the assertion of his rights, is far more compact and powerful than in Russia, or even in Germany. Even where it does not employ the arm of the law, society knows how to use that softer, but more crushing pressure, that calm, but Gorgon-like look which only the bravest and stoutest hearts know how to resist.

It is rather against that indirect repression which a well-organized society exercises, both through its male and female representatives, that Mill's demand for Liberty seems directed. He does not stand up for unlimited licence; on the contrary, he would have been the most strenuous defender of that balance of power between the weak and the strong on which all social life depends. But he resents those smaller penalties which society will always inflict on those who disturb its dignified peace and comfort:—avoidance, exclusion, a cold look, a stinging remark. Had Mill any right to complain of these social penalties? Would it not rather amount to an interference with individual liberty to wish to deprive any individual or any number of individuals of those weapons of self-defence? Those who themselves

* Herzen defined Nihilism as "the most perfect freedom from all settled concepts, from all inherited restrictions and in positions which hinder the progress of the Occidental intellect with the historical drag tied to its feet."

think and speak freely, have hardly a right to complain if others claim the same privilege. Mill himself called the Conservative party the stupid party *par excellence*, and he took great pains to explain that it was so, not by accident, but by necessity. Need he wonder if those whom he whipped and scourged used their own whips and scourges against so merciless a critic?

Freethinkers and I use that name as a title of honour for all who, like Mill, claim for every individual the fullest freedom in thought, word, or deed, compatible with the freedom of others, are apt to make one mistake. Conscious of their own honest intentions, they cannot bear to be mistrusted or slighted. They expect society to submit to their often very painful operations as a patient submits to the knife of the surgeon. That is not in human nature. The enemy of abuses is always abused by his enemies. Society will never yield one inch without resistance, and few reformers live long enough to receive the thanks of those whom they have reformed. Mill's unsolicited election to Parliament was a triumph not often shared by social reformers; it was as exceptional as Bright's admission to a seat in the Cabinet, or Stanley's appointment as Dean of Westminster. Such anomalies will happen in a country fortunately so full of anomalies as England; but, as a rule, a political reformer must not be angry if he passes through life without the title of Right Honourable; nor should a man, if he will always speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, be disappointed if he dies a martyr rather than a Bishop.

But granting even that in Mill's time there existed some traces of social tyranny, where are they now? Look at the newspapers and the journals. Is there any theory too wild, any reform too violent, to be openly defended? Look at the drawing-rooms or the meetings of learned societies. Are not the most eccentric talkers the spoiled children of the fashionable world? When young lords begin to discuss the propriety of limiting the rights of inheritance, and young tutors are not afraid to propose curtailing the long vacation, surely we need not complain of the intolerance of English society.

Whenever I state these facts to my German and French and Italian friends, who from reading Mill's Essay "On Liberty" have derived the impression that, however large an amount of political liberty England may enjoy, it enjoys but little of intellectual freedom, they are generally willing to be converted so far as London, or other great cities, are concerned. But look at your Universities, they say, the nurseries of English thought! Can you compare their mediæval spirit, their monastic institutions, their scholastic philosophy, with the freshness and freedom of the Continental Universities? Strong as these prejudices about Oxford and Cambridge have always been, they have become still more intense since Professor Helmholtz, in an inaugural address which he delivered at his installation as Rector of the University of Berlin, lent the authority of his great name to these misconceptions. "The tutors," he

says,* "in the English Universities cannot deviate by a hair's-breadth from the dogmatic system of the English Church, without exposing themselves to the censure of their Archbishops and losing their pupils." In German Universities, on the contrary, we are told that the extreme conclusions of materialistic metaphysics, the boldest speculations within the sphere of Darwin's theory of evolution, may be propounded without let or hindrance, quite as much as the highest apotheosis of Papal infallibility.

Here the facts on which Professor Helmholtz relies are entirely wrong, and the writings of some of our most eminent tutors supply a more than sufficient refutation of his statements. Archbishops have no official position whatsoever in English Universities, and their censure of an Oxford tutor would be resented as impertinent by the whole University. Nor does the University, as such, exercise any very strict control over the tutors, even when they lecture not to their own College only. Each Master of Arts at Oxford claims now the right to lecture (*venia docendi*), and I doubt whether they would ever submit to those restrictions which, in Germany, the Faculty imposes on every *Privat-docent*. *Privat-docents* in German Universities have been rejected by the Faculty for incompetence, and silenced for insubordination. I know of no such cases at Oxford during my residence of more than thirty years, nor can I think it likely that they should ever occur.

As to the extreme conclusions of materialistic metaphysics, there are Oxford tutors who have grappled with the systems of such giants as Hobbes, Locke, or Hume, and who are not likely to be frightened by Buchner and Vogt.

I know comparisons are odious, and I am the last man who would wish to draw comparisons between English and German Universities unfavourable to the latter. But with regard to freedom of thought, of speech, and action, Professor Helmholtz, if he would spend but a few weeks at Oxford, would find that we enjoy a fuller measure of freedom here than the Professors and *Privat-docents* in any Continental University. The publications of some of our professors and tutors ought at least to have convinced him that if there is less of brave words and turbulent talk in their writings, they display throughout a determination to speak the truth, which may be matched, but could not easily be excelled, by the leaders of thought in France, Germany, or Italy.

The real difference between English and Continental Universities is that the former govern themselves, the latter are governed. Self-government entails responsibilities, sometimes restraints and reticences. I may here be allowed to quote the words of another eminent Professor

* Ueber die Akademische Freiheit der Deutschen Universitäten, Rede beim Antritt des Rectorats an der Friedrich-Wilhelms-Universität in Berlin, am 15 October 1877, gehalten von Dr. H. Helmholtz.

of the University of Berlin, Du Bois Reymond, who, in addressing his colleagues, ventured to tell them,* "We have still to learn from the English how the greatest independence of the individual is compatible with willing submission to salutary, though irksome, statutes." That is particularly true when the statutes are self-imposed. In Germany, as Professor Helmholtz tells us himself, the last decision in almost all the more important affairs of the Universities rests with the Government, and he does not deny that in times of political and ecclesiastical tension, a most inconsiderate use has been made of that power. There are, besides, the less important matters, such as raising of salaries, leave of absence, scientific missions, even titles and decorations, all of which enable a clever Minister of Instruction to assert his personal influence among the less independent members of the University. In Oxford the University does not know the Ministry, nor the Ministry the University. The acts of the Government, be it Liberal or Conservative, are freely discussed, and often powerfully resisted by the academic constituencies, and the personal dislike of a Minister or Ministerial Councillor could as little injure a professor or tutor as his favour could add one penny to his salary.

But these are minor matters. What gives their own peculiar character to the English Universities is a sense of power and responsibility: power, because they are the most respected among the numerous corporations in the country; responsibility, because the higher education of the whole country has been committed to their charge. Their only master is public opinion as represented in Parliament, their only incentive their own sense of duty. There is no country in Europe where Universities hold so exalted a position, and where those who have the honour to belong to them may say with greater truth, *Noblesse oblige*.

I know the dangers of self-government, particularly where higher and more ideal interests are concerned, and there are probably few who wish for a real reform in schools and Universities who have not occasionally yielded to the desire for a Dictator, of a Bismarck or a Falk. But such a desire springs only from a momentary weakness and despondency; and no one who knows the difference between being governed and governing oneself, would ever wish to descend from that higher though dangerous position to a lower one, however safe and comfortable it might seem. No one who has tasted freedom would ever wish to exchange it for anything else. Public opinion is sometimes a hard taskmaster, and majorities can be great tyrants to those who want to be honest to their own convictions. But in the struggle of all against all, each individual feels that he has his rightful place, and that he may exercise his rightful influence. If he is beaten, he is beaten in

* Ueber eine Akademie der Deutschen Sprache, p. 34. Another keen observer of English life, Mr. K. Helldrand, in an article in the October number of the *Norddeutsche Zeitung*, remarks: "Nowhere is there greater individual liberty than in England, and nowhere do people renounce it more readily of their own accord."

fair fight; if he conquers, he has no one else to thank. No doubt despotic Governments have often exercised the most beneficial patronage in encouraging and rewarding poets, artists, and men of science. But men of genius who have conquered the love and admiration of a whole nation are greater than those who have gained the favour of the most brilliant Courts; and we know how some of the fairest reputations have been wrecked on the patronage which they had to accept at the hands of powerful Ministers or ambitious Sovereigns.

But to return to Mill and his plea for Liberty. Though I can hardly believe that, were he still among us, he would claim a larger measure of freedom for the individual than is now accorded to every one of us in the society in which we move, yet the chief cause on which he founded his plea for Liberty, the chief evil which he thought could be remedied only if society would allow more elbow-room to individual genius, exists in the same degree as in his time—aye, even in a higher degree. The principle of Individuality has suffered more at present than perhaps at any former period of history. The world is becoming more and more gregarious, and what the French call our *nature moutonnaire*, "our mutton-like nature," our tendency to leap where any bell-wether has leapt before, becomes more and more prevalent in politics, in religion, in art, and even in science. M. de Tocqueville expressed his surprise how much more Frenchmen of the present day resemble one another than did those of the last generation. The same remark, adds John Stuart Mill, might be made of England in a greater degree. "The modern *régime* of public opinion," he writes, "is in an unorganized form what the Chinese educational and political systems are in an organized; and unless individuality shall be able successfully to assert itself against this yoke, Europe, notwithstanding its noble antecedents and its professed Christianity, will tend to become another China."

I fully agree with Mill in recognizing the dangers of uniformity, but I doubt whether what he calls the *régime* of public opinion is alone, or even chiefly, answerable for it. No doubt there are some people in whose eyes uniformity seems an advantage rather than a disadvantage. If all were equally strong, equally educated, equally honest, equally rich, equally tall, or equally small, society would seem to them to have reached the highest ideal. The same people admire an old French garden, with its clipped yew-trees, forming artificial walls and towers and pyramids, far more than the giant yews which, like large serpents, clasp the soil with their coiling roots, and overshadow with their dark green branches the white chalk cliffs of the Thames. But those French gardens, unless they are constantly clipped and prevented from growing, soon fall into decay. As in nature, so in society, uniformity means but too often stagnation, while variety is the surest sign of health and vigour. The deepest secret of nature is its love of continued novelty. Its tendency, if unrestrained, is towards constantly creating new varieties, which, if they fulfil their purpose, become fixed for a time, or, it may

be, for ever ; while others, after they have fulfilled their purpose, vanish to make room for new and stronger types.

The same is the secret of human society. It consists and lives in individuals, each being meant to be different from all the others, and to contribute his own peculiar share to the common wealth. As no tree is like any other tree, and no leaf on the same tree like any other leaf, no human being is exactly like any other human being, nor is it meant to be. It is in this endless, and to us inconceivable, variety of human souls that the deepest purpose of human life is to be realized ; and the more society fulfils that purpose, the more it allows free scope for the development of every individual germ, the richer will be the harvest in no distant future. Such is the mystery of individuality that I do not wonder if even those philosophers who, like Mill, reduce the meaning of the word *sarred* to the very smallest compass, see in each individual soul something sacred, something to be revered, even where we cannot understand it, something to be protected against all vulgar violence.

Where I differ from Mill and his school is on the question as to the quarter from whence the epidemic of uniformity springs which threatens the free development of modern society. Mill points to the society in which we move ; to those who are in front of us, to our contemporaries. I feel convinced that our real enemies are at our back, and that the heaviest chains which are fastened on us are those made, not by the present, but by past generations — by our ancestors, not by our contemporaries.

It is on this point, on the trammels of individual freedom with which we may almost be said to be born into the world, and on the means by which we may shake off these old chains, or at all events carry them more lightly and gracefully, that I wish to speak to you this evening.

You need not be afraid that I am going to enter upon the much discussed subject of heredity, whether in its physiological or psychological aspects. It is a favourite subject just now, and the most curious facts have been brought together of late to illustrate the working of what is called heredity. But the more we know of these facts, the less we seem able to comprehend the underlying principle. Inheritance is one of those numerous words which by their very simplicity and clearness are so apt to darken our counsel. If a father has blue eyes and the son has blue eyes, what can be clearer than that he inherited them ? If the father stammers and the son stammers, who can doubt but that it came by inheritance ? If the father is a musician and the son a musician, we say very glibly that the talent was inherited. But what does *inherited* mean ? In no case does it mean what *inherited* usually means—something external, like money, collected by a father, and, after his death, secured by law to his son. Whatever else inherited may mean, it does not mean that. But unfortunately the word is there, it seems almost pedantic to challenge its meaning, and people are always grateful if an easy word saves them the trouble of hard thought.

Another apparent advantage of the theory of heredity is that it never

fails. If the son has blue, and the father black, eyes, all is right again, for either the mother, or the grandmother, or some historic or prehistoric ancestor, may have had blue eyes, and atavism, we know, will assert itself after hundreds and thousands of years.

Do not suppose that I deny the broad facts of what is called by the name of heredity. What I deny is that the name of heredity offers any scientific solution of a most difficult problem. It is a name, a metaphor, quite as bad as the old metaphor of *innate ideas*; for there is hardly a single point of similarity between the process by which a son may share the black eyes, the stammering, or the musical talent of his father, and that by which, after his father's death, the law secures to the son the possession of the pounds, shillings, and pence which his father held in the Funds.

But whatever the true meaning of heredity may be, certain it is that every individual comes into the world heavy-laden. Nowhere has the consciousness of the burden which rests on each generation as it enters on its journey through life found stronger expression than among the Buddhists. What other people call by various names, "fate or providence," "tradition or inheritance," "circumstances or environment," they call *Karman*, deed—what has been done, whether by ourselves or by others, the accumulated work of all who have come before us, the consequences of which we have to bear, both for good and for evil. Originally this *Karman* seems to have been conceived as personal, as the work which we ourselves have done in former existences. But, as personally we are not conscious of having done such work in former ages, that kind of *Karman*, too, might be said to be impersonal. To the question how *Karman* began, the accumulation of what forms the condition of all that exists at present, Buddhism has no answer to give, any more than any other system of religion or philosophy. The Buddhists say it began with *avidyā*, and *avidyā* means ignorance.* They are much more deeply interested in the question how *Karman* may be annihilated, how each man may free himself from the influence of *Karman*, and Nirvāna, the highest object of all their dreams, is often defined by Buddhist philosophers as "freedom from *Karman*."†

What the Buddhists call by the general name of *Karman*, comprehends all influences which the past exercises on the present, both physically and mentally.‡ It is not my object to examine or even to name all these influences, though I confess nothing is more interesting than to look upon the surface of our modern life as we look on a geological map, and to see the most ancient formations cropping out everywhere under our feet. Difficult as it is to colour a geological map of England, it would be still more difficult to find a sufficient variety of colours to mark the different ingredients of the intellectual surface of this island.



* Spencer Hardy, "Manual of Buddhism," p. 391.

† *Ibid.*, p. 39.

‡ "As one generation dies and gives way to another, the heir of the consequences of all its virtues and all its vices, the exact result of pre-existent causes, so each individual, in the long chain of life, inherits all, of good or evil, which all its predecessors have done or been; and takes up the struggle towards enlightenment precisely there where they left it."—Rhyas Davids, *Buddhism*, p. 104.

That all of us, whether we speak English or German, or French or Russian, are really speaking an ancient Oriental tongue, incredible as it would have sounded a hundred years ago, is now admitted by everybody. Though the various dialects now spoken in Europe have been separated many thousands of years from the Sanskrit, the ancient classical language of India, yet so unbroken is the bond that holds the West and East together that in many cases an intelligent Englishman might still guess the meaning of a Sanskrit word. How little difference is there between Sanskrit *sūnu* and English *son*, between Sanskrit *dahitar* and English *daughter*, between Sanskrit *vid*, to know, and English *to wit*, between Sanskrit *vaksh*, to grow, and English *to wax*! Think how we value a Saxon urn, or a Roman coin, or a Celtic weapon! how we dig for them, clean them, label them, and carefully deposit them in our museums! Yet what is their antiquity compared with the antiquity of such words as *son* or *daughter*, *father* and *mother*? There are no monuments older than those collected in the handy volumes which we call Dictionaries, and those who know how to interpret those English antiquities—as you may see them interpreted, for instance, in Grimm's Dictionary of the German, in Littré's Dictionary of the French, or in Professor Skeats' Etymological Dictionary of the English Language—will learn more of the real growth of the human mind than by studying many volumes on logic and psychology.

And as by our language we belong to the Aryan stratum, we belong through our letters to the Hamitic. We still write English in hieroglyphics; and in spite of all the vicissitudes through which the ancient hieroglyphics have passed in their journey from Egypt to Phœnicia, from Phœnicia to Greece, from Greece to Italy, and from Italy to England, when we write a capital F *F*, when we draw the top line and the smaller line through the middle of the letter, we really draw the two horns of the cerastes, the horned serpent which the ancient Egyptians used for representing the sound of f. They write the name of the king whom the Greeks called *Cheops*, and they themselves *Chu-fu*, like this:*

		<p>chu Here the first sign, the sieve, is to be pronounced <i>chu</i>; the</p> <p>" In the more cursive or Hieratic writing the horned serpent appears as <i>Y</i>; in the later Demotic as <i>Y</i> and <i>Y</i>. The Phœnicians, who borrowed their letters from the Hieratic Egyptian, wrote <i>Y</i> and <i>Y</i>. The Greeks, who took their letters from the Phœnicians, wrote <i>F</i>. When the Greeks, instead of writing like the Phœnicians from right to left, began to write from left to right, they turned each letter, and as <i>X</i> became K, our k, so <i>F</i>, van, became F, the Greek so-called Digamma, the Latin F.</p>
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The first letter in *Chu-fu*, too, still exists in our alphabet, and in the transverse line of our H we must recognize the last remnant of the lines which divide the sieve. The sieve appears in Hieratic as *Q*, in

* Bunsen, "Egypt," ii., pp. 77, 150.

Phœnician as H , in ancient Greek as H , which occurs on an inscription found at Mycenæ and elsewhere as the sign of the spiritus asper, while in Latin it is known to us as the letter H.* In the same manner the undulating line of our capital \mathcal{L} still recalls very strikingly the bent back of the crouching lion, which in the later hieroglyphic inscriptions represents the sound of L.

If thus in our language we are Aryan, in our letters Egyptian, we have only to look at our watches to see that we are Babylonian. Why is our hour divided into sixty minutes, our minutes into sixty seconds? Would not a division of the hour into ten, or fifty, or a hundred minutes have been more natural? We have sixty divisions on the dials of our watches simply because the Greek astronomer Hipparchus, who lived in the second century B.C., accepted the Babylonian system of reckoning time, that system being sexagesimal. The Babylonians knew the decimal system, but for practical purposes they counted by *sassi* and *sari*, the *sassos* representing 60, the *saros* 60 x 60, or 3600. From Hipparchus that system found its way into the works of Ptolemy, about 150 A.D., and thence it was carried down the stream of civilization, finding its last resting-place on the dial-plates of our clocks.

And why are there twenty shillings to our sovereign? Again the real reason lies in Babylon. The Greeks learnt from the Babylonians the art of dividing gold and silver for the purpose of trade. It has been proved that the current gold piece of Western Asia was exactly the sixtieth part of a Babylonian *man*, or *mina*. It was nearly equal to our sovereign. The difficult problem of the relative value of gold and silver in a bi-monetary currency had been solved to a certain extent in the ancient Mesopotamian kingdom, the proportion between gold and silver being fixed at 1 to 13½. The silver shekel current in Babylon was heavier than the gold shekel in the proportion of 13½ to 10, and had therefore the value of one-tenth of a gold shekel; and the half silver shekel, called by the Greeks a drachma, was worth one-twentieth of a gold shekel. The drachma, or half silver shekel, may therefore be looked upon as the most ancient type of our own silver shilling in its relation of one-twentieth of our gold sovereign.†

I shall mention only one more of the most essential tools of our mental life—namely, our *figures*, which we call Arabic, because we received them from the Arabs, but which the Arabs called Indian, because they received them from the Indians—in order to show you how this nineteenth century of ours is under the sway of centuries long past and forgotten; how we are what we are, not by ourselves, but by those who came before us, and how the intellectual ground on which we stand is made up of the detritus of thoughts which were first thought, not on these isles nor in Europe, but on the shores of the Oxus, the Nile, the Euphrates, and the Indus.

* Mémoire sur l'Origine Égyptienne de l'Alphabet Phénicien, par E. de Rongé, Paris, 1874.

† See Brandis, "Das Münzwesen."

Now you may well ask *Quorsum hæc omnia?*—What has all this to do with freedom and with the free development of individuality? Because a man is born the heir of all the ages, can it be said that he is not free to grow and to expand, and to develop all the faculties of his mind? Are those who came before him, and who left him this goodly inheritance, to be called his enemies? Is that chain of tradition which connects him with the past really a galling fetter, and not rather the leading-strings without which he would never learn to walk straight?

Let us look at the matter more closely. No one would venture to say that every individual should begin life as a young savage, and be left to form his own language, and invent his own letters, numerals, and coins. On the contrary, if we comprehend all this and a great deal more, such as religion, morality, and secular knowledge, under the general name of *education*, even the most advanced defenders of individualism would hold that no child should enter society without submitting, or rather without being submitted, to education. Most of us would even go further, and make it criminal for parents or even for communities to allow children to grow up uneducated. The excuse of worthless parents that they are at liberty to do with their children as they like, has at last been blown to the winds. I still remember the time when pseudo-Liberals were not ashamed to say that, whatever other nations, such as the Germans, might do, England would never submit to compulsory education. That wicked sophistry, too, has at last been silenced, and among the principal advocates of compulsory education, and of the necessity of curtailing the freedom of savage parents of savage children, have been Mill and his friends, the apostles of liberty and individualism.* A new era may be said to date in the history of every nation from the day on which "compulsory education" becomes part of their statute-book; and I may congratulate the most Liberal town in England on having proved itself the most inexorable tyrant in carrying out the principle of compulsory education.

But do not let us imagine that compulsory education is without its dangers. Like a powerful engine, it must be carefully watched, if it is not to produce, what all compulsion will produce, a slavish receptivity, and, what all machines do produce, monotonous uniformity.

We know that all education must in the beginning be purely dogmatic. Children are taught language, religion, morality, patriotism, and afterwards at school, history, literature, mathematics, and all the rest, long before they are able to question, to judge, or choose for themselves, and there is hardly anything that a child will not believe if it comes from those in whom the child believes.

Reading, writing, and arithmetic, no doubt, must be taught dogmatically, and they take up an enormous amount of time, particularly in

* "Is it not almost a self-evident axiom, that the State should require and compel the education, up to a certain standard, of every human being who is born its citizen? Yet who is there that is not afraid to recognize and assert this truth?"—*On Liberty*, p. 100.

English schools. English spelling is a national misfortune, and in the keen international race between all the countries of Europe, it handicaps the English child to a degree that seems incredible till we look at statistics. I know the difficulties of a Spelling Reform, I know what people mean when they call it impossible; but I also know that personal and national virtue consists in doing so-called impossible things, and that no nation has done, and has still to do, so many impossible things as the English.

But, granted that reading, writing, and arithmetic occupy nearly the whole school-time and absorb the best powers of the pupils, cannot something be done in play-hours? Is there not some work that can be turned into play, and some play that can be turned into work? Cannot the powers of observation be called out in a child while collecting flowers, or stones, or butterflies? Cannot his judgment be strengthened either in gymnastic exercises, or in measuring the area of a field or the height of a tower? Might not all this be done without a view to examinations or payment by results, simply for the sake of filling the little dull minds with one sunbeam of joy, such sunbeams being more likely hereafter to call hidden precious germs into life than the deadening weight of such lessons as, for instance, that *th-ough* is though, *thr-ough* is through, *en-ough* is enough. A child who believes that will hereafter believe anything. Those who wish to see Natural Science introduced into elementary schools frighten schoolmasters by the very name of Natural Science. But surely every schoolmaster who is worth his salt should be able to teach children a love of Nature, a wondering at Nature, a curiosity to pry into the secrets of Nature, an acquisitiveness for some of the treasures of Nature, and all this acquired in the fresh air of the field and the forest, where, better than in frouzy lecture-rooms, the edge of the senses can be sharpened, the chest be widened, and that freedom of thought fostered which made England what it was even before the days of compulsory education.

But in addressing you here to-night it was my intention to speak of the higher rather than of elementary education.

All education, as it now exists in most countries of Europe, may be divided into three stages—*elementary*, *scholastic*, and *academical*: or call it *primary*, *secondary*, and *tertiary*.

Elementary education has at last been made compulsory in most civilized countries. Unfortunately, however, it seems impossible to include under compulsory education anything beyond the very elements of knowledge—at least for the present; though, with proper management, I know from experience that a well-conducted elementary school can afford to provide instruction in extra subjects—such as natural science, modern languages, and political economy—and yet, with the present system of Government grants, be self-supporting.*

The next stage above the elementary is *scholastic* education, as it is supplied in grammar schools, whether public or private. According as

* *Times*, January 25, 1879.

the pupils are intended either to go on to a university, or to enter at once on leaving school on the practical work of life, these schools are divided into two classes. In the one class, which in Germany are called *Real-schulen*, less Latin is taught, and no Greek, but more of mathematics, modern languages, and physical science; in the other, called *Gymnasia* on the Continent, classics form the chief staple of instruction.

It is during this stage that education, whether at private or public schools, exercises its strongest levelling influence. Little attention can be paid at large schools to individual tastes or talents. In Germany, even more perhaps than in England, it is the chief object of a good and conscientious master to have his class as uniform as possible at the end of the year; and he receives far more credit from the official examiner if his whole class marches well and keeps pace together, than if he can parade a few brilliant and forward boys, followed by a number of straggling laggards.

And as to the character of the teaching at school, how can it be otherwise than authoritative or dogmatic? The Socratic method is very good if we can find the *niri Socratici* and leisure for discussion. But at school, which now may seem to be called almost in mockery σχολή, or leisure, the true method is, after all, that patronized by the great educators of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Boys at school must turn their mind into a row of pigeon-holes, filling as many as they can with useful notes, and never forgetting how many are empty. There is an immense amount of positive knowledge to be acquired between the ages of ten and eighteen—rules of grammar, strings of vocabularies, dates, names of towns, rivers, and mountains, mathematical formulas, &c. All depends here on the receptive and retentive powers of the mind. The memory has to be strengthened, without being overtaxed, till it acts almost mechanically. Learning by heart, I believe, cannot be too strongly recommended during the years spent at school. There may have been too much of it when, as the Rev. H. C. Adams informs us in his "*Wykehamica*" (p. 357), boys used to say by heart 13,000 and 14,000 lines, when one repeated the whole of Virgil, nay, when another was able to say the whole of the English Bible by rote:—"Put him on where you would, he would go fluently on, as long as any one would listen."

No intellectual investment, I feel certain, bears such ample and such regular interest as gems of English, Latin, or Greek literature deposited in our memory during our childhood and youth, and taken up from time to time in the happy hours of our solitude.

One fault I have to find with most schools, both in England and on the Continent. Boys do not read enough of the Greek and Roman classics. The majority of our masters are scholars by profession, and they are apt to lay undue stress on what they call accurate and minute scholarship, and to neglect wide and cursory reading. I know the

arguments for minute accuracy, but I also know the mischief that is done by an exclusive devotion to critical scholarship before we have acquired a real familiarity with the principal works of classical literature. The time spent in our schools in learning the rules of grammar and syntax, writing exercises, and composing verses, is too large. Look only at our Greek and Latin grammars, with all their rules and exceptions, and exceptions on exceptions! It is too heavy a weight for any boy to carry; and no wonder that when one of the thousand small rules which they have learnt by heart is really wanted, it is seldom forthcoming. The end of classical teaching at school should be to make our boys acquainted not only with the language, but with the literature and history, the ancient thought of the ancient world. Rules of grammar, syntax, or metre, are but means towards that end; they must never be mistaken for the end itself. A young man of eighteen, who has probably spent on an average ten years in learning Greek and Latin, ought to be able to read any of the ordinary Greek or Latin classics without much difficulty; nay, with a certain amount of pleasure. He might have to consult his dictionary now and then, or guess the meaning of certain words; he might also feel doubtful sometimes whether certain forms came from *ἵμι*, I send, or *εἵμι*, I go, or *εἰμι*, I am, particularly if preceded by prepositions. In these matters the best scholars are least inclined to be pharisaical; and whenever I meet in the controversies of classical scholars the favourite phrase, "Every schoolboy knows, or ought to know, this," I generally say to myself, "No, he ought not." Anyhow, those who wish to see the study of Greek and Latin retained in our public schools ought to feel convinced that it will certainly not be retained much longer, if it can be said with any truth that young men who leave school at eighteen are in many cases unable to read or to enjoy a classical text, unless they have seen it before.

Classical teaching, and all purely scholastic teaching, ought to be finished at school. When a young man goes to University, unless he means to make scholarship his profession, he ought to be free to enter upon a new career. If he has not learnt by that time so much of Greek and Latin as is absolutely necessary in after-life for a lawyer, or a student of physical science, or even a clergyman, either he or his school is to blame. I do not mean to say that it would not be most desirable for every one during his University career to attend some lectures on classical literature, on ancient history, philosophy, or art. What is to be deprecated is, that the University should have to do the work which belongs properly to the school.

The best colleges at Oxford and Cambridge have shown by their matriculation examinations what the standard of classical knowledge ought to be at eighteen or nineteen. That standard can be reached by boys while still at school, as has been proved both by the so-called local

examinations, and by the examinations of schools held under the Delegates appointed by the Universities. If, therefore, the University would reassert her old right, and make the first examination, called at Oxford Responsions, a general matriculation examination for admission to the University, not only would the public schools be stimulated to greater efforts, but the teaching of the University might assume, from the very beginning, that academic character which ought to distinguish it from mere schoolboy work.

Academic teaching ought to be not merely a continuation, but in one sense a correction of scholastic teaching. While at school instruction must be chiefly dogmatic, at University it is to be Socratic, for I find no better name for that method which is to set a man free from the burden of purely traditional knowledge; to make him feel that the words which he uses are often empty, that the concepts he employs are, for the most part, mere bundles picked up at random; that even where he knows facts, he does not know their evidence; and where he expresses opinions, they are mostly mere dogmas, adopted by him without examination.

But for the Universities, I should indeed fear that Mill's prophecies might come true, and that the intellect of Europe might drift into dreary monotony. The Universities always have been, and, unless they are diverted from their original purpose, always will be, the guardians of the freedom of thought, the protectors of individual spontaneity; and it was owing, I believe, to Mill's ignorance of true academic teaching that he took so desponding a view of the generation growing up under his eyes.

When we leave school, our heads are naturally brimful of dogma, that is, of knowledge and opinions at second-hand. Such dead knowledge is extremely dangerous, unless it is sooner or later revived by the spirit of free inquiry. It does not matter whether our scholastic dogmas be true or false. The danger is the same. And why? Because to place either truth or error above the reach of argument is certain to weaken truth and to strengthen error. Secondly, because to hold as true on the authority of others anything which concerns us deeply, and which we could prove ourselves, produces feebleness, if not dishonesty. And, thirdly, because to feel unwilling or unable to meet objections by argument is generally the first step towards violence and persecution.

I do not think of religious dogmas only. They are generally the first to rouse inquiry, even during our schoolboy days, and they are by no means the most difficult to deal with. Dogma often rages where we least expect it. Among scientific men the theory of evolution is at present becoming, or has become, a dogma. What is the result? No objections are listened to, no difficulties recognized, and a man like Virchow, himself the strongest supporter of evolution, who has the moral courage to say that the descent of man from any ape whatsoever is, as yet,

before the tribunal of scientific zoology, "not proven," is howled down in Germany in a manner worthy of Ephesians and Galatians. But at present I am thinking not so much of any special dogmas, but rather of that dogmatic state of mind which is the almost inevitable result of the teaching at school. I think of the whole intellect, what has been called the *intellectus sibi permissus*, and I maintain that it is the object of academic teaching to rouse that intellect out of its slumber by questions not less startling than when Galileo asked the world whether the sun was really moving and the earth stood still; or when Kant asked whether time and space were objects, or necessary forms of our sensuous intuition. Till our opinions have thus been tested and stood the test, we can hardly call them our own.

How true this is with regard to religion has been boldly expressed by Bishop Beveridge.

"Being conscious to myself," he writes in his "Private Thoughts on Religion," "how great an ascendant Christianity holds over me beyond the rest, as being that religion whereinto I was born and baptized; that which the supreme authority has enjoined and my parents educated me in; that which every one I meet withal highly approves of, and which I myself have, by a long continued profession, made almost natural to me: I am resolved to be more jealous and suspicious of this religion than of the rest, and be sure not to entertain it any longer without being convinced, by solid and substantial arguments, of the truth and certainty of it."

This is bold and manly language from a Bishop nearly two hundred years ago, and I certainly think that the time has come when some of the divinity lecturers at Oxford and Cambridge might well be employed in placing a knowledge of the sacred books of other religions within the reach of undergraduates. Many of the difficulties—most of them of our own making—with regard to the origin, the handing down, the later corruptions and misinterpretations of sacred texts, would find their natural solution, if it was shown how exactly the same difficulties arose and had to be dealt with by theologians of other creeds. If some—ay, if many—of the doctrines of Christianity were met with in other religions also, surely that would not affect their value, or diminish their truth; while nothing, I feel certain, would more effectually secure to the pure and simple teaching of Christ its true place in the historical development of the human mind than to place it side by side with the other religions of the world. In the series of translations of the "Sacred Books of the East," of which the first three volumes have just appeared,* I wished myself to include a new translation of the Old and New Testaments; and when that series is finished it will, I believe, be admitted that nowhere would these two books have had a grander setting, or have shone with a brighter light, than surrounded by the Veda, the Zendavesta, the Buddhist Tripitaka, and the Qur'an.

But as I said before, I was not thinking of religious dogmas only, or even chiefly, when I maintained that the character of academic

* "Sacred Books of the East," edited by M. M., vols. i., ii, iii; Clarendon Press, Oxford, 1879.

teaching must be Socratic, not dogmatic. The evil of dogmatic teaching lies much deeper, and spreads much further.

Think only of language, the work of other people, not of ourselves, which we pick up at random in our race through life. Does not every word we use require careful examination and revision? It is not enough to say that language assists our thoughts or colours them, or possibly obscures them. No, we know now that language and thought are indivisible. It was not from poverty of expression that the Greek called reason and language by the same word, λόγος. It was because they knew that, though we may distinguish between thought and speech, as we distinguish between body and soul, it is as impossible to tear the one by violence away from the other as it is to separate the concave side of a lens from its convex side. This is something to learn and to understand, for, if properly understood, it will supply the key to most of our intellectual puzzles, and serve as the safest thread through the whole labyrinth of philosophy.

"It is evident," as Hobbes remarks,* "that truth and falsity have no place but amongst such living creatures as use speech. For though some brute creatures, looking upon the image of a man in a glass, may be affected with it, as if it were the man himself, and for this reason fear it or fawn upon it in vain; yet they do not apprehend it as true or false, but only as like; and in this they are not deceived. Wherefore, as men owe all their true ratiocination to the right understanding of speech, so also they owe their errors to the misunderstanding of the same; and as all the ornaments of philosophy proceed only from man, so from man also is derived the ugly absurdity of false opinion. For speech has something in it like to a spider's web (as it was said of old of Solon's laws), for by contexture of words tender and delicate wits are ensnared or stopped, but strong wits break easily through them."

Let me illustrate my meaning by at least one instance.

Among the words which have proved spider's webs, ensnaring even the greatest intellects of the world from Aristotle down to Leibniz, the terms *genus*, *species*, and *individual* occupy a very prominent place. The opposition of Aristotle to Plato, of the Nominalists to the Realists, of Leibniz to Locke, of Herbart to Hegel, turns on the true meaning of these words. At school, of course, all we can do is to teach the received meaning of *genus* and *species*; and if a boy can trace these terms back to Aristotle's γένος and εἶδος, and show in what sense that philosopher used them, every examiner would be satisfied.

But the time comes when we have to act as our own examiners, and when we have to give an account to ourselves of such words as *genus* and *species*. Some people write, indeed, as if they had seen a *species* and a *genus* walking about in broad daylight; but a little consideration will show us that these words express subjective concepts, and that, if the whole world were silent, there would never have been a thought of

* "Computation or Logic," l. iii., viii., p. 26.

a *genus* or a *species*. There are languages in which we look in vain for corresponding words; and if we had been born in such a language, these terms and thoughts would not exist for us. They came to us, directly or indirectly, from Aristotle. But Aristotle did not invent them, he only defined them in his own way, so that, for instance, according to him, all living beings would constitute a *genus*, men a *species*, and Socrates an *individual*.

No one would say that Aristotle had not a perfect right to define these terms, if those who use them in his sense would only always remember that they are thinking the thoughts of Aristotle, and not their own. The true way to shake off the fetters of old words, and to learn to think our own thoughts, is to follow them up from century to century, to watch their development, and in the end to bring ourselves face to face with those who first found and framed both words and thoughts. If we do this with *genus* and *species*, we shall find that the words which Aristotle defined—viz., γένος and εἶδος—had originally a very different and far more useful application than that which he gave to them. Γένος, *genus*, meant generation, and comprehended such living beings only as were known to have a common origin, however they might differ in outward appearance, as, for instance, the spaniel and the bloodhound, or, according to Darwin, the ape and the man. Εἶδος or *species*, on the contrary, meant appearance, and comprehended all such things as had the same form or appearance, whether they had a common origin or not, as if we were to speak of a species of four-footed, two-footed, horned, winged, or blue animals.

That two such concepts, as we have here explained, had a natural justification we may best learn from the fact that exactly the same thoughts found expression in Sanskrit. There, too, we find γāti, generation, used in the sense of *genus*, and opposed to ākrīti, appearance, used in the sense of *species*.

So long as these two words or thoughts were used independently (much as we now speak of a genealogical as independent of a morphological classification) no harm could accrue. A family, for instance, might be called a γένος, the *gens* or clan was a γένος, the nation (gnatio) was a γένος, the whole human kith and kin was a γένος; in fact, all that was descended from common ancestors was a true γένος. There is no obscurity of thought in this.

On the other side, taking εἶδος or *species* in its original sense, one man might be said to be like another in his εἶδος or appearance. An ape, too, might quite truly be said to have the same εἶδος or *species* or appearance as a man, without any prejudice as to their common origin. People might also speak of different εἶδη or forms or classes of things, such as different kinds of metals, or tools, or armour, without committing themselves in the least to any opinion as to their common descent.

Often it would happen that things belonging to the same γένος, such as the white man and the negro, differed in their εἶδος or appearance.

often also that things belonging to the same εἶδος, such as eatables, differed in their γένος, as, for instance, meat and vegetables.

All this is clear and simple. The confusion began when these two terms, instead of being co-ordinate, were subordinated to each other by the philosophers of Greece, so that what from one point of view was called a *genus*, might from another be called a *species*, and *vice versa*. Human beings, for instance, were now called a *species*, all living beings a *genus*, which may be true in logic, but is utterly false in what is older than logic—viz., language, thought, or fact. According to language, according to reason, and according to Nature, all human beings constitute a γένος, or generation, so long as they are supposed to have common ancestors; but with regard to all living beings we can only say that they form an εἶδος—that is, agree in certain appearances, until it has been proved that even Mr. Darwin was too modest in admitting at least four or five different ancestors for the whole animal world.*

In tracing the history of these two words, γένος and εἶδος, you may see passing before your eyes almost the whole panorama of philosophy, from Plato's ideas down to Hegel's *Idee*. The question of *genera*, their origin and subdivision, occupied chiefly the attention of natural philosophers, who, after long controversies about the origin and classification of *genera* and *species*, seem at last, thanks to the clear sight of Darwin, to have arrived at the old truth which was prefigured in language—namely, that Nature knows nothing but *genera*, or generations, to be traced back to a limited number of ancestors, and that the so-called *species* are only *genera*, whose genealogical descent is *as yet* more or less obscure.

But the question as to the nature of the εἶδος became a vital question in every system of philosophy. Granting, for instance, that women in every clime and country formed one species, it was soon asked what constituted a species? If all women shared a common form, what was that form? Where was it? So long as it was supposed that all women descended from Eve, the difficulty might be slurred over by the name of heredity. But the more thoughtful would ask even then how it was that, while all individual women came and went and vanished, the form in which they were cast remained the same?

Here you see how philosophical mythology springs up. The very question what εἶδος or species or form was, and where these things were kept, changed those words from predicates into subjects. Εἶδος was conceived as something independent and substantial, something within or above the individuals participating in it, something unchangeable and eternal. Soon there arose as many εἶδη or forms or types as there were general concepts. They were considered the only true realities of which the phenomenal world is only as a shadow that soon passeth away. Here we have, in fact, the origin of Plato's ideas, and of the various systems of idealism which followed his lead, while the opposite

* Lectures on Mr. Darwin's "Philosophy of Language," *Forster's Magazine*, June, 1873, p. 20.

opinions that ideas have no independent existence, and that the one is nowhere found except in the many (τὸ ἓν παρὶ τὰ πολλὰ), was strenuously defended by Aristotle and his followers.*

The same red thread runs through the whole philosophy of the Middle Ages. Men were cited before councils and condemned as heretics because they declared that *animal*, *man*, or *woman* were mere names, and that they could not bring themselves to believe in an ideal animal, an ideal man, an ideal woman as the invisible, supernatural, or metaphysical types of the ordinary animal, the individual man, the single woman. Those philosophers, called *Nominalists*, in opposition to the *Realists*, declared that all general terms were *names only*, and that nothing could claim reality but the individual.

We cannot follow this controversy further, as it turns up again between Locke and Leibniz, between Herbart and Hegel. Suffice it to say that the knot, as it was tied by language, can be untied by the science of language alone, which teaches us that there is and can be no such thing as "a name only." That phrase ought to be banished from all works on philosophy. A name is and always has been the subjective side of our knowledge, but that subjective side is as impossible without an objective side as a key is without a lock. It is useless to ask which of the two is the more real, for they are real only by being, not two, but one. Realism is as one-sided as Nominalism. But there is a higher Nominalism, which might better be called the Science of Language, and which teaches us that, apart from sensuous perception, all human knowledge is by names and by names only, and that the object of names is always the general.

This is but one out of hundreds and thousands of cases to show how names and concepts which come to us by tradition must be submitted to very careful snuffing before they will yield a pure light. What I mean by academic teaching and academic study is exactly this process of snuffing, this changing of traditional words into living words, this tracing of modern thought back to ancient primitive thought, this living, as it were, once more, so far as it concerns us, the whole history of human thought ourselves, till we are as little afraid to differ from Plato or Aristotle as from Comte or Darwin.

Plato and Aristotle are, no doubt, great names; every schoolboy is awed by them, even though he may have read very little of their writings. This, too, is a kind of dogmatism that requires correction. Now, at University, a young student might hear the following, by no means respectful, remarks about Aristotle, which I copy from one of the greatest English scholars and philosophers:—"There is nothing so absurd that the old philosophers, as Cicero saith, who was one of them, have not some of them maintained; and I believe that scarce anything can be more absurdly said in natural philosophy than that which now is called Aristotle's Metaphysics; or

* Prantl, "Geschichte der Logik," vol. 2, p. 121.

more repugnant to government than much of that he hath said in his Politics, nor more ignorantly than a great part of his Ethics." I am far from approving this judgment, but I think that the shock which a young scholar receives on seeing his idols so mercilessly broken is salutary. It throws him back on his own resources; it makes him honest to himself. If he thinks the criticism thus passed on Aristotle unfair, he will begin to read his works with new eyes. He will not only construe his words, but try to reconstruct in his own mind the thoughts so carefully elaborated by that ancient philosopher. He will judge of their truth without being swayed by the authority of a great name, and probably in the end value what is valuable in Aristotle, or Plato, or any other great philosopher far more highly and honestly than if he had never seen them trodden under foot.

But do not suppose that I look upon the Universities as purely iconoclastic, as chiefly intended to teach us how to break the idols of the schools. Far from it! But I do look upon them as meant to freshen the atmosphere which we breathe at school, and to shake our mind to its very roots, as a storm shakes the young oaks, not to throw them down, but to make them grasp all the more firmly the hard soil of fact and truth! "*Stand upright on thy feet*" ought to be written over the gate of every college, if the epidemic of uniformity and sequacity which Mill saw approaching from China, and which since his time has made such rapid progress Westward, is ever to be stayed.

Academic freedom is not without its dangers; but there are dangers which it is safer to face than to avoid. In Germany—so far as my own experience goes—students are often left too much to themselves, and it is only the cleverest among them, or those who are personally recommended, who receive from the professors that personal guidance and encouragement which should and could be easily extended to all.

There is too much time given in the German Universities to mere lecturing, and often in simply retailing to a class what each student might read in books often in a far more perfect form. Lectures are useful if they teach us how to teach ourselves; if they stimulate; if they excite sympathy and curiosity; if they give advice that springs from personal experience; if they warn against wrong roads; if, in fact, they have less the character of a show-window than of a workshop. Half an hour's conversation with a tutor or a professor often does more than a whole course of lectures in giving the right direction and the right spirit to a young man's studies. Here I may quote the words of Professor Helmholtz, in full agreement with him. "When I recall the memory of my own University life," he writes, "and the impression which a man like Johannes Müller, the professor of physiology, made on us, I must set the highest value on the personal intercourse with teachers from whom one learns how thought works on independent heads. Whoever has come in contact but once with one or several first-class men will find his intellectual standard changed for life."

In English Universities, on the contrary, there is too little of academic freedom. There is not only guidance, but far too much of constant personal control. It is often thought that English undergraduates could not be trusted with that amount of academic freedom which is granted to German students, and that most of them, if left to choose their own work, their own time, their own books, and their own teachers, would simply do nothing. This seems to me unfair and untrue. Most horses, if you take them to the water, will drink; and the best way to make them drink is to leave them alone. I have lived long enough in English and in German Universities to know that the intellectual fibre is as strong and sound in the English as in the German youth. But if you supply a man, who wishes to learn swimming, with bladders—nay, if you insist on his using them—he will use them, but he will probably never learn to swim. Take them away, on the contrary, and depend on it, after a few aimless strokes and a few painful gulps, he will use his arms and his legs, and he will swim. If young men do not learn to use their arms, their legs, their muscles, their senses, their brain, and their heart too, during the bright years of their University life, when are they to learn it? True, there are thousands who never learn it, and who float happily on through life buoyed up on mere bladders. The worst that can happen to them is that some day the bladders may burst, and they may be left stranded or drowned. But these are not the men whom England wants to fight her battles. It has often been pointed out of late that many of those who, during this century, have borne the brunt of the battle in the intellectual warfare in England, have not been trained at our Universities, while others who have been at Oxford and Cambridge, and have distinguished themselves in after-life, have openly declared that they attended hardly any lectures in college, or that they derived no benefit from them. What can be the ground of that? Not that there is less work done at Oxford than at Leipzig, but that the work is done in a different spirit. It is free in Germany; it has now become almost compulsory in England. Though an old professor myself, I like to attend, when I can, some of the professorial lectures in Germany; for it is a real pleasure to see hundreds of young faces listening to a teacher on the history of art, on modern history, on the science of language, or on philosophy, without any view to examinations, simply from love of the subject or of the teacher. No one who knows what the real joy of learning is, how it lightens all drudgery and draws away the mind from mean pursuits, can see without indignation that what ought to be the freest and happiest years in a man's life should often be spent between cramming and examinations.

And here I have at last mentioned the word, which to many friends of academic freedom, to many who dread the baneful increase of uniformity, may seem the cause of all mischief, the most powerful engine for intellectual levelling—*Examination*.

There is a strong feeling springing up everywhere against the tyranny of examinations, against the cramping and withering influence which they are supposed to exercise on the youth of England. I cannot join in that outcry. I well remember that the first letters which I ventured to address to the *Times*, in very imperfect English, were in favour of examinations. They were signed *La Carrière ouverte*, and were written long before the days of the Civil Service Commission! I well remember, too, that the first time I ventured to speak, or rather to stammer, in public, was in favour of examinations. That was in 1857, at Exeter, when the first experiment was made, under the auspices of Sir T. Acland, in establishing the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examinations. I have been an examiner myself for many years, I have watched the growth of that system in England from year to year, and in spite of all that has been said and written of late against examinations, I confess I do not see how it would be possible to abolish them, and return to the old system of appointment by patronage.

But though I have not lost my faith in examinations, I cannot conceal the fact that I am frightened by the manner in which they are conducted, and by the results which they produce. As you are interested yourselves at this Midland Institute, in the successful working of examinations, you will perhaps allow me in conclusion to add a few remarks on the safeguards necessary for the efficient working of examinations.

All examinations are a means to ascertain how pupils have been taught; they ought never to be allowed to become the end for which pupils are taught.

Teaching with a view to examinations lowers the teacher in the eyes of his pupils; learning with a view to examinations is apt to produce shallowness and dishonesty.

Whatever attractions learning possesses in itself, and whatever efforts were formerly made by boys at school from a sense of duty, all this is lost if they once imagine that the highest object of all learning is gaining marks in examinations.

In order to maintain the proper relation between teacher and pupil, all pupils should be made to look to their teachers as their natural examiners and fairest judges, and therefore in every examination the report of the teacher ought to carry the greatest weight. This is the principle followed abroad in all examinations of candidates at public schools; and even in their examination on leaving school, which gives them the right to enter the University, they know that their success depends far more on the work which they have done during the years at school, than on the work done on the few days of their examination. There are outside examiners appointed by Government to check the work done at schools and during the examinations; but the cases in which they have to modify or reverse the award of the master are extremely rare, and they are felt to reflect seriously on the competency or impartiality of the school authorities.

To leave examinations entirely to strangers reduces them to the level of lotteries, and fosters a cleverness in teachers and taught often akin to dishonesty. An examiner may find out what a candidate knows *not*, he can hardly ever find out all he knows; and even if he succeeds in finding out *how much* a candidate knows, he can never find out *how* he knows it. On these points the opinion of the masters who have watched their pupils for years is indispensable for the sake of the examiner, for the sake of the pupils, and for the sake of their teachers.

I know I shall be told that it would be impossible to trust the masters, and to be guided by their opinion, because they are interested parties. Now, first of all, there are far more honest men in the world than dishonest, and it does not answer to legislate as if all schoolmasters were rogues. It is enough that they should know that their reports would be scrutinized, to keep even the most reprobate of teachers from bearing false witness in favour of their pupils.

Secondly, I believe that unnecessary temptation is now being placed before all parties concerned in examinations. The proper reward for a good examination should be honour, not pounds, shillings, and pence. The mischief done by pecuniary rewards offered in the shape of scholarships and exhibitions at school and University, begins to be recognized very widely. To train a boy of twelve for a race against all England is generally to overstrain his faculties, and often to impair his usefulness in later life; but to make him feel that by his failure he will entail on his father the loss of a hundred a year, and on his teacher the loss of pupils, is simply cruel at that early age.

It is always said that these scholarships and exhibitions enable the sons of poor parents to enjoy the privilege of the best education in England, from which they would otherwise be debarred by the excessive costliness of our public schools. But even this argument, strong as it seems, can hardly stand, for I believe it could be shown that the majority of those who are successful in obtaining scholarships and exhibitions at school or at University are boys whose parents have been able to pay the highest price for their children's previous education. If all these prizes were abolished, and the funds thus set free used to lessen the price of education at school and in college, I believe that the sons of poor parents would be far more benefited than by the present system. It might also be desirable to lower the school-fees in the case of the sons of poor parents, who were doing well at school from year to year; and, in order to guard against favouritism, an examination, particularly *viva voce*, before all the masters of a school, possibly even with some outside examiner, might be useful. But the present system bids fair to degenerate into mere horse-racing, and I shall not wonder if, sooner or later, the two-year olds entered for the race have to be watched by their trainer that they may not be overfed or drugged against the day of the race. It has come to this, that schools are bidding for clever boys in order to run them in the races, and in France, I read, that parents actually extort

money from schools by threatening to take away the young racers that are likely to win the Derby.*

If we turn from the schools to the Universities we find here, too, the same complaints against over-examination. Now it seems to me that every University, in order to maintain its position, has a perfect right to demand two examinations, but no more: one for admission, the other for a degree. Various attempts have been made in Germany, in Russia, in France, and in England to change and improve the old academic tradition, but in the end the original, and, as it would seem, the natural system, has generally proved its wisdom and reasserted its right.

If a University surrenders the right of examining those who wish to be admitted, the tutors will often have to do the work of schoolmasters, and the professors can never know how high or how low they should aim in their public lectures. Besides this, it is almost inevitable, if the Universities surrender the right of a matriculation-examination, that they should lower, not only their own standard, but likewise the standard of public schools. Some Universities, on the contrary, like over-anxious mothers, have multiplied examinations so as to make quite sure, at the end of each term or each year that the pupils confided to them have done at least some work. This kind of forced labour may do some good to the incorrigibly idle, but it does the greatest harm to all the rest. If there is an examination at the end of each year, there can be no freedom left for any independent work. Both teachers and taught will be guided by the same pole-star—examinations; no deviation from the beaten track will be considered safe, and all the pleasure derived from work done for its own sake, and all the just pride and joy, which those only know who have ever ventured out by themselves on the open sea of knowledge, must be lost.

We must not allow ourselves to be deceived by the brilliant show of examination papers.

It is certainly marvellous what an amount of knowledge candidates will produce before their examiners; but those who have been both examined and examiners know best how fleeting that knowledge is, and how different from that other knowledge which has been acquired slowly and quietly, for its own sake, for our own sake, without a thought as to whether it would ever pay at examinations or not. A candidate, after giving most glibly the dates and the titles of the principal works of Cobbett, Gibbon, Burke, Adam Smith, and David Hume, was asked whether he had ever seen any of their writings, and he had to answer, No. Another, who was asked which of the works of Pheidias he had seen, replied that he had only read the first two books. That is the kind of dishonest knowledge which is fostered by too frequent examinations. There are two kinds of knowledge, the one that enters into our very blood, the other which we carry about in our pockets. Those who read for examinations have generally their pockets

* L. Nouré, "*Pädagogisches Skizzenbuch*," p. 137; "*Todtes Wissen*."

cram full; those who work on quietly and have their whole heart in their work are often discouraged at the small amount of their knowledge, at the little life-blood they have made. But what they have learnt has really become their own, has invigorated their whole frame, and in the end they have often proved the strongest and happiest men in the battle of life.

Omniscience is at present the bane of all our knowledge. From the day he leaves school and enters the University a man ought to make up his mind that in many things he must remain either altogether ignorant, or be satisfied with knowledge at second-hand. Thus only can he clear the deck for action. And the sooner he finds out what his own work is to be, the more useful and delightful will be his life at University and later. There are few men who have a passion for all knowledge, there is hardly one who has not a hobby of his own. Those so-called hobbies ought to be utilized, and not, as they are now, discouraged, if we wish our Universities to produce more men like Faraday, Carlyle, Grote, or Darwin. I do not say that in an examination for a University degree a minimum of what is now called general culture should not be insisted on; but in addition to that, far more freedom ought to be given to the examiner to let each candidate produce his own individual work. This is done to a far greater extent in Continental than in English Universities, and the examinations are therefore mostly confided to the members of the *Senatus Academicus*, consisting of the most experienced teachers, and the most eminent representatives of the different branches of knowledge in the University. Their object is not to find out how many marks each candidate may gain by answering a larger or smaller number of questions, and then to place them in order before the world like so many organ pipes. They want to find out whether a man, by the work he has done during his three or four years at University, has acquired that vigour of thought, that maturity of judgment, and that special knowledge, which fairly entitle him to an academic status, to a degree, with or without special honours. Such a degree confers no material advantages;* it does not entitle its holder to any employment in Church or State; it does not vouch even for his being a fit person to be made an Archbishop or Prime Minister. All this is left to the later struggle for life; and in that struggle it seems as if those who, after having surveyed the vast field of human knowledge, have settled on a few acres of their own and cultivated them as they were never cultivated before, who have worked hard and have tasted the true joy and happiness of hard work, who have gladly listened to others, but always depended on themselves, were, after all, the men whom great nations delighted to follow as their royal leaders in their onward march towards greater enlightenment, greater happiness, and greater freedom.

To sum up. No one can read Mill's Essay "On Liberty" at the present moment without feeling that even during the short period of the last

* Mill, "On Liberty," p. 193.

twenty years the cause which he advocated so strongly and passionately, the cause of individual freedom, has made rapid progress, aye, has carried the day. In no country *may* a man be so entirely himself, so true to himself and yet loyal to society, as in England.

But, although the enemy whose encroachments Mill feared most and resented most has been driven back and forced to keep within his own bounds,—though such names as Dissent and Nonconformity, which were formerly used in society as fatal darts, seem to have lost all the poison which they once contained,—Mill's principal fears have nevertheless not been belied, and the blight of uniformity which he saw approaching with its attendant evils of feebleness, indifference, and sequacity, has been spreading more widely than ever in his days.

It has even been maintained that the very freedom which every individual now enjoys has been detrimental to the growth of individuality; that you must have an Inquisition if you want to see martyrs; that you must have despotism and tyranny to call forth heroes. The very measures which Mill and his friends advocated so warmly, compulsory education and competitive examinations, are pointed out as having chiefly contributed to produce that large array of pass-men, that dead level of uninteresting excellence, which is the *beau idéal* of a Chinese Mandarin, while it frightened and disheartened such men as Humboldt, Tocqueville, and John Stuart Mill.

There may be some truth in all this, but it is certainly not the whole truth. Education, as it has to be carried on, whether in elementary or in public schools, is no doubt a heavy weight which might well press down the most independent spirit; it is, in fact, neither more nor less than placing, in a systematized form, on the shoulders of every generation the ever-increasing mass of knowledge, experience, custom, and tradition that has been accumulated by former generations. We need not wonder, therefore, if in some schools all spring, all vigour, all joyousness of work is crushed out under that load of names and dates, of anomalous verbs and syntactic rules, of mathematical formulas and geometrical axioms, which boys are expected to bring up for competitive examinations.

But a remedy has been provided, and we are ourselves to blame if we do not avail ourselves of it to the fullest extent. Europe erected its Universities, and called them the homes of the Liberal Arts, and determined that between the slavery of the school and the routine of practical life every man should have at least three years of freedom. What Socrates and his great pupil Plato had done for the youth of Greece,* these new academies were to do for the youth of Italy, France, England, Spain, and Germany; and, though with varying success, they have done it. The mediæval and modern Universities have been from century to century the homes of free thought. Here the most eminent men have spent their lives, not merely in retailing

* Zeller, "Ueber den wissenschaftlichen Unterricht bei den Griechen," 1878, p. 3.

traditional knowledge, as at school, but in extending the frontiers of science in all directions. Here, in close intercourse with their teachers, or under their immediate guidance, generation after generation of boys, fresh from school, have grown up into men during the three years of their academic life. Here, for the first time, each man has been encouraged to dare to be himself, to follow his own tastes, to depend on his own judgment, to try the wings of his mind, and, lo, like young eagles thrown out of their nest, they could fly. Here the old knowledge accumulated at school was tested, and new knowledge acquired straight from the fountain-head. Here knowledge ceased to be a mere burden, and became a power invigorating the whole mind, like snow which during winter lies cold and heavy on the meadows, but when it is touched by the sun of spring melts away, and fructifies the ground for a rich harvest.

That was the original purpose of the Universities; and the more they continue to fulfil that purpose the more will they secure to us that real freedom from tradition, from custom, from mere opinion and superstition, which can be gained by independent study only; the more will they foster that "human development in its richest diversity" which Mill, like Humboldt, considered as the highest object of all society.

Such academic teaching need not be confined to the old Universities. There is many a great University that sprang from smaller beginnings than your Midland Institute. Nor is it necessary, in order to secure the real benefits of academic teaching, to have all the paraphernalia of a University, its colleges and fellowships, its caps and gowns. What is really wanted are men who have done good work in their life, and who are willing to teach others how to work for themselves, how to think for themselves, how to judge for themselves. That is the true academic stage in every man's life, when he learns to work, not to please others, be they schoolmasters or examiners, but to please himself, when he works from sheer love of work, and for the highest of all purposes, the conquest of truth. Those only who have passed through that stage know the real blessings of work. To the world at large they may seem mere drudges—but the world does not know the triumphant joy with which the true mountaineer, high above clouds and mountain walls that once seemed unsurpassable, drinks in the fresh air of the High Alps, and away from the fumes, the dust, and the noises of the city, revels alone, in freedom of thought, in freedom of feeling, and in the freedom of the highest faith.

F. MAX MÜLLER.

MR. GLADSTONE.

TWO STUDIES SUGGESTED BY HIS "GLEANINGS OF PAST YEARS."

*Gleanings of Past Years, 1843-1878. By the Right
Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. Seven vols. London:
John Murray.*

I.

LORD BEACONSFIELD and his party are still holding on. All the over-praised Disraelian craft has dwindled somehow to this merely muscular operation. An attempt is, indeed, made to disguise the attitude by keeping strict silence, and arranging the facial expression of the Cabinet, if not of the Party, in a way not agreeing with the strain; but the country is fast finding out that the real posture of the Conservatives at this moment is that of clutching at office, and nothing more. However, no amount of not talking about the elections will put them off finally. In his most efficient days Lord Beaconsfield was hardly clever enough to operate upon the almanack, and a certain terrible date is approaching upon him with increasing swiftuess. It will be rather humiliating at last for a Premier to be brought up by the day of the month, and to be reminded by the great officials of Parliament what year of Our Lord it is. But these latter personages are partly paid for watching the efflux of time, and no doubt they will do their duty. It may be unpleasant for them to have to tell Lord Beaconsfield that dates make it impossible for him to go on any longer, but they must get what consolation they can from the remembrance that it is the first time they ever had to say this to a Minister. Several Parliaments in our history have been nicknamed rather uglily, but it is likely that the Beaconsfield House of Commons will be known under a description more humiliating than any, because so inescapably accurate. It will literally be the run-to-the-last-dregs Parliament, and when, on there not being another moment left, the dissolution has necessarily to be ordered, the not-any-longer-to-be-put-off elections will take place.

When that unpostponeable day comes, it is very well known beforehand whose will be the most towering figure on the hustings, whose the form towards which all eyes must turn. It will be that of him whose name is

written at the head of this paper—Mr. Gladstone. Most Englishmen will at first feel a crick in the neck in having to look behind them so far north as Midlothian. But Liberals and Conservatives alike understand that wherever Mr. Gladstone chooses to take up his position that becomes the centre of the fight. If he stood for the Orkneys, he would still be too near for his opponents; and, as for his friends, they remember that with Ulysses' bow it did not greatly signify whether the hero was a few yards further off or nearer. The bolts will reach. It is, indeed, not unlikely that Mr. Gladstone may force on the conflict, and, after the speech at Chester, the other side cannot say that they were left without warning. The Conservative leaders have, in fact, a nearer date to calculate than the final one of the Parliamentary calendar—that, namely, of Mr. Gladstone's appearance in Midlothian. It may be supposed that they are already anxiously counting the days of the dwindling interval. Whenever he gives instructions for his hustings to be put up, the Conservatives will have to send for their own carpenters, and order planks.

The present moment, while he is temporarily absent, and just before he again necessarily reappears in the very front of the public stage, may not be an ill time for taking a hasty review of him and his career. It is, in fact, a favourable chance. Mr. Gladstone, by stress of glorious hard work and sheer public efficiency, has so unceasingly filled the passing hour, always being fully occupied himself in dealing with a special matter, and enforcing the attention of the nation to it, that he has left people very little at leisure to take in a retrospect of him. The result is, that there is great inadequacy in the public appreciation of the dimensions of his career; it stretches back further, expands wider, rises higher than most of us commonly keep in our minds. Lately, it is true, Mr. Gladstone has taken great pains to remind the country of his years; he has rather ostentatiously postured as an old man. But without meaning to impugn his veracity, or to dispute the register, we may say that he has scarcely got anybody to believe it. He has gone on felling trees, writing letters and articles, and publishing volumes, with utterances of more and better speeches between than anybody else can make, in a way which has led not a few to congratulate themselves that he was not any younger. In particular, his opponents, so soon as they found out that his announcement of retirement into ease meant that he was going to take the truest rest of all, to work a little harder in another kind of way, positively made an outcry as if he had pledged himself to gratify them by doing nothing. They seem rather to complain that he has retired into greater publicity; but there is something to be said about that matter. The implied bargain on Mr. Gladstone's side at the time obviously was that the Conservatives were themselves not to do anything in particular. It was to be a time of stagnation, and they have not kept to that understanding; no sooner had he turned his back than they began to swagger up and down the world as Imperialists. They have risked the highest interests of the empire and

have made England figure on the wrong side, arrayed against the oppressed and blustering for war. Mr. Gladstone could only keep quiet by foregoing all patriotism. It was too much to ask from an old-fashioned English statesman, who had always himself stood on the side of freedom and peace, and had grown accustomed to seeing his country ranged there too. However, we will speak again a little later on this point of his announced retirement.

It is nearly superfluous to remind any one that there is no statesman now before the public with an official record which can in any way be set beside Mr. Gladstone's even in the mere matters of length of time and diversity of parts. There are a number of men in the House of Commons older than Mr. Gladstone; there are some, though not many, who have had a seat in it longer than he has; but there is no one whose Ministerial life goes back nearly so far. He held office forty-five years ago. Nearly a score of years had to pass after his first appointment to a post before Mr. Disraeli joined a Ministry, and then he stepped into the place which had been refused by Mr. Gladstone. The latter's range of official experience exceeds others in breadth even more than in length. Before he became Prime Minister he had been Under-Secretary for the Colonies, Vice-President of the Board of Trade and Master of the Mint, President of the Board of Trade, full Secretary for the Colonies, and Chancellor of the Exchequer more than once. There is no other journeyman politician with a stroke of work left in him who has anything like this list of credentials of apprenticeship to show. Mr. Gladstone learnt his craft under Peel, Aberdeen, Palmerston, Russell; and then himself became the selector and instructor of a group of younger men for whom renewed office is only biding a not very distant date. It is an honour alike to name the men he served under and those whom he commanded; including in the association with him some whom he attracted, and to whom the latter phrase might scarcely fully apply; for Mr. Cobden worked with him without an office, and Mr. Bright in one. These latter were achievements of personal influence which may fairly rank a trifle higher than merely taking precedence of a Duke in a Cabinet. If we go on to consider what has happened in his time in the way of legislation and social reform, and his connection with it, it may be said, speaking generally, that he has witnessed the political and economical remoulding of this Kingdom; and, taking all things together, has helped it forward in more ways than anybody else who still survives. If while Mr. Bright lives his name must always have the honour of first mention when the Repeal of the Corn Laws is spoken of, it was Mr. Gladstone who wrought out all the details of Peel's fiscal reforms. He too it was who, much later, gave effect to Cobden's negotiation of the French Commercial Treaty; and also, again, made the best bargain that could be made when that first international arrangement lapsed. Every amelioration bearing on taxation and trade in our time has been naturally fated in some

way to touch the hands of Mr. Gladstone. So, too, it was his conversion, or rather his progress, on the question of the Franchise—proved by his bringing in of the Russell measure—which made the immediate granting of the vote certain, and challenged the Tory trick of the last Reform Bill. The Ballot Act, without which the vote was but a sinister gift, came from his Ministry. But let us turn from England to the sister country. If Ireland is ever pacified, it will be then seen that it was Mr. Gladstone who, by the Disestablishment of the Irish Church and by his Land Act, laid the foundations of the peace. If the Roman Catholics get a University now, they will only get what he offered them years ago. The prosperity of Ireland is, indeed, sure some day to give to Mr. Gladstone's memory a splendid revenge for the ingratitude she showed to the man who brought legislation for Ireland into vogue. If we shift our regard to diplomacy, the future is still clearly with him in several of the chief international arrangements this generation has witnessed. When the Berlin Treaty is cobwebbed, and forgotten by everybody but historians and bookworms, the Treaty of Washington will be a living, ruling precedent between the mighty English-speaking nations on both sides of the Atlantic; and on the day that the Turks are thrust out of Europe, and the peoples of those regions are settling the Eastern Question finally for themselves, the then British Government, in begging somebody to take Cyprus off our hands, will bear a larger Greece gratefully couple Mr. Gladstone's name with the cession of the Ionian Islands.

In every one of these matters Mr. Gladstone gets his good fortune with posterity, as we believe, from having acted on Liberal principles. It is the merit of those principles that, to borrow a phrase of his own, they put Time on a man's side. He has trusted himself to the popular impulses, which are the breezes blowing towards the future, giving auspicious omens by the very working out of the world's events. But if, apart from Liberalism, he would have had not much more significance for the coming generations than Lord Beaconsfield will have when his foreign policy has once been undone and set aside, Mr. Gladstone must not be defrauded of a tithe of his due credit. He who has done all this was once a Conservative, and, to make it still more wonderful, a Peelite. Of that pale group of a Parliamentary section, which never could be a party, he is the only one who escaped from the vain middle region of ineffectiveness. For a man who was once a Peelite and has never ceased to be a High Churchman to have gained supreme power in this country is a political miracle. It was worked by sheer mental force. Mr. Gladstone's greatest feat, making all the rest possible, was the slowly but ever-ripeningly turning himself into a good, sound, robust Liberal; but he not only had the wit to appreciate the inevitableness of popular progress, he made himself a shaper and a helper of it in ways which showed a willing adoption of its cause. For we may scrutinize his career more closely than in the above rapid sketch, may look down lower than these great pictorial incidents we have been recapitu-

lating ; and, if we do so, we shall see a set of administrative reforms, less showy, but very hard to carry, and which exhibit genuine Liberalism in the grain of every one of them. It was under his auspices that the Civil Service was thrown open to unlimited competition ; he, in spite of the Lords, with Earl Derby at their head, took the duty off paper, giving us cheap newspapers ; he consolidated the Law Courts, doing away a whole web of legal artificialities ; it was as his colleague that Mr. Forster gave to the country its first national educational scheme ; but for him Mr. Cardwell would never have succeeded in altering the principle of our military organization from long-period enlistments to the short-term service ; while Mr. Gladstone's opponents are willing to thrust upon him the whole honour of abolishing purchase in the army, because they think the issue of the Royal Warrant which, thanks to their resistance of the reform, was the only means of effecting it, lends itself to a taunt. Add to this list, the fact that although he, at first, for easily seen reasons of mere habit of mind, going back to the earlier days when he was Conservative, did not favour University Reform, yet he finally lent himself fully to it, and it is not difficult to understand the successive outcries raised against him in the higher social quarters. He gave all the "interests" splendidly sufficient reasons for their dislike, since wherever there was an abuse Mr. Gladstone was as certain in the end to confront it as he is to appear, axe on his shoulder, before any tree in Hawarden woods which has lived past its time.

But there is another way, more compendious still, of summing up his political chronicle. His opponents at times exult over the fact of his having often changed his constituencies. It is true, but it was always for his growing Liberalism. Certainly, there are those who once ensconced in a shire—say, in Buckinghamshire—remain there as long as they need a seat. They never offend any one by progress of view. Mr. Gladstone has not acted by that rule ; he has got himself turned out of constituency after constituency ; but, we repeat, it was always for the same reason—he became too big for them. Among his highest distinctions are these,—he is the resigner of Newark, the rejected of Oxford, the loser of South Lancashire. The thing has occurred too often to admit of a casual explanation. It was not for Liberalism, as it is now understood, that he, when still in his youth, offended the mighty Duke of Newcastle and had to give up Newark, but it was for reasoned-out consistency which gave hope of Liberalism. He would not stultify his intellect by voting for Peel's proposed increase of the Maynooth Grant in contradiction of his own book on Church and State. But all the world knows that it was for Liberalism somewhat developed that he quitted Oxford ; and the cause of his defeat in Lancashire was that he had for years been too busy in pushing forward reforms on all hands. It was a noble vanquishment for him, whatever it was for his party, for Lancashire, or for the country. Test his career

how we will, the result still comes out to his honour. He, for conscience's sake, offended the great patron on whom his whole prospects then depended, remaining out of Parliament for a time; later, he went over with Peel, knowing that it meant an ineffective hanging between two parties for an indefinite time, sharing the hopes and chances of neither; when Lord Derby came into power, he refused office on its being offered. In a word, he has evidenced his sincerity and proved his patriotism in every way for which it is allowed to other men to claim honour. When a man has risked personal prospects, refused place, held office in all its kinds, left one lagging constituency after another behind him, and finally, by sheer insisting on rapid progress, temporarily wearied the weak and lazy of his countrymen throughout the whole nation, as the last general election showed that he had, what more is there left for him to do for his country? Only one thing remained: the sacrificing his retirement after the formal announcement of the close of his career, and, afresh taking up his old post in the front of the battle as if he were still young and had place and public life to secure, striving his hardest a last time for the sake of his principles and his party. It is this final possibility of sacrificing ease and renewing labour which Mr. Gladstone undertakes in the Mallothian campaign now so very soon to be opened by him.

The above is the merest bird's-eye glance at his career, but it seemed to us a retrospect which all Liberals should have in their minds more completely than is common when he again draws to him the national gaze, as he of necessity will do.

But on reading back, how inadequate does the above record seem for Mr. Gladstone! It is simply the background of the picture; a field of industry and achievements, on which the portraiture of the man himself needs yet making to stand out. We have been speaking of the ex-Premier, for instance, just as we might talk of any politician, and Mr. Gladstone, though our chiefest politician, has throughout been so much more than that. It is perfectly true that there is no public man among us who has projected less of a special atmosphere of personality than he has through which his doings are to be beheld. He has been too busy with his work to think of any attitudinizing or trick in doing it. Mr. Gladstone's only mannerism has been that of superior excellence of thinking, speaking, and doing. Anybody else might have done and said what he has uttered and effected, if only they had had the same ability and industry. His one comprehensive distinction, summing up all the others, lies in his having developed more of these two simple, old-fashioned things than his best contemporaries. He has invented no mysteries, traded in no artificialities, given us no pyrotechnics; only a plain common air lies along his track, in which, if we perhaps except two or three points where a little mist hangs, everything can be clearly seen in white light, without exaggeration or distortion. His whole style has been the old

traditional English one, accentuated only by Scotch earnestness and seriousness of religious feeling. If Mr. Gladstone, however, has not made any eccentric or theatrical impression on the public mind, he has done something larger and better. He has kept all the three kingdoms continuously aware of him as an element in our general thinking, as well as being a power in our practical affairs. If we put aside Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Mill, and Mr. Ruskin, scarcely any one has had so much to do with the general mental activity of the last two generations as Mr. Gladstone. The result is what we have just pointed out,—that if we sketch him as a statesman only, everybody sees that the canvas is not big enough. It is a sufficiently full description of most men who have been politicians to ascribe to them statesmanship; but in Mr. Gladstone's case we want a yet larger phrase: his business has not been politics merely, it has been patriotism; and he has made time, nobody quite knows how, to do nearly as much work outside Parliament as within it. We may cut a scholar able to adorn a university out of Mr. Gladstone, and then carve from him a fine student and reverencer of Art; next mark off a reviewer and general *littérateur* whom professed authors will respectfully make room for in their ranks; and not only is there still left, solid and firm, the great Parliamentary Minister, but of the scattered fragments a couple of Bishops might easily be made, with, if nothing at all is to be wasted, several preachers for the denominations. The latter would be derived from a morsel or two of material which Mr. Gladstone himself is not fully aware of as being in his composition. It is not very easy to give a complete impression offhand of such a multiform personage as this. We must take him a little simpler. The general effect of it all has been, as we said above, that the mental activity of the community in all matters relating to politics and practical affairs has had to take its rate and much of its scale largely from him, and he has been thinking with the speed, not of the old jog-trot political life, but with the rapidity of ethical and religious cogitation, and has insisted on giving thought to everything. In fact, the ultimate impression which Mr. Gladstone has made upon the community has been that of an intellect weaponed with a perfectly fluent tongue, and a hand holding the quickest of pens, occupying the very highest national posts, ceaselessly going on reasoning, insisting upon doing it, whether the reasoning might occasionally go wrong or not, just as if thinking, speaking, and writing were man's right employment. His chief opponents would, perhaps, hesitate in flatly saying that they were not; but, at any rate, they have continually been wanting him to stop. Nearly all the complaint that was ever made of Mr. Gladstone resolves itself into a charge that he has thought and spoken and written too much. The accusation is one which it would task a great many men to lay themselves open to; it is never thought of in the case of the bulk of us. Above all, he has kept on thinking, he would use his mind. Possibly the other side might

have forgiven it, if only he had not done it so well; if only this promptest, quickest ratiocination on the part of a practical politician in our times had not, as it progressed, brought him ever nearer to the conclusions of Liberalism. He has, we are, however, rather ashamed to admit, had to suffer from his own party for this unusualness of mental activity. Our practical politics for generations past had been carried on upon such shallow reasoning, on such a hand-to-mouth principle of mere party expediency, that even some Liberals were surprised when he brought a little subtlety of intellect into public life. It was enough to make a smaller man despair of his countrymen's sanity when he found that for years many of them could not distinguish between an Anglican High Churchman and an admirer of Rome.

To speak plainly, there was never such a humiliating spectacle of public stolidity as that which for so long a time was witnessed in the popular mystification as to Mr. Gladstone's religious position. It went for nothing that his first critical Parliamentary step was to give up his seat rather than vote more money to Maynooth; nobody seemed to bear in mind that as far back as 1852 he both predicted and publicly hoped for the downfall of the temporal power of the Papacy, and that ten years later Sir George Bowyer openly attacked him on that very point in Parliament; it did not avail that he it was who paved the way for the unification of Italy by dragging into the light before all Europe the prison secrets of Neapolitan tyranny. Because he had the good sense to oppose the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, and the loyalty to remain on terms of friendship with the companions of his youth after they became Puseyites, and avowed that he held the same views as to Church doctrine which some of the greatest Church of England divines taught, he was called on to explain, every month or so, that he was not a Jesuit. Not until he published his pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees, and by so doing threw all the Roman Catholics in England and elsewhere into a white heat of rage, was the silliness quite exploded. It is true that the dull public might plead that a real profession of religiousness on the part of a leading politician was such a novelty that it might be excused being a little puzzled, and believing the worst in its perplexity. Worst or best, Mr. Gladstone has gone on speaking and writing about his religion just as if a man's ethics and faith ought to have some connection with his politics, and, as time has passed, people appear to think it less strange. This non-reticence on the score of religion has made more serious the impression Mr. Gladstone has produced upon the public mind; but in reality it is no specialty in his mode of public thinking, but only a necessary part of it. He tracks his commonest politics to their fundamental principles, and makes of them a system. He has always in his reasoning to go back to history, and this has delayed his advance in comparison with men who dispense with that; but there never yet was a public man who explained so

fully as Mr. Gladstone the reasons of his changes. All the progress of his mind is to be traced in speeches, articles, pamphlets, volumes. He has given too much explanation, not too little, for his mind has an insatiability for reasons. Most people are content when they get hold of a good one; but he wants three or four—in fact, all that can be got by searching for; and if it be true, as it certainly is, that he likes the last to have a little subtlety about it, long-sustained thinking cannot take people too deep in politics, whatever it may do now and then in religion. For instance, on the question of Reform Mr. Gladstone has certainly exhausted the process, having at last got at the final ideal argument. It turns out, as he stated it to Mr. Lowe, to be this,—that, apart from, or rather in addition to, all the hard reasons of justice and safety that Mr. Bright can urge for extending the franchise, the vote ought to be given because it has an educative power, and will make our humbler fellow-countrymen better citizens. It is open to any one, who is stupid enough, to call that argument subtle, but no one can deny that it is truly Liberal. There is not a man among us to-day who keeps the main Liberal issues so broad and clear as Mr. Gladstone does, and this simply because he will get to a principle. He adds a tremendous multiplicity of ideas in the way of side issues, but, as we have put it, they are all reasons in addition. There is a very simple test of it,—he has never recanted a single article of his Liberal progress, never gone back a single step. This hardly can be said of either Mr. Lowe or a few others who might be named. It could not even be said of so thorough a Liberal as Earl Russell. Mr. Gladstone's alleged over-refining has ended in placing and keeping him in the practical lead of his party, at a time of life when many born in the faith grow faint-hearted. Even the one bit of mysticism which his political feeling has developed—namely, the belief that the popular judgment is truest of all in very large matters—is only the full flowering of the popular trust which every Liberal professes to have. The bulk of the nation will forgive him that excess of political belief, if it be an excess, for it is the last compliment a statesman can pay them, and they have but to merit it, and it then turns to Mr. Gladstone's praise as well as theirs. But, at any rate, it will not do for Liberals to set out to argue the point with Mr. Gladstone, or they will quickly find themselves tripped up by a principle; for it is no sentimentality in him which underlies the view, but completed logic and wide recollection of historical instances.

Indeed, although it was necessary in trying to reproduce the general impression Mr. Gladstone has made upon his contemporaries to speak of this alleged over-refining, what is meant by it has been after all a kind of superfluity of mental operation. His intricacy of thinking has never hindered his activity; least of all living men has Mr. Gladstone been a dreamer. He stands in history as a reviser of fiscal policies; an introducer of new administrative modes; a widener of the boundaries of political rights; a ceaseless overthrower of public abuses. From first to

last he has been, as the hatred of his opponents has too well witnessed, a man of practice. You may add to this that he reasons too minutely, if you like; but it was not by a transcendental casuistry of politics that he wearied the country: it was by his enormous energy in ceaselessly proposing wide sweeping measures. The casuistry was all in addition. The over-refining of Mr. Gladstone has, in fact, been of a wholly different kind from what is common among men; it has consisted in finding justifications afterwards for very prompt vigorous doing. Examine, if any one thinks it worth while at this time of day, the Ewelme Rectory case, or the issue of the Royal Warrant on Purchase, or the Collier appointment, and it will appear that it was for bold decision in taking a practical step that he was arraigned as much as for subsequently finding too many reasons for it. For ourselves, as we have not set out to apologize for Mr. Gladstone (men of his dimensions must be taken as they are), but simply to put down hints recalling more fully than is usual the great features of his career, there is no need for our not saying that we wish he had in some cases dispensed with these arguments in excess of the conclusion. In some instances it is as wise after all, though not so clever, to be satisfied with urging one good reason, and not to confuse ordinary people by adding five or six more not so good, the risk being that there will be a bad one among them. But the fact remains that Mr. Gladstone has not busied himself in tying mental knots for the purpose of entanglement; he has indulged in no such waste of time. The mental puzzle has always referred to some practical doing. Owing to this, his opponents have had to admit his mental sincerity, while accusing him of over-subtlety. It nearly all turned, in fact, into the psychological question of whether Mr. Gladstone's mind had not at one part of its machinery a twist, and in the meantime while this point was being discussed he went on carrying his measures. If there were Liberals who did not quite follow him in his defence of the issue of the Royal Warrant, when he drew distinctions between prerogative and statutory power, they had not the least doubt that in abolishing purchase he had effected a capital Liberal reform, and they might hope that his reasoning as well as his practice was right. Is Mr. Gladstone to be the only one to whose idiosyncrasy nothing is to be allowed? The hullabaloo which was raised when somebody could say that he had broken through a technicality seemed very like, after all, as though from this one politician perfection was expected, which was not an ill compliment at bottom; and any admirers who may admit that perfection was not always got, do not, in granting that, depreciate him much as this world goes, and may still think him the most upright of our public men. His mental machinery is complicated, whilst there is no apparatus like it for rapidity, and once set going he himself cannot always stop it; his mind, as we have said, riots in ratiocination, and will multiply arguments to the last shred of the material which any case in hand affords.

But, to return to the main point,—it never leaves go of the real business. Even what has seemed to some persons his off-work, his voluminous writing, has, with the one exception of his classical studies, been no mere leisurely literature, but persistent advocacy of special objects. These productions have been meant to frame public opinion, and to give him openings for legislation, if that became possible. He has used the press because it had become the hugest instrument of the time he lived in; but it was not for the purpose of multiplying books that Mr. Gladstone wrote, but with a view to practically influencing men.

This relentless subordination of everything to practical ends—this iron determination to keep doing, even while ready frankly to depend upon his power of speaking and writing to produce conviction and popular persuasion as the means for effecting his objects, gives as the final imprint of Mr. Gladstone on one's mind that he was always meant for a Liberal. A man of this kind might be born a Conservative; it might take him time to break fully with old ties; but for him to stay finally in the ranks where thought was allowed to remain muddled, where abuses were looked on with toleration, and ease was enjoyed at the cost of others, was an impossibility. Mr. Gladstone, if only from the fact that he was a born financier and an inveterate thinker, and a man with a passion for publicly talking, belonged to the Liberals from the first. His whole life, too, has consistently lent itself to that style. If it has had in it a touch of austerity, that excellently belitted the social condition of the masses of our people. His gaze has been fixed too much upon them to be attracted by the glitter of the narrow upper circle, which so foolishly persists, amidst its gaudy splendour, in believing itself the nation. That silliness was not for Mr. Gladstone. He has been subjected to some tests. If his family was not highly placed, his father was a baronet, and he himself was educated at Eton and Oxford. Nobles have been among his friends at all periods of his life, as well as his official subordinates more than once in it. But he has passed the whole of his long career without a sparkle of the glitter of adventitious display: that proudest title of all, which it is not in the power of the Crown to bestow but only to take away—"the Great Commoner"—has descended upon him, and is still his. Then he has fenced himself off with no stiffness of manner; the only dignity he has assumed has been the natural seriousness of ardent sincerity, warning off tritlers only. To everybody else he has been accessible; any person could impose on him the trouble of a written reply. His post-cards were known to be public property. But putting aside that joke, which is now worn bare, scarcely has any one so fully and ungrudgingly accepted the responsibilities of his position. He has been the public's faithful, ready servant in every particular. Nor has it been mere complaisance, or a drudging of mechanical industry; he has exhibited a real faculty of interesting himself in all that anybody has been doing actively

and well. To say that he is the only statesman who, while clinging to the Church of England, has commanded the sympathies of the Dissenters, might provoke an enemy, embittered by the fact, to reply that he had tactical reasons for trying to do that; but it could have been nothing else than real width of mind and a robust versatility which enabled this High Churchman largely to divide impartial admiration between the Evangelical party and the Romanists, pointing out fully and exactly what is to be praised in each. Any one who wishes it can find the estimates set out in detail in the third and seventh volumes of "The Gleanings." This wide range of intellectual appreciation is really as much a characteristic of Mr. Gladstone as has been his unyielding tenacity and doctrinal hold within the limits of his personal confession of belief. He, a firm acceptor of the tenets of sacramental efficacy, apostolical succession, and the authority of the Church in her own sphere, could take up the semi-rationalistic book "Ecce Homo," and turn it round-and-round admiringly as a most curious and valuable mental production. Nothing in which thought was really shown has escaped his notice, or failed to arouse his interest. He has bent his look on Secularism, as a scientific inquirer might scrutinize a new species, and he has stooped to quote Mr. Bradlaugh. In one place you will find him, very likely on the page after giving a passage from Isaiah or the Psalms, citing the old poet Dunbar, or speaking of Rowe or Swift, or alluding to Rousseau; while long before it became a fashion he had words of sympathizing praise for Shelley, selecting, of all other places, *The Quarterly Review* to print them in. But, perhaps, the clearest proof of all, alike of his power to bear testimony in spite of personal disliking, and his standing hard and fast upon a principle when he has reached it, is that he, whom Macaulay nearly half a century ago described as "a young man of unblemished character," and whom his Lordship, if he were now alive, would speak of as "the old man with personal fame unspotted," could step aside in one of his articles to recognize the public debt due to Jack Wilkes as a helper forward of our freedom. Wherever a national service has been done, Mr. Gladstone's eulogy always has been ready.

Down to this point we have not spared so much as a hint to his magnificent oratory, his unsurpassed debating skill, his not infrequent successes in literary style. These were not the things that anybody needed reminding of, and that necessity was the prescribed limit of our self-imposed task. Who has forgotten when the expounding of the Budget was the greatest intellectual treat of the Session, when sugar and railway duties and tea became natural themes for eloquence, and the unfolding of the surplus was breathlessly waited for like the dénouement of a novelist's plot? Those scenes are long past, it is true, but the echoes of them can still be heard, for each year since has brought a disappointing reminder to awaken them. But the matchless vigour and splendour of his debating fence has never slackened, never weakened; the only privilege of the older generation in respect of it, is that they

can boast to have witnessed more of it, not to have seen better displays. As to his writings, there least of all is any reminder wanted, for he presents the public with an improving specimen each month. If any one laid themselves out to find fault with Mr. Gladstone's literature, the very worst thing they could discover to say of it, would be that it still was oratory, only written down.

This is the man who, after a few weeks of leisure, reappears next month in Midlothian; first in the field, as if that appearance was his by right of custom. How well he compares with the rest of our older party leaders! Mr. Bright, grown a little pursy, though also stricken by domestic misfortune, rests rather inertly on his laurels, which certainly are plentiful enough to invite repose; Mr. Forster has never succeeded in quite finding his way out of the clauses of his own Education Act, where he sees himself confronted with the Church of England at the end of so many vistas, that he is lost in admiration of its architecture; Mr. Goschen, by some strange weakness (which, let us hope, is only temporary) has got a scare from meeting the County Franchise wearing Joseph Arch's coat and hat; while Mr. Lowe is riding hobbies, bicycle-wise, in and out before the very select constituency of the London University, with readers of *The Fortnightly Review* for outside spectators, just by way of showing off his little feats of mental gymnastic. In the meanwhile, Mr. Gladstone, the veteran of them all, is putting on his harness for a fresh contest, a riper, better Liberal to-day than on any previous day of fight. It is for the younger men to rally round him.

But, before taking our leave of Mr. Gladstone, we have finally to enlarge our view of him. Early in these remarks it seemed well to give a very hasty summary of his whole career; but there remains to be attempted an exact sketch of his actual position in respect of opinions and practical relations at the moment when he ceased to be Minister. Let us, first of all, at this moment when a Brummagem Imperialism is only yet half-faded, recall what was Mr. Gladstone's opinion of the historic position and natural function of England among the nations; for it has been craftily made to appear that he was willing, and indeed anxious, for this country to efface itself. In 1870, when he was still at the height of power, he published in *The Edinburgh Review* his article on "Germany, France, and England," and the following was the view he then put forward of the international obligations and duties of his country, in spite of the sea dividing us from other lands:—

"Yet we are not isolated. . . . With vast multitudes of persons in each of the Continental countries we have constant relations, both of personal and commercial intercourse, which grow from year to year; and as, happily, we have no conflict of interests, real or supposed, nor scope for evil passions afforded by our peaceful rivalry, there is nothing to hinder the self-acting growth of concord. . . . So far from this implying either a condition or a policy of isolation, it marks out England as the appropriate object of the general confidence. . . . All that is

wanted is that she should discharge the functions, which are likely more and more to accrue to her, modestly, kindly, impartially. . . . But in order that she may act fully up to a part of such high distinction, the Kingdom of Queen Victoria must be in all things worthy of it. The world-wide cares and responsibilities with which the British people have charged themselves are really beyond the ordinary measure of human strength; and until a recent period it seemed the opinion of our rulers that we could not do better than extend them yet further, wherever an opening could easily, or even decently, be found. With this avidity for material extension was joined a preternatural and morbid sensibility. Russia at the Amoor, America at the Fee-jee or the Sandwich Islands, France in New Caledonia or Cochin China—all these, and the like, were held to be good reasons for a feverish excitement lest other nations should do for themselves but the fiftieth part of what we have done for ourselves. . . . The secret of strength lies in keeping some proportion between the burden and the back."

Is it necessary to ask whether this is a policy combining dignified patriotism and prudently-restrained common sense? Compare it for a moment with the gewgaw skimble-skamble diplomatic sensationalism with which we have been presented since. But let us go a little more into detail as to Mr. Gladstone's standing with reference to international relations. This present Government has perhaps forgotten that there is such a nation in the world as the United States of America; but Mr. Gladstone kept it well in mind, and we suppose every one will admit that he, of all statesmen, stands well with that people of our own blood, who very shortly will be the most powerful community upon the earth, and the one with whom we shall, for all time, have most to do. However, we will keep within the bounds of Europe. It is the fashion now to give precedence to Germany. Well, Mr. Gladstone was among the first to predict the success of Prussia, and she is not likely to forget who it was who preserved neutrality at a moment most critical to her. Is it France that he is not on good relations with? Why this Minister, who invited her wine trade, and strove unceasingly to increase commerce to and fro across the Channel, and who is for giving further and further political rights to his countrymen, is the only English statesman whom the bulk of Frenchmen can understand. To them our Tories must be as antiquated as their own Royalists. Italy is a growing Power in the European comity, and who is there among our statesmen who can in her fair cities arouse half the enthusiasm he can? He is, literally, the only English politician they familiarly know. With Austria, it is true, he during the recent war lost patience for a moment, but her conduct since has told that her rulers must at the time have known that he had good reasons for it; and no one has more fully appreciated the difficulties of Austria's position than he has done, or was more early in giving her, years ago, the very counsel which she has since proved was the wisest for her. There remains one other great Power to be named—Russia; the State

with whom we shall have directly of necessity to stand face to face in the far East, and with whom terms will in the end have somehow to be made. It is urged against Mr. Gladstone that he has not rendered himself obnoxious enough to this remaining Power—that is, that he did not incapacitate himself for negotiating with her, and, having postponed defiance of her, might make some peaceful arrangement. Can any friend of peace think this a very grievous accusation? Mr. Gladstone has gained this position of goodwill all round at what cost?—that of having fallen into disfavour with the Turks. That is his one terrible disqualification for affairs; or, if you wish to be precisely exhaustive, and at the same time to elicit the absurdity fully, you may add to it that he has irritated the Bourbons. It is quite true, and we, indeed, wish to put it clearly forward, that he was for abating a little of our national swagger, and was prepared to see, and to welcome, advancement in other nations. But every well-grounded Liberal knows that it is only on those two conditions that England can permanently pursue her own paths of industrial development, and the world make progress. Mr. Gladstone's single sin in reference to our external relations was his readiness to favour those two results.

But how does he show when a last view is taken of him from within our politics? Here, again, first look to the circumference. In dealing with the colonies, he was for all being put in possession of a free autonomy, and then urging them to self-reliance—in those ways welding them into the integrity of the empire; and as to India, he insisted that we should strive more and more to realize what he termed the generous conception of a moral trusteeship, to be administered for the benefit of those over whom we rule. Here, once more, we get the true ring of a sound Liberalism, for those are the only principles, we venture to affirm, on which such an empire as this of ours can ever be made permanent. Treating the colonies as babies and biting the thumb at Russia, even from the most scientific frontier India can furnish, though you shout "Empress" from it as loudly as you will, has nothing truly English about it. Empire is not kept in such a mawkish, artificial manner.

But now narrow the gaze within our own home limits. The chief domestic questions for the British public are these,—extension of the County Franchise, the Redistribution of Seats, the Disestablishment of the Church, and Retrenchment of Expenditure. The Land Question will yet have to grow, and may not ripen in his time. But on three of the above pending matters Mr. Gladstone stands at the very front. He is for making our field cultivators citizens no less than our artizans; he is for re-allotting members in a manner which will give us a Parliament truly representative; and it is hardly necessary to speak of economical benefits in connection with the Minister who used the nation to reduction of taxation and surpluses arriving together, and whose last promise under that head was the total abolition of the Income Tax. On the other of these great domestic matters, that which stands third

in the above list, the Disestablishment of the Church, it has seemed to advanced Liberals that Mr. Gladstone has lagged. But the lively fear of his opponents on this very matter is full of hope. Since he last dissented from Mr. Miall's motion, he has written a very significant phrase in an article in this Review. In treating of "The Courses of Religious Thought," when reviewing the churches of the United States and of the British Colonies he spoke of their vigorous growth, "far from the possibly chilling shadow of National Establishments of Religion." In that phrase, for a man so practical as is Mr. Gladstone, Disestablishment seems to cast its shadow before, and not a few persons on the other side of the question shivered from the chilliness it made. But these topics of the first class do not depend upon any one statesman; the biggest of men have these capital problems thrust upon them; all that you can do is to take note how a leader stands in reference to them. And the above is Mr. Gladstone's standing. But there was another class of legislative reforms which he was the man to have gone in search of. In one of his most recent articles he has given us a hint of a dream of this kind which was in his mind. He stated it thus:—"Our currency, our local government, our liquor laws, portions even of our taxation, remain in a state either positively disgraceful, or at the least inviting and demanding improvement." That programme of the further benefits which we should have owed to Mr. Gladstone was put aside by the goldiness of twenty-five or thirty constituencies at the last elections, but it will fittingly serve to give the finishing touch to our presentation of him in this paper. Liberals have, in fact, to thank him for offering more of reform and of benefit than the country would let him give it. Splendid as his achievements have been, he really had others in reserve.

Is it too late? is the question that naturally arises. Certainly there is no hope of having the five years of administration by him which we have lost since 1874. That is irretrievable; and if Mr. Gladstone felt then his growing years, and had a wish to finish other tasks apart from politics, he is no younger now; while the aims of his purposed leisure must have been greatly interfered with by his partial recall to affairs owing to the dangers to which freedom in Bulgaria and our own national credit were exposed. It is wholly a matter for Mr. Gladstone to decide. If the next elections go in favour of the Liberals, all the world knows that office is there for him to take or to leave. Earl Granville, the Duke of Argyll, Lord Hartington would, we need not say, be among the first even to urge it as far as it was right to do so, and the whole party would welcome him back to power with a shout of joy. Who knows? Mr. Gladstone's patriotism is great, and our financial muddle will, also, be very great about that time. Between the two he might be tempted; he may yet do us the final service of putting the national finances right again. It is, we repeat, wholly for him to say. Earlier in this paper a further word was promised on the subject of his retirement; but, upon second thoughts, it scarcely seems neces-

sary. Mr. Gladstone was too experienced in Parliamentary doings not to know that the Conservatives would take care to keep enough of their majority until time itself forced them back to the unwished-for hustings. He did his party not an atom of practical injury by retiring; rather, it was a good opportunity for giving a younger leader practice. It would be quite idle, on the other hand, to argue with his opponents for complaining that he did not retire enough. He has made speeches, they say; he has written articles in every organ there is; he has even republished previous writings. As we before said, they have themselves to blame for it in great measure; if they wanted Mr. Gladstone to stay in retirement, they should have carefully kept quiet. Instead of that they made a noise before his door, disturbing him in his studies. What more natural than that he should come out? He did so, and found that, disguised like harlequins in the flimsy bedizenment which they call Imperialism, they were playing high jinks with Britain's reputation and the chances of freedom for the oppressed in the East. It was too much for him; but if they complain of the number of the weapons he attacked them with, we know that it would have been impossible for him to please them there. They never have been satisfied on that score. What they really find fault with are the blows they got.

And there are more to come. Directly we shall have them complaining that he has chosen a constituency so far away as Scotland, the real fact being that they wish he had gone much farther still. They never are sincere with Mr. Gladstone; he cannot please them. We leave them anxiously listening for his approach again unto these shores, knowing very well that to their thinking they will hear his voice all too soon.

A LIBERAL.

II.

DESCRIPTION is said to be only possible by comparing, and when one is asked to sketch Mr. Gladstone, how is it to be set about? His admirers will have it that he has been a very great Minister, so that if we adopt the comparative method, we ought to look high for standards. Shall we match him alongside Bismarck or Cavour? The latter, to give him precedence, stands renowned for building up his country in evil days, when every omen was against her. But Mr. Gladstone, succeeding to power when England was in the full tide of prosperity and at the height of fame, gave up her prospects, and would have requiesced in her decadence. There is no likeness whatever between him and Cavour. Then take Bismarck. The great German Chancellor shares with the Italian Minister the glory of having widened

the bounds and raised the position of his land, and he stands now head and shoulders above all in the midst of the diplomatic world a very Colossus. But Mr. Gladstone is and has always been outside that world altogether. Prince Bismarck has his hand on all the springs of action, and will let pass no chance of exalting his country. Mr. Gladstone, we repeat, never made the slightest impression in the regions of diplomacy; Courts did not know him, foreign statesmen left him out of their reckoning of the men that had to be dealt with. The great international achievements for which he has alone been talked of have been the surrender of British territory and the paying down of English money lavishly to another State for preposterous claims. But it will be said that it is not fair to Mr. Gladstone to compare him to Prince Bismarck and Count Cavour, for they were men who found their country in unusual circumstances. Look, then, to names in our own history. Pitt must not be spoken of for the reasons just allowed in the other cases; but there are Canning and Palmerston. How does Mr. Gladstone look alongside them? He has himself more than once alluded to Canning, as if not unwilling to be thought to have received his mantle. It was, however, always only in connection with Greece that he spoke of Canning; but that Minister looked much farther than the Mediterranean. One would have thought that so fine a rhetorician as Mr. Gladstone would not have forgotten the famous phrase in which Canning claimed to have called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old. Lord Palmerston was without any such fine phrases, but in foreign affairs he acted boldly, though he had to fall back on a musty Latin quotation to describe it. Every Englishman, however, understood Latin when their Minister said, *Cicis Romanus sum*. Yet neither of these Ministers at any part of their career lived in times more stirring than Mr. Gladstone has done, nor when the interests of England were more endangered. He has still later had magnificent opportunities, but he did worse than lose them.

From all this, it would seem that, whether we look abroad or at home, there is no possibility of describing Mr. Gladstone by hints of comparison with these historical personages. What is said in that way appears, in fact, to turn into contrast; which is, also, itself a mode of delineation, though not usually of the kind the chief object of it wishes. We can find no Minister to couple along with him as having deliberately despaired of his country. However, Mr. Gladstone is certainly great in some way, for although other nations while we were under his sway were gradually losing sight of England herself as well as of him, he was making plenty of noise all the time at home. If it should turn out, as we go on, that he was not a great Minister but a great orator, that would seem to account for both the things. If Bismarck and Cavour have made affairs, Mr. Gladstone has made speeches, beating them as much in that as they did him in the other respect. But it is not exactly the same thing to the countries the men represent.

It is, therefore, under a humbler, more domestic aspect than that of this high supreme style of Minister which we have first tried that we must begin Mr. Gladstone's portraiture. The task may be divided into two portions. There is the opinion which we Conservatives hold of the general influence and effect he has had upon our national interests, in which we may be credited with at least trying to estimate his acts and measures on their merits; and, besides that, there is a judgment of him from a narrower party view, arising out of his historic relation to ourselves. We will take the latter first.

To hear Liberals talk, one might suppose that Conservatives had always cherished a special hatred against Mr. Gladstone simply for ceasing to be a Tory and becoming a Radical. That the Conservatives rather late in his career came to show much irritation against Mr. Gladstone is perfectly correct; but it was, as I hope to show as I go on, for very different reasons than simply because he had made one Conservative less and one Liberal more. A great political party has no such immortal animosities as that supposes: party feeling is not based on merely sentimental grounds. Both sides are used to losing men. It is the common fate of Parliamentary warfare. Now and then, some rather idle person who has time to waste in going back a long way in his recollections betinks himself that Lord Beaconsfield was not always a Conservative; but we never yet heard of any one among the party challenging sympathy for him on the score that he had been hunted by the Liberals through half a century or so for having deserted them. Yet it will be admitted that Lord Beaconsfield has injured the Liberals more than ever Mr. Gladstone has done the Conservatives. What is the reason, then, of this difference of alleged treatment in the two cases? The answer may be given in half a sentence,—Lord Beaconsfield, alike when he was Mr. Disraeli and since, has always fought fair. That is enough in politics to make your opponents acquiesce in your being such; but Mr. Gladstone as his career developed surprised and puzzled everybody, his own friends included; and those who blame the Conservatives for, in the end, losing temper and showing exasperation, should bear in mind that he finally produced the very same effect upon the country at large.

It is worth while following this point a little further, for it would not be of much use attempting to sketch Mr. Gladstone if we are supposed to dislike him from some mere party instinct. Will anybody be good enough to tell us when this inscrutable emotion of hatred of Mr. Gladstone arose? Liberals are not supposed to be strong in history, but they have very short memories indeed if they have forgotten both their own career and his. Why, in 1852—that is, in the twentieth year of Mr. Gladstone's Parliamentary life—the Conservatives were offering him office, which was not refused by him with over-much promptness. For nearly fourteen years after that he was retained as the representative of the University of Oxford. It is, in fact, not yet very

much more than a dozen years since this victim of political persecution, and present champion of the Radicals, was quietly ensconced in a seat for what is sometimes spoken of as the head-quarters of Toryism. He has roved a good deal among the constituencies since, but he was then willing to have gone on remaining at Oxford, if his constituents had also been willing to have been made laughing-stocks by letting him remain. Surely a man who represented Tory electors until he was getting fast on for sixty could scarcely up to that point have been much hunted and worried for Liberal principles. To speak plainly, there never was so late a conversion made of so much histrionic use as this of Mr. Gladstone's. But though it has suited both his and his present party's ends, it rather puzzles plain people who have kept their recollections a little trim to think that if he lives on into senatorial decrepitude, he will never have sat for Radical constituencies anything like so long a time as he did for Conservative ones. For between thirty and forty years this Liberal ex-Premier was a Tory member.

In fact, a glance at the right honourable gentleman's wonderfully prosperous career will show that in the list of our public men he has of all others made the fewest, the briefest, the least sacrifices either for principle or party. There are very simple ways of testing it; Mr. Gladstone has not been out of office long enough for a man who was innocent of business prudence in his career. He has, in fact, reaped the official spoils of two parties, if not of three. The dates and appointments are on record for anybody to trace out. On the very face of it, a man who has served under Peel, Aberdeen, Palmerston, and Russell, and then come out as a full-blown Liberal Prime Minister himself, must of necessity be said to offer rather a miscellaneous career. His warmest admirer must admit that he has been either the most fortunate or else the most prudent of men; and, as we do not wish to be stingy in our recognition of his skill, we prefer to compliment him by attributing his great prosperity throughout so many years and under so many different chiefs to his prudence.

If this very hasty review of Mr. Gladstone's chronicle does not agree with the impression of him which is the prevailing one on the Liberal side, it is the one which the bare facts of his career would produce on every side if they could be seen without the misleading effect of his very fine words and exceedingly solemn attitudes. Very fortunately for him it is only the Conservatives who have a full and accurate recollection of Mr. Gladstone. They have necessarily observed him continuously from their own unshifting party position, and so have been able to perceive in a way that hardly was practicable to the Liberals, who were always shifting and struggling among themselves, how invariably and consistently his announcements of change of view have hit with the opportunities for improvement of his Parliamentary position. On every occasion, to the very moment, so soon as a Liberal question had fully ripened, Mr. Gladstone presented himself to pluck it. It was so with Reform, it

was so with Church Rates, it was so with University Reform, it was so with the Ballot, it was so with the spoliation of the Irish Church and the unsettling of the Irish landowners, and it is so with the County Franchise, and it will be so once more, if the Liberals ever get into power again, with the English Church and the English Land Laws. Mr. Bright, Mr. Mill, and all the Radicals have drudged for many a year for Mr. Gladstone, who, when all the outdoor work has been done, has always allowed himself to be persuaded to bring in the Measure just in the nick of time, and, by expounding it in a very fine speech, has robbed its actual originators of two-thirds of the credit of making it possible.

Luckily for the Conservatives, though he never had the courage to attack a question of the very first class himself in the way of initiative, he had an insatiable ambition for meddling with smaller ones, and by making vents in these ways for his restlessness and his ambition, he finally ruined all that his skilful prudence in the larger affairs had gained him, disgusting the country till it determined to get him off its hands at any price. Still, that is not just now the point in question.

Mr. Gladstone's so slowly passing through all the stages from Conservatism to Radicalism has had this effect,—that while all other public men of his standing have grown more or less antiquated in steady loyal service to their party, and by presenting a fixed if monotonous aspect to the public, this one Parliamentary personage kept a perennial freshness, simply by skilfully dividing his prolonged career into distinct periods and going on changing. Some political section has been always welcoming Mr. Gladstone newly into its ranks and to its spoils, for, as we have said, the two things unfailingly went together; and the shouts with which he was received were always strengthened by fainter murmurs of applause from other sections more advanced along the line, who hoped to receive him themselves later on. They did so. Really to each one of them he was a recruit from the last party. To the Palmerstonians he ought at the most to have been only a Peelite; to the Liberals at worst only a Palmerstonian. But by a surprising adroitness, it was always made to appear that in all his migrations from party to party, he joined each successive group as a new retreator from the Tories. It certainly was true in one sense; he was always going further away from them. But for all party purposes and reckoning, he had as much left them when he joined Palmerston as when he shook hands with Mr. Bright and took his place in front of the Radicals.

These are only a first handful of specimens of a certain unfairness in Mr. Gladstone's position and career from first to last, from which he has largely profited, and which very naturally irked his opponents, who have had to suffer its inconveniences. He has posed as a sort of political orphan left lonely in the Parliamentary world at the death of Peel, who has been persecuted by wicked Tories from one Chancellorship of the Exchequer to another, until they finally drove him into the Premiership, but all this time he was successfully seceding from them, though they

continued in pursuit. It must have been Mr. Gladstone's portentous earnestness of demeanour which has covered up from the general public a joke so huge and prolonged as this, preventing everybody from seeing that such a tale did not agree with his unprecedented prosperity. But if, in these ways he has kept himself interesting to the country, and fresh and surprising for every group he has in rotation joined, both he and his changes have long been stale to the Conservatives. They are able to look along his whole track, and seeing him from behind, know him as a Peelite, a follower of Aberdeen, a Palmerstonian, a Russellite, and a Radical. They are debarred from applying his own name to the last stage, and calling him a Gladstonian. Strangely enough, and indeed very significantly, that term has never taken root in our politics. There really have never been any Gladstonians: no one ever was or ever will be called by that title. Mr. Gladstone will end his days and depart without founding any school; he will stand recorded only as the acceptor of office from those who did so, and the passer of other people's measures. But in political life a man who attains the first rank of conspicuousness without founding a line may fairly be suspected. It will be found that he has been too busy in a narrower way,—looking after not questions but himself. To that very small party, numerically reckoned, consisting of only one member, Mr. Gladstone has been consistently and untiringly faithful. He has challenged for it sympathy in all the ways to which his very fine oratory has lent itself, and he has not neglected the humbler art of perpetual advertisement, keeping it by means of the press and the platform ever before the public eye. But when he finally leaves us it is certain to vanish entirely.

Very likely some ardent Radical, whose mind is so full of having got Mr. Gladstone at last that he forgets, or perhaps never knew, how many grades and shades of politicians have in succession enjoyed him before, will say that in all this we are only railing at Mr. Gladstone's success. His success! In order to describe Mr. Gladstone, we had first to write retrospectively, take in his earlier phases, and to look generally at his whole history. In that retrospect, down to a late point in it, he was exceedingly prosperous; but we never meant to say that he had been very successful since the beginning of 1874. There is not the slightest need for any Conservative to feel bitter against Mr. Gladstone now on any grounds of personal envy. He has done them the greatest service of any public man for three generations; and at any time he might have individually prospered as much as he liked for them, if it had been possible for him to do it without injuring his country. It is to this more serious examination of his career that we now go.

Not that we propose to entangle ourselves in the minute details of it, for that is in no way necessary. We have already in part explained why we may, in such a sketch as this, drop out many years of his political life. For a great length of time Mr. Gladstone was only a Budget-

maker. It is true he made them for Governments that were not Conservative, but he still was considered nearly a Conservative outside his financial handiwork. And here, again, part of the explanation we earlier gave applies. There is not the slightest reason why any Conservative should pause long to consider Mr. Gladstone as the passer of the Ballot, or even as the disestablisher of the Irish Church and the interferer with the rights of landed property in Ireland. The only thing special to be said about him in connection with these things as distinguishing him from the ruck of Liberals would be, that he was a very late ex-Tory, and at the time a professed High Churchman. He somehow got the Liberals to let him write his name across every one of those measures so soon as it was seen that they would pass, and he has made the legislation in that way seem to be his; but the Conservatives know with whom they had really to deal in the inception and the pushing forward of those movements, and it was not Mr. Gladstone. The real men were Mr. Bright, Mr. Dillwyn, Mr. Miall, and those who for many a year worked with them while Mr. Gladstone was never heard of, never thought of, in connection with the matters they had always matured before he had anything to do with them.

Nor was it on account of these affairs that Mr. Gladstone's fall occurred when it came, which is another reason why it would be waste of time to discuss them in connection with him. Who is proposing to alter these things now that they have been fought out between the great parties of the State and decided? As a supplement to his Irish Land Bill, we now have the Irish peasants refusing to pay any rent at all; but in these days when a thing is done in our Parliament it is done. The Conservatives, in spite of the majority at their back, have never put forward a finger to touch those settlements, nor do they mean to do so; and yet not only our own country, but all Europe, and indeed realms farther away still, have been keenly aware that the Beaconsfield Ministry has been very busy for years undoing something that Mr. Gladstone had done.

What was this gigantic task, which was not the repealing of legislation, or the passing of statutes of any kind, but which required courage and effort more arduous than those things? There must have been some cause for the bursts of applause which have again and again echoed on our shores from all parts of the civilized globe at something that was going on. It was, we hasten to answer, the rehabilitation of England in the eyes of the world,—the restoration of her ancient power as a factor in the enforcement and administration of public right among the nations. Somehow, coincidently with Mr. Gladstone's prosperity as a Minister, England, his country, had sunk, and in exactly answering ratio, and was sinking lower and lower still daily. He was very famous, or at least very notorious, at home, but the renown of Britain abroad was clouding; and our people never will bear that, as history had shown before. This man, who at heart

was but a financier, and who ought in the fitness of things never to have risen higher in office than a Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose function it should have been to find funds for some one else as a Prime Minister capable of a policy in the higher international politics befitting an Empire, was conducting our foreign affairs in the spirit of a commercial traveller; willing to effect a little saving by giving up a group of islands in one part or a bit of territory in another, and to effect an economy at another time by backing out of a treaty. Though, at the same time, if anybody insisted, and there loomed, however distantly, a possibility of war, he would pay the money down in a hurry by millions, as he did in the Alabama case. We should have had all the world insisting very soon, making peace more costly than war itself, besides the shame of unjustifiable surrender.

But we were spared all this; though the undoing of the humiliation, as far as it had gone, has fully occupied Mr. Gladstone's successors ever since.

This is the great accusation which the Conservatives have to bring against Mr. Gladstone—that of having degraded the position of his country; and an arraignment more fatal than this cannot be made in the case of a chief Minister. It is not alone the Conservatives who make it. Did not Earl Russell, Liberal though he was, find enough English blood in his aged veins when writing his last book, to say that Mr. Gladstone had dragged the name of England through the mire? But it would not be quite accurate to put this forward as the full explanation of Mr. Gladstone's sudden tumble from office; for it was not until after that occurred that the bulk of people quite knew the whole extent of the injury he had worked in this respect. The Conservative leaders guessed it, but they knew more about foreign affairs than the rank and file of the nation. Everybody, of course, high and low, was aware that he had unasked given up the Ionian Islands because of some literary reasons which he had come upon in writing books about Homer, that he had surrendered territory in the San Juan Boundary Question, and that he had quietly gone to Geneva and paid America, not indeed all she asked,—for even with Britain's wealth the whole of the first modest request would only have been found with difficulty,—but he had counted down a sum that made Brother Jonathan's shrewd eyes twinkle with joy. The country, from these events following one another, had come to have a very uneasy feeling that somehow under his auspices everything was going against us abroad. Still it was only later that it was made fully apparent how completely England was effaced; not until the three Emperors had begun to settle the rearrangement of Eastern Europe, without so much as saying to Great Britain, "By your leave." There is difficulty when looking back now to prevent oneself from suffering some illusion in this respect; but it is a fact, and we may be glad of it, that Englishmen did not until it was roughly forced upon them suppose beforehand that their position had dwindled to quite so low an ebb.

At the elections of 1874, there was no distinct foreign policy before the public, for though there were many on the Conservative side who sympathized with France in her adversity, and saw clearly that Germany's mutilation of her territory meant trouble in time to come, not a voice was raised in deprecation of our neutrality. But, for the matter of that, it may be just as correctly said that there was no matured domestic question before the country, for it will not be supposed that there was a single Tory any more than a Liberal who wished the Income Tax to be retained on his shoulders. It was hardly for proposing to do away with that impost that everybody voted so unanimously against Mr. Gladstone; they only did so at the polling-booths in spite of his proposing it, which somehow seems rather mysterious. If his opponents were not proposing to recall any of the recent legislation, and if there was no special question of foreign affairs pending, and if nobody had any desire not to be lightened of taxation, how was it, pray, that Mr. Gladstone was so ignominiously hurled from power? In reality, there is not the slightest difficulty about it—Mr. Gladstone was decisively rejected by his countrymen, not on any question of policy, either home or foreign, but because of the *personal impression* he had slowly but surely imprinted on their minds. The real issue before the country was whether it would have any more of Mr. Gladstone, and it said No.

It is a common artifice on the part of his apologisers to insinuate that he had wearied the nation by offering it too many things for its good. But neither individuals nor communities are much in the habit of refusing gifts; it is the one thing, and nearly the only thing, in this world for which there is an excellent reason whenever so strange a proceeding happens. There is another way of representing the matter, one much less complimentary but far more true—the country was sick of Mr. Gladstone. Even the sight of Mr. Lowe standing at his side with four millions of surplus in his hands was not enough to tempt them. The promise to abolish the Income Tax was the most tremendous bribe ever offered to the constituencies, but, to their credit, it did not corrupt them. They would not accept Mr. Gladstone any longer at any price whatever. The believers in democracy, and Mr. Gladstone in particular, according to some of his very latest reasonings, ought to have accepted this universal disgust as being a popular inspiration. However, they have done nothing of the kind, but avow that it was a public delusion, which they at first hinted would be temporary; but if the public is liable to delusions, and to fits of them which continue for seven or eight years at a stretch, for that is now the duration of this one, what becomes of these very radical gentlemen's democracy? For it is not really open to them to plead, though they will go on doing it, that the people's eyes were dazzled by a glitter of diplomatic success, and their blood infuriated by a skilfully aroused anti-Russian feeling. It is not open to them for a simple reason, but a very conclusive one: the elections came

before anything of this could have happened; and the elections themselves arrived with the suddenness they did owing to something which had preceded them—namely, a steady run of Ministerial defeats in the by-contests, wherever a vacancy occurred in a constituency. Mr. Gladstone avowed all this in the address with which he startled the Greenwich electors and the whole country, though he and his friends have never mentioned the fact since. It was for the purpose of putting all things right that the elections which put them all more wrong still were so unexpectedly ordered. It was not because of being intoxicated by the diplomatic triumph of Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Salisbury at Berlin—which did not occur till years after—that the constituencies rejected Mr. Gladstone. We have no wish to be unnecessarily impolite, but the true reason for it was that which we have named already—they had come not to like Mr. Gladstone. If we trace that fact backwards in a natural way, we shall find that one cause of it was that they felt the honour and the interest of England were not safe in his hands; but this was only one among other causes. It swelled afterwards into the biggest reason of all, and now practically includes all the others; but, at the moment, it was not actually known that the safety of England was about to be imperilled.

The voters were affected by other reasons. What were those other reasons? The public must have known them pretty clearly at the time, since it acted so promptly and decidedly upon them, and it, therefore, ought not to need very much recalling of them now, for the time, after all, is not so very long ago. But it may be as well to go into them a little, since it was through the incidents furnishing them that the general public was led to form the very same estimate of Mr. Gladstone which the Conservatives had held for about a score of years before. At last the popular judgment coincided with that of his Parliamentary opponents, and he fell from power. But any one who will give a moment's consideration to the cases of the Collier appointment, the Ewelme Rectory affair, and the issue of the Royal Warrant on purchase in the army, will see that we are right in affirming that Mr. Gladstone's ignominious expulsion from office was owing to moral rather than political causes. It stands recorded that this Minister, who had put religious professions in the front of his politics in a way novel to public life, had to defend his conduct over and over again in the House of Commons by quoting the mere letter of the law. Parliament became not unlike the Old Bailey when a legal wrangle is going on over the technicalities of an indictment; and the unwonted spectacle of Lord Chief Justices accusing a theological Premier of having somehow evaded a statute was not made any less unedifying by Mr. Gladstone showing great skill in being his own attorney. Everybody must admit that he certainly did that.

It is possible to recall each of the cases in very few words. An Act of Parliament had been passed with a view to strengthening the Judicial

Committee of the Privy Council, and, as this Court was one of Appeal, it stood to reason that those appointed to it to revise other Judges' decisions should have had judicial experience themselves. It was expressly provided in the Act that those to be raised to this Court should be already Judges. To the surprise of the whole country, Sir Robert Collier, well known as Mr. Gladstone's Attorney-General, and, therefore, conspicuously only a writer for a judgeship, not a judge already, was announced as the filler of one of these vacancies, before half the readers of the newspapers knew that he had ceased to be Attorney-General. It turned out, however, that he was in reality a judge at the moment, and that he had been one for some few moments previously, having, in fact, sat on the bench of the Common Pleas for just two days. There is not space to follow Mr. Gladstone's wonderful reasoning, but it chiefly turned on a point so fine as this, that what the Act meant to stipulate was not experience, but *status*. In other words, that a man should be made a judge of one kind for five minutes, in order to be turned into one of another kind, just for the say of the thing. Amazed members of the Legislature which had passed the enactment protested that they were not so foolishly subtle as this, and that they had never, before Mr. Gladstone mentioned it, thought of any such distinction as that between *status* and experience.

But this was not the only instance in which he has told people what they had intended better than they knew, and all differently. In the Ewelme Rectory business he would have it that when a statute said Oxford it meant Cambridge, or at least that its specifying Oxford did not signify, or that it included Cambridge, or, in fact, might be construed to prescribe anything else which it did not say and which was contrary to what everybody had thought of it before. However, here, again, as the lawyers would otherwise have been troublesome, the technicality was found to have been formally complied with. The words of the enactment did really require that the man who was to be made rector of Ewelme parish should be a member of Oxford Convocation, and Mr. Harvey, Mr. Gladstone's friend, who had been educated at Cambridge, and who, until that living became vacant, had never dreamed of connection with Oxford, was made a member of the Convocation, in order to receive the living. Of course, Mr. Gladstone argued that Mr. Harvey's being a Master of Arts was enough, though the statute said nothing of that, and everybody else had thought it expressly stated a certain University where the Master of Arts was to come from.

But let us go on to the third case, that of the issue of the Royal Warrant abolishing purchase. Not a few of the Liberals who exulted at the success of the party measure had a misgiving at the way in which it was secured. It was felt to be a victory which could not be repeated, and one of a style which, if they who snatched it had been Conservatives, would have thrown the country into a convulsion. The most violent

act in the name of the Crown which the oldest man living in England has witnessed, was counselled by Mr. Gladstone. Because the Lords, in the exercise of the power which the Constitution gives them, were not willing instantly to pass his Bill for giving an entirely new social aspect to the army, he caused the Queen to do nothing short of superseding them entirely, and practically reduced the Constitution at a stroke to the Commons and the Crown. It is just now part of the tactics of the Liberals to protest against some imagined wish to bring in "personal rule." If any such preposterous design existed, it would be Mr. Gladstone's own act which would be fallen back upon for the precedent. The feeling which has best enabled the most thoughtful among Englishmen to understand the kind of shock which foreigners experience on the occurrence of one of the political earthquakes which they call on the Continent by the name *coup d'état*, was that which ran through the country when Mr. Gladstone announced that there was nothing for the Lords to discuss, that he had advised the Queen to issue a Royal Warrant. We had lost all recollection of the particular sensation, but he brought back just a twinge of it. Mr. Gladstone, however, can do Radical acts and then explain them historically. Once more we found ourselves all inextricably entangled in his casuistry. He now argued that the Royal Warrant had not been issued by exercise of prerogative, but in strict pursuance of statutory power, there being some Act of the Georges to that effect, which ordinary people had forgotten. It is not necessary to follow the thing further. In the end, Mr. Gladstone became too clever for the country. Even the dullest began to perceive that Mr. Gladstone could conscientiously do whatever he liked. The more subtly he argued, the more plain John Bull got puzzled.

It may, at first sight, seem tasking the public memory too much to ask people if they remember the tension there was in the political atmosphere towards the end of Mr. Gladstone's career. But a very great many will not have forgotten it. The political weather is so far like the other sort that it is only borne in mind for its badness; that, however, was a terrible season. At the last, Mr. Gladstone seemed to have got into the air, and he did not improve the climate. He may urge, certainly, that Mr. Lowe had made himself very obnoxious, that Mr. Ayrton had been found to be intolerable, and that the great trade of the publicans, with all its supporters, was in arms against Mr. Bruce. That is all true; the country disliked each one of these his chief colleagues. But neither Mr. Lowe's hard cynicism, nor Mr. Ayrton's dogmatic inestheticism, nor Mr. Bruce's stolid mechanical interference, stirred the large keen dissatisfaction which Mr. Gladstone's own incomprehensibility in the end did. He gave men's consciences a shock, and none of the others affected to feel so deeply as that: it was only he who had stood forward as a political moralist, and then set everybody by the ears discussing his conduct. It was the same outside Parliament and

within it. Everybody was arguing Mr. Gladstone; nobody could make him out, nobody felt safe, or could imagine what was coming next. If the atmosphere had but been charged a little more with him, England would not have been worth living in. Luckily the elections came, and the air was cleared.

But if in the more exaggerated instances we have above spoken of, the general public became aware of a certain obliquity, an unreliability, a dissatisfied restlessness, an imperiousness in Mr. Gladstone, the Conservatives had been more or less continuously aware of those qualities for many years. They, as we said earlier, have had to observe the right hon. gentleman closer, more continuously, and it would be easy for any one of them who is of middle age to give from his own memory a string of instances, just the same in kind as those above, though not so broadly striking, beginning much earlier in his career, and coming down much later. Very recently, Lord Salisbury at Manchester recalled Mr. Gladstone's dealings with his Oxford constituents in reference to the disestablishment of the Irish Church. But his lordship courteously spared his opponent the details. Has the world forgotten the famous letter to Dr. Hannab, bearing the date of June, 1865, written, as Mr. Gladstone himself with unlooked-for *naivete* admits in his "Chapter of Autobiography," for the appeasing of doubts: He in it asserted, first of all, that the question was "remote and apparently out of all bearing on the practical politics of the day;" second, he avowed that he was probably going "to be silent" on the topic; third, he said that "he scarcely expected ever to be called on to share in such a measure;" and, as his finishing words, spoke of it as "a question lying at a distance he could not measure." These were far too many causes for not doing a thing, and the Conservatives accordingly began to look out. In 1869, Mr. Gladstone disestablished the Irish Church. The "remoteness" and the "distance which was not measurable" somehow came to be packed within these two dates,—1865-9. What had so hurried matters? Well, one can only recall what had happened in the interim, and among the events there had been these two occurrences—he had been expelled from Oxford and rejected by South Lancashire. The like suddenness attended his conversion on the subject of the Ballot. After half a life time of opposition, he one fine morning announced that it must pass, hardly a hint of warning having been given beforehand.

But his whole career has shown this suddenness of advance, at distinct periods, which, as we have said, always coincided with the brightening of the prospects of the respective agitations. It is true, as is earlier pointed out, that he took something like a quarter of a century to travel the ground between the Conservative starting-point and the Radical position, but the length of time was not owing to his creeping between the bounds; he has

traversed it at successive leaps, standing still between, and, at the places where he remained stationary, there was always the warm shelter of office. This style of progress has characterized him down to the present moment. As late as 1874 he told a deputation that he did not consider the question of the County Franchise ripe. There has been a good deal of very indifferent weather since then; but whether or not the field crops have matured, it seems now that the agricultural labourer has been growing fast. Mr. Joseph Arch has been the sun that has shone upon him, and Mr. Gladstone, as usual, is quite ready to reap the harvest. Examples might be multiplied manifold. Take the boasted case of the Liberal surplus, of which we have never ceased to hear—just as if Mr. Lowe and Mr. Gladstone had between them coined the money. Its history, stated in three words, was this: Mr. Lowe had mulcted the public in an unnecessary twopence of Income Tax, and, instead of shamefully confessing the incompetency it showed in a Chancellor of the Exchequer, presented himself before the constituencies, on the eve of the elections, with his hands full of gold, and with the air of presenting it to them.

Mr. Gladstone, great financier as he is, was not above profiting by his subordinate's miscalculation. Instead of administering a rebuke, as a good journeyman might have been expected to do to a bad apprentice, he patted Mr. Lowe on the back. Indeed, in the Greenwich address, when he so magniloquently spoke of the money being given back in the shape of abolishing the Income Tax, he seemed to take some credit to himself.

It will be beginning, perforce, to dawn upon the reader that this was a Minister very difficult to be dealt with by an Opposition. If we had space in this paper, a part of the task of sketching Mr. Gladstone would be to point out how injuriously he has confused the demarcation of parties; how unscrupulous he has been in seeking allies which on no principle of fair classification belonged to him. It may be nothing that he can half apologize for Irish Obstructionists—the Liberals have always exploited Irish members. But this very high Churchman, who clings to a tenet so ridiculous in the eyes of Dissenters as apostolical succession, can figure in Dr. Joseph Parker's chapel, and betray a close and not uncomplimentary knowledge of the trust-deed of the Rev. Newman Hall's congregation. This austere gentleman, who, when inquiring into the "Theses of Erastus" (see his article), finds out that moral offences are at the root and source of all heresy, has a kindly word for such free-thinkers as happen to be also political leaders of the working men—Mr. Bradlaugh, for example. This objector to divorce, on such stupendously elevated grounds as that we are all members of a mystical body, and who cannot bring himself to allow more than a civil marriage to a deceased wife's sister, mingles in

the ruck of Radicals. But if he has what they must think ecclesiastical crutches, he always manages them with most skilful prudence. If he has to satisfy his most private feelings by bringing in no fewer than six resolutions in more or less opposition to the Public Worship Bill, he can withdraw them again. But was this the gentleman to champion Radicals and Dissenters? An Opposition which had to keep its own consistent lines, and which was closely restricted as to its allies, was at a perpetual disadvantage with one whose own opinions, subtle and complicated as they might be, cut him off from nobody who could be of aid.

Fortunately the country itself, at a certain rather tardy point, rallied its patriotism in that spontaneous way which always practically reinforces the Conservative party. The "Alabama" claims gave those who did not meddle much in politics their first shock, while for more thoughtful persons it brought back a reminiscence of the surrender of the Ionian Islands; and when, later, the public saw him stand tamely by while Russia tore up the Black Sea clauses of the Treaty of Paris, every student of our history knew that Mr. Gladstone's fate was sealed. The nation, stirred by arousings of the deeper instincts of the English character, at last reckoned with him on general grounds—dislike of his personal demeanour, and dread of what he was bringing on the country. It refused to be won either by the finest oratory or the prospect of reduced taxation.

The Conservatives came into power on the highest tide of popular feeling which living Englishmen have witnessed. But the change was too late to prevent mischief; Russia, encouraged by England's effacement during Mr. Gladstone's sway, had matured her further plans, and had already put her secret intrigues into motion. The Treaty of San Stefano showed plainly what her plan was, and just as clearly does everybody not blinded by party feeling now know that to Russia's amazement, and amidst the surprised and grateful admiration of the whole civilized globe, the present Ministry have thwarted that plan and made England again safe and famous. It would be a waste of time to retrace the details: a summary of them is to be found in Lord Salisbury's Manchester speech. What alone further concerns us here is the manner in which Mr. Gladstone has borne himself in Opposition. We have already seen how he did so as a Minister. It was understood, indeed, that he had retired, with something which was meant to pass for dignity, though to the eyes of the nation there was never anything which was not sulk which had so much the look of it. However, on the plea that something had happened in the world, he was quickly back again in front, elbowing Lord Hartington aside. Speeches, in Parliament and out, articles in every magazine, republication in pamphlet and volume, letters to everybody, which, practically, meant to all the newspapers: there never was such an active resuscitation of one who had so publicly

become politically defunct. It is, however, not for coming to life again that we find fault with Mr. Gladstone, for, in truth, we always expected it.

Our complaint is simply this, that if such a style of opposition as he has resorted to became habitual, the government of the country would be made impossible. No means were left untried to make Russia hope, and other nations fear, that Lord Beaconsfield had not the nation at his back, and, when owing to this encouragement, Russia showed obstinacy, and it was necessary to risk something by exhibiting boldness, that very necessity was sought to be turned into a reproach. Mr. Gladstone's own tactics made it imperative that in the matter of Cyprus, and some other negotiations, secrecy should be observed, and the Government was charged with acting unconstitutionally, as if constitutional usage imposed no limits on the Opposition, or as if those limits had not been transgressed. Just so, again, in the Afghan war. If Lord Northbrook had acted with spirit years before, that war would never have been necessary; but that trifling fact Mr. Gladstone overlooked, he and the Duke of Argyll making it appear that Lord Lytton had been at great pains to get himself and his Government into a difficulty. Why Mr. Gladstone has had so little to say about the Cape war is a mystery, which may be explained some day; all that can now be said of it is that it shows a striking inconsistency. Luckily his efforts, though his industry was gigantic, have failed, and even he must be now aware that his renewal of them, though we suppose it must go on, having been arranged so long and announced so pompously, is a trifle late, with the Cape war ended, our troops in Cabul, those of Austria at Novi Bazar, and checkmated, scolding Russia gnashing her teeth at Germany. However, no doubt we shall have some very fine speeches, proving that nothing of this ought to have happened, or that it won't last long, or that the Beaconsfield Administration did not bring it about, or any thing else, just as reasonable, for fine words can be arranged in many different ways by a practised orator.

What, then, we may finally ask, was the secret of Mr. Gladstone's success so long as he was prosperous, and what was the explanation of his fall when it so suddenly arrived? The thrifty skill of calculation in estimating the growth of questions which his whole career so irresistibly points to was spoken of early in this sketch; but a man, no matter how judicious in the management of his own approaches to a party, cannot impose himself upon it. The Liberals, on the successive occasions, welcomed Mr. Gladstone, and did so gladly, never making his very late conversions a reproach. Its leaders were more vociferous in hailing him at each renewed arrival one stage farther on than were the rank and file, though some of them, as the thing was repeated, must have been struck with the unfailing punctuality of his approach. Not that we are professing to sympathize with these gentlemen. If it satisfied them that whenever they had upset a Government, be it that of Aberdeen

or of Palmerston, the inevitable Mr. Gladstone always emerged out of the wreck, just a little more Liberal than the day before, ready to take the first pick of places in the new Cabinet, all well and good. But the fact was that his arrival always was a convenience, for, no matter how the sections differed among themselves, the rallying round Mr. Gladstone as a further seceder from Toryism was a proceeding in which they could all join, and it gave them, again and again, an appearance of unanimity and cohesion. This was, in fact, his great function, and in it he has been very valuable to the party. Besides, though so late and seemingly slow in politics, he had from the first been great, and at the outset even precocious, in finance; and, further, he was a wonderful orator, even quicker in debating than Mr. Bright. Such a personage, so largely prudent and so highly gifted, was sure to succeed, and to do so for a long time; but he was also certain to fail in the end, and that completely.

His temperament made that nearly certain. He was always too busy making speeches, or writing for the press, or answering letters, to be any power in social life. A strange kind of semi-recluse, but combining with bookworm habits a passion for speechifying and for using the penny post, was not likely to conciliate London, and he never did. By-and-by he was railing at the Clubs, because they did not agree with him; and then he had next to appeal from the metropolitan journals to the superior politicians and brighter wits who preside over the provincial newspapers. All this prognosticated failure. Even his special gifts and the kind of successes which fell to him turned into the means of helping it. His turn for figures not unnaturally made immediate economy his great object, forgetful of the larger connection in such a land as ours between an imperial position in the world and the preservation of our commerce, and overlooking also the costliness of reasserting our position when a crisis came; while his ready eloquence, having no longer open to it the old patriotic themes, had to expend itself in the adornment of British abnegation, and the excited applause given to his rhetoric was mistaken by him for assent to his views, till he was amazed to find himself suddenly quite out of accord with the nation, and falling, he knew not why, headlong from power.

Even to this hour he seems never to have had the least misgiving that the man who could speak with such complacency of the trading supremacy of the world passing to America (see his article on "Kin Beyond the Sea"), and who could urge as a reason for our not caring to interfere in Egypt that it would be the egg of a North African empire (see his article on "Aggression on Egypt and Freedom in the East"), was not the man to be England's Minister. But the country had found it out even before he wrote those articles: his threatening his countrymen with the calamity of finding another empire on their hands, in the only part of the world yet remaining

to be explored and civilized, has only proved that they were right, and will not terrify Englishmen.

But a fluent orator has always left to him a kind of gambler's hope of retrieving everything by talking. Mr. Gladstone is going to alter everything by making a dozen or two of speeches in Scotland. Are these Midlothian harangues to be longer than that made at Greenwich, or more numerous than those uttered in Lancashire? They may be as fine as they will for anything it signifies to Conservatives, if the result is only again the same as on the other occasions, and it is hardly likely that he will persuade Englishmen now amidst their returning renown to despair of the future of England.

A CONSERVATIVE.

THE ANCIEN RÉGIME AND THE REVOLUTION IN FRANCE.

*Histoire de l'Ancien Régime, par HENRI TAINÉ. Paris
Histoire de la Révolution Française, par HENRI TAINÉ
Paris*

WHEN De Tocqueville, in his celebrated work upon the Ancien Régime and the Revolution, had described the downfall of the Bourbon monarchy, he ended with these words:—"I have now reached the threshold of the great Revolution; on this occasion I shall not cross it, but perhaps I may soon be in a position to do so, and then I shall no longer consider its causes, but its nature, and shall finally venture to pass judgment on the society that has proceeded from it."

Death prevented this admirable inquirer from accomplishing his purpose, a loss to the historical literature of Europe for ever to be regretted, and certainly not least by the author who has now undertaken to fill up the blank, and complete De Tocqueville's projected task—the description, namely, of modern France as the outcome of the immense transformation which the Revolution brought upon the Old French State. The fundamental principles which appear so clearly and sharply in Tocqueville's development are prominent in Taine's; the activity of the earlier author prepared the ground for the later to build on. But we must admit that Taine's work is pre-eminently independent, and his descriptions more striking, broad, and richly coloured than those of his precursor, while the material contents of his work are often different. But what, in spite of this, constitutes the resemblance between the two men is, their having for basis a common conception both of the State and what it presupposes, and of the historian and his task. It is the very opposite of the manner of thinking entertained in the eighteenth century which, without any heed to the peculiar character of the necessities of a given people, was bent on constructing, according to simple rules of reason and natural law, the best State for all time. Taine, in a very striking manner, declares himself free from such an error. "In 1849," he observes,

"I was an elector, and had to take part in the naming of a large number of Deputies. Therefore it was necessary not only to decide as to persons, but as to theories as well; I was required to be Royalist or Republican, Democrat or Conservative, Socialist or Bonapartist, and I was nothing of the kind—nay, I was nothing at all, and envied those who had the luck to be something. These worthy men built a constitution as they would a house, on the most ornamental, most new, or most simple plan; a row of models stood ready for choice, a baronial castle, a burgher's house, a workshop, a barrack, a phalanstery, a cottage, and each said of his favourite model: 'That is the only proper dwelling, the only one a rational man would inhabit.' To me this seemed an utter mistake. A people, as I thought, may indeed be able to say what house they admire, but some experience is needed to teach them what house they need, whether it be commodious and lasting, stands the weather well, and harmonizes with the customs, occupations, and fancy of its occupant. We here in France have never been content with our political erections; in the course of eighty years we have pulled them down and rebuilt them thirteen times. Other nations have acted differently, and found their advantage in so doing. They have preserved an old, substantial building, enlarged, built around, and beautified it according to their needs, but never attempted to build an ideal house at one stroke, according to the rules of pure reason. It would therefore appear that the sudden invention of an entirely new, and at the same time suitable and durable constitution is an undertaking that transcends human capacity. The political and social form which a people permanently assumes is no matter of choice, but fixed by its character and its past. It must be suited to its idiosyncrasy, even in the minutest points, or it will crack and fall. Therefore we must know ourselves before we can discover what the proper constitution for us is. We must invert the accustomed method, and first form to ourselves a picture of the nation before we sketch a constitution. At the same time this is a far harder and wider task than the one hitherto in favour. What inquiries into past and present, what labour in all domains of thought and action, are needed to understand with precision and completeness the nature and growth of a great people through centuries! But it is the only way to avoid putting out first empty discussions and then incoherent constructions; and, as regards myself, I shall not think of a political opinion until I have learnt to know France."

From this rejection of the rationalistic State theory, it follows, of course, that the author declines the style of historical writing that corresponds with it. We all know how parties who contended in the course of the Revolution have gone on attempting to justify their historical representation of it—Emigrants and Feuillans, Girondists and Montagnards, Bonapartists and Communists. They all knew exactly at the beginning of their historical labours what the conclusions arrived at

would be. Their own party had the ideal of the only healthy State cut and dry, and hence the sentence upon companions, allies, and enemies was pronounced beforehand. The desirable aspects of the Revolution were owing to the activity of that party, the undesirable to the worthlessness of its adversaries. The study of isolated facts only awoke real interest in so far as it sharpened the perception of the main point—our party is right, all others are wrong. To this disposition of mind more than to any other hindrances we may attribute the small advance made, up to the middle of our century, in the knowledge of facts, in the history of the Revolution; this is what explains the else inexplicable phenomenon that, spite of the large interest felt in the period, no history of Louis XVI. drawn from authentic documents has as yet been written. For that even the books of De Tocqueville and Taine, spite of the strength of their authors' intellect and the wealth of their material, have not afforded us this, we shall soon convincingly see.

Both these works, however, are invaluable preparations for the writing of such a history. With firm and decided political principles of their own, both authors have determined to serve no party, but knowledge only. Both desire to know men and circumstances before they judge of the political experiments made. Both are full of the spirit of the old saying: "Human affairs are neither to be wept over nor laughed at, but to be understood." It is only when we know the soil and the seed from which the Revolution sprang that we can understand its nature and working, and only from the understanding of the whole can we pronounce upon the details with which factions have hitherto concerned themselves in endless and unprofitable debate. We will illustrate our meaning by a contrary procedure. I have not unfrequently heard the question: "How can Taine, whose first volume reveals more fully than any previous work the utter corruption of the *Ancien Régime*, place the Revolution in his second in an equally unfavourable light? If the old state were so completely good for nothing, the French were perfectly right in utterly destroying it." Accordingly, there has been no want of critics who, after the appearance of the first volume, declared the author to be a thorough Liberal, and, after the second, in deep disappointment, proclaimed him a thoroughly reactionary politician. There are, indeed, certain passages that might lead to such a conclusion, certain inconsistencies do appear, but on the whole it is self-evident, from an historical standpoint, that out of so evil a condition as the first volume paints the dark pictures of the second must needs grow. Rather should we have had cause to wonder if from a diseased root there had sprung a healthy tree. The men of the Revolution had grown up on no other soil and in no other atmosphere than that of the *Ancien Régime*; it was under it that their notions had arisen, their passions been fostered, and their ideal formed; it was there that their nature had received its stamp and their strivings their direction; and if all relations were dislocated, political feeling perverted, all portions of the people filled with

bitter hatred against the State and each other, how school pupils in such a school amidst the real shock of catastrophes show themselves men of ripe experience, practical wisdom, and determined energy? He who has once taken in this simple truth will be much inclined to a mild judgment of individual men and parties; at all events, he will not be able abruptly to take sides either for or against the Ancien Régime or the Revolution. For one thing will have grown clear to him, that the Revolution was not the destroyer alone, but the undeniable offspring, of the old condition of things.

That a work of Henri Taine's displays literary ability of the first order there is no need to say. His representation of events is grounded on most industrious study; unpublished documents of all kinds are cited, as well as printed works and among the latter we have not only French, but foreign authorities—English more especially—while German are hardly so much as noticed. At all events, the mass of thoroughly explored material is enormous, and our historical knowledge is frequently extended, rectified, and cleared thereby. We shall attempt to follow the general line of thought running through the book, and now and then to controvert it on certain points.

It will be remembered to what pregnant results Tocqueville's inquiries led. The centralized government of France is by no means a creation of our century, but a production of the Ancien Régime. Since the days of Richelieu, ministers of finance and their intendants and delegates had taken the exclusive charge of police of every kind, public works and plans, the economic and spiritual welfare of the people. The elementary principles of political liberty and parliamentary constitution, of independent local administration and commercial freedom, were destroyed thereby. Spiritual and temporal magnates had been almost sovereigns in the districts in which they fulfilled the duties of government, preserved internal and external peace, protected local interests, and consequently imposed taxes and corvées upon their dependents, while often successfully resisting royal aggression—all these magnates were now as unconditionally as the mass of the people subjected to the royal bureaucracy and forced out of all political activity—thenceforth, as hated parasites, they had to live at the cost of the working people. The King, therefore, assembled them at his Court, where, in compensation for their loss of liberty and honour, pensions and presents—always at the cost of the people—were heaped upon them. Thus the popular hatred went on intensifying with every generation, and was at length the source and essential element of the great Revolution.

It is on this thesis that Taine bases his representation of the subject. Privileges were once the reward of political service done by the Lords and leaders of the people in their own territories. Then, the landlord lived in the midst of his dependents—his own interest was identical with their welfare, he was linked with them by natural and traditional ties, and appeared as their powerful advocate whenever the State

attempted any arbitrary and oppressive measure. Now bureaucratic government divided the landowners from the people, and by the unjustified continuance of their privileges set the two henceforth in opposition. For because the nobleman paid no taxes, the burgher and farmer had to make up the deficit. Because he retained the right of chase, his game had to be fed on the crops of his tenants. If a not inconsiderable number of the higher middle classes gained the special privileges of nobility, the burthens of the rest of the people were only increased thereby. The author has rendered us praiseworthy service by exposing the extent of privileges and feudal rights on one hand, and of the increase of taxes and duties on the other, more fully and precisely than any other writer has done. Thorough investigation has brought out a still more appalling condition than had been imagined. After the State, the Church, and the landlord had received their rates, the share of the farmer in the proceeds of his land never amounted to more than a half, and often his taxes rose to eighty per cent. of his income. On the other hand, the privileged classes paid at least a fifth less than the just proportion, and knew how to obtain on a yearly average at least a hundred millions in the shape of presents, pensions, &c. With increasingly few exceptions, there was no more thought of any care to be taken of the lower classes by the higher. Prelates and magnates streamed towards Versailles; all that the peasants knew of them was from their unmerciful agents coming for rent and taxes. Thus France fell asunder into two worlds without, unfortunately, any reciprocal knowledge or common interest, divided by contempt and hatred—worlds that lived on side by side, the smaller in wealth, enjoyment, elegance, and luxury, and, above all, brilliant idleness; the larger in poverty, wretchedness, ignorance, savagery, and, above all, in ever-growing and devouring bitterness of heart—a condition such as no other nation of Christian Europe had ever before come to.

Now all this is perfectly correct, and Taine proves it by a mass of authentic testimony: nevertheless it may be observed that it is only a part of the truth, and by this one-sidedness the author has been led into error.

I am now alluding to the first part of this exposition, that which treats of the centralization of the government in the hands of royal officials as the deepest root of all this mischief. The worst side of this centralization had been incontrovertibly exposed by De Tocqueville, but none the less his representation was unfair and unjust, because it made no mention of the brighter side. No one can contest that the political inactivity of men of all positions in a system that referred the general interests of France to a bureaucracy, demoralized the higher classes and left the lower ignorant and inexperienced. Still the historian should not forget the actual achievements of this great bureaucracy. Under Colbert's guidance it created the civic order and economical beginnings of modern France. It, for the first time in France, rendered throughout

a century a burghers' war an impossible thing, and it stimulated internal traffic by roads and canals, which gave rise to countless industrial and commercial undertakings. Later, under Turgot and Necker, it waged, on behalf of the people, war against the pressure of privileges, thought primarily of reform and progress, and saw with bitter regret the defeat of its popular efforts by the opposition of the nobles. Tocqueville himself tells how the Liberal parties before the Revolution thought more of reforms than liberties—that is to say, they expected the improvement of their condition from a further strengthening of the Monarchy. It came to a Revolution first, however. The Monarchy, wielded by the feeble hand of Louis XVI., was unequal to the task; then privileges fell for ever, but after ten years monarchical centralization arose anew in order a second time to satisfy the needs and inclinations of the French people throughout three generations. It seems therefore a mistake to paint this institution so out and out black. We may lament that it has not merely done nothing to educate the French in political liberty, but has as much as possible stifled liberty and the very sense of it among them. But how without it, under the circumstances that succeeded to the religious wars and the Fronde, anything like a positive constitution ever could have arisen in France, De Tocqueville does not say. We are indeed amazed when Taine, in his enumeration of the privileged classes as those luxurious idlers, those once political servants who had now renounced all political influence, numbers, as third with the clergy and nobility, the King—the head of that Government, which was only too zealous in working, and thereby drew all the power of the State to itself and excluded all others from care for the common weal. Here there is an evident contradiction, nor is it any way cleared up by the circumstance that personally Louis XV. vied in indolence and debauchery with the worst of his courtiers, or that his unfortunate successor spent much of his time and energy in Court etiquette and the chase. For the reign of Louis XVI. was from first to last spent in efforts, by the setting aside of feudal privileges, alike to strengthen the Crown and promote the good of the people, and in no case can it be more incorrect to look upon the Crown as a devouring parasitical growth upon the body of the State. This brings me back to my former remark: had Taine instead of or by the side of his picture of society under the Ancien Régime written the history of its last monarch, most assuredly he would have avoided this misconception.

But he admirably describes how the brilliant and empty position of the higher class led step by step to ruin. These distinguished personages had no earnest and strenuous activity; to be civil officials appeared to the majority of them below their dignity. They adopted the army as a mere sphere of chivalrous adventure, for even there, there was no question for them of rigid discipline; they left the drilling and care of their troops to subalterns and sergeants. Bishops and abbots drew immense revenues, and gallantly offered their devotion to

fair dames, but as to divine services and cure of souls, they were the affair of needy priests and hungry vicars. The only field for their ambition and interest was the Court, the salon, good society. To shine there was the object of their distinguished lives. And as the French people have ever been largely endowed with grace and *esprit*, these efforts resulted in a perfection of personal appearance, a virtuoso-ship of social intercourse, a fixed and yet highly elastic code of *bon ton*, such as the world never saw before or since. Until then the first class of a great nation had never been known to make the formation of an exquisite society its highest, nay, its only life-purpose, to subordinate and sacrifice mental activity, moral strength, and individuality of character to the promotion and claims of this cultus. Here the final end of existence was enjoyment in all imaginable degrees, and thought and action were rigidly directed to it. That the greatest part of life should be spent in society was the most pressing requirement of politeness, the reciprocal recognition without which all society becomes unendurable. The conventional forms in which this recognition clothed itself became the law of this great world, and the consequences were felt on all sides. Any appearance of individual peculiarity or opinion came to be held unfitting; to be other or better than the rest was an offence against manners. Equally forbidden was the manifestation of any strong passion, a thing by its very nature opposed to the sway of conventionality. Vice therefore was excused if it presented itself gracefully, and almost honoured if it brought a startling and exciting variety into the monotony of daily life. Mental enjoyments were as welcome as sensual, provided they could be had without trouble or labour, for the aim was not to be informed, but amused, and so any kind of knowledge was good, with the exception of the tedious. Hence it followed that all mental acquirement was estimated not by the worth of its content but the excellence of its form: abstract intelligence in the service of enjoyment, such was the motto of this society. Genial originality, unconscious creative power, native vigour, were thoroughly antipathetic there, or only tolerated in so far as they made themselves subservient to the ruling mood.

A further consideration of how essentially these characteristics of good society tended to strengthen and sharpen the revolutionary theories of its deadly foes, here becomes instructive. The development of this process may indeed be looked upon as the salient point in Taine's work, for often as the French literature and philosophy of the eighteenth century have been treated of, I know of no earlier author who with such extensive material and penetrating insight has clearly brought out the continuous reciprocal action of circumstances and theories, and thus gained an unalterable scale for the measurement of both by history. Taine begins, as is just, with the mighty impetus given to natural science since the middle of the seventeenth century throughout Europe, by which a way was opened for an utterly new view of the world and of men, in opposition to the speculative and theological conceptions of the Middle Ages.

Next comes under consideration the prevalence of the inductive method, the rejection of all dogmatic assumption, the repugnance to all intuitive ideas, the proclamation of observation and experiment as the only sources of verifiable knowledge. These principles having been at once unconditionally acknowledged in the sphere of natural science, the next step was to apply the tone of thought they had engendered to the phenomena of spiritual and social life, and here also to demand thorough investigation by the one true authority—criticism. Whatever the consequence of this investigation might in particular cases be, the very fact that it had been demanded, that the right of the existing, *as such*, was denied, that the authority of tradition was subjected to that of critical reason—this betokened a new epoch in the world's history, and opened out possibilities of hitherto undreamed-of progress in politics and religion, State and Church, material and spiritual culture. It is now plain that if the inductive method can lead to such positive results, its application should be thorough and universal. No naturalist delivers a general law as to the life of an organism before he has considered its origin, existence, and decay in all their stages, compared it with its like, separated it from its unlike; for it is just through the discovery and recognition of the eminently special that analysis leads him to the comprehension of universal truth. And according to this same rule, in order to arrive at a just and practicable idea of reform for any State, a great mass of special observations by technically practised and prepared eyes would have been required; legal, economical, and historical inquiries made; the peculiarities of individuals and peoples, of the epoch and stage of culture, must have been known; the not merely personal but collective functions of human nature in their bases and action investigated: for only when all this had been accomplished could it be asserted that the organism of the State and its laws had been dealt with after the manner of a genuine naturalist, and that we were now in a condition to judge of single actualities according to these laws.

How came it that in the France of the eighteenth century the very opposite occurred—that politicians, stimulated by young natural science, should from the very first turn their backs upon the inductive method, and evolve the future State rationalistically, according to a few abstract principles?

Taine convincingly shows the reason of this: it was chiefly the influence of fashionable society upon literature which led to this fatal tendency.

The highest circles in Paris and Versailles, in their brilliant but idle existence, were, as we have seen, as intent upon mental as sensual excitement, and therefore prepared to open their doors to every litterateur who could satisfy this demand. Now, owing to the actual structure of society in France, the writer who did not choose merely to devote himself to a few professional subjects had no other public than this distinguished class. They and they alone were in a position to secure him praise, honours, and a certain income, therefore it was most natural

that the writer should conform to requirements upon the satisfaction of which his literary career was so absolutely dependent. We have now to inquire what were the characteristics of the prevalent tone of thought among the highest class. First a horror of all thoroughness, all enduring and laborious perseverance, all deep earnestness and spiritual recollection. For all this was the very opposite of enjoyment and diversion, it was a falling into the deadly sin of tediousness. It was desirable, indeed, to have much and varied knowledge, but rapidly and lightly, by vivid and pungent discussion, to reach the quintessence of the most interesting points and conclusions. Consequently the author's productions became restless, many-sided, and superficial. The mass of information in every department of knowledge which Voltaire, for instance, had at his disposal was immense; but the working out and application of it were strongly hasty, aphoristic, and frivolous. To this was added the dislike the public of the time had to any individual peculiarity, its tendency to force all personalities into one conventional form—an effort equally fatal to poetic creation and to the historical sense. For such men as these the world was comprehended in what they called the great world; they had lost the power of imagining that there was or ever had been an existence outside of it and absolutely unlike it; or if in any particular case the astounding fact could not be entirely concealed, it was understood that among cultivated persons it could never be given any importance. Even on the stage it was no longer considered becoming that peasants or labourers, a Peruvian or Iroquois, should speak in their own natural manner; they were all alike rendered polite, sententious, and fluent as their distinguished audience. Each local and individual tone was rubbed away, every person of the drama was but a mouthpiece for the eighteenth-century eloquence of the author. As with the drama, so with other literature. Taine correctly observes that if we read an English romance of the period, we have before our eyes a section of the English people; but a French one, though widely varying in garb, contains invariably a picture of a French salon, and that only. In presence of so universal a mood as this, how could any one come to the study of the State by means of difficult and distant researches on historical ground? Montesquieu did it, but he remained solitary among his contemporaries, won much celebrity, but exercised very little influence. The other reformers used quickly to turn over the pages of histories in order to find piquant quotations for some ready-made theory; as, for instance, the ambition of priests, the falsehood of diplomatists, the insatiability of princely greed. As to the complicated task of judging any individual State and its constitution according to its climatic and geographic conditions and its historical antecedents, with the exception of Montesquieu, no man dreamt of that. The public, with whom the decision lay, did not require anything of the kind, nay, would have repaid the severe toil with disapproval. It placed, as we have before said, far more stress on a

pleasant form than an instructive purpose, cared but little for any subject in itself, but only as affording material for the most intelligent, yet at the same time most comprehensible and exciting conversation. In debate no trace of previous knowledge won by personal effort was pre-supposed; all that was needed was never to be commonplace, and in every case to bring forward new and amazing truths. Accordingly speech and style strove neither for fulness nor depth, but so much the more for clearness and conclusiveness. In exposition, the progress was regular from syllogism to syllogism, great care being taken never to skip over a middle term. In order to be impressive the speaker became rhetorical, in order to convince he endeavoured to reduce every subject to one universal and easily inculcated proposition. Good society was delighted to be thus agreeably put in possession of the most advanced views of the world; but literature thus allowed itself to deviate from real knowledge into the way of empty abstraction.

That the literature thus fostered and guided should from the beginning of the eighteenth century have been in opposition, that since the middle of it it should have undermined with savage impetuosity all the foundations of existing conditions, this gave not the least shock to distinguished society. Disgust at their own impotence and the omnipotence of royal officials, dislike to an intolerant orthodoxy, vexation at some personal neglect at Court,—altogether there was cause enough for malicious satisfaction when philosophers, by biting criticisms, made clear the standpoint of burdensome potentates. And when an ever-growing and strengthening Materialism taught the doctrine of physical enjoyment and judicious selfishness as the guiding principle of human conduct, it only spoke out what had half-unconsciously been the sum of all the motives and activities of high society. But above all, theories were but theories, merely conversation, excitement, pastime. The nobles declaimed against obsolete abuses, but naturally each meant to keep his own rightful possessions, and among these were privileges and feudal rights. They felt conscious of a fresh superiority to the ignorant masses, because they professed humanitarianism and liberalism, and spoke against superstition and subordination. That these much-admired theories might by-and-by become common to the whole community, and then bring about horrible explosions—of this they had not the remotest suspicion. Any one who had in 1780 prophesied such a thing to the ladies of Versailles, would have been looked upon as we should look upon a prophet nowadays, who told us that in the next century cats and dogs, instead of men, were to be lords of creation.

This, then, was the public in whose atmosphere and with whose co-operation the philosophy of revolutionary enlightenment sprung up. It was here that it learned its rapid and superficial mode of study, its rejection of an historical spirit in favour of multitudinous present actualities, its taste for rhetorically adorned formulae and commonplaces. When the construction of the best State was to be set about, common

characteristics were collected from the natural history of mankind, such as the dislike to pain, the impulse towards pleasure, the capacity of forming, from sensations, representations and conclusions. These characteristics were merely put together as the concept man, and from this abstract man were deduced, as in a mathematical formula, the laws of politics, morals, and rights. Since all men had the same natural impulse towards happiness, the State must render it possible for them all to reach that aim. Since all had a natural capacity to form concepts and conclusions, they would be sure to employ the right means to that end so soon as their hands were left free, or in case of a momentary mistake these right means logically pointed out to them. That passion is, in point of fact, in the great majority of men, stronger than reason, and desire more impetuous than thought, was disregarded by these admirers of abstract reason; the fact that each man had the faculty of drawing a logical conclusion appeared to them to insure his conforming his conduct to the requirements of that conclusion. If a logically formulated proof of the excellence of one of the Constitutions they had sketched could be arrived at, they fancied that the security and durability of its construction was perfectly guaranteed. On the other hand, that the preservation of constitutional order required other forces besides logical discussions, this was altogether outside their range of thought.

But logic knows no limits beyond the evolution of its own conceptions. The existing condition of things lent itself to being ground to powder. Before the critical assault of the new teaching no defence of the hoary unrighteousness of the Old Régime could make a stand; the pity was that, according to its own principles, the former found it impossible to attain to a firm and enduring constitution of any sort or colour.

But, if possible, the theories afloat set in against the existing ecclesiastical system even more strongly than against the political constitution. The natural science of the day afforded far more material for battle on that ground than the other. Astronomy, physiology, and anthropology joined with the efforts of philosophy to demonstrate that miracle was a delusion, revelation unthinkable, and an extra-mundane God unverifiable. Soon numerous voices exalted negation into the positive statement that every idea of God should be rejected, and that the so-called soul in man was only the highest function of organized matter. True, Voltaire remained through life a Deist, and Rousseau declared his faith in God and in the immortality of the soul; but the one all the more resolutely contended against the divine institution of the Church, and the other against the fundamental Christian doctrines of Sin and Justification. However different each may have been from the other, they waged in common a war for life and death against the Church, the war of utterly opposed principles. Tocqueville was wrong in saying that the Revolution was only inimical to the Church as a feudal and aristocratic institution; that after it had lost its wealth and

privileges, democratic society recognized how strong a democratic momentum the Church itself contained, and accordingly gave itself up with increased warmth to religious feelings. Here there is no doubt Taine's record is the more correct one. The Revolution knew well that it desired not the wealth only, but the fall of the Church; and not the partisans of the Revolution, but its adversaries, whose numbers were largely swelled by the cruelties of the Terror, have brought about the elevation of the Church in our own century.

If we now contemplate somewhat more narrowly the Constitutional theory of the illumination, we shall discern two characteristic and prominent features, which, on the one hand, show its descent from the innermost core of the Ancien Régime, and, on the other, very energetically determined the whole course of the Revolution. The ideal state deduced from the universal characteristics of mankind was as cosmopolitan as levelling. Just as on the stage of the period, Frenchman and savage, ancient Greek and modern Parisian, spoke the same language,—that of the salons of Versailles,—so political theories recognized neither Frenchman nor Englishman, Catholic nor Protestant, educated nor uneducated, only Man in general. They never considered what institutions would be adequate, in France, to the needs and capacities of the educated ranks and uneducated masses, or how far the habits and opinions of their nation would render the adoption of a foreign institution practicable or injurious; rather they formulated the rights of men, of abstract instead of actually existing men, and were convinced that a constitution based thereupon was for all men, and consequently for all peoples, the only good, and therefore the only lawful one. And just as clear as the equality of nations under the new political law, appeared the equality of all men in the new State, by which was meant not merely a claim to equal protection by law, or equal facility in obtaining one's rights, but a demand for the realization of an inborn and material equality of rights. This, as is well known, was the point on which Rousseau took his stand, and gave the last and decisive direction to the impending democratic revolution. Taine justly observes how frequently, in spite of their common principles, Rousseau's character and way of life led him to take different views from those of Voltaire and the Encyclopædists. The deepest and most unqualified indignation of these last was inspired by what they called superstition, stupidity, and priestcraft, the transformation of the old State being with them more an affair of the intellect than the feelings, a conclusion drawn from their universal theory and an ideal requirement of philanthropy. It was generosity that led them to appear as the advocates of the poor and their work, while they themselves were high in the approval and favour of the best society. Rousseau, on the other hand, had himself led the life of the *proletaire*; in the nervous excitability and measureless vanity which made him almost prouder of his weaknesses and vices than of the greatness and strength of his talents

he—poor, often hungry, not seldom degraded and reviled—had filled himself with burning wrath against the favoured of earthly fortune, the noble and the rich, the revellers in idleness and luxury. This growing hatred he transferred to the State and the laws which had produced so unrighteous a contrast between man and man. Men, he maintained, were in their original condition good, because equal. It was the State, culture, society, that first introduced inequality, and vice and crime thereby. The existing order was not merely incompetent, as the Encyclopedists asserted, but hurtful, poisonous, deadly. And, in contrast to it, he sketches a picture of the true human State.

Equal and good men assemble in their natural condition to think on the basis of their future State. Each endows the new community with all liberty and property, in order to receive back an equal share of the management and the possessions of the whole. But this whole is omnipotent. No laws bind its will, for its will is the source of all law. No king, no official, no superior rules over it; each individual is only empowered to act, so far and so long as he upholds the plenipotence of the sovereign mass. It is not the upper classes who command the people, but the people which require obedience from its officers and throws them away when they no longer please it. For individual liberty there is here no place; but owing to the equality of all, the free will of the masses joyously and harmoniously prevails.

For a season these doctrines only served to afford a welcome mental stimulant to the minds, if not of the nobility, of the cultivated and property-possessing classes. The higher, and soon the lower, bourgeoisie inflated themselves with these views. At this period they shared certain of the privileges of the nobles, filled numerous and prominent offices in the State, gave to the nation its largest number of famous thinkers and poets, promoted industry and commerce, and daily increased in wealth, while the nobles, by their extravagance, ruined themselves financially. The former were, therefore, full of the consciousness of their own dignity, and found the continued precedence claimed by the nobles to be unendurable. They believed with inward satisfaction in this doctrine of the equality of all men and the sovereignty of the whole. For, instead of the privileged, it seemed to them self-evident that owing to their culture they, the hitherto unprivileged, ought to stand out prominently among the people as leaders of that governing whole. Thus the state of freedom and equality would be the state of pure reason as well, and, therefore, the leading position could not fail to fall to them, the masters of reasonable discussion. Meanwhile the mass of the poor, wholly cut off from the sources of culture and the mental movements of their country, for long years knew nothing of this absolute governing power which, according to the new discoveries, inalienably belonged to it, and was so surprisingly soon to fall into its lap. The only change in their condition, and thus the only preparation for their future sovereignty, was an increase of outward distress and of

inward confusion and embitterment; and then came the time when the small circle to which education and enjoyment were limited, and the State power they wielded, fell into internal demoralization, strife of factions, and financial embarrassments, till the very Crown itself was obliged to summon popular forces to war against the privileged. All the springs of State machinery refused to work, coffers were empty, authorities and classes at bitter interaccine strife, the army unreliable and undisciplined. It was under circumstances like these that the mass of the people in towns and villages heard from their candidates, advocates, and demagogues, what in truth their rights were. In their ignorance and want, their rudeness and embitterment, they suddenly learnt that for them—as sovereign—limits, obligations, authority no longer existed, that the old corruption and slavish condition was to be thoroughly got rid of, and that then everything would belong to them. They listened with greedy ears, and rushed forward to trample under foot whatever sought to contest these rights of theirs.

The highest and noblest aims lured the century on, and animated the hearts of countless worthy men: liberty, well-being, and culture for all, no difference between man and man but that of talent and virtue, fraternity among all citizens in the State and all nations on the earth; these were the ideals that 1789 proclaimed to the world and the future, and therefore the French still love to speak of the deathless principles and fair days of this first epoch of the Revolution. All this, Thiers tells us, would have been admirably realized had not evil-hearted emigrants and foreign Powers by their malignant attacks, driven the most humane of all Revolutions into desperation, a fight for existence, and bloodshed. All would have gone well, says Louis Blanc, had not the wicked Thermidorians, on the occasion of Robespierre's fall, brought in a policy of vice and self-seeking instead of one of virtue and brotherly love. Probably, on the other side the Vosges, eighty men out of every hundred adopt one or other of these views, and so it is easily intelligible that the merciless facts by which Taine shatters these fair pictures should be received with repugnance and surprise by his countrymen. The contrast between such a reality and such an ideal is indeed enormous; fair days, or so much even as one fair day in the course of the Revolution, can no longer be spoken of; in the very hour when absolute monarchy collapsed, a wild, rude, and cruel anarchy covered the land, filling France with violence and crime of every kind for a decade, and lastly causing an unparalleled despotism to appear to the French people salvation and deliverance. The conclusion is unavoidable, either the ideal was good for nothing, and the Coblenz emigrants had right on their side against the nation, or the French people had set about their high task in a quite impracticable way, and their historical fame has this time to be limited to the motto, *In magnis voluisse sat est*. Neither of these alternatives will have a pleasing sound in the ears of a Liberal Frenchman.

But, pleasing or not, the facts are indisputable, and up to the present time each new investigation of authentic documents has only served to give them a wider range and a more assured basis. We have seen the end of the *Ancien Régime*. The nobles of the former State were unmurdered by idleness, debilitated by enjoyment, degraded by immorality; never had the aristocracy of a great nation fallen and been brushed away from the soil of their country, making so feeble a resistance. The leaders of the movement followed a political teaching based on a most one-sided and therefore radically false conception of human nature, and had no idea of the real nature of their fellow-citizens, or of the principles and needs of genuine political life. Finally the masses were unmoved by any political thought whatever, but were darkly conscious of their own wretched state up to the present time, and their hatred of those who had, or were supposed to have, occasioned it, were credulous and impressionable, and penetrated with the rightfulness of their wildest passions and desires. With such materials as these it is possible indeed to blow up an old and half-useless house, but not to construct on its ruins a well-planned and lasting new one.

Thus Taine shows by details from documents contemporaneous with the events, how, even before the opening of the National Assembly, the condition of things was out of joint at a hundred points. Tumults and plunder, disobedience to authorities, and maltreatment of obnoxious persons, were the order of the day; public officials were spiritless, and dared not command the already murmuring troops to restore order. The first weeks of the Assembly brought hot discussions as to the union of the three orders, attempts at reactionary State measures, and the taking of the Bastille. Excitement grew from day to day; the suspense throughout the country was tremendous. With the Parisian catastrophes the whole *Ancien Régime* rocked and gave way from side to side; and not merely privileges and feudal rights, but all State authorities vanished at one blow, or at the first threat from an armed mob resigned their functions. The French nation had positively no government, no laws, no police, no taxation. In place of these they had journals, clubs, societies, popular songs, and Lynch law; security for person and property no longer existed; every one did according to his heart's desire till a stronger than he preferred the opposite and knocked him down. This state of anarchy actually went on thus till the culmination of the Reign of Terror; every now and then it quieted down here or there, to burst out the following day at some other point with redoubled fury. In the midst of the omnipresent turmoil and confusion, the King, a powerless prisoner, sat in the Tuileries. The only quarter which afforded a possibility of the restoration of the State was the National Assembly, which was sufficiently respected and popular both with the people and the National Guard, to have enforced obedience had it set about it the right way. But there were two reasons which forbade the adoption of that way. One was that the Assembly was deprived of

free action by the ruling theory of the Rights of Man, Liberty and Equality. This included the rights of resistance against oppression, and accordingly every citizen might at any moment consider himself oppressed and authorized in resisting. It had been borne in upon these sovereign citizens that the will of the sovereign people stood higher than that of its representatives, and that the people was at any time capable of re-entering upon the direct exercise of its sovereignty. It is plain that under the influence of theories such as these any control over street-riots and local deeds of violence was a difficult, if not hopeless task. And, on the same ground, it was impracticable to attempt any control or regulation of press or clubs, which looked upon their boundless activity as the highest expression and most precious jewel of revolutionary liberty. As, according to theory, State officials were to be, not the lords, but the servants of the sovereign people, it became expedient that they should not be named by the Central Government, but chosen, and that only for a short time, by the citizens. In the same spirit the affairs of Government were entrusted not to individual officials, but to deliberating colleagues; while, as to the passing of laws, the principle of equality rendered impossible the formation of an Upper House, or any finally decisive action on the part of the King. Thus the Government remained powerless, legislation was hasty and uncertain, the lower classes unmanageable, and on very many occasions it was plain that club orators and journalists who knew how to flatter the demands of the masses bent both Government and National Assembly beneath their sway. More than once there arose indignation in the Assembly at so unworthy and dangerous a condition; but at each attempt to grapple with and remove it, the fear of a monarchical or aristocratic reaction fell upon it and paralyzed its action.

In order to control the anarchical wilfulness of demagogues and proletaires there was but one thing to be done, to strengthen the authority of the executive. This meant restoration of discipline in the army, and energetic organization of Government, extensive powers conferred on the police officials, sharp punishments, and swift justice. But how then? If power were thus conferred upon the Government to restrain proletaires and rioters, who could guarantee liberty and the National Assembly against the head of the reinforced Government, against the King, who had hitherto been by these chronic riots kept in defenceless subjection? This dilemma led to the revolutionary spirit invariably triumphing at the National Assembly. The present fear of the violence of the crowd attendant at the sittings combined with the apprehension of a future monarchical reaction. When, some years later, at the organization of the Republican Government, the weakness of authority was again felt, more than one orator freely declared the existing arrangements to be undoubtedly bad throughout, and to be amended as soon as possible; owned that this had, indeed, been perfectly known at the time of their creation in

1790, but that they were intentionally framed thus, in the interests of liberty, to prevent the King from exercising any power. Enough—the Constitutional Assembly did nothing to surround personal safety and political order with any inviolable defence; on the contrary, they did much to open the door wide to the passionate and arbitrary action of the masses. We may say that they thoughtlessly sowed the seeds of all the horrors of the Terror, and had the sad beginnings of that development before their eyes, without even an attempt to avert them. This is true, most especially in the economical department: the colossal transformation of the laws of property in France, which brought half the soil into new hands, and irresistibly threw the population at large into communistic paths, was out and out the work of the Constituent Assembly.

For more than twenty years I have, in my "History of the Revolution Period," established these circumstances from authentic documents, and thus given repeated offence to the French public. I may therefore be permitted to feel all the greater satisfaction at such a distinguished investigator as Taine, after drawing forth numberless documents from Parisian archives, coming to absolutely the same conclusion. All I have heard in the way of objection to his statements is utterly unimportant. As it is not possible to drive the facts he has proved from original documents out of existence, the observation is made that though his information may be true, it is one-sided; that while he never wearies of describing revolts and misdeeds, he does not sufficiently point out in how many places the Civil Guard bravely and loyally upheld civil order. Taine would be the last to dispute this fact; had it not been so there would have been no longer any France left in the nineteenth century. But he would venture to inquire whether praise be deserved by an Assembly which, as ruler of a great State, surrendered without resistance now the third of it, now the half, during three years, to a bloody anarchy; whether we can speak of "fair days" or "humane Revolution," when in this short period six horrible *Jacqueries* laid the land waste, when countless political murders remained unpunished, and military *émeutes* and ecclesiastical brawls thrust the weapons of civil war into the hands of the masses. We are told of a pure and ideal inspiration then filling millions of liberty-loving and patriotic spirits; and well may we call that a fair time in which noble aims and infinite hopes set all pulses beating higher, and stimulate a whole people to youthful efforts, and fill it with fresh and energetic life. Yes, there were moments of golden dreams and illusions like these. Only they should have lasted longer. It is not through their feelings, speeches, wishes, but their deeds, that nations assume their historical position and receive their historical sentence. Taine writes the last, indeed, with an incisive pen, and often with glaring colours, but essentially he gives nothing but what follows by indissoluble sequence from the facts of the Revolution.

On certain points, indeed, one may notice a few omissions in his

work, or raise a few objections, though they do not affect it as a whole. Space does not permit me to dwell on all particular instances; I must be satisfied with pointing out a few. While during the first months of the Revolution the agitation of the lower classes was identical in town and country, and the lawless violence of artisans and peasants pursued the same ends by the same means, one of the most prominent features of the later phase, the Terror, was the gradual introduction of a war of interest between the people of the capital and the villages. The more the power of the Mountain and the Parisian Commune increased, the more absolutely the booty of the Revolution fell to the share of the town proletaires, at the cost not only of the great landed proprietors, but the small farmers as well. Our first impression at the aspect of this rivalry is the selfishness and greed of the Parisian demagogues; but we may easily convince ourselves that these could never have attained to so extended an activity if existing circumstances had not offered the possibility of a class war. But for any disquisition on this subject, or allusion to the causes that, in the first years of the Revolution, prepared its way, we look through Taine's pages in vain. Again, in the representation of the Ancien Régime, his attention is pre-eminently turned to social relations connected with the land. Had he with an equally comprehensive and minute care studied the different strata, the interests and wants of the town population, the problem alluded to would have solved itself.

It is with admirable insight and incontrovertible reasoning that Taine shows the logical untenableness and practical mischief of the theory of equality, both in the writings of Rousseau and the action of the Constituent Assembly. He proves the contradiction between this equality and the very nature of man, and how, consequently, pure democracy rendered the development of political liberty unattainable. In perfect agreement with Tocqueville, he points to the absolute necessity, under the circumstances of the time, of aristocratic institutions, for the creation and preservation of a free State, and explains how deeply seated these are in the needs and claims of human nature. This portion of his work is indeed masterly; and the more widely extended the equalitarian superstition among the Liberal parties of our day, the more one could desire Taine's views to exercise a strong and widespread influence. But, on the other hand, it appears to me that by this very conception of political institutions, our author has been led to show himself something more than just in the sentence he passes on the representatives of this period, the nobles and prelates of 1789. This is one of the few incongruities already alluded to between the first and second volume. After reading of the luxury, artificiality, and idleness of aristocratic society in the former, and coming with the author to the conviction that terrible consequences must attend such a condition, one is surprised to find in the latter that these privileged ones were the best, the most discerning and patriotic portion of the nation, whose

annihilation or exile brought about the same injurious results that the expulsion of the Huguenots had done. This contradiction is not cleared up by the fact that in the years immediately preceding the Revolution, and chiefly through the influence of Rousseau, a sentimental humanity had prevailed in high circles, that here, too, it was the fashion to speak of a return to an idyllic life of nature, of universal brotherly love, and of the relief of every form of distress. For these transformations remained, in point of fact, only fanciful phrases of the salons. When Louis XVI., Turgot, and Calonne, really desired to set about such philanthropic reforms in good earnest, it was, as we have already seen, these sentimental nobles themselves who hindered their effort, and by nullifying reform brought about the Revolution. When the catastrophe came, many of them had sufficient insight into the new position of affairs to make haste and repudiate those privileges which throughout the land had been already trampled under foot by an unchained people. The horrible persecution to which they were subjected, in utter disregard of all existing rights and all human feeling, with bloodthirsty cruelty and shameless greed, must ever insure for the victims the compassion and sympathy of every right-minded observer; and in order fully to justify revolutionary laws against emigrants, one would be driven to advance sophisms only, not arguments. But all this does not affect the question, whether, as Taine assumes, these persecuted ones did hold a distinguished place in the nation for political virtue, intellectual culture, and capacity for action. Neighbouring nations, so far as I know, without exception took at the time an entirely different view. Doubtless, there were among the emigrants many who won respect and regard in the regions whither their flight had led them. But the great majority, by their thoughtless arrogance, mutual bickerings, and shameless frivolity, left behind them a bad reputation; whereas a hundred years before the exiled Huguenots, by their unity, earnestness, and industry, won, wherever they went, the respect and gratitude of their new countrymen.

HEINRICH VON SYBEL.

WHAT IS THE ACTUAL CONDITION OF IRELAND?

RETURNING to settle in Ireland after an absence that began more than twenty years ago, I found two things strongly claiming my attention. One, was the very great advance in material well-being which my country appeared to have made. The other, was the fact that both Englishmen and Irishmen appeared resolutely to ignore this progress. Nearly all who write and speak about Ireland, either dwell upon her grievances or assume poverty as her normal condition. I know not of any who have attempted to record her returning prosperity. Yet there are few facts in modern history better worthy of notice than the advance in material wealth which has taken place in Ireland during the thirty years between 1846 and 1876.

The year 1879 marks the close of just one-third of a century from the great famine. The first thirty years of this period, 1846-76, were years of continual advance in well-being. From 1877 and down to the present year a reaction has been going on, which is largely connected with a general depression of trade all over the world. For reasons which will appear hereafter, I do not hold that this reaction is likely to be permanent.

It is true that at the beginning of that period the country was in the very lowest depths of poverty and depression. The starting-point therefore was a very backward one; and the wonder is that so much advance should have been made, considering not only the backwardness of the starting-point but the difficulties of the road.

I shall not attempt to depict the state of things which prevailed at the close of the great potato famine. The condition of the country is well known; the facts are in the recollection of many persons now living; and the evidence is within the reach of all inquirers. I may safely assume that Ireland then was among the very poorest of all the countries in Europe. What is her position now?

In discussing the social condition of any country, the population question naturally comes to the front. Is the population pressing unduly on the means of subsistence? then there is something wrong, and until this is set right progress is impossible. On the other hand, if the population is so sparse as to leave the resources of the country undeveloped, there is also something wrong, though in this case the evil is far less. The population, such as it is, may be prosperous and advancing, though it is not producing all it might.

The former was notoriously the state of things in Ireland before 1847.* In 1815 (the year immediately preceding the famine) the population was at the highest point it attained during the present century, and probably the highest it ever reached. It was estimated at 8,295,061. In 1847, the year when the famine was at its height, the numbers are given as 8,025,274. In 1875, just thirty years after the maximum, the numbers had fallen to 5,309,494. In 1877 they were estimated at 5,338,906, showing an increase over 1875 of 29,412.

It is a familiar fact that the population of 1815 and 1847 was excessive. Whether the present population may not be defective in regard of productive power is a question not without importance, but not immediately relevant. What we are now dealing with is the material welfare of the existing population; and it is clear that five millions can live where eight cannot. But are the five millions better off in some proportion to the price the country has paid for the decrease in population? And is there a real advance in the condition of the people, not a mere rise out of beggary and starvation?

In attempting an answer to a question of this nature, one looks naturally to the rate of wages first. But this test is an imperfect one: partly because local variations are still considerable; partly because money payments in many places and among large classes are more or less supplemented by subsistence drawn directly from the land. Besides, a mere increase in money wages may mean little or nothing, unless the increased wages possess increased purchasing power, and there be at the same time an upward tendency in the standard of living. Putting aside the wages question accordingly (to be discussed hereafter), let us try to find other indications of the extent and nature of the changes in the people's condition since the famine. A test of some value, though not absolutely conclusive by itself, will be afforded by changes in the area of farms. It is notorious that one of the causes which most contributed to bring about the famine and its miseries was

* The statistics in this Essay are chiefly taken from *Thom's Almanac and General Directory for 1878*. The tables given in that Almanac are for the most part brought down no later than 1876. It so happens, however, that 1876 is a very convenient date for the purpose of this paper. It marks the conclusion of a period of just thirty years from the worst crisis of the Potato Famine, and it marks also the conclusion of a cycle of commercial inflation, some of whose results are strongly felt in Ireland.

I have, of course, consulted other authorities besides *Thom's Directory*, but I shall specify these as occasion arises. When no special reference is given, my authority is *Thom*.

the small size of holdings. Now the census returns show that from 1851, very shortly after the famine, there has been a steady decrease in the number of farms under fifteen acres, and a steady increase in the number of farms between fifteen and thirty acres, as well as in farms exceeding thirty acres in area. Up to 1861 the number of holdings not exceeding fifteen acres had declined fifty-five per cent., while those above fifteen acres had increased 133 per cent. The number of farms between fifteen and thirty acres was in 1861 double what it had been in 1841, and the farms above thirty acres amounted in 1861 to 157,833, against 48,625, which had been their number twenty years before. Between 1861 and 1871 farms under fifteen acres decreased by 12,548, and farms above thirty acres increased by 1470. According to the latest returns (1875) the farms not exceeding one acre in area were 51,459; those of one to five acres were 69,098; those of five to fifteen acres, 166,959; fifteen to thirty acres, 137,669; the total above thirty acres being 160,298 holdings.

This distribution of the land seems to indicate a considerable improvement compared with the state of things prevailing before the famine. Unfortunately the increase in the size of holdings has not been attended by a corresponding decrease in the number held on an insecure tenure. Tenancy at will continues to be the rule, and permanency the exception, in our land tenure. I have made an attempt to estimate roughly the classes of landholders. The "Domesday" list of proprietors of land gives the number of owners of one acre and under ten as 6892, holding 28,968 acres, or an average of a little over four acres each; between ten acres and fifty there are 7746 owners, holding 195,525 acres, or an average a little over twenty-six acres; between fifty acres and a hundred there are 3479 owners, holding 250,147 acres, or an average of just under seventy-two acres. These make up a body of small proprietors, owning from one to a hundred acres, numbering 18,117. *Eason's Almanac* for 1879, which has been published while I write, estimates the number of "proprietors in fee" of agricultural holdings at 20,217. The same authority gives the number of leaseholders in perpetuity as 10,298; for terms of years exceeding thirty-one as 13,712; for thirty-one years and under, 47,623 (many of which may be short leases); and of leases for lives, or lives and years alternative, as 63,759. The number of tenancies at will is 526,628, or 77.2 per cent. of the whole number of holdings. These statistics were collected in 1870, and they have doubtless been in some degree modified by the working of the Church Act and the Land Act. I have omitted from my extracts from the Domesday list the proprietors of under one acre. These are given in *Thom's Directory* as 36,114, holding 9063 acres; but their holdings do not affect the present question, as they are mostly non-agricultural. The estimate in *Eason's Almanac* purports to relate wholly to agricultural holdings. Domesday includes all classes.

Another index of the condition of a people may be found in the way they are housed. Mean and comfortless dwellings imply not only a low standard of comfort, but often a low morality. Let us see how this matter has stood in Ireland. The Census Commissioners of 1841 divided the dwellings of the people into four classes. The fourth, or lowest, comprised all mud cabins having only one room. Of this class there were in all Ireland, according to the 1841 census, 491,278. In the last census, 1871, the number had fallen to 155,675. The third-class dwellings were also built of mud, but contained three or four rooms, with windows; the latter convenience being by no means universally present in the one-roomed cabin of the fourth class. Of the third class the census of 1841 enumerated 533,297; by 1871 this number had fallen to 357,126. The second class are described as good farmhouses, and in towns, houses having from five to nine rooms. Of this class in 1841 there were 261,184; and in 1871 the number had increased to 387,660. The first class of houses increased during the same period from 10,080 to 60,919. Let us see now in what way the population has been distributed in the different classes of houses. In 1841 the number of families occupying first-class houses was 31,333. In 1871 the number had risen to 49,693. During the same period the number of families in second-class houses rose from 241,664 to 357,752. On the other hand, the families in third-class houses decreased from 571,386 to 432,774; and those in the fourth-class, or one-roomed cabins, from 625,356 to 227,379. By a curious coincidence, the *proportion* of families to houses was the same in 1841 and in 1871—one hundred and eleven families to one hundred houses. In this way the very great shifting in the *classes* is all the more clearly proved to indicate a real rise in the condition of the people.

In connection with this part of my subject, I may now proceed to discuss the wages question and the condition of the labouring population. Of the actual number of this class I can find no accurate return. But we have already seen that the number of families inhabiting the lowest class of houses (and these may be assumed all to belong to the lowest class of labourers) was about 227,400. As the census of 1871 gave the average number of a family as 5.07, or 507 persons to 100 families, we may estimate the number of this class at 2274 multiplied by 5.07, or 1,152,918. Those who inhabit a better class of house may be safely assumed on the whole to be better off in other respects. Now the money wages of the ordinary agricultural labourer are 1s. 6d. a day in the most remote and backward places. This is the minimum, and in harvest time the labourers earn 2s. 6d. a day. A great many labourers have small holdings; but as these are not rent free they do not count directly as an element in wages. The way in which they do count is that the people are not so overworked but that the labourer and his family can attend to the holding, grow their own potatoes, feed the pig, &c.—thereby eking out the actual money payment.

The diet of these labourers (I am still referring to the most backward and remote parts of Ireland) is tea and bread for breakfast, potatoes and a little bacon for dinner, and oatmeal porridge for supper. The people have quite risen out of the "potatoes and point" stage of feeding. Of course, on Fridays and other fast-days, Roman Catholics abstain from flesh meat; but there are few places so remote from the sea that fresh herrings are not to be had, and at any rate salt ones are always available. On the other hand, on Sundays and holidays many of the labouring families contrive to have butcher's meat; and I am told that in certain districts there is one day in the year when every family among the peasantry makes an invariable rule to eat a dinner of fresh meat, some animal (often a fowl) being killed on purpose to furnish this meal. This is probably some relic of a sacrificial observance.

The condition of the people being such as I have described, one would naturally expect not to find pauperism very prevalent. As a matter of fact it is not. The average daily number of paupers in the workhouses throughout 1876 was 13,235, and of recipients of out-door relief 31,600: bringing up the total to 44,835. The average of persons in receipt of relief was 140·6 in 10,000 of population. This daily average represents the current subsisting mass of pauperism, and is in a considerable measure made up of the old, infirm, and sick. Of able-bodied paupers, the males were only 1697 in the daily average of workhouse inmates, and the females were 4130. There were 10,134 healthy children under fifteen in the workhouses, and the other inmates were either sick in hospital or permanently unable to work. These figures seem to be the very reverse of alarming. Permanent pauperism is not a very virulent social disorder when only two able-bodied persons to every five hundred of the population are in receipt of in-door relief, and when the whole permanent pauper population barely exceeds fourteen in a thousand. But though permanent pauperism may be well in hand, casual pauperism may be at a high pitch. Let us see how this matter has stood. I shall first take the statistics of 1876, and then try to modify my conclusions by such later figures as may be available. In 1876 the population of England and Wales stood at 24,244,000, and the total of paupers in receipt of relief, in-door and out-door, on the 1st of January of that year, was 752,887; Scotland, with a population of 3,527,000, had a total pauper population on the 1st of January, 1876, of 66,733. In Ireland, on the same date, the total population being 5,321,600, the paupers amounted to 77,913. In other words, at a rough estimate, on the 1st of January, 1876, about one person in every thirty-three in England and Wales was in receipt of relief as a pauper, in Scotland, about one in every fifty-three; while in Ireland the proportion was only one in sixty-eight. A similar proportion appears in the incidence of the poor-rate. In 1876 England and Wales paid at the rate of 6s. 0½d. per head of population; Scotland 5s. 0½d.; Ireland only 3s. 4d.

Of course these figures must undergo modification in view of the altered circumstances of the present time. The statistics of 1876 are not an accurate guide to the facts of 1879. During the last three years there has been considerable depression of trade; and it may very well be that the returns of this year will indicate an ebb in the tide of prosperity. But, unless I am very much mistaken, after making all allowances, it will probably be found that Ireland is the part of the United Kingdom least affected by the present prolonged commercial crisis.*

The figures and facts recorded above will probably astonish the considerable class of persons to whom the word "Irish" has an air of wanting something, unless it is followed by "pauper." A smaller but perhaps not less intelligent class—that of English travellers in Ireland—will promptly jump to the conclusion that the figures are cooked; they will argue, "We have travelled in Ireland, and have been beset with beggars; how, then, can the country be so free from pauperism? Surely the true state of the case is that the people keep out of the workhouses merely in order to live on public charity in another form?" It cannot, I regret to say, be denied that mendicancy is very common in Ireland; so common as to be little less than a national scandal. There is, however, something to be said in mitigation of judgment, though perhaps not in defence. It is a matter in which figures are of little use; for no one could, by any possibility, estimate how many persons live wholly by begging. That there are in every community some persons who do may be taken as certain. That their number is larger in proportion to the bulk of the population in a Roman Catholic than in a Protestant community, is antecedently probable. The theory of the Roman Catholic religion positively encourages mendicancy. It is held to be no sin to live on alms, and to be a positive merit to give alms. *Never turn away thy face from any poor man*, is a text acted on by devout Romanists in its most literal acceptation. The result is not difficult to foresee. It must, however, be recorded to the credit of the Irish Catholic clergy, that they are beginning to see the folly of indiscriminate almsgiving; and though they are hampered in no small degree by the traditions of their Church, they have made many successful efforts in the direction of the organization of charity. Another influence, which largely contributes to the existence of the mendicancy that scandalizes the traveller, is the tradition of recent poverty. The habits of centuries are not effaced in a generation. Not much more than twenty years ago, begging was a recognized necessity in the life of the Irish

* While I write *England's Alms* for 1879 has been published. This authority gives the total average of paupers daily in receipt of relief throughout 1877 as 78,228, or 1.07% in 10,000 of the population. An increase of less than six in ten thousand is not very alarming, and the fact seems in some measure to justify the opinion I have ventured to express in the text, that Ireland will be found to suffer less from the present depression than other parts of the United Kingdom. It must, however, be taken into consideration that the present year 1879 has been a very poor harvest, and this circumstance is absolutely certain to enhance whatever distress already exists.

poor. But now, when times are moderately prosperous, begging is limited almost wholly to old people who hang about the doors of Catholic chapels, and about places frequented by tourists. On the roads leading to such "show places," also, the tourist will be often beset by little knots of children clamouring for half-pence; but these are no more professional beggars than a gentleman who amuses himself with pheasant shooting is a professional dealer in game. It is a form of excitement with them; not a very high one to be sure, but not meaner or more vicious than baccarat or rouge-et-noir.

Still, when all is said, there is more mendicancy in Ireland than would exist if things were in a healthier state; and where mendicancy is common, pauperism must fluctuate largely. In more prosperous times, a larger number of mendicants can find support from a more copious supply of alms. When evil times curtail the fund whence alms are supplied, the mendicant must fall back on legal relief. From this point of view the small increase of six in ten thousand, already referred to,* seems to show that the commercial depression of 1877 has not largely touched the revenues of the Irish mendicant!

An account of the condition of the Irish people would be incomplete without some reference to the statistics of drunkenness and crime. Here we shall find some results of a rather surprising kind. Thus, in England and Wales in 1876, the population being 21,211,000, the number of drunkards brought before magistrates was 205,567; being, at an approximate estimate, one in every 118 of the population. In Scotland, the population being 3,527,800, the drunkards arrested numbered 26,209, or about one in 134. In Ireland, the population being 5,321,600, the drunkards brought before magistrates were 112,253; showing the enormous proportion of one in every 17 of the people. Of course these figures in all three kingdoms include very many cases of repeated conviction, so that it would not be fair to say that one man in every 118 in England, still less in every 11 in Ireland, is actually a drunkard. All the same, this comparison is sufficiently alarming as well as perplexing. It is rather paradoxical to find Scotland showing a smaller proportion of apparent drunkards than either of the other kingdoms; and some people might be ill-natured enough to hint that this result depended mainly on greater skill in keeping out of the hands of the police. On the other hand, a patriotic Irishman might, without any very flagrant paradox, argue that the fact of so many Irish being arrested for being drunk proves that they are actually a more sober people. It takes less to make an Irishman drunk, partly because he is more excitable in temperament, and partly because he drinks but seldom. The habitually temperate man, when he does casually exceed, shows his condition very promptly; the habitual toper can dissemble it far longer. Another reason that may be given for the state of things here indicated, is that the police force is more numerous in Ireland in proportion to the popu-

* See note on previous page.

lation than in England or Scotland;* and as, for reasons which will be hereafter seen, the police have actually less to do, they are able to expend a quantity of surplus energy in arresting drunkards whom the busier constables of England and Scotland would allow to stagger quietly home. That some or all these causes are in operation to bring about the startling excess of apparent drunkenness in Ireland, is manifest when we come to discuss the statistics of crime. The connection of crime with drink is a commonplace of moralists; but, like most other commonplaces, it requires to be seriously tested by the light of facts.

The crimes with which drink is most closely connected are naturally those which come under the class of offences against the person. Drunk may, indeed, prompt offences against property; but chiefly in an indirect fashion. A drunkard is very likely to be in want of things which he may seek to obtain by theft; but drink is not the sole cause of poverty, and professional thieves are not habitual drunkards. Referring then to the class of offences against the person, we find that in 1876 only four persons were sentenced to death in all Ireland. The number sentenced in England was 32. Here is already a considerable discrepancy; for the population of England is to that of Ireland in the proportion of only about four and two-fifths to one, and the death sentences in England were eight times as numerous as in Ireland.† But this is not all. Nearly all the murders in Ireland are agrarian, and with these drink is only casually if at all connected. On the other hand, nearly every murder in England is committed more or less under the influence of intoxication. Turning to the secondary punishments, we find twelve sentences of penal servitude for life in England, while there were none in Ireland. Ten of these twelve ought perhaps to be discounted, as representing ten commutations of capital punishment, for of the thirty-two persons sentenced to death in England only twenty-two were executed. But the most remarkable discrepancy is seen when we come to sentences of penal servitude for terms of years. Of these there were only fifty in Ireland against 280 in England. In the absence of returns of crime actually committed (including undetected offences), it is not easy to pronounce an opinion of much value; but from the statistics of conviction it would appear that violent crimes against the person are much less prevalent in proportion to the population in Ireland than in England. These results are by no means contrary to reasonable expectation, when we consider the vast congestion of population in London and other cities in England, to which there is no parallel any-

* The 24 millions in England and Wales are kept in order by a police force of 22,689. In Scotland 3½ millions of population have only 3336 policemen. In Ireland, with a population well under 5½ millions, there are 12,081 policemen. And yet, as will appear presently, there is far less crime in Ireland relatively than in either of the other kingdoms.

† It is only just to admit that the death sentences are not a fair test. Too many murders remain undetected, owing to the existence of agrarian conspiracy. The number of murders known to have been committed is undoubtedly not to be relied on in the inference to which I have acceded. But the very fact of their remaining undetected is proof that they are not directly connected with intoxication, for it shows that they are for the most part agrarian.

where in Ireland. But, such as they are, they seem to show that the apparent addiction of Irishmen to strong drink is not attended by a proportionate addiction to the more serious forms of crime. On the other hand (and this must be recorded for whatever it may be worth), we have 1078 sentences of imprisonment and other minor penalties inflicted in Ireland, against only 1533 similar sentences in England.

Turning now to the class of offences against property with violence, we find two sentences of penal servitude for life in England, against none in Ireland; 271 sentences for terms of years in England, against 26 in Ireland; 898 sentences of minor terms of imprisonment against only 69 in Ireland. In cases of this nature one might naturally expect drink to be a considerable predisposing cause. On the other hand, there is no assignable connection between drink and crime unaccompanied by violence, except in so far as poverty is an effect of drink and a cause for crime. Even here, however, the proportion fails; for the convictions for minor offences against property in Ireland were only 798, against 10,671 in England: and of these only 101 suffered penal servitude for terms of years, against 1063 in England.

All this, it may be said, simply shows that there must be a great deal of undetected crime in Ireland. To a certain extent, no doubt, this is true; but the remark applies chiefly to some of the more serious crimes, especially agrarian murder. There is not the same motive for concealing minor forms of crime, nor perhaps would even the Ribbon organization make such concealment practicable. To be sure it may be urged that, though minor crime is not purposely concealed, the police are too busy keeping the peace and looking after Fenians and Ribbonmen to have time for detecting ordinary thefts. This fact may, indeed, have something to do with the apparent scarcity of petty crime in Ireland; but this is certainly not the aspect of the case usually dwelt upon, by Judges of Assizes, for instance, when a Grand Jury sends up a pair of white gloves instead of a sheaf of criminal indictments. However this may be, I merely record the facts as I find them; leaving readers, for the most part, to draw what inferences the facts seem to suggest. One inference they suggest to me is, that Irishmen are not such very drunken animals after all; or else that they are somehow or other an exception to the rule which connects drink and crime. The undeniable blot on the Irish character—agrarian outrage—is not to be accounted for by drink. The true explanation is familiar to all who really know the country. The Irish peasant is very largely dependent on the soil for his support, and believes himself to be wholly so. He also believes himself to have a moral and a historical right to the possession of the soil; a belief which contains a considerable admixture of truth, provided it be stated with the proper limitations. Unluckily, the Irish peasant holds it without any limitation at all; and herein lies the secret of his hostility to the law. The peasant ejected, or in fear of ejection, looks on himself as a ruined man (which he need not be), and as a wronged man (which

he is only very partially). Men ruined and wronged have always been raw material for brigands; and the Ribbonman is simply a brigand in a frieze coat.

I have no desire to compose an Essay on the Land Question; but it is absolutely impracticable to discuss Irish social economy without finding the Land Question in one's way. It is the question which most closely concerns the industrial classes; for the land is the mainstay of Irish industry. It is the pivot upon which all Irish politics turn; for although priestly influence counts for a great deal, that influence itself depends in great measure on the land hunger of the peasantry. I feel that I should be leaving Hamlet out of the play if I did not say a few words on the matter. As I have already hinted, the Irish peasant has three reasons for his desire to be "rooted in the soil." One is a traditional reason. He thinks that his forefathers were unjustly ousted by foreign conquerors. His belief rests on an utterly distorted view of history. It is true that eight hundred years ago a few of the ancestors of a few of the existing peasantry might in a sort of sense have been called landowners. But so far as the Gaelic race survives, it would be equally true to say that the ancestors of the existing peasantry had been the serfs or the slaves of barbarous chieftains. The old Gaelic tribal ownership, if left to itself, might or might not have ripened into a peasant proprietary; but the only real grievance which the existing Gaelic peasantry can allege, is that the English conquest forcibly interrupted the natural process of evolution. Moreover, a large number of the existing peasants are no true Gael at all, but the descendants of Danes, Normans, and the various waves of Saxon settlers from Elizabeth to William of Orange. In parts of Ireland there are even to be found the descendants of French Huguenots, of Scotch fugitives involved in the Stuart insurrections, and of refugees of 1793. That such a *colluctio gentium* should claim to be the heirs of Septs which occupied the land

"Ere the emerald gem of the Western world
Had been set in the crown of a stranger,"

is simply a proof of profound ignorance of history. Such, however, is the vague traditional belief; and it is complicated with a moral sentiment, that he who tills the land has a right to live by the land. The sentiment is open to no objection, provided it be understood that the land is an instrument of production in which the whole community is interested. The cultivator has the same right to live by the land as the artisan to live by his handicraft, and no more—that is, both peasant and artisan have a right to expect that the social system shall be so adjusted that neither shall be unjustly deprived of the fruit of his labour. But neither peasant nor artisan can claim that any instrument of production shall be used for the sole sake of the producer. Hence, even if peasant proprietorship were undeniably the best thing for the peasant, it does not follow that he has a moral right to it, unless it be good for the whole community as well. This consideration is too

often neglected by the thorough-going advocates of peasant proprietorship. They assume that the interests of the peasants are the only interests to be considered. In Ireland, indeed, they are not far wrong; for the peasantry are very nearly the whole community. This, however, only raises the previous question, whether peasant proprietorship would be a success in Ireland—of which hereafter. The last and most practical of the agrarian arguments is that a tenant evicted is a man ruined. Even this is only partially true, and at most is only an argument against capricious eviction. It is conclusive as against the system of tenancy at will, or any of those short tenures which are, in fact, a standing notice to quit. It holds good in favour of peasant proprietorship to this extent—that the ruin of a peasant proprietor can only occur through his own fault or misfortune, and not through the caprice of a landlord. In short, the discontent of the Irish peasantry proves that the Anglo-Irish system of tenure is about the worst of all possible systems; but it proves little or nothing in favour of peasant ownership.

My own opinion (*valent quantum*) is that the soil and climate of Ireland render the country utterly unfit to maintain a considerable body of peasant proprietors; but that, nevertheless, it would be wise and politic to establish peasant properties as widely as may be practicable. The climate is notoriously damp, and variable in the extreme. Grain crops are inferior and precarious—root crops are not much better—even meadows are untrustworthy, because of the difficulty of hay-making—but Irish pasture is perhaps the best in the world. Natural conditions mark out Ireland as a pastoral and cattle-breeding country; and such a country is the destined home of *latifundia*. It is not merely that cattle require large spaces of pasture; but the trade in cattle requires capital, and requires the power of staying through seasons of adversity. An attempt to breed or deal in cattle by a class of peasant proprietors, acting singly, could only end in ruin; a ruin even more complete than bad seasons would bring upon unsuccessful cultivators of grain. Another product for which Ireland is eminently fitted is timber.* This also obviously requires spaces of land, and intervals of idle capital, utterly incompatible with any system of small holdings. Nature would seem to have marked out Ireland as a country to be thinly populated; historical accident once made her one of the most populous of countries, and we all know what came of it. The people were dependent on a single kind of food; it failed, and misery ensued such as modern Europe had never beheld. The scenes of 1847 we may devoutly hope will never be witnessed again; but such a season as 1878-79 would be a trial that few peasant proprietors could stand. Why then do I say that a peasant proprietary ought to be created?

* It has been calculated, apparently on trustworthy data, that an acre of land planted with larch or fir, at an expense of about £20, would be worth £100 at the end of forty years, besides the intermediate yield from clearings of young timber, game cover, and so forth. This is a very high return for a small outlay, but it is completely beyond the means of any peasant proprietor.

Because I believe that in the experiment is to be found the sole method of convincing the Irish peasants that their true interest lies in quite another direction. The peasant now believes that all he wants in order to be prosperous is to be "rooted in the soil." It is of no use to appeal to abstract reasoning. He knows that he has to pay rent, and that he is liable to eviction for non-payment. Carefully as recent legislation has guarded him against capricious eviction, he knows that if his landlord chooses to pay for turning him out, out he must go. The few of his neighbours who do acquire freeholds, he perceives to be comparatively prosperous. He does not take into account that the prosperity of the freeholder is maintained by precisely the same exceptional energy and thrift which in the first instance enabled him to secure the freehold. Besides, it is undeniable that *ceteris paribus* a man who holds rent-free is likely to be better off than one who pays rent; and so long as rent is the rule and freehold the exception, the few freeholders will seem at least to possess an advantage over the many rentpayers. In short, the peasant farmer will never cease to believe ownership a panacea for all his ills, until he shall have tried it, and failed. Of course it does not absolutely follow that the experiment of creating a peasant proprietary must needs fail. It may succeed; and then the Irish land problem is solved. For the reasons given above, however, I think it would fail. If all the holdings of fifteen acres and under (there are 285,000* of them, or nearly half the whole number of farms in Ireland) were turned into peasant properties tomorrow, I believe they would in thirty, or at most in fifty, years be recast into large cattle farms, owned probably for the most part by joint-stock companies. The process of consolidation would be partly the buying out of ruined peasants after some such seasons as we are now undergoing; partly a voluntary union of the residue, who would find association desirable in order to secure a sufficiency of land and capital. But those who might be compelled to part with their lands could no longer ascribe their ruin to the tenure by which they held. It would be made clear to them and to all concerned that it is the laws of Nature and not the laws of England which hinder Ireland from maintaining a dense agricultural population.

It may be urged against what I have here said, that it is hardly worth while engaging in a social revolution merely in order that the last state of things may turn out on the whole very similar to the first. I cannot deny the force of this remark; though I may suggest, in my turn, that perhaps it is worth while to make some sacrifice for the sake of attaining stable equilibrium in the social system. I am persuaded that the one great difficulty in Irish affairs is to convince the peasant that the law is a power not hostile but friendly to him. This is no easy task. It is not so very long since the law actually was the hard

* *Edison's Almanac*, 1879. The actual number is 285,464. The total of agricultural holdings is 581,953.

master it is still supposed to be. Nor is the peasant's own attitude of mind a very easy one to deal with. He clamours loudly to be "rooted in the soil," or, in other words, to be made absolute owner of his farm; but he clamours not less loudly against the absenteeism of his landlord. He utterly fails to perceive the inconsistency of his position. He cannot eat his cake and have his cake. He cannot be at one and the same time tenant to a resident lord of the manor, and owner in fee-simple of his own holding. Absolute peasant ownership is *primâ facie* incompatible with the very existence of a landed aristocracy; and it may be some perception of this that induces certain of the land agitators to propose fixity of tenure at a quit-rent rather than absolute peasant proprietorship. But it is clear that this is a mere evasion of the difficulty. A landlord, who is merely a rent-charger, has no more motive to reside on his estate than if he sold it and lived on the interest of the purchase-money. There is no doubt a sense in which the two things are not absolutely incompatible. Peasant properties might be intermixed with large estates owned by resident landlords. And this would certainly constitute a state of things by no means undesirable; in fact, it is what might possibly emerge from the experiment I have mentioned above. I think it more than probable that a great deal of the land, after such an experiment, would fall into the hands of joint-stock companies; but a considerable portion might also be bought up by individuals, who might choose to become resident landlords. It must, however, be remembered that there are many things besides agrarian agitation which tempt Irish landlords to become absentees. Residence in Ireland is attended with many drawbacks and discomforts, even when a landlord is on the best of terms with his tenantry. Absenteeism is no new complaint; Adam Smith discussed proposals for an absentee-tax. Its prevalence is not uncommonly ascribed to the Union, but it might as well be ascribed to the Deluge. The most potent causes of absenteeism in the latter half of the nineteenth century are the City of Dublin Steam Navigation Company, and the London and North-Western Railway. These, and kindred institutions, are also the channels which conduct a vast deal of wealth into Ireland; and if absenteeism constitutes a perennial drain on her resources, the facilities of locomotion cause the drain to return ten-fold.* If these facilities did not exist, it does not follow that the landlords who remained at home would necessarily be of much use to the community. The squires and *squireens* in Lever's and Maxwell's novels are very amusing to read about; but they are a race that nobody at the present day would seriously wish to revive.

* I have unfortunately been unable to obtain any statistics of the cross channel trade. I find it stated in *Town & Country* that the trade of Belfast alone was valued in the year 1886 at £21,332,000—viz. £12,117,000 imports and £11,915,000 exports. The year 1886 was a bad year—and it may be assumed that these figures represent a low average. I had no means of estimating the import and export trade of Cork and Dublin.

I may mention here that one cause of interruption in the composition of this paper was an unsuccessful search for complete trade statistics.

However this may be, there is little inducement for the existing landlords to remain resident in a country where they are continually threatened, and occasionally shot. I cannot help thinking that in the tendency to absenteeism, courageous statesmanship might find the means of solving the Land problem. There should be little difficulty, one would imagine, in persuading a number of existing Irish landlords to part with their estates for a reasonable compensation.* The Church Surplus is at hand to provide the purchase-money. After deducting the sums to be paid to the Intermediate Education Board, and to the National School Teachers' Pension Fund, there will remain nearly four millions in the hands of the Temporalities Commission. This money judiciously advanced to tenant farmers would enable a considerable number of them to acquire the freehold of their farms, and thus the foundations of a peasant proprietary might be laid without any confiscation or disturbance of vested rights. The Royal Commission on Agriculture would perhaps be a good medium for acquiring information on this subject. They might include in the scope of their inquiry the best method of carrying out some such scheme as has been here indicated.

Having set out with no intention beyond that of offering a general view of a few leading facts and figures relating to Irish affairs, I find myself insensibly gliding into a political discussion. So far as I have any excuse for this, it must be found in the irrepressible character of the Land problem; which, as I before remarked, can by no possibility be evaded by any one who writes on Irish social economy. Yet this problem itself is in one aspect simply a phase of the struggle going on all over the world between labour and capital. Side by side with this there is yet another struggle going on, which is also a phase of a world-wide conflict. It is the old story of Priesthood against Free Thought; but in Ireland, like nearly all things Irish, it bears a peculiar aspect of its own. Many a man here would be amazed to be told that he is fighting on the side of the priests; yet the Irish Orange Tory, and to some extent even the Irish Evangelical clergyman, is really and truly (though of course unconsciously) helping the policy of the Roman Church. But it would extend my essay beyond all reasonable limits to discuss this matter; and besides, I set out to write on statistics, and not on politics.†

EDWARD STANLEY ROBERTSON.

* A few of the Home Rule M.P.'s who are now stamping the country on the Land grievance are themselves landlords. It has been suggested that they should introduce a bill of tenure on their estates in one or other of its various forms. Mr. Harrington (who is now one of the stump orators of the party) has, I am told, notified his intention to give long leases to his tenants. In a case like this the *argumentum ad hominem*, though a perfectly fair one, is a perfectly useless one.

† I have referred above (note, p. 463) to my failure to obtain trade statistics. This circumstance has caused me to fail also in fully carrying out the original plan of this paper. I had intended not only to give a general view of the recent condition of the Irish people, but to enter somewhat fully into its causes, and discuss the probabilities of the future. The great revival in prosperity, which I have imperfectly sketched, was closely connected with the cross-channel trade. At present, affairs look sufficiently ominous both here and in England, and the forecast of the future depends mainly upon the prospect of revival in English trade.

THE DELUGE:

ITS TRADITIONS IN ANCIENT NATIONS.

OF all traditions relating to the history of primitive humanity, by far the most universal is that of the Deluge. Our present purpose is to pass under review the principal versions of it extant among the leading races of men. The concordance of these with the Biblical narrative will bring out their primary unity, and we shall thus be able to recognize the fact of this tradition being one of those which date before the dispersion of peoples, go back to the very dawn of the civilized world, and can only refer to a real and definite event.

But we have previously to get rid of certain legendary recollections erroneously associated with the Biblical Deluge, their essential features forbidding sound criticism to assimilate them therewith. We allude to such as refer to local phenomena, and are of historic and comparatively recent date. Doubtless the tradition of the great primitive cataclysm may have been confused with these, and thus have led to an exaggeration of their importance; but the characteristic points of the narrative admitted into the Book of Genesis are wanting, and even under the legendary form it has assumed these events retain a decidedly special and restricted character. To group recollections of this nature with those that really relate to the Deluge would be to invalidate, rather than confirm, the consequences we are entitled to draw from the latter.

Take, for instance, the great inundation placed by the historic books of China in the reign of Yao. This has no real relation, or even resemblance, to the Biblical Deluge; it is a purely local event, the date of which, spite of the uncertainty of Chinese chronology previous to the eighth century *n.c.*, we may yet determine as long subsequent to the fully historic periods of Egypt and Babylon.* Chinese authors

* The date of the termination of the works undertaken by Yu, in order to repair the damage done by this flood, lies between 2278 and 2062 *n.c.* according to the chronological system adopted.

describe Yu, minister and engineer of the day, as restoring the course of rivers, raising dykes, digging canals, and regulating the taxation of every province throughout China. A learned Sinologist, Edouard Biot, has proved, in a treatise on the changes of the lower course of the Hoang-ho, that it was to one of its frequent inundations the above catastrophe was due, and that the early Chinese settlements on its banks had had much to suffer from this cause. These works of Yu were but the beginning of embankments necessary to contain its waters, carried on further in following ages. A celebrated inscription graven on the rocky face of one of the mountain peaks of Ho-nan passes for contemporaneous with these works, and is consequently the most ancient specimen of Chinese epigraphy extant. This inscription appears to present an intrinsically authentic character, sufficient to dispel the doubts suggested by Mr. Legge, although there is this rather suspicious fact connected with it, that we are only acquainted with it through ancient copies, and that for many centuries past the minutest research has failed to re-discover the original.

Nor is the character of a mere local event less conspicuous in the legend of Botchica, such as we have it reported by the Muyscas, the ancient inhabitants of the province of Cundinamarca, in South America, although here mythological fable is mingled much more largely with the fundamental historic element.

Huythaca, the wife of a divine man, or rather a god, called Botchica, having practised abominable witchcraft in order to make the river Funzha leave its bed, the whole plain of Bogota is devastated by its waters; men and beasts perish in the inundation, and only a few escape by flight to the loftiest mountains. The tradition adds that Botchica broke asunder the rocks inclosing the valley of Canosa and Tequendama, in order to facilitate the escape of the waters, next reassembled the dispersed remnant of the Muyscas, taught them Sun-worship, and went up to heaven, after having lived 500 years in Cundinamarca.

I.

Chaldean and Biblical Narratives.—Of the traditions relating to the great cataclysm the most curious, no doubt, is that of the Chaldeans. Its influence has stamped itself in an unmistakable manner on the tradition of India; and, of all the accounts of the Deluge, it comes nearest to that in Genesis. To whoever compares the two it becomes evident that they must have been one and the same up to the time when Terah and his family left Ur of the Chaldees to go into Palestine.

We have two versions of the Chaldean story—unequally developed indeed, but exhibiting a remarkable agreement. The one most anciently known, and also the shorter, is that which Berosus took from the sacred books of Babylon and introduced into the history that he wrote

for the use of the Greeks.* After speaking of the last nine antediluvian kings, the Chaldean priest continues thus :—

"Obartès Elbaratutu being dead, his son Xisuthros (Khamzatra) reigned eighteen sars (64,800 years). It was under him that the Great Deluge took place, the history of which is told in the sacred documents as follows :—Cronos (En) appeared to him in his sleep, and announced that on the fifteenth of the month of Daisios (the Assyrian month Sivan—a little before the summer solstice), all men should perish by a flood. He therefore commanded him to take the beginning, the middle, and the end of whatever was consigned to writing,† and to bury it in the City of the Sun, at Sippara; then to build a vessel, and to enter into it with his family and dearest friends; to place in this vessel provisions to eat and drink, and to cause animals, birds, and quadrupeds to enter it; lastly, to prepare everything for navigation. And when Xisuthros inquired in what direction he should steer his bark, he was answered, 'towards the gods,' and enjoined to pray that good might come of it for men.

"Xisuthros obeyed, and constructed a vessel five stadia long and five broad; he collected all that had been prescribed to him, and embarked his wife, his children, and his intimate friends.

"The Deluge having come, and soon going down, Xisuthros loosed some of the birds. These finding no food nor place to alight on returned to the ship. A few days later Xisuthros again let them free, but they returned again to the vessel, their feet full of mud. Finally, loosed the third time the birds came no more back. Then Xisuthros understood that the earth was bare. He made an opening in the roof of the ship, and saw that it had grounded on the top of a mountain. He then descended with his wife, his daughter, and his pilot, worshipped the earth, raised an altar, and there sacrificed to the gods; at the same moment he vanished with those who accompanied him.

"Meanwhile those who had remained in the vessel not seeing Xisuthros return, descended too and began to seek him, calling him by his name. They saw Xisuthros no more; but a voice from heaven was heard commanding them piety towards the gods; that he, indeed, was receiving the reward of his piety in being carried away to dwell thenceforth in the mud of the gods, and that his wife, his daughter, and the pilot of the ship shared the same honour. The voice further said that they were to return to Babylon, and conformably to the decrees of fate, disinter the writings buried at Sippara in order to transmit them to men. It added that the country in which they found themselves was Armenia. These, then, having heard the voice, sacrificed to the gods and returned on foot to Babylon. Of the vessel of Xisuthros, which had finally landed in Armenia, a portion is still to be found in the Gordyan Mountains in Armenia, and pilgrims bring thence asphalt that they have scraped from its fragments. It is used to keep off the influence of witchcraft. As to the companions of Xisuthros, they came to Babylon, disinterred the writings left at Sippara, founded numerous cities, built temples, and restored Babylon."

By the side of this version, which, interesting though it be, is, after all, second hand, we are now able to place an original Chaldeo-Babylonian edition, which the lamented George Smith was the first to decipher on the cuneiform tablets exhumed at Nineveh and now in the British Museum. Here the narrative of the Deluge appears as an episode in the eleventh tablet, or eleventh chaunt of the great epic of the town of Uruk. The hero of this poem, a kind of Hercules, whose name has not as

* This work of Berossus was already out of existence in the fourth century of our era, when Eusebius of Cæsarea, to whom we owe such fragments as we possess, wrote. Only two fragments remained, due to later polygraphers, Abydenus and Alexander Polyhistor. Eusebius gives the version of each editor, the one I quote is that of Alexander.

† Abydenus says, "all that composed the scriptures."

yet been made out with certainty,* being attacked by disease (a kind of leprosy), goes, with a view to its cure, to consult the patriarch saved from the Deluge, Khasisatra, in the distant land to which the gods have transported him, there to enjoy eternal felicity. He asks Khasisatra to reveal the secret of the events which led to his obtaining the privilege of immortality, and thus the patriarch is induced to relate the cataclysm.

By a comparison of the three copies of the poem that the library of the palace of Nineveh contained, it has been possible to restore the narrative with hardly any breaks.† These three copies were, by order of the King of Assyria, Assurbanabal, made in the eighth century B.C., from a very ancient specimen in the sacerdotal library of the town of Uruk, founded by the monarchs of the first Chaldean empire. It is difficult precisely to fix the date of the original copied by Assyrian scribes, but it certainly goes back to the ancient empire, seventeen centuries, at least, before our era, and even probably beyond; it was therefore much anterior to Moses, and nearly contemporaneous with Abraham. The variations presented by the three existing copies prove that the original was in the primitive mode of writing called the *Akritic*, a character which must have already become difficult to decipher in the eighth century B.C., as the copyists have differed as to the interpretation to be given to certain signs, and in other cases have simply reproduced exactly the forms of such as they did not understand. Finally, it results from a comparison of these variations, that the original, transcribed by order of Assurbanabal, must itself have been a copy of some still more ancient manuscript, in which the original text had already received interlinear comments. Some of the copyists have introduced these into their text, others have omitted them. With these preliminary observations I proceed to give integrally the narrative ascribed in the poem to Khasisatra:—

"I will reveal to thee, O Izdhubar, the history of my preservation—and tell to thee the decision of the gods.

"The town of Shuruppak, a town which thou knowest, is situated on the Euphrates—it was ancient and in it [men did not honour] the gods. [I alone, I was] their servant, to the great gods—[The gods took counsel on the appeal of] Anu—[a deluge was proposed by] Bel—[and approved by Nabon, Nergal and] Adar.

"And the god [Éa] the immutable lord,—repeated this command in a dream.—I listened to the decree of fate that he announced, and he said to me:—'Man of Shuruppak, son of Ubaratutu—thou, build a vessel and finish it [quickly].—[By a deluge] I will destroy substance and life. Cause thou to go up into the vessel the substance of all that has life.—The vessel thou shalt

* He is provisionally called Izdhubar or Gluridhubar, transcribing for want of a more certain method, according to their phonetic value, the characters composing the ideographic spelling of his name.

† The text is published in 'Cuneiform Inscriptions of Western Asia,' vol. iv, pp. 50 and 51. The two principal translations hitherto given are those of George Smith and M. Oppert. The one we now offer contains a large share of personal work. We avail ourselves of the labours of our illustrious predecessors but believe that we have also added some important steps towards a precise understanding of the text.

build—600 cubits shall be the measure of its length—and 60 cubits the amount of its breadth and of its height.—[Launch it] thus on the ocean and cover it with a roof.*—I understood, and I said to Ea, my lord:—‘[The vessel] that thou commandest me to build thus—[when] I shall do it,—young and old [shall laugh at me.]’—[Ea opened his mouth and] spoke.—He said to me, ‘his servant:—‘[If they laugh at thee] thou shalt say to them: [shall be punished] he who has insulted me, [for the protection of the gods] is over me.— . . . like to caverns . . . — . . . I will exercise my judgment on that which is on high and that which is below . . . — . . . Close the vessel . . . — . . . At a given moment that I shall cause thee to know, enter into it and draw the door of the ship towards thee.—Within it, thy grains, thy furniture, thy provisions,—thy riches, thy men-servants, and thy maid-servants, and thy young people—the cattle of the field and the wild beasts of the plain that I will assemble—and that I will send thee, shall be kept behind thy door.’—Khasiatru opened his mouth and spoke; he said to Ea, his lord:—‘No one has made [such a] ship.—On the prow I will fix . . . —I shall see . . . and the vessel . . . —the vessel thou commandest me to build [thus]—which is’

“On the fifth day [the two sides of the bark] were raised.—In its covering fourteen in all were its rafters—fourteen in all did it count above.—I placed its roof and I covered it.—I embarked in it on the sixth day; I divided its floors on the seventh;—I divided the interior compartments on the eighth. I stopped up the chinks through which the water entered in:—I visited the chinks and added what was wanting.—I poured on the exterior three times 3,600 measures of asphalt, and three times 3,600 measures of asphalt within.—Three times 3,600 men, porters, brought on their heads the chests of provisions.—I kept 3,600 chests for the nourishment of my family,—and the mariners divided among themselves twice 3,600 chests.—For [provisioning] I had oxen slain;—I instituted [rations] for each day.—In [anticipation of the need of] drinks, of barrels and of wine—[I collected in quantity] like to the waters of a river, [of provisions] in quantity like to the dust of the earth.—[To arrange them in] the chests I set my hand to — . . . of the sun . . . the vessel was completed.— . . . strong and—I had carried above and below the furniture of the ship.—[This loading filled the two-thirds.]

“All that I possessed I gathered together; all I possessed of silver I gathered together; all that I possessed of gold I gathered—all that I possessed of the substance of life of every kind I gathered together.—I made all ascend into the vessel; my servants male and female,—the cattle of the fields, the wild beasts of the plains, and the sons of the people, I made them all ascend.”

“Shamash (the sun) made the moment determined and—he announced it in these terms: ‘In the evening I will cause it to rain abundantly from heaven; enter into the vessel and close the door.’—The fixed moment had arrived, which he announced in these terms: ‘In the evening I will cause it to rain abundantly from heaven.’—When the evening of that day arrived, I was afraid,—I entered into the vessel and shut my door.—In shutting the vessel, to Buzur-shadi-rabi, the pilot—I confided this dwelling, with all that it contained.

“Musheri-ina-namari†—rose from the foundations of heaven in a black cloud;—Ramman‡ thundered in the midst of the cloud—and Nabon and Sharru marched before,—they marched, devastating the mountain and the plain;—Nergal§ the powerful, dragged chastisements after him. Adar advanced, overthrowing before him;—the Archangels of the abyss brought destruction—in their terrors they agitated the earth.—The inundation of Ramman swelled

* Here several verses are wanting.

† “The water of the twilight at break of day,” one of the personifications of rain.

‡ The god of thunder.

§ The god of war and death.

|| The Chaldeo-Assyrian Hercules.

up to the sky—and [the earth] became without lustre, was changed into a desert.

"They broke . . . of the surface of the earth like . . . ;—[they destroyed] the living beings of the surface of the earth.—The terrible [Deluge] on men swelled up to [heaven].—The brother no longer saw his brother, men no longer knew each other. In heaven—the gods became afraid of the water-spout, and—sought a refuge; they mounted up to the heaven of Anu.*—The gods were stretched out motionless, pressing one against another like dogs.—Ishtar wailed like a child,—the great goddess pronounced her discourse:—'Here is humanity returned into mud, and—this is the misfortune that I have announced in the presence of the gods.—So I announced the misfortune in the presence of the gods,—for the evil I announced the terrible [chastisement] of men who are mine.—I am the mother who gave birth to men, and—like to the race of fishes, there they are filling the sea;—and the gods by reason of that—whom the archangels of the abyss are doing, weep with me.'—The gods on their seats were seated in tears—and they held their lips closed, [reveling] future things.

"Six days and as many nights passed, the wind, the water-spout, and the diluvian rain were in all their strength. At the approach of the seventh day the diluvian rain grew weaker, the terrible water-spout—which had assailed after the fashion of an earthquake—grew calm, the sea inclined to dry up, and the wind and the water spout came to an end. I looked at the sea, attentively observing—and the whole of humanity had returned to mud: like unto seaweeds the corpses floated. I opened the window, and the light smote on my face. I was seized with sadness; I sat down and I wept;—and my tears came over my face.

"I looked at the regions bounding the sea; towards the twelve points of the horizon: not any continent.—The vessel was borne above the land of Nizir—the mountain of Nizir arrested the vessel, and did not permit it to pass over.—A day and a second day the mountain of Nizir arrested the vessel, and did not permit it to pass over;—the third and fourth day the mountain of Nizir arrested the vessel, and did not permit it to pass over;—the fifth and sixth day the mountain of Nizir arrested the vessel, and did not permit it to pass over.—At the approach of the seventh day, I sent out and loosed a dove. The dove went, turned, and—found no place to light on, and it came back. I sent out and loosed a swallow; the swallow went, turned, and—found no place to light on, and it came back. I sent out and loosed a raven; the raven went and saw the corpses on the waters; it ate, rested, turned and came not back.

"I then sent out (what was in the vessel) towards the four winds, and I offered a sacrifice. I raised the pile of my burnt offering on the peak of the mountain; seven by seven I disposed the measured vases,†—and beneath I spread rushes, cedar, and juniper wood. The gods were seized with the desire of it—the gods were seized with a benignant desire of it;—and the gods assembled like flocks above the master of the sacrifice. From afar, in approaching, the great goddess inured the great zones that Anu has made for their glory (the gods).‡ These gods, luminous crystal before me, I will never leave them; in that day I prayed that I might never leave them. 'Let the gods come to my sacrificial pile!—but never may Bel come to my sacrificial pile! for he did not master himself, and he has made the water-spout for the Deluge, and he has numbered my men for the pit.'

"From far, in drawing near, Bel—saw the vessel, and Bel stopped;—he was filled with anger against the gods and the celestial archangels:—

"No one shall come out alive! No man shall be preserved from the abyss. Adar opened his mouth and said; he said to the warrior Bel:—'What other than Ea should have formed this resolution!—for Ea possesses knowledge and

* The superior heaven of the fixed stars.

† Vases of the measure called in Hebrew *Seah*. This relates to a detail of the ritualistic prescriptions for sacrifice.

‡ These metaphorical expressions appear to designate the rainbow.

[he foresees] all. En opened his mouth and spake; he said to the warrior Bel: 'O thou, herald of the gods, warrior,—as thou didst not master thyself, thou hast made the water-spout of the deluge.—Let the sinner carry the weight of his sin, the blasphemer the weight of his blasphemy.—Please thyself with this good pleasure and it shall never be infringed; faith in it never [shall be violated].—Instead of thy making a new deluge, let lions appear and reduce the number of men; instead of thy making a new deluge, let hyenas appear and reduce the number of men;—instead of thy making a new deluge, let there be famine and let the earth be [devastated];—instead of thy making a new deluge, let Dibilhara* appear, and let men be [mown down]. I have not revealed the decision of the great gods;—it is Khasisatra who interpreted a dream and comprehended what the gods had decided.'

"Then, when his resolve was arrested, Bel entered into the vessel.—He took my hand and made me rise.—He made my wife rise and made her place herself at my side. He turned around us and stopped short; he approached our group.—'Until now Khasisatra has made part of perishable humanity;—but lo, now, Khasisatra and his wife are going to be carried away to live like the gods,—and Khasisatra will reside afar at the mouth of the rivers.'—They carried me away and established me in a remote place at the mouth of the streams."

This narrative follows with great exactness the same course as that, or rather as those of Genesis, and the analogies are on both sides striking. It is well known, and has long been critically demonstrated, that chapters vi., vii., viii. and ix. of Genesis contain two different narratives of the Deluge, the one taken from the Elohist document, the other from the Jehovist, both being skilfully combined by the final editor. Reverencing their text, which he evidently considered sacred, he omitted no fact given by either, so that we have the whole story twice narrated in different terms; and, in spite of the way the verses are mixed up, it is easy so to disentangle the two versions as that each should form a continuous and unbroken narrative. Some critics have recently pretended that, with regard to the stories of the Creation and Deluge, both cuneiform documents disproved the distinction between the two sources of Genesis, and proved the primitive unity of its composition; that the same repetitions, in effect, were to be found there. This was a premature conclusion, drawn from translations very imperfect as yet, and requiring thorough revision; and, indeed, confining ourselves to the story of the Deluge, such revision, carried on according to strict philological principles, does away with the arguments that had been based on the version of George Smith. None of the repetitions of the final text of Genesis are observable in the Chaldean poem; which, on the contrary, decisively confirms the distinction made between the two narratives, the Elohist and Jehovist, interwoven by the last compiler of the Pentateuch. It is with each of these separately—when disentangled and compared—that the Chaldean narrative coincides in its order—it is not with the result of their combination. And nothing could be easier than to demonstrate this by a synoptic table, in which the three narratives were collated.

Such a table would at once show their agreement and their difference.

* The god of epidemics

what the three records have in common, and what each has added of its own to the primitive outline. They are certainly three versions of the same traditional history, and with the Chaldeo-Babylonians on the one hand, and the Hebrews on the other, we have two parallel streams proceeding from one source. Nevertheless, we must note on both sides divergences of certain importance which prove the bifurcation of the two traditions to have taken place at a very remote era, and the one of which the Bible affords us the expression to be not merely an edition of that preserved by the Chaldean priesthood, expurgated from a severely monotheistic point of view.

The Biblical narrative bears the impress of an inland people, ignorant of navigation. In Genesis, the name of the ark, *tébat*, signifies "coffer," and not "vessel." Nothing is said about the launching of the ark; there is no mention made of the sea, or of navigation; there is no pilot. In the Epic of Uruk, on the contrary, everything shows it to have been composed amidst a maritime population; every circumstance bears a reflex of the manners and customs of people living on the shore of the Persian Gulf. Khasisatra enters a vessel, properly so called; it is launched, undergoes a trial trip, all its seams are caulked with bitumen, it is entrusted to a pilot.

The Chaldeo-Babylonian narrative represents Khasisatra as a king, who goes up into the ship surrounded by a whole population of servants and companions; in the Bible, we have only Noah and his family who are saved; the new human race has no other source than the patriarch's three sons. Nor is there any trace in the Chaldean poem of the distinction (in the Bible peculiar indeed only to the Jehovist) between clean and unclean beasts, and of each kind of the former being numbered by sevens, although in Babylonia the number seven had a specially sacramental character.

As to the dimensions of the ark, we find a disagreement not only between the Bible and the tablet copied by order of Asshurbannabal, but between the latter and Berosus. Both Genesis and the cuneiform documents measure the ark's dimensions by cubits, Berosus by stadia. Genesis states its length and breadth to have been in the proportion of 6 to 1, Berosus of 5 to 2, the tablet in the British Museum of 10 to 1. On the other hand, the fragments of Berosus do not treat of the relative dimensions of height and breadth, and the tablet gives them as equal, while the Bible speaks of thirty cubits of height and fifty of breadth. But these differences as to figures have but a secondary importance; nothing so liable to alterations and variations in different editions of the same narrative. We may observe, however, that in Genesis it is only the Elohist—always much addicted to figures—who gives the dimensions of the ark. And, on the other hand, it is the Jehovist alone who tells of the sending forth of the birds, which occupies a considerable place in the Chaldean tradition. As to the variations here between the Biblical story and that in the poem of Uruk, the latter

adding the swallow to the dove and the raven, and not attributing to the dove the part of a messenger of good tidings, I do not think they go for much. The agreement as to the main point is, in my eyes, of far more importance.

But what is, on the contrary, of very decided importance, is the absolute disagreement as to the duration of the Deluge between the Elohist and Jehovist, as well as between the two and the Chaldeo-Babylonian narrator. Here we have a manifest trace of different systems applying to the ancient tradition calendrical conceptions, dissimilar in each record, and yet all seeming to have proceeded from Chaldea.

By the Elohist the periods of the Deluge are indicated by the ordinal numbers of the months, but these ordinal numbers relate to a lunar year, beginning on the 1st of Tishri (September-October), at the autumnal equinox. This is admitted by Josephus, and by the Author of the Targum of the pseudo-Jonathan, as well as by Rashi and Kimchi, among the Jewish commentators of the Middle Ages; and proved, as I conceive, by Michaelis among the moderns. The rain begins to fall, and Noah enters into the ark the 17th day of the second month—i.e., Marcheshvan. The great force of the waters lasts 150 days, and the 17th of the seventh month—i.e., Nisan (March-April)—the ark grounds on Mount Ararat. The 1st day of the tenth month, or Tammuz (June-July), about the summer solstice, the mountains are laid bare. The 1st day of the first month of the following year—that is, of Tishri, at the autumnal equinox—the waters have completely retired, and Noah leaves the ark on the 27th of the second month. Thus the Deluge lasted a whole lunar year, plus eleven days—that is to say, as Ewald well remarks, a solar year of 365 days. Now, under the climatic conditions of Babylonia and Assyria, the rains of late autumn begin towards the end of November, and at once the level of the Euphrates and Tigris rises. The periodic overflow of the two rivers occurs in the middle of March, and culminates at the end of May, from which time the waters go down. At the end of June they have left the plains, and from August to November are at their lowest level. Now the dates of the Deluge, given by the Elohist, and re-stated as we have been doing according to Michaelis and Knobel, accord perfectly with these phases of the rising and falling of the two Mesopotamian rivers. They accord even better in the primitive system which served for starting-point to that of the Elohist, and which has been so ingeniously restored by M. Schrader,* a system attributing to the Deluge 300 days in all, or a ten months' duration: 150 days for its greatest height and 150 for its decrease. According to this system, the leaving of the ark must have taken place on the first day of the 601st year of Noah's life—that is to say, on the 1st of Tishri, at the autumnal equinox. Thus the deliverance of the father of the new

* *Studien zur Kritik und Erklärung der Biblischen Urgeschichte*, p. 150.

humanity, as well as the Covenant made by God with him and his race, were fixed on the very day to which an ancient opinion which has maintained itself among the Jews assigned the creation of the world. As to the beginning of the Deluge, it occurred, according to the same system, on the 1st day of the third month—that is to say, at the commencement of the lunation whose end coincided with the Sun's entry into Capricorn, when the conjunction of planets brought about periodic deluges according to an astrological conception of Chaldean origin, which does not indeed appear a very ancient one; but must have been based on data adopted by some of the sacerdotal schools of Babylonia as to the epoch of the cataclysm.

It is also with the winter rains, and not with the swelling of the Euphrates and Tigris in spring, that the calendrical construction, according to which the antediluvian kings or patriarchs have been placed in relation with solar mansions (a construction followed in Uruk's Epic poem), causes the commencement of the Deluge to coincide. It connects, in point of fact, the tradition of the cataclysm with the month of Shabut (January-February), and with the sign of Aquarius. Accordingly, I find great difficulty in admitting the exactness of the date, 15th of Daisios, given in the extract of Alexander Polyhistor, as that assigned by Berosus to the Deluge, for this would make the event occur in the middle of the Assyrian month Sivan, at the beginning of July, in a season of complete drought, when the rivers have reached their lowest level. I hold this to be an evident error, due not to the author of the Chaldean History himself, but to his transcriber. Berosus must have written *μηνὸς ὀγδοῦ πέμπτῃ καὶ δεκάτῃ* the 15th of the eighth month, translating into Greek the Assyrian name of the Arakh-Shanina. And by a readily explicable error Cornelius Alexander must have turned it into Daisios, which was the eighth month of the Syro-Macedonian Calendar, forgetting the difference between the initial point of its year and that of the Chaldeo-Assyrian. In reality, then, the date given by Berosus only differed by two days from that adopted by the Elohist compiler of Genesis. Besides, as Knobel rightly insists, in placing the commencement of the Deluge at the 15th or 17th of a month, we place it always at the full moon, for it is also with this phase of the light that lights the night that popular belief in Egypt and Mesopotamia links the periodic rise of Nile or Tigris.

The system of the Jehovist is quite a different one. According to him, Jahveh announces the Deluge to Noah only seven days beforehand. The waters are at their height for forty days, and decrease during forty more. After these eighty days Noah sends out the three birds at intervals of seven days, and thus it is on the 21st day after he has opened the window of the ark for the first time that he, too, goes out of the ark and offers his sacrifice to the Lord. Here the phases of the cataclysm are evidently calculated on those of the annual spring outflow of the Euphrates and Tigris, so that we need not hesitate to

assign the origin of the very form of the tradition received by the Jehovist writer, to the cradle of the race of the Terahites in Chaldea. The overflow of the two rivers of Mesopotamia lasts, in fact, for an average of seventy-five days from the middle of March to the end of May; and twenty-six days later—that is, at the end of the 101 in all ($80 + 21 = 75 + 26 = 101$), when the Jehovist makes Noah leave the ark—the lands which have been inundated become once more practicable.

What, moreover, in the Jehovist narrative bears a very marked impress of Chaldean origin is the part played in it by septennial periods; seven days intervening between the announcement and the beginning of the Deluge, seven between each sending forth of the birds. That religious and mystic importance attached to the heptade which gave rise to the conception of the seven days of creation, and to the invention of the week, is an essentially Chaldean idea. It is among the Chaldeo-Babylonians that we discover its origin and find its most numerous applications. The story of Khasisatra, in the poem of Uruk, invariably proceeds hebdomadally. The violence of the Deluge lasts seven days, and so does the stay of the vessel on Mount Nizir when the waters begin to go down. It is true, indeed, that the building of the vessel occupies eight instead of seven days; but we must add the time necessary for the embarkation of provisions, animals, passengers, and this will enable us to calculate the whole duration of Khasisatra's preparations between the vision sent him by Ea and the moment when he closes the vessel at the approach of the rain, as consisting of fourteen days or two hebdomades. This being granted, if the poem does not state precisely the intervals at which the three birds were sent forth, we are justified in applying here the figures used by the Jehovist in Genesis, and counting seven days between the first and second sending forth, seven between the second and third, and seven, lastly, between the departure of the bird which does not return, and the leaving the vessel. The whole interval, then, between the warning of Ea and the sacrifice of Khasisatra, amounts to seven hebdomades—plainly a number intentionally assigned. And the whole duration of the Deluge is doubled by the sacred writer, who was the author of the Jehovist document, $7 \times 2 \times 7$, instead of 7×7 ; that is, fourteen weeks with just three days over, owing to the writer having employed the round numbers $40 + 40 = 80$ days, instead of the precise number seventy-seven days or eleven hebdomades ($7 + 4 \times 7$), to indicate the interval between the beginning of the diluvian rain and the sending forth of the first bird. And now, if we keep count of the time between the announcing of the cataclysm by Jahveh and its commencement, the figures of the Jehovist are in all $7 \times 2 \times 7 + 7$ days, and those of the system of the Chaldean poem 7×7 . But they are on both sides combinations of seven.

Where the Chaldeo-Babylonian narrative and that of the Bible absolutely diverge, is in their statement of what, after the Deluge,

befell the righteous man saved from it. According to the figures of the Elohists, Noah lives on among his descendants for 350 years, and dies at the age of 950. Khasisatra receives the privilege of immortality; is carried away "to live like the gods," and transported into "a distant place," where the hero of Uruk goes to visit him in order to learn the secrets of life and death. But in the Bible we have something of the same kind told us of Noah's great-grandfather Enoch, who "walked with God, and was not, because God took him." We see, then, that the Babylonian tradition united in the person of Khasisatra facts which the Bible distributes between Enoch and Noah, the two whom Holy Scripture equally characterizes as having "walked with God."

The author of the treatise "On the Syrian Goddess," erroneously attributed to Lucian, acquaints us with the diluvian tradition of the Arameans, directly derived from that of Chaldea, as it was narrated in the celebrated Sanctuary of Hierapolis or Bambyce.

"The generality of people, he says, tell us that the founder of the temple was Deucalion Sisytos, that Deucalion in whose time the great inundation occurred. I have also heard the account given by the Greeks themselves of Deucalion; the myth runs thus:—The actual race of men is not the first, for there was a previous one, all the members of which perished. We belong to a second race, descended from Deucalion, and multiplied in the course of time. As to the former men, they are said to have been full of insolence and pride, committing many crimes, disregarding their oath, neglecting the rights of hospitality, unsparing to suppliants, accordingly they were punished by an immense disaster. All on a sudden enormous volumes of water issued from the earth, and rains of extraordinary abundance began to fall; the rivers left their beds, and the sea overflowed its shores; the whole earth was covered with water, and all men perished. Deucalion alone, because of his virtue and piety, was preserved alive to give birth to a new race. This is how he was saved:—He placed himself, his children, and his wives in a great coffer that he had, in which pigs, horses, lions, serpents, and all other terrestrial animals came to seek refuge with him. He received them all, and while they were in the coffer Zeus inspired them with reciprocal animity which prevented their devouring one another. In this manner, shut up within one single coffer, they floated as long as the waters remained in force. Such is the account given by the Greeks of Deucalion.

"But to this which they equally tell, the people of Hierapolis add a marvellous narrative:—That in their country a great chasm opened, into which all the waters of the deluge poured. Then Deucalion raised an altar and dedicated a temple to Hera (Atargatis) close to this very chasm. I have seen it; it is very narrow, and situated under the temple. Whether it was once large and has now shrunk, I do not know; but I have seen it, and it is quite small. In memory of the event the following is the rite accomplished:—Twice a year sea water is brought to the temple. This is not only done by the priests, but numerous pilgrims come from the whole of Syria and Arabia, and even from beyond the Euphrates, bringing water. It is poured out in the temple and goes into the cleft which, narrow as it is, swallows up a considerable quantity. This is said to be in virtue of a religious law instituted by Deucalion to preserve the memory of the catastrophe and of the benefits that he received from the gods. Such is the ancient tradition of the temple."

It appears to me difficult not to recognize an echo of fables popular

in all Semitic countries about this chasm of Hierapolis, and the part it played in the Deluge,—in the enigmatic expressions of the Koran respecting the oven *tannur* which began to bubble and disgorge water all around at the commencement of the Deluge. We know that this *tannur* has been the occasion of most grotesque imaginings of Mussulman commentators, who had lost the tradition of the story to which Mahomet made allusion. And, moreover, the Koran formally states that the waters of the Deluge were absorbed in the bosom of the earth.

II.

Indian Traditions.—India, in its turn, affords us an account of the Deluge, which by its poverty strikingly contrasts with that of the Bible and the Chaldeans. Its most simple and ancient form is found in the *Ātmapatha Brāhmaṇa* of the Rig-Veda. It has been translated for the first time by M. Max Müller.

"One morning water for washing was brought to Manu, and when he had washed himself a fish remained in his hands. And it addressed these words to him:—'Protect me and I will save thee.' 'From what wilt thou save me?' 'A deluge will sweep all creatures away; it is from that I will save thee.' 'How shall I protect thee?' The fish replied: 'While we are small we run great dangers, for fish swallow fish. Keep me at first in a vase; when I become too large for it dig a basin to put me into. When I shall have grown still more, throw me into the ocean; then I shall be preserved from destruction.'" Soon it grew a large fish. It said to Manu, 'The very year I shall have reached my full growth the Deluge will happen. Then build a vessel and worship me. When the waters rise, enter the vessel and I will save thee.'

"After keeping him thus, Manu carried the fish to the sea. In the year indicated Manu built a vessel and worshipped the fish. And when the Deluge came he entered the vessel. Then the fish came swimming up to him, and Manu fastened the cable of the ship to the horn of the fish, by which means the latter made it pass over the mountain of the North. The fish said, 'I have saved thee; fasten the vessel to a tree that the water may not sweep it away while thou art on the mountain; and in proportion as the waters decrease thou shalt descend.' Manu descended with the waters, and this is what is called the descent of Manu on the mountain of the North. The deluge had carried away all creatures, and Manu remained alone."

Next in order of date and complication, which always goes on loading the narrative more and more with fantastic and parasitical details, comes the version in the enormous epic of *Mahābhārata*. That of the poem called *Bhāgavata-Purāṇa* is still more recent and fabulous. Finally, the same tradition forms the subject of an entire poem of very low date, the *Mātaya-Purāṇa*, of which an analysis has been given by the great Indian scholar, Wilson.

In the preface to the third volume of his edition of *Bhāgavata-Purāṇa*, Eugene Burnouf has carefully compared the three narratives known at the time he wrote (that of the *Ātmapatha Brāhmaṇa* has been since discovered), with a view to clearing up the origin of the Indian tradition of the Deluge. He points out in a discussion that deserves to remain a

model of erudition and subtle criticism, that it is absolutely wanting in the Vedic hymns, where we only find distant allusions to it that seem to belong to a different kind of legend altogether, and also that this tradition was primitively foreign to the essentially Indian system of *Manvantaras*, or periodic destructions of the world. He thence concludes that it must have been imported into India subsequently to the adoption of this system, which is, however, very ancient, being common to Brahmanism and Buddhism, and therefore inclines to look upon it as a Semitic importation that took place in historic times, not, indeed, of Genesis, but more probably of the Babylonian tradition.

The discovery of an original edition of the latter confirms the theory of the French savant. The leading feature which distinguishes the Indian narrative is the part assigned to a god who puts on the form of a fish, in order to warn Manu, to guide his vessel and save him from the flood. The nature of the metamorphosis is the only fundamental and primitive point, for different versions vary as to the personality of the god who assumes this form—the *Brahmana* leaves it uncertain, the *Mahābhārata* fixes on Brahma, and the compilers of the *Purāṇas* on Vishnu. This is the more remarkable that this metamorphosis into a fish *Matasyavatara* remains isolated in Indian mythology, is foreign to its habitual symbolism, and gives rise to no ulterior developments: no trace being found in India of that fish-worship which was so important and widespread among other ancient people. Burnouf rightly saw in this a sign of importation from without, and especially of its Babylonian origin, for classic testimony, recently confirmed by native monuments, shows us that in the religion of Babylon the conception of ichthyomorphic gods held a more prominent place than elsewhere. The part played by the divine fish with regard to Manu in the Indian legend, is attributed both by the Epic of Uruk and by Berosus to the god Ea, who is also designated Schalmán, "the Saviour." Now this god, whose type of representation we now know certainly from Assyrian and Babylonian monuments, is essentially the ichthyomorphic god, and his image almost invariably combines the forms of fish and man. In astronomical tables frequent mention is made of the catasterism of the "fish of Ea," which is indubitably our sign Pisces, since it presides over the month Adar. It is to a connection of ideas based on the diluvian record, that we must attribute the placing of Pisces—primarily of the "fish of Ea"—next to Aquarius, whose relation to the history of the Deluge we have already pointed out. Here we have an evident allusion to the part of Saviour attributed by the people who invented the Zodiac, to the god Ea in the flood, and to the idea of an ichthyomorphic nature especially belonging to this aspect of his personality. Ea is, moreover, the Oannès, lawgiver of the fragments of Berosus, half-man, half-fish, whose form, answering to the description given by the Chaldean history, has been discovered

in the sculptures of Assyrian palaces and on cylinders, the Euhæmæ of Hygin, and the Ods of Helladios.*

Whenever we find among two different peoples one same legend, with as *special* a circumstance which does not spring *naturally* and *necessarily* from the fundamental facts of the narrative, and when, moreover, this circumstance is closely connected with the whole religious conceptions of one of these peoples, and remains isolated and alien from the customary symbolism of the other, criticism lays it down as an absolute rule that we must conclude the legend to have been transmitted from the one to the other in an already fixed form, to be a foreign importation, superimposed, not fused with the national, and as it were genial, traditions of the people, who have received, without having created it.

We must also remark that in the *Puranas* it is no longer Manu Vaivasata that the divine fish saves from the Deluge, but a different personage, the King of the Dâsas—i.e., fishers, Satyravata, "the man who loves justice and truth," strikingly corresponding to the Chaldean Khasisatra. Nor is the Puranic version of the Legend of the Deluge to be despised, though it be of recent date and full of fantastic and often puerile details. In certain aspects it is less Aryanized than that of *Brâhmana* or than the *Mahâbhârata*, and above all it gives some circumstances omitted in these earlier versions, which must yet have belonged to the original foundation, since they appear in the Babylonian legend; a circumstance preserved no doubt by the oral tradition—popular and not Brahmanic—with which the *Puranas* are so deeply imbued. This has been already observed by Pictet, who lays due stress on the following passage of the *Bhâgavata-Purâna*: "In seven days," said Vishnu to Satyravata, "the three worlds shall be submerged." There is nothing like this in the *Brâhmana* nor the *Mahâbhârata*, but in Genesis the Lord says to Noah, "Yet seven days and I will cause it to rain upon the earth;" and a little further we read, "After seven days the waters of the flood were upon the earth." And we have just pointed out the parts played by hebdomades as successive periods in that system of the duration of the flood, adopted by the author of the Jehovist documents inserted in Genesis, as well as by the compiler of the Chaldean Epic of Uruk. Nor must we pay less attention to what the *Bhâgavata-Purâna* says of the directions given by the fish-god to Satyravata for the placing of the sacred Scriptures in a safe place in order to preserve them from Hayagrîva, a marine horse dwelling in the abyss, and of the conflict of the god with this Hayagrîva, who had stolen the Vedas and thus produced the cataclysm by disturbing the order of the world. This circumstance too is wanting in the more ancient compositions, even in the *Mahâbhârata*, but it is a most important one, and cannot be looked on as a spontaneous product of

* Oannes and Euhæmæ belong to an Assyrian form: Ea-Khan, "Ea the fish;" Ods to the simple Ea, as the Acc of Damascus.

Indian soil, for we recognize in it under an Indian garb the very tradition of the interment of the sacred writings at Sippara by Khasisatra, such as we have it in the fragments of Berosus.

It is the Chaldean form, then, of the tradition that the Indians have adopted owing to communications which the commercial relations between the countries render historically natural, and they afterwards amplified it with the exuberance peculiar to their imagination. But they must have adopted it all the more readily because it agreed with a tradition, which under a somewhat different form had been brought by their ancestors from the primitive cradle of the Aryan race. That the recollection of the flood did indeed form part of the original groundwork of the legends as to the origin of the world held by this great race, is beyond all doubt. For if Indians have accepted the Chaldean form of the story, so nearly allied to that of Genesis, all other nations of Aryan descent show themselves possessed of entirely original versions of the cataclysm which cannot be held to have been borrowed either from Babylonian or Hebrew sources.

III.

Traditions of other Aryan Peoples.—Among the Iranians, in the sacred books containing the fundamental Zoroastrian doctrines, and dating very far back, we meet with a tradition which must assuredly be looked upon as a variety of that of the Deluge, though possessing a special character, and diverging in some essential particulars from those we have been examining. It relates how Yima, who in the original and primitive conception was the father of the human race, was warned by Ahuramazda, the good deity, of the earth being about to be devastated by a flood. The god ordered Yima to construct a refuge, a square garden, *vava*, protected by an enclosure, and to cause the germs of men, beasts, and plants to enter it, in order to escape annihilation. Accordingly, when the inundation occurred, the garden of Yima with all that it contained was alone spared, and the message of safety was brought thither by the bird Karshipta, the envoy of Ahuramazda.*

A comparison has also been made, but erroneously as I think, between the Biblical and Chaldean Deluge and a story only found complete in the *Bundahesh-pahlavi*;† though, as a few of the older books contain allusions to some of its circumstances,‡ it must date further back than this edition of it, which is recent. Ahuramazda determines to destroy the *Khafştras*—i.e., the maleficent spirits created by Angrômainyus, the spirit of evil: Tistrya, the genius of the star Sirius, descends at his command to earth, and, assuming the form of a man, causes it to rain for ten days. The waters cover the earth, and all maleficent beings are drowned. A violent wind dries the earth, but some germs of the evil

* *Vendâdîd*, ii. 46.

† Chapter vii.

‡ See especially *Yashî* viii. 13. *Vendâdîd*, xix. 135.

spirit's creation remain, and may reappear, therefore Tistrya descends again under the form of a white horse, and produces a second Deluge by another rainfall of ten days. To prevent him accomplishing his task, the demon Apusha assumes the appearance of a black horse, and engages in combat; but he is struck with lightning by Ahuramazda, as well as the demon Qpendjaghra, who had come to his aid. Finally, to bring about the complete destruction of evil, Tistrya descends the third time under the form of a bull, and produces a third Deluge by a third rainfall of ten days, after which the waters divide to form the four great and the twenty-four small seas. Now all this relates to a cosmogonic fact, anterior to the creation of man. The Khasiyras, from which Tistrya undertakes to purge the earth, are the hurtful and venomous beasts created by Auromainyus which fervent Mazedans make it a duty to destroy in our actual world—such as scorpions, lizards, toads, serpents, rats, &c. There is no allusion here to humanity, or the punishment of its sins. If we were bent on finding in our Bible any parallel to this first rain falling on the surface of the earth—which both destroys the hurtful creatures by which it was infested and renders it productive of a fertile vegetation—we should turn, not to the account of the Deluge, but to what is said in Gen. ii. 5, 6.

The Greeks had two principal legends as to the cataclysm by which primitive humanity was destroyed. The first was connected with the name of Ogyges, the most ancient of the kings of Beotia or Attica; a quite mythical personage, lost in the night of ages, his very name seemingly derived from one signifying deluge in Aryan idioms, in Sanscrit *Āṅgha*. It is said that in his time the whole land was covered by a flood, whose waters reached the sky, and from which he, together with some companions, escaped in a vessel.

The second tradition is the Thessalian legend of Deucalion. Zeus having worked to destroy the men of the age of bronze, with whose crimes he was wroth, Deucalion, by the advice of Prometheus, his father, constructed a coffer, in which he took refuge with his wife, Pyrrha. The Deluge came, the chest or coffer floated at the mercy of the waves for nine days and nine nights, and was finally stranded on Mount Parnassus. Deucalion and Pyrrha leave it, offer sacrifice, and according to the command of Zeus re-people the world by throwing behind them "the bones of the earth"—namely, stones, which change into men. This Deluge of Deucalion is in Grecian tradition what most resembles a universal Deluge. Many authors affirm that it extended to the whole earth, and that the whole human race perished. At Athens, in memory of the event, and to appease the manes of its victims, a ceremony called *Hydrophoria* was observed, having so close a resemblance to that in use at Hierapolis in Syria, that we can hardly fail to look upon it as a Syro-Phœnician importation, and the result of an assimilation established in remote antiquity between the Deluge of Deucalion and that of Khasisatra, as described by the author of the treatise "On the Syrian

Goddess.* Close to the temple of the Olympian Zeus a fissure in the soil was shown, in length but one cubit, through which it was said the waters of the Deluge had been swallowed up. Thus, every year, on the third day of the festival of the Anthestêria, a day of mourning consecrated to the dead,—that is, on the thirteenth of the month of Anthestêrion, towards the beginning of March—it was customary, as at Bambyce, to pour water into the fissure, together with flour mixed with honey, poured also into the trench dug to the west of the tomb, in the funeral sacrifices of the Athenians.

Others, on the contrary, limit Deucalion's flood to Greece, even declare that it only destroyed the larger portion of the community, a great many men saving themselves on the highest mountains. Thus the Delphian legend told how the inhabitants of that town, following the wolves in their flight, had taken refuge in a cave on the summit of Parnassus, where they built the town of Lycorea, whose foundation is, on the other hand, attributed by the Chronicle of Paros to Deucalion, after the reproduction by him of a new human race. Later mythographers necessarily adopted this idea of several points of simultaneous escape from a desire to reconcile the local legends of several places in Greece, which named some other than Deucalion as the hero saved from the flood. For instance, at Megara it was the eponym of the city Megaros, son of Zeus and of one of the nymphs Sithides, who, warned by the cry of cranes of the imminence of the danger, took refuge on Mount Geranien. Again, there was the Thessalian Cerambos, who was said to have escaped the flood by rising into the air on wings given him by the nymphs, and it was Perirrhoos, son of Eolus, that Zeus Naïos had preserved at Dodona. For the inhabitants of the Isle of Cos the hero of the Deluge was Merops, son of Hyas, who there assembled under his rule the remnant of humanity preserved with him. The traditions of Rhodes only supposed the Telehines, those of Crete Jasion, to have escaped the cataclysm. In Samothracia the same character was attributed to Saon, said to be the son of Zeus or of Hermes; he seems only to have been a heroic form of the Hermès Saos or Sôcos, the object of special worship in the island, a divinity in whom M. Philippe Berges recognizes with good reason a Phœnician importation, the Sakan of Canaan identified elsewhere with Hermes Dardanos, supposed to have arrived in Samothracia immediately after these events, being driven by the Deluge from Arcadia.

In all these flood stories of Greece we cannot doubt that the tradition of a cataclysm fatal to the whole of humanity—a tradition common to all Aryan peoples—was mixed up, as Knobel rightly observes, more or less precisely with local catastrophes produced by extraordinary overflows of lakes or rivers, or the rupture of their natural

* It is in virtue of this assimilation that Plotarch (*De Solerti anim.* 13) speaks of the day rest out by Deucalion to see if the Deluge had ceased, a circumstance mentioned by no other Greek mythographer.

embankments, the sinking of some portions of the sea-coast, or tidal waves consequent upon earthquakes or sudden upheavals of the ocean bed. Such events were frequent in Greece, in the district between Egypt and Palestine, near Pelusium and Mount Casius, as well as in the Cimbric Chersonese. The Greeks used to relate how often their country had in primitive ages been the theatre of such catastrophes. Istros numbered four of these, one of which had opened the Straits of the Bosphorus and Hellespont, when the waters of the Euxine, rushing into the Ægean, submerged the islands and neighbouring coasts. This is evidently the Deluge of Samothracia; where the inhabitants who succeeded in saving themselves did so only by gaining the highest peak of the mountain that rises there; then, in gratitude for their preservation, consecrated the whole island by surrounding its shores with a belt of altars dedicated to the gods. In like manner the tradition of the Deluge of Ogyges seems connected with the recollection of an extraordinary rise of the Lake Capais, inundating the whole of the great Boeotian Valley, a recollection amplified later—as is ever the case with legends—by applying to the local disaster all the details popularly told of the primitive Deluge which had taken place before the separation of the ancestors of the two races, Semitic and Aryan. It is also probable that some event that had occurred in Thessaly, or rather in the region of Parnassus, determined the localization of the legend of Deucalion. Nevertheless, it always retained, as we have seen, a more general character than the others, whether the Deluge be extended to the whole earth or limited to the whole of Greece.

Be that as it may, the Different narratives were reconciled by admitting three successive Deluges, those of Ogyges, Deucalion, and Dardanos. The general opinion pronounced the former the most ancient, placing it 600 or 250 years before that of Deucalion. But this chronology is far from being universally accepted; and the inhabitants of Samothracia maintain their Deluge to have been the earliest. Christian chronographers of the third and fourth century, as, for instance, Julius Africanus and Eusebius, adopted the Hellenic dates of the Deluges of Ogyges and Deucalion, and inscribed them in their records as different events from the Mosaic Deluge, which, for their part, they fixed at 1000 years before that of Ogyges.

In Phrygia the diluvian tradition was as natural as in Greece. The town of Apamea derived thence its surname *Kibotos*, or ark, and claimed to be the place where the Ark had stopped. Iconium had the like pretensions. In the same way the people of Milyas, in Armenia, showed the fragments of the Ark on the top of the mountain called Baris; and these were also exhibited in early Christian times to pilgrims on Ararat, as Beronius tells us that in his day the remnants of the vessel of Khnaixatra were visited on the Gordyan range.

In the second and third centuries of our era, by means of the syncretic infiltration of Jewish and Christian traditions even into minds

still attached to Paganism, the sacerdotal authorities of Apamea and Phrygia had coins struck bearing an open ark, in which the patriarch and his wife were seen receiving back the dove with the olive branch, and side by side were the two same personages, having left the Ark to retake possession of the earth. On the Ark is inscribed the name ΝΩΕ, the very form the name assumes in the Septuagint. Thus, at this time the Pagan priesthood of the Phrygian city had, we see, adopted the Biblical narrative, even down to its names, and had grafted it on the old native tradition. They related that a short while before the Deluge there reigned a holy man called Annacos, who had predicted it, and occupied the throne more than 300 years, an evident reproduction of the Enoch of the Bible, who walked with God for 365 years.

As to the branch of the Celts—in the bardic poems of Wales, we have a tradition of the Deluge, which, although recent under the concise form of the Triads, is still deserving of attention. As usual, the legend is localized in the country, and the Deluge counts among three terrible catastrophes of the island of Prydain, or Britain, the other two consisting of devastation by fire and by drought.

"The first of these events," it is said, "was the irruption of Llyn-lhon, or 'the lake of waves,' and the inundation (*bawld*) of the whole country, by which all mankind was drowned with the exception of Dwyfan and Dwyfach, who saved themselves in a vessel without rigging, and it was by them that the island of Prydain was re-peopled."

Pictet here observes—

"Although the triads in their actual form hardly date further than the thirteenth or fourteenth century, some of them are undoubtedly connected with very ancient traditions, and nothing here points to a borrowing from Genesis.

"But it is not so, perhaps, with another triad† speaking of the vessel Nefyd-l-naf-Neifion, which at the time of the overflow of Llyn-lhon, bore a pair of all living creatures, and rather too much resembles the ark of Noah. The very name of the patriarch may have suggested this triple epithet, obscure as to its meaning, but evidently formed on the principle of Cymric alliteration. In the same triad we have the enigmatic story of the horned oxen (*ychain bannog*) of Hu the mighty, who drew out of Llyn-lhon the *aranc* (beaver or crocodile?) in order that the lake should not overflow. The meaning of these enigmas could only be hoped from deciphering the chaos of bardic monuments of the Welsh middle age; but meanwhile we cannot doubt that the Cymri possessed an indigenous tradition of the Deluge."

We also find a vestige of the same tradition in the Scandinavian Edda.‡ But here the story is combined with a cosmogonic myth. The three sons of Borr, Othin, Wili, and We, grandsons of Buri, the first man, slay Ymir, the father of the Hrimthursar or Ice giants, and his body serves them for the construction of the world. Blood flows from his wounds in such abundance that all the race of giants is drowned in it, except Bergelmir, who saves himself, with his wife, in a boat, and reproduces the race. "Thus," Pictet again observes, "the myth only

* "Myvyrian Archaeology of Wales," vol. ii, p. 30, triad 13.

† *Ibid.* p. 71, triad 27.

‡ Vafthrudnismal, st. 29.

belongs to the general tradition through these last features, by which, however, we trace it up to a common source.

Of all European peoples the Lithuanians were the last to embrace Christianity, and their language remains nearest to the original Aryan. They have a legend of the Deluge, the groundwork of which appears very ancient, although it has assumed the simple character of a popular tale, and some of its details may have been borrowed from Genesis at the time of the first Christian missions. According to it* the god Pramzimas, seeing the whole earth to be full of iniquity, sends two giants, Wandu and Wėjas (fire and wind), to lay it waste. These overthrew everything in their fury, and only a few men saved themselves on a mountain. Pramzimas, who was engaged in eating celestial walnuts, dropped a shell near the mountain, and in it the men took refuge, the giants respecting it. Having escaped from the calamity, they afterwards disperse, and only one very aged couple remain in the country, greatly bewailing their childless condition. Pramzimas, to console them, sends his rainbow and bids them jump "on the bones of the earth," which curiously recalls the oracle to Deucalion. The two old people jump nine times, and nine pairs are the result, who became the ancestors of the nine Lithuanian tribes.

IV.

Egyptian Traditions.—While the tradition of the Deluge holds so considerable a place in the legendary memories of all branches of the Aryan race, the monuments and original texts of Egypt, with their many cosmogonic speculations, have not afforded one, even distant, allusion to this cataclysm. When the Greeks told the Egyptian priests of the Deluge of Deucalion, their reply was that they had been preserved from it as well as from the conflagration produced by Phaëton; they even added that the Hellenes were childish in attaching so much importance to that event, as there had been several other local catastrophes resembling it. According to a passage in Manetho, much suspected, however, of being an interpolation, Thoth or Hermes Trismegistus had himself, before the cataclysm, inscribed on stelæ in hieroglyphical and sacred language the principles of all knowledge. After it the second Thoth translated into the vulgar tongue the contents of these stelæ. This would be the only Egyptian mention of the Deluge, the same Manetho not speaking of it in what remains to us of his "Dynasties," his only complete authentic work. The silence of all other myths of the Pharaonic religion on this head render it very likely that the above is merely a foreign tradition, recently introduced, and no doubt of Asiatic and Chaldean origin. "Thus," says M. Maury, "the Sieradic land, where the passage in question places these hieroglyphic columns, might very well be no other than Chaldea. This tradition, though not in the Bible, existed as a popular legend among the Jews at the beginning

* Haawach, *Sumerian Mythology*, p. 234

of our era, which confirms our supposition; as the Hebrews might have learnt it during the Babylonian captivity. Josephus tells us that the patriarch Seth, in order that wisdom and astronomical knowledge should not perish, erected, in prevision of the double destruction by fire and water predicted by Adam, two columns, the one in brick, the other in stone, on which this knowledge was engraved, and which subsisted in the Seriadie country." This history is evidently only a variety of the Chaldean legend of the terra-cotta tables bearing the divine revelations, and the principles of all sciences which Êa ordered Khasisatra to bury before the Deluge, "in the city of the Sun at Sippara," as we have had it above in the extracts from Berossus.

Nevertheless, the Egyptians did admit a destruction by the gods of primal men on account of their rebellion and their sins. This event was related in a chapter of the sacred books of Thoth, those famous Hermetic books of the Egyptian priesthood which are graven on the sides of one of the inmost chambers of the funereal hypogeum of Seti the First at Thebes. The text has been published and translated by M. Edouard Naville.*

The scene is laid at the close of the reign of the god Râ, the earliest terrestrial reign, according to the system of the priests of Thebes, the second, according to that of the priests of Memphis, which is the one followed by Manetho, who placed at the very origin of things the reign of Phtah, previous to that of Râ. Irritated by the impiety and crimes of the men he has made, the god assembles the other gods to hold counsel with them in profound secrecy, "so that men should not see it, nor their heart be afraid."

"Said by Râ to Nun:† 'Thou, the eldest of the gods, of whom I am born, and ye ancient gods, here are the men who are born from myself; they speak words against me, tell me what you would do in the matter; lo, I have waited, and have not slain them before hearing your words.'

"Said by the Majesty of Nun: 'My son Râ, a greater god than he who has made him and created him, I stand in great fear of thee; do thou deliberate alone.'

"Said by the Majesty of Râ: 'Lo, they take to flight through the country, and their hearts are afraid. . . .'

"Said by the Gods: 'Let thy face permit, and let those men be smitten who plot evil things, thine enemies, and let none [of them remain.]'"

A goddess, whose name has unfortunately disappeared, but who seems to have been Tefnut, identified with Hathor and Sekhet, is then sent to accomplish the sentence of destruction.

"This goddess left, and slew the men upon the earth.

"Said by the Majesty of this God: 'Come in peace, Hathor; thou hast done [what was ordained thee]'

"Said by this Goddess: 'Thou art living; for I have been stronger than men, and my heart is satisfied.'

"Said by the Majesty of Râ: 'I am living, for I will rule over them [and I will complete] their ruin.'

* "Transactions of the Society of Biblical Archaeology," vol. iv. pp. 1-19.

† Personification of the primordial abyss.

"And lo, Sekhet, during several nights, trod their blood under-foot as far as the town of Ha-klmen-su (Heracléopolis)."

But the massacre ended, the anger of Râ was appeased; he began to repent of what he had done. A great expiatory sacrifice succeeded in finally calming him. Fruits were gathered throughout Egypt, bruised, and their juice mingled with human blood, 7000 pitchers being filled with it and presented to the god.

"And lo, the Majesty of Râ, the god of Upper and Lower Egypt, comes with the gods in three days, of sailing to see these vases of drink, after he had ordered the goddess to slay men.

"Said by the Majesty of Râ: 'This is well; I will protect men because of it.' Said by Ra: 'I raise my hand concerning this, to say that I will no more destroy men.'

"The Majesty of Râ, the god of Upper and Lower Egypt, commanded in the middle of the night to overthrow the liquid in the vases, and the fields were completely filled with water by the will of this god. The goddess arrived in the morning, and found the fields full of water. Her face grew joyous, and she drank abundantly and went away satisfied. She no more perceived any men.

"Said by the Majesty of Râ to the goddess: 'Come in peace, gracious goddess.'

"And he caused the young priestesses of Amn to be born.

"Said by the Majesty of Râ to this goddess: 'Libations shall be made to her at each of the festivals of the new year, under the superintendence of my priestesses.'

"Hence it comes that libations are made under the superintendence of the priestesses of Hathor by all men since the ancient days."

Nevertheless, some men have escaped the destruction commanded by Râ, and renewed the population of the earth. As for the solar god who reigns over the world, he feels himself old, sick and weary; he has had enough of living among men, whom he regrets not to have completely annihilated, but has sworn henceforth to spare.

"Said by the Majesty of Râ: 'There is a smarting pain that torments me; what is it then that hurts me?' Said by the Majesty of Râ: 'I am living, but my heart is weary of being with them [men], and I have in no way destroyed them. That destruction is not one that I have made myself.'

"Said by the gods who accompany him: 'Away with lassitude, thou hast obtained all thou didst desire.'"

The god Râ decides, however, to accept the help of the men of the new human race who offer themselves to him to combat his enemies, and a great battle takes place, out of which they come victorious. But spite of this success the god, disgusted with earthly life, resolves to quit it for ever, and has himself carried into heaven by the goddess Nut, who takes the form of a cow. Then he creates a region of delight, the fields of Aalu, the Elysium of Egyptian mythology, which he peoples with stars. Entering into rest, he assigns to different gods the government of different parts of the world. Shu, who is to succeed him as king, is to administer celestial matters with Nut; Seb and Nun receive the charge of the things of earth and water. Finally, Râ, a sovereign who has voluntarily abdicated, goes to dwell with Thoth, his favourite son, on whom he has bestowed the superintendence of the under-world.

Such is this strange narrative, "in which," as M. Naville has well said, "in the midst of fantastic and often puerile inventions, we do nevertheless find the two terms of existence as understood by the ancient Egyptians. Râ begins with earth, and passing through heaven stops in the region of profundity, Ament, in which he apparently wishes to sojourn. This then is a symbolic and religious representation of life, which for every Egyptian—and especially for a royal conqueror—had to begin and end like the sun. This explains the chapter being inscribed in a tomb."

Hence it was the last portion of the narrative—which we can analyse but very briefly—the abdication of Râ and his retreat, first, in heaven, next in the Ament, a symbol of death which is to be followed by resurrection as the setting of the sun by its rising—it is this which constituted its interest in the conception of the doctrine of a future life, illustrated in the decoration of the interior of the tomb of Seti I. For our present purpose, on the contrary, it is the beginning of the story which constitutes its importance, it is that destruction of primal humanity by the gods of which no mention has been hitherto found elsewhere. Although the means of destruction employed by Râ are quite dissimilar, although he does not proceed by submersion but by a massacre in which the lion-headed goddess Tefnut or Sekhet, the dreadful form of Hathor, is the agent, the other sides of the story bear a sufficiently striking analogy to that of the Mosae or Chaldean Deluge to show that it is the special and very individual form assumed in Egypt by that tradition. In both we have human corruption exciting divine wrath, and punished by a divinely ordained annihilation of the race, from which there escapes but a very small number destined to give birth to a new humanity. Finally, after the event an expiatory sacrifice appeases the celestial anger, and a solemn covenant is made between men and the deity, who swears never so to destroy them again. To me, the agreement of these principal features outweighs the divergence in detail. And we have also to observe how singularly akin is the part ascribed by the Egyptian priest to Râ with that assigned in the epic poem of Uruk to the god Bel, in the deluge of Khaxisatra. The Egyptians believed, as did other nations, in the destruction of mankind; but as inundation meant for them prosperity and life, they changed the primitive tradition; the human race, instead of perishing by water, was otherwise exterminated; and the inundation—that crowning benefit to the valley of the Nile—became in their eyes the sign that the wrath of Râ was appeased.

V.

American Stories of the Flood.

"It is a very remarkable fact," says M. Alfred Maury, "that we find in America traditions of the Deluge coming infinitely nearer to that of the Bible and the Chaldean religion than among any people of the Old World. It is difficult to suppose that the emigration that certainly took place from Asia into North America by the Kourile and Aleutian islands, and

still does so in our day, should have brought in these memories, since no trace is found of them among those Mongol or Siberian populations,* which were fused with the natives of the New World. . . . No doubt certain American nations, the Mexicans and Peruvians, had reached a very advanced social condition at the time of the Spanish conquest, but this civilization had a special character, and seems to have been developed on the soil where it flourished. Many very simple inventions, such as the use of weights, were unknown to these people, and this shows that their knowledge was not derived from India or Japan. The attempts that have been made to trace the origin of Mexican civilization to Asia have not as yet led to any sufficiently conclusive facts. Besides, had Buddhism, which we doubt, made its way into America, it could not have introduced a myth not found in its own Scriptures.† The cause of these similarities between the diluvian traditions of the nations of the New World and that of the Bible remains therefore unexplained."

I have particular pleasure in quoting these words by a man of immense erudition, because he does not belong to orthodox writers, and will not therefore be thought biassed by a preconceived opinion. Others also, no less rationalistic than he, have pointed out this likeness between American traditions of the Deluge and those of the Bible and the Chaldeans.

The most important among the former are the Mexican, for they appear to have been definitively fixed by symbolic and mnemonic paintings before any contact with Europeans. According to these documents, the Noah of the Mexican cataclysm was Coxcox, called by certain peoples Teocipactli or Tezpi. He had saved himself, together with his wife Xochiquetzal, in a bark, or, according to other traditions, on a raft, made of cypress wood (*Cypressus disticha*). Paintings retracing the deluge of Coxcox have been discovered among the Aztecs, Miztecs, Zapotecs, Tlascaltecs, and Mechoacanese. The tradition of the latter is still more strikingly in conformity with the story as we have it in Genesis and in Chaldean sources. It tells how Tezpi embarked in a spacious vessel with his wife, his children, and several animals, and grain, whose preservation was essential to the subsistence of the human race. When the great god Tezeatlipoca decreed that the waters should retire, Tezpi sent a vulture from the bark. The bird, feeding on the carcasses with which the earth was laden, did not return. Tezpi sent out other birds, of which the humming-bird only came back with a leafy branch in its beak. Then Tezpi, seeing that the country began to vegetate, left his bark on the mountain of Colhuacan.

The document, however, that gives the most valuable information as to the cosmogony of the Mexicans is one known as "Codex Vaticanus," from the library where it is preserved. It consists of four symbolic pictures, representing the four ages of the world preceding the actual

* Nevertheless, the Deluge holds an important place among the cosmogonic traditions - decidedly original in character - which Reguly has found among the Voguls. We also hear of a diluvian story among the Enlets or Kalmuks, where it seems to have come in with Buddhism.

† We must, however, observe that Buddhist missionaries appear to have introduced the diluvian tradition of Judea into China. Gutzlaff, "On Buddhism in China," in the Journal of the Royal Asiatic Society (1st series, vol. xii, p. 78) affirms that he saw its principal episode represented in a very fine painting of a temple to the goddess Kwan-yin.

one. They were copied at Chobula from a manuscript anterior to the conquest, and accompanied by the explanatory commentary of Pedro de los Rios, a Dominican monk, who in 1566, less than fifty years after the arrival of Cortez, devoted himself to the research of indigenous traditions as being necessary to his missionary work.

The first age is marked with the cipher $13 \times 100 + 6$, or 5206, which Alexander von Humboldt understands as giving the number of years of the period, and Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg as the date of its commencement, from a proleptic era going back from the period of the execution of the manuscript. This age is called *Tlalonatiuh*, "Sun of Earth." It is that of the giants, or Quinames, the earliest inhabitants of Anahuac, whose end was destruction by famine.

The number of the second age is $12 \times 100 + 4$, or 1804, and it is called *Tlalonatiuh*, "Sun of Fire." It closes with the descent on Earth of Xiuhteuchli, the god of fire. Mankind are all transformed into birds, and only thus escape the conflagration. Nevertheless, one human pair find refuge in a cave, and repeople the world.

As to the third age, *Ehécatonatiuh*, "Sun of Wind," its number is $10 \times 100 + 10$, or 1010. Its final catastrophe is a terrible hurricane raised by Quetzalcoatl, the "god of the air." With few exceptions, men are metamorphosed into monkeys.

Then comes the fourth age, *Atonatiuh*, "Sun of Water," whose number is $10 \times 100 + 8$, or 1008. It ends by a great inundation, a veritable deluge. All mankind are changed into fish, with the exception of one man and his wife, who save themselves in a bark made of the trunk of a cypress-tree. The picture represents Matlalucueye, goddess of waters, and consort of Tlaloc, god of rain, as darting down towards earth. Coxcox and Xochiquetzal, the two human beings preserved, are seen seated on a tree-trunk and floating in the midst of the waters. This flood is represented as the last cataclysm that devastates the earth.

All this is most important, as a mind of the order of Humboldt's did not hesitate to acknowledge. However, M. Girard de Realle wrote quite recently :

"The myth of the deluge has been met with in several parts of America, and Christian writers have not failed to see in it a reminiscence of the Biblical tradition. nay, in connection with the pyramid of Chobula, they have found traces of the Tower of Babel. We shall not waste time in pointing out how out of a fish-god, Coxcox, among the Chichimecs, Teocipactli among the Aztecs, and a goddess of flowers, Xochiquetzal, it was easy to connect the Mexican figures of Noah and his wife by joining on to them the story of the ark and the dove. It is enough to observe that all these legends have only been collected and published at a relatively recent period.* The first chroniclers, so cautious already despite their lowest simplicity, such as Salagun, Mendoza, Olmos, and the Hispano-indigenous authors, such as the Texcucan Ixtlilxochitl and the Tlascaltec Camargo, never breathe a word of stories they could not have failed to bring to light, had they existed in their days. Lastly, we find in Mr. Bancroft's work a criticism of these legends, due to Don José Fernando Ramirez, keeper of the National Museum,

* Recently published, not recently collected. The date of Pedro de los Rios shows this.

† "The Native Races of the Pacific States," vol. iii. p. 68.

which proves incontestably that all these stories spring from all too ready and tendency-fraught interpretations of old Mexican paintings, which according to him only represent episodes in the migration of Aztecs around the central lakes of the plateau of Anahuac."

I much fear that the *tendency* here is not on the side of writers who are looked on as ground to powder by the epithet Christian; which, indeed, be it said in passing, might well surprise a few among them. And this tendency, when resolved at any cost to attack the Bible, is as anti-scientific as when grasping at any uncritical argument in its defence. No doubt the identical character of Xochiquetzal or Macuilxochiquetzal, as goddess of the fertilizing rain and of vegetation, with that of Chalchihuitlicué or Mallalcuéyé, is a well-known fact, more certain even than the character of fish-god of Coxcox or Teocipactli. But the transformation of gods into heroes is a very common fact in all polytheisms, and most common in the kind of unconscious euhemerism from which infant peoples never free themselves. There is therefore nothing here to contradict the fact that these two divine personages, contemplated as heroes, may be taken as the two survivors of the Flood, and the ancestors of the new humanity. As to the theory of Don José Ramirez, about the symbolic pictures that have been interpreted as expressing the diluvian tradition, it is very ingenious and scientifically presented, but not so absolutely proved as M. Girard de Realle considers. But even granting its incontestability, it only removes part of the evidence which may have been unintentionally forced by those naturally disposed to see in it a parallel to Genesis; as for instance, with regard to the sending out the birds by Tezpi. Still the existence of the tradition among Mexican peoples would not be shaken, for it rests upon a whole of indubitable testimony, confirming in a striking manner the interpretation hitherto given of the "Codex Vaticanus."

The valuable work in the Aztec language, and in Latin letters, compiled by a native, subsequently to the Spanish conquest, called *Codex Chimalpopoca* by Abbé Brasseur de Bourbourg, who gives an analysis and partial translation of it in the first volume of his "*Histoire des Nations Civilisées du Mexique*," contains in its third portion a history of the suns, or successive ages of the world. Each takes its name from the way in which humanity is destroyed at its close. The first is the age of jaguars, who devour the primordial giants;* the second, the age of wind; at its close men lost themselves, and were carried off by the hurricane, and transformed themselves into monkeys. Houses, woods, everything was swept away by the wind. Then comes the age of fire, whose sun is called Tlalocan-Teuctli, "Lord of the lower regions," the usual appellation of Mictlauteuctli, the Mexican Pluto, which seems to point to the idea of an age of special volcanic activity. At its close, mankind is destroyed by a rain of fire, and such as do not perish escape under

* By a singular alteration of the text it is said that the jaguars "were devoured," instead of "they devoured."

the form of birds. Finally, the fourth age is that of water, which immediately precedes our present epoch, and closes with the Deluge.

Here is the narrative according to Abbé Brasseur's version, held correct by Americanists :—

"This is the sun called *Nahui-atl*, '4 water.* Now the water was tranquil for forty years, plus twelve, and men lived for the third and fourth times. When the sun *Nahui atl* came there had passed away four hundred years, plus two ages, plus seventy-six years. Then all mankind was lost and drowned and found themselves changed into fish. The sky came nearer the water. In a single day all was lost and the day *Nahui-xochitl* '4 flower,' destroyed all our flesh.

"And that year was that of *oc-calli*, '1 house,' and the day *Nahui-atl* all was lost. Even the mountains sank into the water, and the water remained tranquil for fifty-two springs.

"Now at the end of the year the god *Titlacahuan* had warned *Nata* and his spouse *Nenu*, saying: 'Make no more wine of *Agave*, but begin to hollow out a great cypress, and you will enter into it when in the month *Tozonth* the water approaches the sky.'

"Then they entered in, and when the god had closed the door he said: 'Thou shalt eat but one ear of maize and thy wife one also.'

"But as soon as they had finished they went out, and the water remained calm, for the wood no longer moved, and on opening it they began to see fish.

"Then they lit a fire, by rubbing together pieces of wood, and they roasted fish.

"The gods *Citlalimé* and *Citlalatonac* instantly looking down said: 'Divine Lord, what is that fire that is making there. Why do they thus smoke the sky? At once *Titlacahuan-Tezcatlipoca* descended. He began to chide, saying, 'Who has made this fire here?' And seizing hold of the fish he shaped their loins and heads, and they were transformed into dogs (*chih-chi-ri*)."†

This last touch is a satire on the *Chichimecs*, or "barbarians of the North," founders of the kingdom of *Tezeuco*. It proves the decidedly indigenous character of the story, and removes any such suspicion of a Biblical imitation, as the date might have led to.

The manuscript, written in Spanish by *Motolina*, who belonged to the generation of the "conquistadores," has hitherto only been known by extracts given from it by Abbé Brasseur in his "*Recherches sur les Ruines de Palenque*," a work containing many useful documents, though already pervaded by the delusions which towards the end of his career so strangely misled this learned pioneer of Mexican antiquarianism. Here, too, we find the theory of the four suns, or four ages, given in the same order as by the author of the "*Codex Chimalpopoca*."

The first is called "age of *Tezcatlipoca*," because that god had then added on a half to the sun, which was only half luminous, or had "made himself sun in its place." This was the age of the *Quinames*, or giants, who were almost all exterminated by famine. After this, *Quetzalcoatl*, the god of the air, having armed himself with a great stick, struck *Tezcatlipoca* with it, threw him into the water, and "and made himself sun in his place." The fallen god, transforming himself into a jaguar,

* From the day of the year when the final cataclysm was supposed to have occurred.

† This designation of the year accords with the system of Mexican cycles, containing four groups of years, each named after some object or animal.

devoured such of the Quinames as had escaped from the famine. The statements of the "Codex Vaticanus" and the "Codex Chimalpopoca" as to the final catastrophe of the world's first age, are thus reconciled by this last narrative.

Motolina calls the two next ages those of wind and fire; they are closed in the way we have seen.

The fourth is the age of the "Sun of Water," placed under the patronage of the goddess Chalchihuitlicué. The Deluge terminates it, and after this last cataclysm, we enter upon our present era.

We come next to the "History of the Chichimecs," by Don Fernando d'Alva Ixtlilxochitl, descendant of the old pagan kings of Tezcuco, whose pretended silence on the subject we have seen appealed to as disproving the authenticity of these Mexican diluvian traditions. In the first chapter of his first book, Ixtlilxochitl relates the story of the cosmic ages according to the traditions of his native city. He only gives four in all, including the actual period. The first is the *Atonatiuh*, or "Sun of Waters," which begins with the creation, and ends with a universal deluge. Then comes the *Tlachilonatiuh*, or "Sun of Earth," when the giants called Quinametziu-Tzocuilhioxime lived, descendants of the survivors of the first epoch. A frightful earthquake, overthrowing the mountains, and destroying the greater part of the dwellers on earth, closes this age. It is in the third age, *Ehecatonatiuh*, "Sun of Wind," that Olmecs and Xicalanques came from the east to settle in the south of Mexico. At first they were conquered by the remnant of the Quinames, but ended by massacring these. Quetzalcoatl next appears as a religious reformer, but is not listened to by men, whose indocility is punished by the appalling hurricane during which such as escaped became monkeys. Then begins the present age, *Tlalonatiuh*, or "Sun of Fire," thus called because it is to end by a rain of fire. We see, therefore, that Ixtlilxochitl was perfectly acquainted with the diluvian tradition, and if he does not enter into its details, he assigns it an important place in his series of ages.

Therefore we must needs acknowledge the diluvian tradition to be really indigenous in Mexico and not an invention of missionaries. We may doubt as to some particulars in some of the versions, though this arises chiefly from a preconceived idea, because they too much resemble the story in Genesis; but as to the fundamental tradition it is unassailable, and intimately connected with a conception not drawn from the Bible—and universally admitted to have existed—that, namely, of the four ages of the world. Between this conception, and that of the four ages or Yugas of India, and of the *manvantaras* where the destruction of the world and the renewals of humanity alternate, there is an analogy which appeared very significant to Humboldt, MacCulloch, and M. Maury. It is one that justifies us in asking whether the Mexicans devised it independently or borrowed it more or less directly from India. The system of the four ages, inseparable in Mexico from that of the

diluvian tradition, confronts us with the problem—ever recurring with regard to American civilization—of how far these are spontaneous and how far derived from Asia through Buddhist or other missionaries. In the present state of our knowledge we can as little solve this problem negatively as affirmatively, and all attempts made to come to a positive conclusion are premature and unproductive. Before discovering whence American civilizations came, we must thoroughly know what they were, nor attempt the arduous and obscure question of their origin till we frame a real American archæology on the same scientific basis and by the same methods as other archæologies. And in this respect Messrs. T. G. Müller and Herbert Bancroft appear to me greatly in advance of their precursors in this field of inquiry.

For the present, all that can be done is, as I have attempted with Flood stories, to determine facts without pretending to draw inferences. Hence I should no longer boldly write, as I did right years ago: "The Flood stories of Mexico positively prove the tradition of the Deluge to be one of the oldest held by humanity—a tradition so primitive as to be anterior to the dispersion of human families and the final developments of material civilization; which the Red race peopling America brought from the common cradle of our species into their new home, at the same time that the Semites, Chaldeans, and Aryans respectively carried it into theirs."* The fact is that among American peoples this tradition may not be primitive. We may indeed affirm that it was not borrowed from the Bible after the arrival of the Spaniards, but we cannot be equally confident that it was not the result of some previous foreign importation, the precise date of which we have no means of fixing.

Be that as it may, the doctrines of successive ages, and of the destruction of the men of the first age by a Deluge, is also found in the curious book of *Popol-vuh* that collection of the mythological traditions of Guatemala, written after the conquest in the native tongue, by a secret adept of the old religion; discovered, copied, and translated into Spanish in the beginning of the last century by the Dominican Francisco Ximenez, curé of St. Thomas of Chiula. His Spanish version has been published by M. Schelzer, the original text with a French translation by Abbé Brasseur. Here we read that the gods, seeing that animals were neither capable of speaking nor of adoring them, determined to make men in their own image. They fashioned them at first in clay. But those men had no consistency, could not turn their heads; spoke, indeed, but understood nothing. The gods then destroyed their imperfect work by a Deluge. Setting about it for the second time, they made a man of wood and a woman of resin. These creatures were far superior to the former; they moved and lived, but only like other animals; they spoke, but unintelligibly; and gave no thought to the gods. Then Hurakan, "the heart of heaven," the god of storm, caused a rain of burning resin to fall, while the ground was shaken by a fearful earth-

* "Essai de commentaire des fragments de Berosé," p. 283.

quake. All the descendants of the wood-and-resin pair perished, with a few exceptions, who became monkeys of the forest. Finally, out of white and yellow maize, the gods produced four perfect men: Balam-Quitze, "the smiling jaguar;" Balam-agab, "the jaguar of the night;" Mahuentah, "the distinguished name;" and Igi-Balam, "the jaguar of the moon." They were tall and strong, saw and knew everything, and rendered thanks to the gods. But the latter were alarmed at this their final success, and feared for their supremacy: accordingly, they threw a light veil, like a mist, over the vision of the four men, which became like that of the men of to-day. While they slept the gods created for them four wives of great beauty, and from three of these pairs the Quichés were born—Igi-Balam and his wife Cakisaha having no children. This series of awkward attempts at creation is sufficiently removed from the Biblical narrative to do away with any suspicion of Christian missionary influence over this indigenous quadrennial legend, where, as usual, we find the belief in the destruction of primal mankind by a great flood.

We meet with it in Nicaragua as well. Oviedo relates that Pedrarias Davila, governor of the province in 1538, charged F. Bobadilla, of the Order of St. Dominic, to inquire into the spiritual condition of those Indians whom his predecessors boasted of having converted in great numbers to Catholicism, which he, Davila, with good reason, doubted. The monk accordingly examined the natives, and Oviedo has transmitted several dialogues which show us the creed of the Nicaraguans a few years after the Spanish conquest. The following bears directly on our subject:—

"*Question by Bobadilla.* Who has created heaven and earth, the stars and moon, man and all else?"

"*Answer (by the Cacique Atagoaltegoan).* Tamagastad and Cippatoval, the one is a man, the other a woman."

"*Q.* Who created that man and woman?"

"*A.* No one. On the contrary, all men and women descend from them."

"*Q.* Did they create Christians?"

"*A.* I do not know, but the Indians descend from Tamagastad and Cippatoval."

"*Q.* Are there any gods greater than they?"

"*A.* No; we believe them to be the greatest."

"*Q.* Are they gods of flesh or wood, or any other substance?"

"*A.* They are of flesh; they are man and woman, brown in colour like us Indians. They walked on earth dressed like us, and ate what Indians eat."

"*Q.* Who gave them to eat?"

"*A.* Everything belongs to them."

"*Q.* Where are they now?"

"*A.* In heaven, according to what our ancestors have told us."

"*Q.* How did they ascend thither?"

"*A.* I only know that it is their home. I do not know how they were born, for they have no father nor mother."

"*Q.* How do they live at present?"

"*A.* They eat what Indians eat, for maize and all food proceeds from the place where dwell the *teotes* (gods)."

"*Q.* Do you know, or have you heard tell, whether since the *teotes* created the world it has been destroyed?"

"A. Before the present race existed, the world was destroyed by water and all became sea."

"Q. How did that man and woman escape?"

"A. They were in heaven, for that was their dwelling, and afterwards they came down to earth and re-made all things as they now are, and we are their issue."

"Q. You say the whole world was destroyed by water. Did not some individuals save themselves in a canoe, or by some other way?"

"A. No. All the world was drowned, according to what my ancestors told me."

The great god Tamagastad, of whom mention is made in this dialogue, is evidently the same as Thomagata, the awful-visaged spirit of fire, whose cultus was anterior among a portion of the Muyscas at Tungu and Sogamosa to that of Botchica. This, therefore, brings us back to the religious and cosmogonic traditions of the very advanced civilization in the high table-land of Cundinamarca, and we are led to recognize in the Flood-legend of Botchica a certain echo of the so universally spread tradition of the Deluge of early ages, mingled with the memory of a local event, from which the ancestors of the Muyscas had suffered at the time of their first settlement. Neither must we forget that Botchica and his wicked spouse, who brought about the inundation of Cundinamarca, are no other than personifications of the sun and moon, as were the pair Manco-Capac and Mama-Oello in the empire of the Incas. "The moon of Peru is gentle and beneficent," well observes M. Girard de Ralle, "she helps her brother and husband in the work of civilization; on the plateau of Cundinamarca, on the contrary, she is a witch, a veritable deity of night and of evil, worthily represented by the lugubrious owl."

Some have believed themselves to have discovered the Flood-tradition among the Peruvians, but careful criticism disproves this. For it only arises from an unintelligent interpretation of the myth of Viracocha or Con, god of waters, or more precisely, the personification of the element, as shown by the legend which represents him as having no bones, and yet stretching himself out afar, lowering the mountains and filling up the valleys in his course. He was the chief god of the Aymaras, who, according to them, had created the earth; and who, issuing from Lake Titicaca, to manifest himself on earth, had assembled the earliest men at Tiahuanaco. Later, the official cosmogony of the Incas led to his undergoing an euhemeristic transformation diminishing his religious importance; and he is represented as one of the sons of the Sun, come upon earth to dwell among and civilize mankind, a younger brother of Manco-Capac. Now it is under the government of Viracocha that the Deluge is placed by the writers of very recent date, who mention this event, of which the native tradition was unknown to the Inca Garcilaso de la Vega, to Montesinos, Balboa, Gomara, F. Oliva, and, in short, to all authorities of any weight in Peruvian matters. Macculloch does indeed quote Acosta and Herrera, but these authors never speak of a Deluge involving all humanity; they only say that

Viracocha gave laws to the earliest men at the close of a primordial period anterior to their creation, when the whole surface of the earth had been under water.

Numerous legends of the great inundation of earliest times have been found among the savage tribes of America. But by their very nature these leave room for doubt. They have not been committed to writing by the natives, we only know them by intermediaries who may, in perfectly good faith, have altered them considerably in an unconscious desire to assimilate them to the Bible story. Besides, they have been only collected very lately, when the tribes had been for a long time in contact with Europeans, and had often had living among them more than one adventurer who might well have introduced new elements into their traditions. They are therefore very inferior in importance to those we have found existing in Mexico, Guatemala, and Nicaragua, previous to the arrival of the Spanish conquerors.

The most remarkable of them, as excluding by its very form the idea of European communication, is that of the Cherokees. It seems a childish version of the Indian tradition, only that it is a dog instead of a fish who plays the part of deliverer to the man who escapes the catastrophe; but this brings us back to a myth special to America—that of the transformation of fish into dogs, as we have seen in the Flood-story of the "Codex Chimalpopoca."

"The dog," says the legend of the Cherokees, "never ceased for several days to run up and down the banks of the river, looking fixedly at the water and howling as in distress. His master was annoyed by his ways and roughly ordered him to go home, upon which he began speaking and revealed the impending calamity, ending his prediction by saying that the only way in which his master and his family could escape was by throwing him at once into the water, for he would become their deliverer by swimming to seek a boat, but that there was not a moment to lose, for a terrible rain was at hand which would lead to a general inundation in which everything would perish. The man obeyed his dog, was saved with his family, and they repopled the earth."

It is said that the Tamanakis, a Carib tribe on the banks of the Orinoco, have a legend of the man and woman who escaped the flood by reaching the summit of Mount Tapanacu. There they threw coconuts behind them, from which sprang a new race of men and women. If the report be true, which, however, we cannot affirm, this would be a very singular agreement with one of the distinctive features of the Greek story of Deucalion and Pyrrha.

Russian explorers have reported a childlike narrative of the flood in the Aleutian Islands, forming the geographical link between Asia and North America, and at the extremity of the north-east of America among the Kolosks. Henry the traveller gives the following tradition as current among the Indians of the Great Lakes:—

"In former times the father of the Indian tribes dwelt towards the rising sun. Having been warned in a dream that a deluge was coming upon the earth, he built a raft, on which he saved himself with his family and all the animals. He floated thus for several months. The animals, who at that time spoke, loudly

complained and murmured against him. At last a new earth appeared, on which he landed with all the animals, who from that time lost the power of speech as a punishment for their murmurs against their deliverer."

According to Father Charlevoix, the tribes of Canada and the valley of the Mississippi relate in their rude legends that all mankind was destroyed by a flood, and that the good spirit, to repeople the earth, had changed animals into men. It is to J. S. Kohl we owe our acquaintance with the version of the Chippeways—full of grotesque and perplexing touches—in which the man saved from the deluge is called Menaboshu.* To know if the earth be drying he sends a bird, the diver, out of his bark; then becomes the restorer of the human race and the founder of existing society. Catlin relates a story, current among the Mandans, of the earth being a great tortoise borne on the waters, and that when one day, in digging the soil, a tribe of white men pierced the shell of the tortoise, it sank, and the water covering it drowned all men, with the exception of one, who saved himself in a boat; and when the earth re-emerged, sent out a dove, who returned with a branch of willow in its beak. Here we have Noah's dove, as in the story of Tezpi and Menaboshu we have other birds substituted for it. But the native originality of this detail, as of the whole diluvian tradition among the Mandans, may well be doubted when we remember that the physical peculiarities of this curious tribe on the banks of the Missouri led Catlin to consider it of mixed blood, and partly white origin.

In the songs of the inhabitants of New California allusion was made to a very remote period when the sea left its bed and covered the earth. The whole race of men and animals perished in this deluge, sent by the supreme god Chinigehinig, with the exception of a few who had taken refuge on a high mountain which the water failed to reach. The Commissioners of the United States who explored New Mexico before its annexation, tell of the existence of a similar tradition among the different native tribes of that vast territory. Other travellers give us kindred narratives, more or less strikingly resembling the Bible record. But for the most part they are too vaguely reported to be entirely trusted.

VI.

Polynesian Traditions.—In Oceania even, and not among the Pelagian negroes or Papoos,† but the Polynesian, race-natives of the archipelago of Australasia, the diluvian tradition has been traced, mingled with recollections of sudden rises of the sea, which are one of the most frequent scourges of those islands. The most noted is that of Tahiti, which has been specially referred to the primeval tradition. Here it is as

* This name looks like a corruption of that of the Indian Manu Vairavata.

† Except on the Fiji Islands, where the Polynesians have been for some time settled among the Melanians, and have—having been destroyed by those after having mixed into the population an element—been marked to render the Fijians a mixed rather than a purely black race.

given by M. Gaussin,* who has published a translation of it, as well as the Tahitian text, written by a native named Maré:—

"Two men had gone out to sea to fish with the line, Roo and Teahoroa by name. They threw their hooks into the sea, which caught in the hair of the god Ruahatu. They exclaimed, 'A fish!' They drew up the line and saw that it was a man they had caught. At sight of the god they bounded to the other end of their bark, and were half dead with fear. Ruahatu asked them, 'What is this?' The two fishermen replied, 'We came to fish, and we did not know that our hooks would catch thee.' The god then said, 'Unfasten my hair:' and they did so. Then Ruahatu asked, 'What are your names?' They replied, 'Roo and Teahoroa.' Ruahatu next said, 'Return to the shore, and tell man that the earth will be covered with water, and all the world will perish. To-morrow morning repair to the islet called Toa-marama; it will be a place of safety for you and your children.'

"Ruahatu caused the sea to cover the lands. All were covered, and all men perished except Roo, Teahoroa, and their families."

This story, like all in this part of the world currently referred to the memory of the Deluge, has assumed the childish character peculiar to Polynesian legends, and moreover, as M. Maury justly observes, it may be naturally explained by the recollection of one of those tidal waves so common in Polynesia. The most essential feature of all traditions properly called diluvian is wanting here. The island, observes M. Maury, has no resemblance to the Ark.† It is true that one of the versions of the Tahitian legend states that the two fishermen repaired to Toa-marama, not only with their families, but with a pig, a dog, and a couple of fowls, which recalls the entry of the animals into the Ark. On the other hand, some details of a similar story among the Fijis, especially one in which, for many years after the event, canoes were kept ready in case of its repetition, far better fit a local phenomenon, a tidal wave, than a universal deluge.

However, if all these legends were exclusively related to local catastrophes, it would be strange that they should appear and be almost similar in a certain number of localities at a great distance from each other, and only where the Polynesian race has taken root, or left indubitable traces of its passage;—this race, indigenous in the Malay Archipelago, not having migrated thence till about the fourth century of the Christian era—i.e., at a time when, in consequence of the communication between India and a portion of Malaysia,‡ the Flood-tradition under its Indian form might well have entered in. Without, therefore, deciding the question one way or other, we do not think that that opinion can absolutely be condemned which finds in these Polynesian legends an echo of the tradition of the Deluge, much weakened,

* Gaussin: "Du Dialecte de Tahiti et de la Langue polynésienne," p. 236. See also Ellis's "Polynesian Researches."

† We may, however, observe that in the Iranian myth of Yima, which we have reported above, a square enclosure, some marvellously preserved from the deluge, holds the place of the Biblical Ark and of the vessel of Chaldean tradition.

‡ The date of the first establishment of Indian Brahmanism in Java remains uncertain, but from the end of the second century a.d. the Greek Jamboula (Diod. Sic. ii. 57) very exactly described as the way of writing in this island the syllabic system Kavi, borrowed from India.

much changed, and more inextricably confused than anywhere else with local disasters of recent date.

The result, then, of this long review authorizes us to affirm the story of the Deluge to be a universal tradition among all branches of the human race, with the one exception, however, of the black. Now a recollection thus precise and concordant cannot be a myth voluntarily invented. No religious or cosmogonic myth presents this character of universality. It must arise from the reminiscence of a real and terrible event, so powerfully impressing the imagination of the first ancestors of our race, as never to have been forgotten by their descendants. This cataclysm must have occurred near the first cradle of mankind, and before the dispersion of the families from which the principal races were to spring; for it would be at once improbable and uncritical to admit that at as many different points of the globe as we should have to assume in order to explain the wide spread of these traditions—local phenomena so exactly alike should have occurred, their memory having assumed an identical form, and presenting circumstances that need not necessarily have occurred to the mind in such cases.

Let us observe, however, that probably the diluvian tradition is not primitive but imported in America; that it undoubtedly wears the aspect of an importation among the rare populations of the yellow race where it is found; and lastly, that it is doubtful among the Polynesians of Oceania. There will still remain three great races to which it is undoubtedly peculiar, who have not borrowed it from each other, but among whom the tradition is primitive, and goes back to the most ancient times; and these three races are precisely the only ones of which the Bible speaks as being descended from Noah, those of which it gives the ethnic filiation in the tenth chapter of Genesis. This observation, which I hold to be undeniable, attaches a singularly historic and exact value to the tradition as recorded by the Sacred Book, even if, on the other hand, it may lead to giving it a more limited geographical and ethnological significance. In another paper I propose to inquire whether, in the conception of the inspired writers, the Deluge really was universal, in the sense customarily supposed.

But as the case now stands, we do not hesitate to declare that, far from being a myth, the Biblical Deluge is a real and historical fact, having, to say the least, left its impress on the ancestors of three races—Aryan or Indo-European, Semitic or Syro-Arabian, Chamitic or Kushite—that is to say, on the three great civilized races of the ancient world, those which constitute the higher humanity—before the ancestors of those races had as yet separated, and in the part of Asia they together inhabited.

FRANÇOIS LENORMANT.

SUSPENDED ANIMATION.

SOME time since an article appeared in the *Times*, quoted from the *Brisbane Courier* (an Australian paper of good credit), stating that one Signor Rotura had devised a plan by which animals might be congealed for weeks or months without being actually deprived of life, so that they might be shipped from Australia for English ports as dead meat, yet on their arrival here be restored to full life and activity. Many regarded this account as intended to be received seriously, though a few days later an article appeared, the opening words of which implied that only persons from north of the Tweed should have taken the article *au grand sérieux*. Of course it was a hoax; but it is worthy of notice that the editor of the *Brisbane Courier* had really been misled, as he admitted a few weeks later, with a candour which did him credit.*

This wonderful discovery, however, besides being worth publishing as a joke (though rather a mischievous one, as will presently be shown), did good service also by eliciting from a distinguished physician certain statements respecting the possibility of suspending animation, which otherwise might have remained for some time unpublished. I propose

* Many fail to see a joke when it is gravely propounded in print, who would at once recognise it as such, were it uttered verbally, with however serious a countenance. Possibly this is due to the necessary absence in the printed account of the indications by which we recognise that a speaker is jesting—as a certain expression of countenance, or a certain intonation of voice, by which the grave utterer of a spoken jest conveys his real meaning. In a paper which recently appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, Mr. Foster (Thomas of that ilk) propounded very gravely the theory that our Nursery Rhymes have in reality had their origin in Nature Myths. He explained, for instance, that the rhymes relating to Little Jack Horner were originally descriptive of sunrise in winter: Little Jack is the sun in winter, the Christmas pie is the cloud covered sky, the thumb represents the sun's first ray piercing through the clouds, and Jack's reaping means the brightness of full sunlight. So also the rhymes beginning Hey Diddle Diddle are shown to be of deep and solemn import, all in manifest burlesque of some recent extravagant interpretations of certain ancient stories by Goldziner, Stenhal, and others. Yet this fun was seriously criticized by more than half the critics, by some approvingly, by some otherwise.

here to consider these statements, and the strange possibilities which some of them seem to suggest. In the first place, however, it may be worth while to recall the chief statements in the clever Australian story, as some of Dr. Richardson's statements refer specially to that narrative. I shall take the opportunity of indicating certain curious features of resemblance between the Australian story, which really had its origin in America (I am assured that it was published a year earlier in a New York paper), and an American hoax which acquired a wide celebrity some forty years ago, the so-called Lunar Hoax. As it is certain that the two stories came from different persons, the resemblance referred to seems to suggest that the special mental qualities (defects, *bien entendu*) which cause some to take delight in such inventions, are commonly associated with a characteristic style of writing. If Buffon was right, indeed, in saying, *Le style c'est de l'homme même*, we can readily understand that clever hoaxers should thus have a style peculiar to themselves.

It can hardly be considered essential to the right comprehension of scientific experiments that a picturesque account should be given of the place where the experiments were made. The history of the wonderful Australian discovery opens nevertheless as follows:—"Many of the readers of the *Brisbane Courier* who know Sydney Harbour will remember the long inlet opposite the heads known as Middle Harbour, which, in a succession of land-locked reaches, stretches away like a chain of lakes for over twenty miles. On one of these reaches, made more than ordinarily picturesque by the bold headlands that drop almost sheer into the water, stand, on about an acre of grassy flat, fringed by white beach on which the clear waters of the harbour lap, two low brick buildings. Here, in perfect seclusion, and with a careful avoidance of publicity, is being conducted an experiment, the success of which, now established beyond any doubt, must have a wider effect upon the future prosperity of Australia than any project ever contemplated." It was precisely in this tone that the author of the "Lunar Hoax"* opened his account of those "recent discoveries in astronomy which will build an imperishable monument to the age in which we live, and confer upon the present generation of the human race a proud distinction through all future time." "It has been poetically said," he remarks—though probably he would have found some difficulty in saying where or by whom this had been said,—“that the stars of heaven are the hereditary regalia of man, as the intellectual sovereign of the animal creation; he may now fold the zodiac around him with a loftier consciousness of his mental supremacy” (a sublime idea, irresistibly suggestive of the description which an American humourist gave of a certain actor's representation of the death of Richard III., “he wrapped the star-spangled banner round him, and died like the son of a hoss”).

* For a full account of this clever hoax the reader is referred to my “*Myths and Marvels of Astronomy*.”

It next becomes necessary to describe the persons engaged in pursuing the experiments by which the art of freezing animals alive is to be attained. "The gentlemen engaged in this enterprise are Signor Rotura, whose researches into the botany and natural history of South America have rendered his name eminent; and Mr. James Grant, a pupil of the late Mr. Nicolle, so long associated with Mr. Thomas Mort in his freezing process. Next to the late Mr. Nicolle, Mr. James Grant can claim pre-eminence of knowledge in the science of generating cold, and his freezing chamber at Woolhara has long been known as the seat of valuable experiments originated in his, Mr. Nicolle's, lifetime." Is it merely an accident, by the way, or is it due to the circumstance that exceptional powers of invention in general matters are often found in company with singular poverty of invention as to details, that two of the names here mentioned closely resemble names connected with the Lunar Hoax? It was Nicollet who in reality devised the Lunar Hoax, though Richard Alton Locke, the reputed author, probably gave to the story its final form; and, again, the story purported to come from Dr. Grant, of Glasgow. In the earlier narrative, again, as in the later, due care was taken to impress readers with the belief that those who had made the discovery, or taken part in the work, were worthy of all confidence. Sir W. Herschel was the inventor of the optical device by which the inhabitants of the moon were to be rendered visible, a plan which "evinced the most profound research in optical science, and the most dexterous ingenuity in mechanical contrivance. But his son, Sir John Herschel, nursed and cradled in the observatory, and a practical astronomer from his boyhood, determined upon testing it at whatever cost." Among his companions he had "Dr. Andrew Grant, Lieutenant Drummond of the Royal Engineers, and a large party of the best English mechanics."

The accounts of preliminary researches, doubts, and difficulties are in both cases very similar in tone. "It appears that five months ago," says the narrator of the Australian hoax, "Signor Rotura called upon Mr. Grant to invoke his assistance in a scheme for the transmission of live stock to Europe. Signor Rotura averred that he had discovered a South American vegetable poison, allied to the well-known *woolara* (*sic*) that had the power of perfectly suspending animation, and that the trance thus produced continued until the application of another vegetable essence caused the blood to resume its circulation and the heart its functions. So perfect, moreover, was this suspension of life that Signor Rotura had found in a warm climate decomposition set in at the extremities after a week of this living death, and he imagined that if the body in this inert state were reduced to a temperature sufficiently low to arrest decomposition, the trance might be kept up for months, possibly for years. He frankly owned that he had never tried this preserving of the tissues by cold, and could not confidently speak as to its effect upon the after-restoration of the animal operated on. Before he

left Mr. Grant he had turned that gentleman's doubts into wondering curiosity by experimenting on his dog." The account of this experiment I defer for a moment till I have shown how closely in several respects this portion of the Australian hoax resembles the corresponding part of the American story. It will be observed that the great discovery is presented as simply a very surprising development of a process which is strictly within the limits, not only of what is possible, but of what is known. So also in the case of the Lunar Hoax, the amazing magnifying power by which living creatures in the moon were said to have been rendered visible, was presented as simply a very remarkable development of the familiar properties of the telescope. In both cases, the circumstances which in reality limit the possible extension of the properties in question were kept conveniently concealed from view. In both cases, doubts and difficulties were urged with an apparent frankness intended to disarm suspicion. In both cases, also, the inventor of the new method by which difficulties were to be overcome is represented as in conference with a man of nearly equal skill, who urges the doubts naturally suggested by the wonderful nature of the promised achievements. In the Lunar Hoax, Sir John Herschel and Sir David Brewster are thus represented in conference. Herschel asks whether the difficulty arising from deficient illumination may not be overcome by effecting a transfusion of artificial light through the focal image. Brewster, startled at the novel thought, as he well might be, hesitatingly refers "to the refrangibility of rays and the angle of incidence," which is effective though glorious in its absurdity. (Yet it has been gravely asserted that this nonsense deceived Arago.) "Sir John, grown more confident, adduced the example of the Newtonian reflector, in which the refrangibility was arrested by the second speculum and the angle of incidence restored by the third" (a bewilderingly ridiculous statement). "'And,' continued he, 'why cannot the illuminated microscope, say the hydro-oxygen, be applied to render distinct, and if necessary even to magnify, the focal object?'" Sir David sprang from his chair in an ecstasy of conviction, and leaping half-way to the ceiling" (from which we may infer that he was somewhat more than *l'éte montée*), "exclaimed, 'Thou art the man!'"

The method devised in each case being once accepted as sound, the rest of course readily follows. In the case of the Lunar Hoax a number of discoveries are made which need not here be described* (though I shall take occasion presently to quote some passages relating to them which closely resemble in style certain passages in the Australian narrative). In the later hoax, the illustrative experiments are forthwith introduced. Signor Rotura, having so far persuaded Mr. Grant of the validity of the plan as to induce him to allow a favourite dog to be ex-

* The most curious are given in the ninth essay of my work referred to in the preceding note.

perimented upon, "injected two drops of his liquid, mixed with a little glycerine, into a small puncture made in the dog's ear. In three or four minutes the animal was perfectly rigid, the four legs stretched backward, eyes wide open, pupils very much dilated, and exhibiting symptoms very similar to those caused by strychnine, except that there had been no previous struggle or pain. Begging his owner to have no apprehension for the life of his favourite animal, Signor Rotura lifted the dog carefully and placed him on a shelf in a cupboard, where he begged he might be left till the following day, when he promised to call at ten o'clock and revive the apparently dead brute. Mr. Grant continually during that day and night visited the cupboard, and so perfectly was life suspended in his favourite—no motion of the pulse or heart giving any indication of the possibility of revival—that he confesses he felt all the sharpest reproaches of remorse at having sacrificed a faithful friend to a doubtful and dangerous experiment. The temperature of the body, too, in the first four hours gradually lowered to 25 degrees Fahrenheit below ordinary blood temperature, which increased his fears as to the result; and by morning the body was as cold as in natural death. At ten o'clock next morning, according to promise, Signor Rotura presented himself, and laughing at Mr. Grant's fears, requested a tub of warm water to be brought. He tested this with the thermometer at 32 degrees Fahrenheit" (which, being the temperature of freezing water, can hardly be called warm), "and in this laid the dog, head under." In reply to Mr. Grant's objections Signor Rotura assured him that, as animation must remain entirely suspended until the administration of the antidote, no water could be drawn into the lungs, and that the immersion of the body was simply to bring it again to a blood-heat. After about ten minutes of this bath the body was taken out, and another liquid injected in a puncture made in the neck. "Mr. Grant tells me," proceeds the veracious narrator, "that the revival of Turk was the most startling thing he ever witnessed; and having since seen the experiment made upon a sheep, I can fully confirm his statement. The dog first showed the return of life in the eye" (winking, doubtless, at the joke), "and after five and a half minutes he drew a long breath, and the rigidity left his limbs. In a few minutes more he commenced gently wagging his tail, and then slowly got up, stretched himself, and trotted off as though nothing had happened." From this moment Mr. Grant had full faith in Signor Rotura's discovery, and promised him all the assistance in his power. They next determined to try freezing the body. But the first two experiments were not encouraging. Mr. Grant fortunately did not allow his favourite dog to be experimented upon further, so a strange dog was put into the freezing room at Mr. Grant's works for four days, after having in the first place had his animation suspended by Signor Rotura. Although this animal survived so far as to draw a long breath, the vital energies appeared too exhausted for a complete rally, and the animal died. So

also did the next two animals experimented on, a cat and a dog. "In the meantime, however, Dr. Barker had been taken into their counsels, and at his suggestion respiration was encouraged, as in the case of persons drowned, by artificial compression and expansion of the lungs. Dr. Barker was of opinion that, as the heart in every case began to beat, it was a want of vital force to set the lungs in proper motion that caused death. The result showed his surmises to be entirely correct. A number of animals whose lives had been sealed up in this artificial death have been kept in the freezing chamber from one to five weeks, and it is found that though the shock to the system from this freezing is very great, it is not increased by duration of time."

I need not follow the hoaxer's account of the buildings erected for the further prosecution of these researches. One point, however, may be mentioned illustrating the resemblance to which I have already referred as existing between this Australian narrative and the Lunar Hoax. In describing the works erected at Middle Harbour, the Australian account carefully notes that the necessary funds were provided by Mr. Christopher Newton, of Pitt Street. In like manner, in the Lunar Hoax we are told that the plate-glass required for the optical arrangement devised by Sir J. Herschel was "obtained, by consent be it observed, from the shop-window of M. Desanges, the jeweller to his ex-majesty Charles X., in High Street."

Now comes the culminating experiment, the circumstances of which are the more worthy of being carefully noted, because it is distinctly stated by Dr. Richardson that none of the experiments described in this narrative, apocryphal though they may really be, can be regarded as beyond the range of scientific possibilities:—"Arrived at the works in Middle Harbour, I was taken into the building that contains Mr. Grant's apparatus for generating cold. . . . Attached to this is the freezing chamber, a small, dark room, about eight feet by ten. Here were fourteen sheep, four lambs, and three pigs, stacked on their sides in a heap, *alive*, which Mr. Grant told me had been in their present position for nineteen days, and were to remain there for another three months. Selecting one of the lambs, Signor Rotura put it on his shoulder, and carried it outside into the other building, where a number of shallow cemented tanks were in the floor, having hot and cold water taps to each tank, with a thermometer hanging alongside. One of these tanks was quickly filled, and its temperature tested by the Signor, I meantime examining with the greatest curiosity and wonder the nineteen-days-dead lamb. The days of miracles truly seem to have come back to us, and many of those stories discarded as absurdities seem to me less improbable than this fact, witnessed by myself. There was the lamb, to all appearance dead, and as hard almost as a stone, the only difference perceptible to me between his condition and actual death being the absence of dull glassiness about the eye, which still retained its brilliant transparency. Indeed, this brilliancy of the eye, which is

heightened by the enlargement of the pupil, is very striking, and lends a rather weird appearance to the bodies. The lamb was gently dropped into the warm bath, and was allowed to remain in it about twenty-three minutes, its head being raised above the water twice for the introduction of the thermometer into its mouth, and then it was taken out and placed on its side on the floor, Signor Rotura quickly dividing the wool on its neck, and inserting the sharp point of a small silver syringe under the skin and injecting the antidote. This was a pale green liquid, and, as I believe, a decoction from the root of the *Astrachalis*, found in South America. The lamb was then turned on its back, Signor Rotura standing across it, gently compressing its ribs with his knees and hands in such a manner as to imitate their natural depression and expansion during breathing. In ten minutes the animal was struggling to free itself, and when released skipped out through the door and went gambolling and bleating over the little garden in front. Nothing has ever impressed me so entirely with a sense of the marvellous. One is almost tempted to ask, in the presence of such a discovery, whether death itself may not ultimately be baffled by scientific investigation." In the Lunar Hoax there is a passage resembling in tone the lively account of the lamb's behaviour when released. Herds of agile creatures like antelopes were seen in the moon, "abounding in the acclivitous glades of the woods." "This beautiful creature afforded us," says the narrator, "the most exquisite amusement. The mimicry of its movements upon our white-painted canvas was as faithful and luminous as that of animals within a few yards of the *camera obscura*. Frequently, when attempting to put our fingers upon its beard, it would suddenly bound away, as if conscious of our earthly impertinence; but then others would appear, whom we could not prevent nibbling the herbage, say or do to them what we would." And again, a little further on, "We fairly laughed at the recognition of so familiar an acquaintance as a sheep in so distant a land—a good large sheep, which would not have disgraced the farms of Leicestershire or the shambles of Leadenhall Market; presently they appeared in great numbers, and on reducing the lenses we found them in flocks over a great part of the valley. I need not say how desirous we were of finding shepherds to these flocks, and even a man with blue apron and rolled-up sleeves would have been a welcome sight to us, if not to the sheep; but they fed in peace, lords of their own pastures, without either protector or destroyer in human shape."

Not less amusing, though more gravely written, is the account of the benefits likely to follow from the use of the wonderful process for freezing animals alive. Cargoes of live sheep can be readily sent from Australia to Europe. Any that cannot be restored to life will still be good meat; while the rest can be turned to pasture or driven alive to market. With bullocks the case would not be quite so simple, because of their greater size and weight, which would render them more difficult

to handle with safety. The carcass being rendered brittle by freezing, they are so much the more liable to injury. "It sounded odd to hear Mr. Grant and Signor Rotura laying stress upon the danger of breakage in a long voyage." This one can readily imagine.

Some of the remoter consequences of the discovery are touched on by the narrator, though but lightly, as if he saw the necessity of keeping his wonders within reasonable limits. Signor Rotura, "though he had never attempted his experiment on a human being," which was considerate on his part, "had no doubt at all as to its perfect safety." He had requested Sir Henry Parkes to allow him to operate on the next felon under capital sentence. This, by the way, was a compromising statement on our hoaxer's part. It requires very little acquaintance with our laws to know that no one could allow a felon condemned to death to be experimented on in this or in any other manner. Such a man is condemned to die, and to die without any preliminary tortures, bodily or mental, other than those inseparable from the legally adopted method of bringing death about. He can neither be allowed to remain alive after an experiment, and necessarily free (because he has not been condemned to other punishment than the death penalty), nor can he be first experimented upon and then hanged. So that that single sentence in the narrative should have shown every one that it was a hoax, even if the inherent absurdity of many other parts of the story had not shown this very clearly. As to whether a temporary suspension of the vital faculties would affect the longevity of the patient, Signor Rotura expressed himself somewhat doubtful; he believed, however, that the duration of life might in this way be prolonged for years. "I was anxious," says the hoaxer, "to know if a period of, say, five years of this inertness were submitted to, whether it would be so much cut out of one's life, or if it would be simply five years of unconscious existence tacked on to one's sentient life. Signor Rotura could give no positive answer, but he believes, as no change takes place or can take place while this frozen trance continues, no consumption, destruction, or reparation of tissue being possible, it would be so many unvalued and profitless years added to a lifetime." Of some of the strange ideas suggested by this conception I shall take occasion to speak further on; I must for the present turn, however, from the consideration of this ingenious hoax to discuss the scientific possibilities which underlie the narrative, or at least some parts of the narrative.

In the first place, it must be noticed that in the phenomena of hibernation we have what at a first view seems closely to resemble the results of Signor Rotura's apocryphal experiments. As was remarked in the *Times*, the idea underlying the Australian story is that the hibernation of animals can be artificially imitated and extended, so that as certain animals lie in a state of torpor and insensibility throughout the winter months, all animals also may perhaps be caused to lie in such a state for an indefinite length of time, if only a suitable degree of cold is maintained,

and some special contrivance adopted to prevent insensibility from passing into death. The phenomena of hibernation are indeed so surprising, when rightly understood, that inexperienced persons might well believe in almost any wonders resulting from the artificial production (which, be it remembered, is altogether possible) of the hibernating condition, and the artificial extension of this condition to other animals than those which at present hibernate, and to long periods of time. It has been justly said, that if hibernation had only been noticed among cold-blooded animals, its possibility in the case of mammals would have seemed inconceivable. The first news that the bat and hedgehog pass into the state of complete hibernation, would probably have been received as either a daring hoax or a very gross blunder.

Let us consider what hibernation really is. When, as winter approaches and their insect food disappears, the bat and the hedgehog resign themselves to torpor, the processes which we are in the habit of associating with vitality gradually diminish in activity. The breathing becomes slower and slower, the heart beats more and more slowly, more and more feebly. At last the breathing ceases altogether. The circulation does not wholly cease, however. So far as is known, the life of warm-blooded animals cannot continue after the circulation has entirely ceased for more than a certain not very considerable length of time.* The chemical changes on which animal heat depends, and without which there can be no active vitality, cease with the cessation of respiration. But dormant vitality is still maintained in hibernation, because the heart's fibre, excited to contract by the carbonized blood, continues to propel the blood through the torpid body. This slow circulation of venous blood continues during the whole period of hibernation. It is the only vital process which can be recognised; and it is not easy to understand how the life of any warm-blooded animal can be maintained in this way. The explanation usually offered is that the material conveyed by the absorbents suffices to counterbalance the process of waste occasioned by the slow circulation. But this does not in reality touch the chief difficulty presented by the phenomena of hibernation. So far as mere waste is concerned (as I have elsewhere pointed out) the imagined Australian process is as effectual as hibernation; in that process, of course the circulation would be as completely checked as the respiration; thus there would be no waste, and the absorbents (which would also be absolutely dormant) would not have to do even that slight amount of work which they accomplish during hibernation. Science can only say that the known cases of hibernation among warm-blooded animals show that the vital forces may be reduced much lower without destroying life, than but for them we should have deemed conceivable.

But next let us consider what science has to say as to the artificial

* Few probably are aware how long some animals may remain without breathing and yet survive. Kittens and puppies have been brought to life after being immersed in water for nearly three quarters of an hour.

suspension of vitality. In Dr. Richardson's paper on this subject there is much which seems almost as surprising as anything in the Australian story. Indeed, he seems scarcely to have felt assured that that story really was a hoax. "The statements," he says, "which, under the head of 'A Wonderful Discovery,' are copied from the *Brisbane Courier*, seem greatly to have astonished the reading public. To what extent the statements are true or untrue it is impossible to say. The whole may be a cleverly-written fiction, and certain of the words and names used seem, according to some readers, to suggest that view; but be this so or not, I wish to indicate that some part at all events of what is stated might be true, and is certainly within the range of possibility." "The discovery," he proceeds, "which is described in the communication under notice, is not in principle new; on the subject of suspension of animation I have myself been making experimental inquiries for twenty-five years at least, and have communicated to the scientific world many essays, lectures, and demonstrations, relating to it. I have twice read papers bearing on this inquiry to the Royal Society, once to the British Association for the Advancement of Science, two or three times in my lectures on Experimental and Practical Medicine, and published one in *Nature*. In respect to the particular point of the preservation of animal bodies for food, I dwelt on this topic in the lectures delivered before the Society of Arts, in April and May of last year (1878), explaining very definitely that the course of research in the direction of preservation must ultimately lead to a process by which we should keep the structures of animals in a form of suspended molecular life." In other words, Dr. Richardson had indicated the possibility of doing precisely that which would have constituted the chief value of the Australian discovery, if this had been real.

Let us next consider what is known respecting the possibility of suspending a conscious and active life. This is first stated in general terms by Dr. Richardson, as follows:—"If an animal perfectly free from disease be subjected to the action of some chemical agents or physical agencies which have the property of reducing to the extremest limit the motor forces of the body, the muscular irritability, and the nervous stimulus to muscular action, and if the suspension of the muscular irritability and of the nervous excitation be made at once and equally, the body even of a warm-blooded animal may be brought down to a condition so closely resembling death, that the most careful examination may fail to detect any signs of life." This general statement must be carefully studied if the reader desires thoroughly to understand at once the power and the limits of the power of science in this direction. The motor forces, the muscular irritability, and the nervous stimulus to muscular action, can be reduced to a certain extent without destroying life, but not absolutely without destroying life. The reduction of the muscular irritability must be made at once and equally; if the muscular irritability is reduced to its lowest limit while the

nervous excitation remains unaltered, or is less reduced, death ensues; and *vice versa*, if the nervous excitation is reduced to its lowest limits while the muscular irritability remains unaltered, or is little reduced, death equally follows. Then it is to be noticed that though when the state of seeming death is brought about, the most careful examination may fail to detect any signs of life, it does not follow that science may not find perfectly sure means of detecting cases where life still exists but is at its very lowest. Of course all the ordinary tests, in which so many place complete reliance—a mirror placed close to the mouth, a finger on the pulse, hand, or ear applied to the breast² over the heart, and so forth—would be utterly inadequate, in such a case, to reveal any signs of life. That doctors have been deceived by cases of suspended vitality not artificially produced, but presenting similar phenomena, is well known. A case in point may not be out of place here, as illustrating well certain features of suspended animation, and showing the possibility that in *some* cases consciousness may remain, even when the most careful examination detects no traces of life. The case is described by Dr. Alexander Crichton, in his "Inquiry into the Nature and Origin of Mental Derangement." "A young lady, who had seemed gradually to sink until she died, had been placed in her coffin, careful scrutiny revealing no signs of vitality. On the day appointed for her funeral, several hymns were sung before her door. She was conscious of all that happened around her, and heard her friends lamenting her death. She felt them put on the dead-clothes, and lay her in the coffin, which produced an indescribable mental anxiety. She tried to cry, but her mind was without power, and could not act on the body. It was equally impossible to her to stretch out her arms or to open her eyes or to cry, although she continually endeavoured to do so. The internal anguish of her mind was, however, at its utmost height when the funeral hymns began to be sung and when the lid of the coffin was about to be nailed on. The thought that she was to be buried alive was the first one which gave activity to her mind, and caused it to operate on her corporeal frame. Just as the people were about to nail on the lid, a

* Objection has been taken to the italicized words in the following passage from "No Thoroughfare" (one of the parts certainly written by Dickens and not by Wulkie Collins): "The cry came up: 'His heart still beats against mine! I warm him in my arms, I have cast off the rope, for the ice melts underneath and the rope would separate me from him; but I am not afraid.' . . . The cry came up: 'We are sinking lower, but his heart still beats against mine.' . . . The cry came up: 'We are sinking still, and we are deadly cold. His heart no longer beats against mine. Let no one come down to add to our weight! Lower the rapidly!' . . . The cry came up with a deathly adieu, 'Raise softly!' . . . She broke from them all and sank over him on his litter, with both her loving hands upon the heart that died still!" It has been supposed that Dickens wilfully departed here from truth, in order to leave the impression on the reader that Vendace was *assuredly* dead. That he wished to convey this impression is obvious. He often showed similar care to mislead, if possible, all hope from the anxious reader's mind, markedly so in his latest and unfinished work, where nevertheless any one well acquainted with Dickens's manner knows not only that Pood is alive, but that disguised as Hatchery he was to have watched Jasper to the end! But in reality, it has happened more than once that persons have been restored to life who have been found in snow-drifts not merely reduced to complete insensibility, but without any perceptible heart-beat. Dickens had probably heard of such cases when in *Switzerland*.

kind of perspiration was observed to appear on the surface of the body. It grew greater every moment, and at last a kind of convulsive motion was observed in the hands and feet of the corpse. A few minutes after, during which fresh signs of returning life appeared, she at once opened her eyes, and uttered a most pitiable shriek." In this case it was considered that the state of trance had been brought about by the excessive contractile action of the nervous centres. St. Augustine, by the way, remarks in his "*De Civitate Dei*" on the case of a certain priest called *Restitutus* (appropriately enough), who could when he wished withdraw himself from life in such sort that he did not feel when twitched or stung, but might even be burned without suffering pain except afterwards from the wound so produced. Not only did he not struggle or even move, but like a dead person he did not breathe, yet afterwards he said that he could hear the voices of those around him (if they spoke loudly) as if from a great distance (*de longinquo*).

To return, however, to Dr. Richardson's discussion of the artificial suspension of active life.

He recognises three degrees of muscular irritability, to which he has given the names of active efficient, passive efficient, and negative,—though doubtless he would recognize the probability that the line separating the first from the second may not always be easily traced, and that, though there is a most definite distinction between the second and the third, the actual position of the boundary line has not as yet been determined. In other words, so far as the first and second states are concerned, there are not two degrees only, but many. As regards the third or negative state, which is only another way of describing death, there is, of course, only one degree, though the evidence as to the existence of this state may be more or less complete and obvious. Dr. Richardson defines the active efficient state of muscular irritability as that "represented in the ordinary living muscle in which the heart is working at full tension, and all parts of the body are thoroughly supplied with blood, with perfection of consciousness in waking hours, and, in a word, full life." The second, or passive efficient state, "is represented in suspended animation, in which the heart is working regularly but at low tension, supplying the muscles and other parts with sufficient blood to maintain the molecular life, but no more." The third of these states—the negative—"is represented when there is no motion whatever of blood through the body, as in an animal entirely frozen."

With the first and third of these states I have in reality nothing to do, unless indeed it could be shown that the third or negative state can be produced without causing death. Perhaps in assuming, as I did above, that this state is identical with the state of the dead, I was, in fact, assuming what science has yet to demonstrate. I may at any rate, however, say without fear of valid contradiction, that science has as yet never succeeded in showing that this negative state may be

attained even for a moment without death ensuing; and the probability (almost amounting to certainty) is that death and this change of state have in every instance been simultaneous. Dr. Richardson speaks of the second stage as that in which animation is *usually* suspended; but he does not show that the third stage can even possibly be attained without death.

The second stage, or stage of passive efficiency, closely resembles the third, "but differs from it in that, under favouring circumstances, the whole of the phenomena of the active efficient stage may be perfectly resumed, the heart suddenly enlarging in volume from its filling with blood, and reanimating the whole organism by the force of its renewed stroke in full tension. So far as we have yet proceeded," continues Dr. Richardson, "the whole phenomena of restoration from death are accomplished during this stage;" meaning, it would seem, that in all instances of restoration the restoration has been from the second, never from the third stage. "To those who are not accustomed to see them they are no doubt very wonderful, looking like veritable restorations from death. They surprise even medical men the first time they are witnessed by them." He gives an interesting illustration. At a meeting of the British Medical Association at Leeds, "a member of the Association was showing to a large audience the action of nitrous oxide gas, using a rabbit as the subject of his demonstration. The animal was removed from the narcotizing chamber a little too late, for it had ceased to breathe, and it was placed on the table to all appearance dead." "At this stage," he proceeds, "I went to the table, and by use of a small pair of double-acting bellows restored respiration. In about four minutes there was revival of active irritability in the abdominal muscles, and two minutes later the animal leaped again into life, as if it had merely been asleep. There was nothing remarkable in the fact; but it excited, even in so cultivated an audience as was then present, the liveliest surprise."

But when we learn the condition necessary that a body which has once been reduced to the state of passive efficiency should be restored to active life, we recognise that even when science has learned how to reduce vitality to a minimum without destroying it, few will care to risk the process, either in their own persons or in the case of those dear to them. Besides the condition already indicated, that the muscular irritability and the nervous excitation must be simultaneously and equally reduced, it is essential that the blood, the muscular fluid, and the nervous fluid should all three remain in what Dr. Richardson calls the aqueous condition, and not become what he calls pectous, a word which we must understand to bear the same relation to the word solid or crystalline that the word "aqueous," as used by Dr. Richardson, bears to the word watery. If all three fluids remain in the aqueous condition, "the period during which life may be restored is left undefined. It may be a very long period, including weeks, and possibly months,

granting that decomposition of the tissues is not established; and even after a limited process of decomposition, there may be renewal of life in cold-blooded animals. But if pectous change begins in any one of the structures I have named, it extends like a crystallization quickly through all the structures, and thereupon recovery is impossible, for the change in one of the parts is sufficient to prevent the restoration of all. Thus the heart may be beating, but the blood being pectous it beats in vain; or the heart may beat and the blood may flow, but the voluntary muscles being pectous the circulating action is vain; or the heart may beat, the blood may flow, and the muscles may remain in the aqueous condition, but the nerves being pectous the circulating action is in vain; or sometimes the heart may come to rest, and the other parts may remain susceptible, but the motion of the heart and blood not being present to quicken them into activity, their life is in vain." Add to this, that the restoration of the motor forces, of the muscular irritability, and of the nervous excitation, must be as simultaneous and as equal as their reduction had been, and we begin to recognise decided objections to the too frequent suspension of animation, even when the most perfect artificial means have been devised for bringing about that interesting result.

Although, however, we may not feel encouraged to believe that many will care to have experiments tried on themselves in this direction, we may still examine with interest the results of experimental research and experience. These agree in showing that there are means by which active life may be suspended, while at the same time the aqueous condition of the fluids mentioned above (the blood, the muscular fluid, and the nervous fluid, the two latter of which are for convenience called the colloidal animal fluids, and are derived from the blood) is retained.

The first and in some respects the most efficient of these means is cold. The blood and the colloidal fluids remain in the aqueous condition when the body is exposed to cold at freezing-point. "At this same point all vital acts, excepting perhaps the motion of the heart" (it is Dr. Richardson, be it remembered, who thus uses the significant word "perhaps"), "may be temporarily arrested in an animal, and then some animals may continue apparently dead for long intervals of time, and may yet return to life under conditions favourable to recovery." Dr. Richardson gives a singular illustration of this, describing an experiment which must have appeared even more surprising to those who witnessed it than that in which the rabbit was restored to life. "In one of my lectures on death from cold," he says, "which I delivered in the winter session of 1867, some fish which during a hard frost had been frozen in a tank at Newcastle-on-Tyne, were sent up to me by rail. They were produced in the completely frozen state at the lecture, and by careful thawing many of them were restored to perfect life. At my Croonian lecture on muscular irritability after systemic death, a similar fact was illustrated

from frogs." It would appear, indeed, that so far as cold-blooded animals are concerned, there is no recognisable limit to the time during which they may remain thus frozen yet afterwards recover. But, even in their case, much skill is required to make the recovery sure. "If in thawing them the utmost care is not taken to thaw gradually, and at a temperature always below the natural temperature of the living animal, the fluids will pass from the frozen state through the aqueous into the pectous so rapidly that death from pectous change will be pronounced without perceiving any intermediate or life stage at all." Naturally it is much more difficult to restore life in the case of warm-blooded animals. Indeed, Dr. Richardson remarks, that in the case of the more complex and differently shielded organs of warm-blooded animals, it is next to impossible to thaw equally and simultaneously all the colloidal fluids. "In very young animals it can be done. Young kittens, a day or two old, that have been drowned in ice-cold water, will recover after two hours' immersion almost to a certainty, if brought into dry air at a temperature of 98 degrees Fahrenheit. The gentlest motion of the body will be sufficient to re-start the respiration, and therewith the life."

Remarking on such cases as these, Dr. Richardson notes that the nearest natural approach to the stage of passive efficiency is seen in hibernating animals. He states, however, that in hibernation the complete state of passive efficiency is not produced. He does not accept the opinion of those who consider that in true hibernation breathing ceases as above described. A slow respiration continues, he believes, as well as that low stage of active efficiency of circulation which we have already indicated. "The hibernating animal sleeps only; and while sleeping it consumes or wastes; and if the cold be prolonged it may die from waking." More decisive, because surer, is the evidence derived from the possibility of waking the hibernating animals by the common methods used for waking a sleeper. This certainly seems to show that animation is not positively suspended.

He asks next the question whether an animal like a fish, frozen equally through all its structures, is to be regarded as actually dead in the strict sense of the word or not, seeing that if it be uniformly and equally thawed it may recover from this perfectly frozen state. "In like manner," he says, "it may be doubted whether a healthy warm-blooded animal suddenly and equally frozen through all its parts is dead, although it is not recoverable." If, as seems certainly to be the case, the animal dies because in the very act of trying to restore it some inequality in the process is almost sure to determine a fatal issue, some vital centre passing into the pectous state, the animal could not have been dead before restoration was attempted; for the dead cannot die again. Albeit, the outlook is not encouraging, at any rate so far as the use of cold alone for maintaining suspended animation in full-grown warm-blooded animals is concerned. Cold will, however, for a

long time maintain ready for motion active organs locally subject to it. Even after death this effect of cold "may be locally demonstrated," Dr. Richardson tells us, "and has sometimes been so demonstrated to the wonder of the world." "For instance, on January 17, in the year 1803, Aldini, the nephew of Galvani, created the greatest astonishment in London by a series of experiments which he conducted on a malefactor, twenty-six years old, named John Forster, who was executed at Newgate, and whose body, an hour after execution, was delivered over to Mr. Keate, Master of the College of Surgeons, for research. The body had been exposed for an hour to an atmosphere two degrees below freezing-point,* and from that cause, though Aldini does not seem to have recognised the fact, the voluntary muscles retained their irritability to such a degree that when Aldini began to pass voltaic currents through the body, some of the bystanders seem to have concluded that the unfortunate malefactor had come again to life. It is significant also that Aldini in his report says that his object was not to produce reanimation, but to obtain a practical knowledge how far galvanism might be employed as an auxiliary to revive persons who were accidentally suffocated, *as though he himself were in some doubt*,"—that is, not in doubt only about the power of galvanism, but in doubt whether Forster had been restored to life for a while, or not! Dr. Richardson has himself repeated, on lower animals, these experiments of Aldini's, except that the animals on which he has experimented have passed into death under chloroform, not through suffocation. His object, in fact, was to determine the best treatment for human beings who sink under chloroform and other anaesthetics. He finds that in warm weather he fails to get the same results. Noticing this, he says, "I experimented at and below the freezing-point, and then found that both by the electrical discharge, and by injection of water heated to 180 degrees" (again this terrible inexactness of expression) "into the muscles through the arteries, active muscular movements could be produced in warm-blooded animals many hours after death. Thus, for lecture experiment, I have removed one muscle from the body of an animal that had slept to death from chloroform, and putting the muscle in a glass tube surrounded with ice and salt, I have kept it for several days in a condition for its making a final muscular contraction, and, by gently thawing it, have made it, in the act of final contraction, do some mechanical work, such as moving a long needle on the face of a dial, or discharging a pistol. In muscles so removed from the body and preserved ready for motion there is, however, only one final act. For as

* Dr. Richardson will certainly excite the contempt of the northern professor who rebuked me recently for speaking of heat when I should have said temperature. "An atmosphere two degrees below freezing point" is an expression as inadmissible, if we must be punctilious in such matters, as the expressions "blood heat," "a heat of ten degrees," and so forth. Possibly, however, it is not desirable to be punctilious when there is no possibility of being misunderstood, especially as it may be noted that Edinburgh professor has often afforded striking illustrations of the fact by errors of his own that too great an effort to be punctilious often results in very remarkable incorrectness of expression.

the blood and nervous supply are both cut off from it, there is nothing left in it but the reserved something that was fixed by the cold. But I do not see any reason why this should not be maintained in reservation for weeks or months, as easily as for days, in a fixed cold atmosphere."

Cold being, however, obviously insufficient of itself for the suspension of active life in warm-blooded animals, at least if such life is eventually to be restored, let us next consider some of the agencies which either alone or aided by cold may suspend without destroying life.

The first known of all such agencies was mandragora. Dioscorides describes a wine, called *morion*, which was made from the leaves and the root of mandragora, and possessed properties resembling those of chloral hydrate. That it must have been an effective narcotic is shown by the circumstance that painful operations were performed on patients subjected to its influence, without their suffering the least pain, or even feeling. The sleep thus produced lasted several hours. Dr. Richardson considers that the use of this agent was probably continued until the twelfth or thirteenth century. "From the use of it doubtless came," he says, "the Shaksperian legend of Juliet." He strangely omits to notice that Shakspeare elsewhere speaks of this narcotic by name, where Iago says of Othello:

"Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syraps of the world,
Shall ever med'cine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou couldst yesterday."

Probably the use of mandragora as a narcotic may have continued much later than the thirteenth century. In earlier times it was certainly used as opium is now used, not for medicinal purposes, but to produce for a while an agreeable sensation of dreamy drowsiness. "There were those," says Dr. Richardson, in his interesting article on Narcotics in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW* for July last, "who drank of it for taste or pleasure, and who were spoken of as 'mandragorites,' as we might speak of 'alcoholists' or 'chloralists.' They passed into the land of sleep and dream, and waking up in scare and alarm were the screaming mandrakes of an ancient civilization." He has himself made the "morion" of the ancients, dispensing the prescription of Dioscorides and Pliny. "The same chemist, Mr. Hanbury," he says, "who first put chloral into my hands for experiment, also procured for me the root of the true mandragora. From that root I made the morion, tested it on myself, tried its effects, and re-proved, after a lapse perhaps of four or five centuries, that it had all the properties originally ascribed to it."

The "deadly nightshade" has similar properties. (In fact, morion was originally made from the *Atropa belladonna*, not from its ally the *Atropa mandragora*.) In 1851, Dr. Richardson attended two children who were poisoned for a time from eating the berries and chewing the leaves of the nightshade, which they had gathered near

Richmond. They were brought home insensible, he says, "and they lay in a condition of suspended life for seven hours, the greatest care being required to detect either the respiration or the movements of the heart; they nevertheless recovered."

With the nitrite of amyl, Dr. Richardson has suspended the life of a frog for nine days, yet the creature was then restored to full and vigorous life. He has shown also that the same power of suspension, though in less degree, "could be produced in warm-blooded animals, and that the heart of a warm-blooded animal would contract for a period of eighteen hours after apparent death." The action of nitrite of amyl seems to resemble that of cold. In the pleasing language of the doctors, "it prevents the pectous change of colloidal matter, and so prevents *rigor mortis*, coagulation of blood, and solidification of nervous centres and cords." So long as this change is prevented, active life can be restored. But when in these experiments "the pectous change occurred, all was over, and resolution into new forms of matter by putrefaction was the result." From the analogy of some of the symptoms resulting from the use of nitrite of amyl with the symptoms of catalepsy, Dr. Richardson has "ventured to suggest that under some abnormal conditions the human body itself, in its own chemistry, may produce an agent which causes the suspended life observed during the cataleptic condition." The suggestion has an interest apart from the question of the possibility of safely suspending animation for considerable periods of time: it might be possible to detect the nature of the agent thus produced by the chemistry of the human body (if the theory is correct), and thus to learn how its power might be counteracted.

Chloral hydrate seems singularly efficient in producing the semblance of death,—so completely, indeed, as to deceive even the elect. Dr. Richardson states that at the meeting of the British Association at Exeter, some pigeons which had been put to sleep by the needle injection of a large dose of chloral, "fell into such complete resemblance of death that they passed for dead among an audience containing many physiologists and other men of science. For my own part," he proceeds, "I could detect no sign of life in them, and they were laid in one of the out-offices of the museum of the infirmary as dead. In this condition they were left late at night, but in the following morning they were found alive, and as well as if nothing hurtful had happened to them." Similar effects seem to be produced by the deadly poisons cyanogen gas and hydrocyanic acid, though in the following case, narrated by Dr. Richardson, the animal experimented upon (not with the idea of eventually restoring it to life) belonged to a race so specially tenacious of life that some may consider only one of its proverbial nine lives to have been affected. In the laboratory of a large drug establishment a cat, "by request of its owner, was killed, as was assumed, instantaneously and painlessly by a large dose of Scheele's acid. The animal appeared to die without a pang, and, presenting every

appearance of death, was laid in a sink to be removed on the next morning. At night the animal was lying still in form of death in the tank beneath a tap. In the morning it was found alive and well, but with the fur wet from the dropping of water from the tap." This fact was communicated to Dr. Richardson by an eminent chemist under whose direct observation it occurred, in corroboration of an observation of his own similar in character.

Our old friend alcohol (if friend it can be called) possesses the power of suspending active vitality without destroying life, or at any rate without depriving the muscles of their excitability. Dr. Richardson records the case of a drunken man who, while on the ice at the Welsh Harp lake, fell into the water through an opening in the ice, and was for more than fifteen minutes completely immersed. He was extricated to all appearance dead, but under artificial respiration was restored to consciousness, though he did not survive for many hours. On the whole, alcoholic suspension of life does not appear to be the best method available. To test it, the patient must first get "very, very drunk," and even then, like the soldiers in the old song, must go on drinking, lest the experiment should terminate simply in the fiasco of a drunken sleep.

The last agent for suspending life referred to by Dr. Richardson is pure oxygen. But he has not yet obtained such information on the power of oxygen in this respect as he hopes to do.

Summing up the results of the various experiments made with narcotics and other agents for suspending life, Dr. Richardson remarks that much is already known in the world of science in respect to the suspension of animal life by artificial means: "cold as well as various chemical agents has this power, and it is worthy of note that cold, together with the agents named, is antiseptic, as though whatever suspended living action, suspended also by some necessary and correlative influence the process of putrefactive change." He points out that if the news from Brisbane were reliable, it would be clear that what had been done had been effected by the combination of one of the chemical agents above named, or of a similar agent, with cold. The only question which would remain as of moment is, not whether a new principle has been developed, but whether in matter of detail a new product has been discovered which, better than any of the agents we already possess, destroys and suspends animation. "In organic chemistry," he proceeds, "there are, I doubt not, hundreds of substances which, like mandragora and nitrite of amyl, would suspend the vital process, and it may be a new experimenter has met with such an agent. It is not incredible, indeed, that the Indian Fakirs possess a vegetable extract or essence which possesses the same power, and by means of which they perform their as yet unexplained feat of prolonged living burial." But he is careful to note the weak points of the Australian story—viz., first, the statement that the method used is a secret, "for men of true science

know no such word ;" secondly, that the experimenter has himself to go to America to procure more supplies of his agents ; and, thirdly, that he requires two agents, one of which is an antidote to the other. As respects this third point, he asks very pertinently how an antidote can be absorbed and enter into the circulation in a body practically dead.

It is, of course, now well known that the whole story was a hoax, and a mischievous one. Several Australian farmers travelled long distances to Sydney to make inquiries about a method which promised such important results, only to find that there was not a particle of truth in the story.

RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

JOHN STUART MILL'S PHILOSOPHY TESTED.

IV.—UTILITARIANISM.

IN some respects Mill's *Essays*, published under the title "Utilitarianism," are among his best writings. They have, in the first place, the excellence of brevity. Ninety-six pages, printed in handsome type, make but a light task for the student who wishes to enter into the intricacies of moral doctrine. Moreover, the last Essay consists of a digression concerning the nature and origin of the idea of Justice, and it occupies nearly one-third of the whole book. Thus Mill managed to compress his discussion of so important a subject as the foundations of Moral Right and Wrong into some sixty pleasant pages.

And pleasant pages they certainly are, for they are written in Mill's very best style. Now Mill, even when he is most prolix, when he is pursuing the intricacies of the most involved points of logic and philosophy, can seldom or never be charged with dullness and heaviness. His language is too easy, polished, and apparently lucid. In these *Essays* on Utilitarianism, he reaches his own highest standard of style. There is hardly any other book in the range of philosophy, so far as my reading has gone, which can be read with less effort. There is something enticing in the easy flow of sentences and ideas, and without apparent difficulty the reader finds himself agreeably borne into the midst of the most profound questions of ethical philosophy, questions which have been the battle-ground of the human intellect for two thousand five hundred years.

Partly to this excellence of style, partly to Mill's immense reputation, acquired by other works and in other ways, must we attribute the importance which has been generally attached to these ninety-six pages. Probably no other modern work of the same small typographical extent has been equally discussed, criticized, and admired, unless, indeed, it be the *Essay on Liberty* of the same author. The result is, that Mill has

been generally regarded as the latest and best expounder of the great Utilitarian Doctrine—that doctrine which is, by one and no doubt the preponderating school, regarded as the foundation of all moral and legislative progress. Many there are who think that, what Hume and Paley and Jeremy Bentham began, Mill has carried nearly to perfection in these agreeable Essays.

Nothing can be more plain, too, than that Mill himself believed he was dutifully expounding the doctrines of his father, of his father's friend, the great Bentham, and of the other unquestionable Utilitarians among whom he grew up. Mill seems to pride himself upon having been the first, not indeed to invent, but to bring into general acceptance the name of the school to which he supposed himself to belong. He says: * "The author of this essay has reason for believing himself to be the first person who brought the word utilitarian into use. He did not invent it, but adopted it from a passing expression in Mr. Galt's 'Annals of the Parish.' After using it as a designation for several years, he and others abandoned it from a growing dislike to anything resembling a badge or watchword of sectarian distinction. But as a name for one single opinion, not a set of opinions—to denote the recognition of utility as a standard, not any particular way of applying it—the term supplies a want in the language, and offers, in many cases, a convenient mode of avoiding tiresome circumlocution."

In the Autobiography (p. 79), Mill makes a statement to the same effect, saying—

"I did not invent the word, but found it in one of Galt's novels, the 'Annals of the Parish,' in which the Scotch clergyman, of whom the book is a supposed autobiography, is represented as warning his parishioners not to leave the Gospel and become utilitarians. With a boy's fondness for a name and a banner I seized on the word, and for some years called myself and others by it as a sectarian appellation; and it came to be occasionally used by some others holding the opinions it was intended to designate. As these opinions attracted more notice, the term was repeated by strangers and opponents, and got into rather common use just about the time when those who had originally assumed it, laid down that along with other sectarian characteristics."

It is pointed out, however, by Mr. Sidgwick in his article on Benthamism,† that Bentham himself suggested the name "Utilitarian," in a letter to Dumont, as far back as June, 1802.

Mill explicitly states that it was his purpose in these Essays on Utilitarianism to expound a previously received doctrine of utility. Towards the close of his first chapter, containing General Remarks, he says (p. 6): "On the present occasion, I shall, without further discussion of the other theories, attempt to contribute something towards the understanding and appreciation of the Utilitarian or Happiness theory, and towards such proof as it is susceptible of." He proceeds to explain that a preliminary condition of the rational acceptance or re-

* "Utilitarianism," fifth edition, p. 9, foot-note. Except where otherwise specified, the references throughout this article will be to the pages of the fifth edition of "Utilitarianism."
† *Fortnightly Review*, May, 1877, vol. xxi, p. 648.

jection of a doctrine is that its formula should be correctly understood. The very imperfect notion ordinarily formed of the Utilitarian formula was the chief obstacle which impeded its reception; the main work to be done, therefore, by a Utilitarian writer was to clear the doctrine from the grosser misconceptions. Thus the question would be greatly simplified, and a large proportion of its difficulties removed. His *Essays* purport throughout to be a defence and exposition of the Utilitarian doctrine.

But one characteristic of Mill's writings is that there is often a wide gulf between what he intends and what he achieves. There is even a want of security that what he is at any moment urging may not be the logical contrary of what he thinks he is urging. This happens to be palpably the case with the celebrated *Essays* before us. Mill explains and defends his favourite doctrine with so much affection and so much candour that he finally explains himself into the opposite doctrine. Yet with that simplicity which is a pleasing feature of his personal character, Mill continues to regard himself as a Utilitarian long after he has left the grounds of Paley and Bentham. Lines of logical distinction and questions of logical consistency are of little account to one who cannot distinguish between fact and feeling, between sense and sentiment. It is possible that no small part of the favour with which these *Essays* have always been received by the general public is due to the happy way in which Mill has combined the bitter and the sweet. The uncompromising rigidity of the Benthamist formulas is softened and toned down. An apparently scientific treatment is combined with so many noble sentiments and high aspirations, that almost any one except a logician may be disarmed.

But nothing can endure if it be not logical. These *Essays* may be very agreeable reading; they may make readers congratulate themselves on so easily becoming moral philosophers; but they cannot really advance moral science if they represent one thing as being another thing. I make it my business therefore in this article to show that Mill was intellectually unfitted to decide what was utilitarian and what was not. In removing the obstacles to the reception of his favourite doctrine he removed its landmarks too, and confused everything. It is true that I come rather late in the day to show this. Some scores, if not hundreds, of critics have shown the same fact more or less clearly. Eminent men of the most different schools and tones of thought—such as the Rev. Dr. Martineau, Mr. Sidgwick, Dr. Ward, Professor Birks, the late Professor Grote—have criticized and refuted Mill time after time.

Since commencing my analysis of Mill's Philosophy, I have been surprised to find, too, that some who were supposed to support Mill's school through thick and thin, have long since discovered the inconsistencies which I would now expose, at such wearisome length as if they were new discoveries. Such is the ground which my friend, Professor

Croom Robertson, takes in his quarterly review, *Mind*, which must be considered our best authority on philosophical questions. As to this matter of Utilitarianism, a very eminent author, formerly a friend of Mill himself, assures me that the subject is quite threshed out, and implies that there is no need for me to trouble the public any more about it. In fact, it would seem to be allowed within philosophical circles that Mill's works are often wrongheaded and unphilosophical. Yet these works are supposed to have done so much good that obloquy attaches to any one who would seek to diminish the respect paid to them by the public at large. Philosophers, and teachers of the last generation at least, have done their best to give Mill's groundless philosophy a hold upon all the schools and all the press, and yet we of this generation are to wait calmly until this influence dissolves of its own accord. We are to do nothing to lessen the natural respect paid to the memory of the dead, especially of the dead who have unquestionably laboured with single-minded purpose for what they considered the good of their fellow-creatures. But in nothing is it more true than in philosophy, that "the evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones." Words and false arguments cannot be recalled. Throw a stone into the surface of the still sea, and you are powerless to prevent the circle of disturbance from spreading more and more widely. True it is, that one disturbance may be overcome and apparently obliterated by other deeper disturbances; but Mill's works and opinions were disseminated by the immense former influence of the united band of Benthamist philosophers. He is criticized and discussed and repeated, in almost every philosophical work of the last thirty or forty years. He is taken throughout the world as the representative of British philosophy, and it is not sufficient for a few eminent thinkers in Oxford, or Cambridge, or London, or Edinburgh, or Aberdeen, to acknowledge in a tacit sort of way that this doctrine and that doctrine is wrong. Eventually, no doubt, the opinion of the Lecture Halls and Combination Rooms will guide the public opinion; but it may take a generation for tacit opinions to permeate society. We must have them distinctly and boldly expressed. It is especially to be remembered that the public press throughout the English-speaking countries is mostly conducted by men educated in the time when Mill's works were entirely predominant. These men are now for the most part cut off, by geographical or professional obstacles, from the direct influence of Oxford or Cambridge. The circle of disturbance has spread beyond the immediate reach of those centres of thought. To be brief, I do not believe that Mill's immense philosophical influence, founded as it is on confusion of thought, will readily collapse. I fear that it may remain as a permanent obstacle in the way of sound thinking. *Citius emergit veritas ex errore, quam ex confusione.* Had Mill simply erred as did Hobbes about elementary geometry, and Berkeley about infinitesimals, it would be necessary merely to point out the errors and consign them

to merciful oblivion. But it is not so easy to consign to oblivion ponderous works so full of confusion of thought that every inexperienced and unwarned reader is sure to lose his way in them, and to take for profound philosophy that which is really a kind of kaleidoscopic presentation of philosophic ideas and phrases, in a succession of various but usually inconsistent combinations. To the public at large, Mill's works still undoubtedly remain as the standard of accurate thinking, and the most esteemed repertory of philosophy. I cannot therefore consider my criticism superfluous, and at the risk of repeating much that has been said by the eminent critics already mentioned, or by others, I must show that Mill has thrown ethical philosophy into confusion as far as could well be done in ninety-six pages.

The nature of the Utilitarian doctrine is explained by Mill with sufficient accuracy in pp. 9 and 10, where he says—

"The creed which accepts as the foundation of morals, Utility, or the Greatest Happiness Principle, holds that actions are right in proportion as they tend to promote happiness, wrong as they tend to produce the reverse of happiness. By happiness is intended pleasure, and the absence of pain; by unhappiness, pain, and the privation of pleasure. To give a clear view of the moral standard set up by the theory, much more requires to be said; in particular, what things it includes in the ideas of pain and pleasure; and to what extent this is left an open question. But these supplementary explanations do not affect the theory of life on which this theory of morality is grounded—namely, that pleasure, and freedom from pain, are the only things desirable as ends; and that all desirable things (which are as numerous in the utilitarian as any other scheme) are desirable either for the pleasure inherent in themselves, or as means to the promotion of pleasure and the prevention of pain."

Mill proceeds to say that such a theory of life excites inveterate dislike in many minds, and among them some of the most estimable in feeling and purpose. To hold forth no better end than pleasure is felt to be utterly mean and grovelling—a doctrine worthy only of swine. Mill accordingly proceeds to inquire whether there is anything really grovelling in the doctrine—whether, on the contrary, we may not include under pleasure, feelings and motives which are in the highest degree noble and elevating. The whole inquiry turns upon this question—Do pleasures differ in quality as well as in quantity? Can a small amount of pleasure of very elevated character outweigh a large amount of pleasure of low quality? We should never think of estimating pictures by their size and number. The productions of West and Fuseli, which were the wonder and admiration of our grandparents, can now be bought by the square yard, to cover the bare walls of eating-houses and music-halls. *Sic transit gloria mundi*. But a choice sketch by Turner sometimes sells for many pounds per square inch. It is clear, then, that in the opinion of connoisseurs, which must, for our present purpose, be considered final, high art is almost wholly a matter of quality. Two great pictures by West may be nearly twice as valuable as one; and two equally choice sketches by Turner are twice as good as one; but it would seem

hardly possible in the present day for the disciple of "high art" to bring West and Turner into the same category of thought. I suppose that even Turner will presently begin to wane before "the higher criticism."

A corresponding difficulty lies at the very basis of the Utilitarian theory of ethics. The tippler may esteem two pints of beer doubly as much as one; the hero may feel double satisfaction in saving two lives instead of one; but who shall weigh the pleasure of a pint of beer against the pleasure of saving a fellow-creature's life.

Paley, indeed, cut the Gordian knot of this difficulty in a summary manner; he denied altogether that there is any difference between pleasures, except in continuance and intensity. It must have required some moral courage to write the paragraph to be next quoted; yet Paley, however much he may be said to have temporized and equivocated about oaths and subscription to Articles, cannot be accused of want of explicitness in this passage. There is a directness and clear-hitting of the point in Paley's writings which always charms me.

"In strictness, any condition may be denominated happy, in which the amount or aggregate of pleasure exceeds that of pain, and the degree of happiness depends upon the quantity of this excess. And the greatest quantity of it ordinarily attainable in human life, is what we mean by happiness, when we inquire or pronounce what human happiness consists in. In which inquiry I will omit much usual declamation on the dignity and capacity of our nature: the superiority of the soul to the body, of the rational to the animal part of our constitution: upon the worthiness, refinement, and delicacy of some satisfactions, or the meanness, grossness, and sensuality of others; because I hold that pleasures differ in nothing, but in continuance and intensity: from a just computation of which, confirmed by what we observe of the apparent cheerfulness, tranquillity, and contentment, of men of different tastes, tempers, stations, and pursuits, every question concerning human happiness must receive its decision."

Bentham, it need hardly be said, adopted the same idea as the basis of his ethical and legislative theories. In his uncompromising style he tells us that

"Nature has placed mankind under the governance of two sovereign masters, *pain and pleasure*. It is for them alone to point out what we ought to do, as well as to determine what we shall do. On the one hand the standard of right and wrong, on the other the chain of causes and effects, are fastened to their throne. They govern us in all we do, in all we say, in all we think: every effort we can make to throw off our subjection will serve but to demonstrate and confirm it. In words a man may pretend to abjure their empire: but in reality he will remain subject to it all the while. The *principle of utility* recognises this subjection, and assumes it for the foundation of that system, the object of which is to rear the fabric of felicity by the hands of reason and of law. Systems which attempt to question it, deal in sounds instead of sense, in caprice instead of reason, in darkness instead of light."

Elsewhere Bentham proceeds to show how we may estimate the *values* of pleasures and pains, meaning obviously by *values* the quantities or forces. As these feelings are both the ends and the instruments of the

* "The Principles of Moral and Political Philosophy," Book I. chap. vi. 2nd paragraph.

† "An Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation," p. 1.

moralist and legislator, it especially behoves us to learn how to estimate these values aright, and Bentham tells us most distinctly.^a

To a person, he says, considered *by himself*, the value of a pleasure or pain considered *by itself*, will be greater or less, according to the four following circumstances. 1. Its *intensity*. 2. Its *duration*. 3. Its *certainty or uncertainty*. 4. Its *proportion to its causes*. But when the value of any pleasure or pain is to be considered for the purpose of estimating the general tendency of the act, we have to take into account also, 5. The *fertility*, or the chance it has of being followed by sensations of the same kind, that is, pleasures, if it be a pleasure; pains, if it be a pain. 6. Its *purity*, or the chance it has of *not* being followed by sensations of the *opposite* kind, that is, pains, if it be a pleasure; pleasures, if it be a pain. Finally, when we consider the interests of a number of persons, we must also estimate a pleasure or pain with reference to, 7. Its *extent*; that is the number of persons to whom it extends, or who are affected by it.

Thus did Bentham clearly and explicitly lay the foundations of the moral and political sciences, and to impress these fundamental propositions on the memory he framed the following curious mnemonic lines, which may be quoted for the sake of their quaintness:—

"Intense, long, certain, speedy, fruitful, pure —
Such marks in pleasures and in pains endure.
Such pleasures seek, if private be thy end.
If it be public, wide let them extend.
Such pains avoid, whichever be thy view:
If pain a must come, let them extend to few."

In all that Bentham says about pleasure and pain, there is not a word about the intrinsic superiority of one pleasure to another. He advocates our seeking *pure* pleasures; but with him a pure pleasure was clearly defined as one not likely to be followed by feelings of the opposite kind; the pleasure of opium-eating, for instance, would be called impure, simply because it is likely to lead to bad health and consequent pain; if not so followed by evil consequences, the pleasure would be as pure as any other pleasure. With Bentham morality became, as it were, a question of the ledger and the balance-sheet; all feelings were reduced to the same denomination of value, and whenever we indulge in a little enjoyment, or endure a pain, the consequences in regard to subsequent enjoyment or suffering are to be inexorably scored for or against us, as the case may be. Our conduct must be judged wise or foolish according as, in the long-run, we find a favourable "hedonic" balance-sheet.

What Mill in his earlier life thought about these foundations of the utilitarian doctrine, and the elaborate structure reared therefrom by Bentham, he has told us in his *Autobiography*, pp. 64 to 70. Subsequently Mill revolted, as we all know, against the narrowness of the Benthamist creed. While wishing to retain the precision of expression, the definiteness of meaning, the contempt of declamatory phrases and vague generalities, which were so honourably characteristic both of

^a "Principles," &c. chap. iv. sect. 2-5. The statement is not a verbatim extract but an abridgment of the sections named.

[†] "Autobiography," p. 214

Bentham and of his own father. James Mill John Stuart decided to give a wider basis and a more free and "genial" character to the utilitarian speculations.

Let us consider how Mill proceeded to give this "genial" character to the utilitarian philosophy. It must be admitted, he says,* that utilitarian writers in general have placed the superiority of mental over bodily pleasures chiefly in the greater permanency, safety, unobtuseness, &c., of the former—that is, in their circumstantial advantages rather than in their intrinsic nature. As regards Bentham at least, Mill might have omitted the word *chiefly*. But according to Mill there is no need why they should have taken such a ground.

"They might have taken the other, and, as it may be said, higher ground, with entire consistency. It is quite compatible with the possibility of an origin previous to the fact, that some pleasures are intrinsically superior and more valuable than others. It would be strange that while, in estimation of other things, quality is considered as well as quantity, the estimation of pleasures should be supposed to depend on quantity alone."

Then Mill proceeds to point out, with all the persuasiveness of his best style, that there are higher feelings which we would not sacrifice for any quantity of a lower feeling. Few human creatures, he holds, would consent to be changed into any of the lower animals for a promise of the fullest allowance of a beast's pleasures; no intelligent human being would consent to be a fool, no instructed person would be an ignoramus, no person of feeling and conscience would be selfish and base, and so forth. Mill, in fact, treats us to a good deal of what Paley so cynically called the "usual declamation," on the dignity and capacity of our nature, and the worthiness of some satisfactions compared with the grossness and sensuality of others. It must be allowed that Mill has the best of it, at least with the majority of readers. Paley is simply brutal as to the way in which he depresses everything to the same level of apparent sensuality. Mill overflows with genial and noble aspirations; he hardly deigns to count the lower pleasures as worth putting in the scale: it is better, he thinks, to be a human being dissatisfied than a pig satisfied; better to be Socrates dissatisfied than a fool satisfied. If the pig or the fool is of a different opinion, it is because they only know their own side of the question. The other party to the comparison knows both sides. In the pages which follow there is much nobleness and elevation of thought. But where is the logic? We are nothing if we are not logical. But does Mill in the fervour of his revolt against the cold, narrow restraints of the Benthamist formulas, consider the consistency and stability of his position? Let us examine in some detail the position to which he has brought himself.

It is plain, in the first place, that pleasure is with Mill the ultimate purpose of existence: for the philosophy is that of utilitarianism, and Mill distinctly assures us *Autobiography*, p. 178, that he "never

* *Utilitarianism*, p. 1.

cease to be a utilitarian." We must, of course, distinguish between the pleasure of the individual and the pleasure of other individuals of the race, between Egoistic and Universalistic Hedonism, as Mr. Sidgwick calls these very different doctrines. But the happiness of the race is, of course, made up of the happiness of its units, so that unless most of the individuals pursue a course ensuring happiness, the race cannot be happy in the aggregate. Now, to acquire happiness the individual must, of course, select that line of conduct which is likely to—that is, will in the majority of cases—bring happiness. He must aim at something which is capable of being reached. Mill tells us (p. 18) that if by happiness he meant a continuity of highly pleasurable excitement, it is evident enough that this is impossible to attain.

"A state of exalted pleasure lasts only moments, or in some cases, and with some intermissions, hours or days, and is the occasional brilliant flash of enjoyment, not its permanent and steady flame. Of this the philosophers who have taught that happiness is the end of life were as fully aware as those who taunt them. The happiness which they meant was not a life of rapture; but moments of such, in an existence made up of few and transitory pains, many and various pleasures, with a decided predominance of the actual over the passive, and *having as the foundation of the whole, not to expect more from life than it is capable of bestowing.*" A life thus composed, to those who have been fortunate enough to obtain it, has always appeared worthy of the name of happiness.

Then Mill goes on to point out what he considers has been sufficient to satisfy great numbers of mankind (p. 19):

"The main constituents of a satisfied life appear to be two, either of which by itself is often found sufficient for the purpose; tranquillity, and excitement. With much tranquillity, many find that they can be content with very little pleasure; with much excitement, many can reconcile themselves to a considerable quantity of pain. There is assuredly no inherent impossibility in enabling even the mass of mankind to unite both."

From these passages we must gather that at any rate the mass of mankind will attain happiness if they are satisfied with these main constituents, and we are especially told that the foundation of the whole utilitarian philosophy (Mill does not specify the substantive to which the adjective *whole* applies in the above quotation, but it must from the context be either "utilitarian philosophy," "search for happiness," or some closely equivalent idea) is *not to expect from life more than it is capable of bestowing*.

The question, then, may fairly arise whether upon a fair calculation of probabilities they are not wise, upon Mill's own showing, who aim at moderate achievements in life, so that in accomplishing these they may insure a satisfied life. This seems the more reasonable, if, as Mill elsewhere tells us, the nobler feelings are very apt to be killed off by the chilly realities of life.

"Many," he says (p. 14), "who begin with youthful enthusiasm for everything noble, as they advance in years sink into indolence and selfishness. But I do not believe that those who undergo this very common change, voluntarily

choose the lower description of pleasure in preference to the higher, I believe that before they devote themselves exclusively to the one, they have already become incapable of the other. Capacity for the nobler feelings is in most natures a very tender plant, easily killed, not only by hostile influences, but by mere want of sustenance; and in the majority of young persons it speedily dies away if the occupations to which their position in life has devoted them, and the society into which it has thrown them, are not favourable to keeping that higher capacity in exercise. Men lose their high aspirations as they lose their intellectual tastes, because they have not time or opportunity for indulging them; and they addict themselves to inferior pleasures, not because they deliberately prefer them, but because they are either the only ones to which they have access, or the only ones which they are any longer capable of enjoying. It may be questioned whether any one who has remained equally susceptible to both classes of pleasure, over- knowingly and calmly preferred the lower; though many, in all ages, have broken down in an ineffectual attempt to combine both."

It would seem, then, that for the mass of mankind there is small prospect indeed of achieving happiness through high aspirations. They will not have time nor opportunity for indulging them. If they look for happiness solely to such aspirations they must be disappointed, and cannot have a satisfied life; if they attempt to combine the higher and lower lives, they are likely to "break down in the ineffectual attempt." Now, I submit that, under these circumstances, it is folly, according to Mill's scheme of morality, to aim high; it is equivalent to going into a life-lottery, in which there are no doubt high prizes to be gained, but few and far between. It is simply gambling with hedonic stakes; preferring a small chance of high enjoyment to comparative certainty of moderate pleasures. Mill clearly admits this when he says (p. 11), "It is indisputable that the being whose capacities of enjoyment are low has the greatest chance of having them fully satisfied; and a highly endowed being will always feel that any happiness which he can look for, as the world is constituted, is imperfect."

Although, then, "the foundation of the whole" is not to expect from life more than it is capable of bestowing, we are actually to prefer becoming highly endowed, although we cannot expect life to satisfy the corresponding aspirations. That is to say, although seeking for happiness, we are to prefer the course in which we are approximately certain of not obtaining it.

But Mill goes on to give some explanations. He says that the highly endowed being can learn to bear the imperfections of his happiness, "if they are at all bearable" (p. 14). This is small comfort if they happen to be *not at all bearable*, an alternative which is not further pursued by Mill. And will not this intolerable fate be most likely to befall those whose aspirations have been pitched most highly? But Mill goes on:

"They (that is, the imperfections of life or happiness) will not make him envy the being who is indeed unconscious of the imperfections, but only because he feels not at all the good which those imperfections qualify. It is better to be a human being dissatisfied, than a pig satisfied; better to be Socrates dissatisfied, than a fool satisfied. And if the fool, or the pig, is of a different opinion, it is

because they only know their own side of the question. The other party to the comparison knows both sides."

Concerning this position of affairs the most apposite remark I can make is contained in the somewhat trite and vulgar saying, "Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise." If Socrates is pretty sure to be dissatisfied, and yet, owing to his wisdom, cannot help wishing to be Socrates, he seems to have no chance of that individual happiness which depends on being satisfied, and not expecting from life more than it is capable of bestowing. The great majority of people who do not know what it is like to be Socrates, are surely to be congratulated that they can, without scruple or remorse, seek a prize of happiness which there is a fair prospect of securing. But Mill tells us that those who choose the lower life do so "because they only know their own side of the question. The other party to the comparison knows both sides." Then Mill introduces a paragraph, already partially quoted, in which he allows that men often do, *from infirmity of character*, make their selection for the nearer good, though they know it to be the less valuable. Many who begin with youthful enthusiasm for everything noble, sink in later years into indolence and selfishness. The capacity for the nobler feelings is easily killed, and men lose their high aspirations because they have not time and opportunity for indulging them. I submit that, *from Mill's point of view*, these are all valid reasons why they should *not* choose the higher life. We are considering here, not those who have always been devoid of the nobler feelings, but those who have in earlier life been full of enthusiasm and high aspirations. If such men, with few exceptions, decide eventually in favour of the lower life, they are parties who *do* know both sides of the comparison, and deliberately choose not to be Socrates, with the prospect of the very imperfect happiness (probably involving short rations) which is incident to the life of Socrates.

Mill, indeed, calmly assumes that the vote goes in his own and Socrates' favour. He says (p. 15):

"From this verdict of the only competent judges, I apprehend there can be no appeal. On a question which is the best worth having of two pleasures, or which of two modes of existence is the most grateful to the feelings, apart from its moral attributes and from its consequences, the judgment of those who are qualified by knowledge of both, or, if they differ, that of the majority among them, must be admitted as final. And there need be the less hesitation to accept this judgment respecting the quality of pleasures, since there is no other tribunal to be referred to, even on the question of quantity. What means are there of determining which is the acutest of two pains, or the intensest of two pleasurable sensations, except the general suffrage of those who are familiar with both?"

Now, were we dealing with a writer of average logical accuracy there would be considerable presumption that when he adduces evidence and claims a result in his own favour in this confident way, there would be some ground for the claim. But my scrutiny of Mill's "System of Logic" has taught me caution in admitting such presumptions in

respect of his writings, and here is a case in point. He claims that the suffrage of the majority is in favour of Socrates' life, although he has admitted that the vast majority of men somehow or other elect not to be Socrates. He assumes, indeed, that this is because their aspirations have been first killed off by unfavourable circumstances; his only residuum of fact is contained in this somewhat hesitating conclusion already quoted:—

"It may be questioned whether any one who has remained equally susceptible to both classes of pleasures, ever knowingly and calmly preferred the lower; though many, in all ages, have broken down in an ineffectual attempt to combine both."

Although, then, millions and millions are continually deciding against Socrates' life, for one reason or another (and many in all ages who make the ineffectual attempt at a combination break down), Mill gratuitously assumes that they are none of them competent witnesses, because they must have lost their higher feelings before they could have descended to the lower level; then the comparatively few who do choose the higher life and succeed in attaining it are adduced as giving a large majority, or even a unanimous vote in favour of their own choice. I submit that this is a fallacy probably to be best classed as a *petitio principii*; Mill entirely begs the question when he assumes that every witness against him is an incapacitated witness, because he must have lost his capacity for the nobler feelings before he could have decided in favour of the lower.

The verdict which Mill takes in favour of his high-quality pleasures is entirely that of a packed jury. It is on a par with the verdict which would be given by vegetarians in favour of a vegetable diet. No doubt, those who call themselves vegetarians would almost unanimously say that it is the best and highest diet; but then, all those who have tried such diet and found it impracticable have disappeared from the jury, together with all those whose common sense, or scientific knowledge, or weak state of health, or other circumstances, have prevented them from attempting the experiment. By the same method of decision, we might all be required to get up at five o'clock in the morning and do four hours of head-work before breakfast, because the few hard-headed and hard-bodied individuals who do this sort of thing are unanimously of opinion that it is a healthy and profitable way of beginning the day.

Of course, it will be understood that I am not denying the moral superiority of some pleasures and courses of life over others. I am only showing that Mill's attempt to reconcile his ideas on the subject with the Utilitarian theory hopelessly fails. The few pleasant pages in which he makes this attempt (*Utilitarianism*, pp. 8-28), form, in fact, a most notable piece of sophistical reasoning. Much of the interest of these undoubtedly interesting passages arises from the kaleidoscopic way in which the standing difficulties of ethical science are woven together, as if they were logically coherent in Mill's mode of presenta-

tion. The ideas involved are as old as Plato and Aristotle. The high aspirations correspond to τὸ καλὸν of Plato. The superior man who can judge both sides of the question is the βέλτιστος ἀνὴρ of Aristotle. The Utilitarian doctrine is that of Epicurus. Now, Mill managed to persuade himself that he could in twenty pages reconcile the controversies of ages.

Nor is it to be supposed that Bentham, in making his analysis of the conditions of pleasure, overlooked the difference of high and low; he did not overlook it at all—he analyzed it. A pleasure to be high must have the marks of intensity, length, certainty, fruitfulness, and purity, or of some of these at least; and when we take Altruism into account, the feelings must be of wide extent—that is, fruitful of pleasure and devoid of evil to great numbers of people. It is a higher pleasure to build a Free Library than to establish a new Race Course; not because there is a *Free-Library-building* emotion, which is essentially better than a *Race-Course-establishing* emotion, each being a simple unanalyzable feeling; but because we may, after the model of inquiry given by Bentham, resolve into its elements the effect of one action and the other upon the happiness of the community. Thus, we should find that Mill proposed to give “geniality” to the Utilitarian philosophy by throwing into confusion what it was the very merit of Bentham to have distinguished and arranged scientifically. We must hold to the dry old Jeremy, if we are to have any chance of progress in Ethics. Mill, at some “crisis in his mental history,” decided in favour of a genial instead of a logical and scientific Ethics, and the result is the mixture of sentiment and sophistry contained in the attractive pages under review.

In order to treat adequately of Mill's ethical doctrines it would no doubt be necessary to go on to other parts of the Essays, and to inquire how he treats other moral elements, such as the Social or Altruistic Feelings. The existence of such feelings is admitted on p. 46, and, indeed, insisted on as a basis of powerful natural sentiment, constituting the strength of the Utilitarian morality. But it would be an endless work to examine all phases of Mill's doctrines, and to show whether or not they are logically consistent *inter se*. They are really not worth the trouble. Just let us notice, however, how he treats the question whether moral feelings are innate or not. On this point Mill gives (p. 45) the following characteristic deliverance:—“If, as is my own belief, the moral feelings are not innate, but acquired, they are not for that reason the less natural. It is natural to man to speak, to reason, to build cities, to cultivate the ground, though these are acquired faculties. The moral feelings are not indeed a part of our nature, in the sense of being in any perceptible degree present in all of us; but this, unhappily, is a fact admitted by those who believe the most strenuously in their transcendental origin. Like the other acquired capacities above referred to, the moral faculty, if not a part of

our nature, is a natural outgrowth from it; capable, like them, in a certain small degree, of springing up spontaneously; and susceptible of being brought by cultivation to a high degree of development." If life were long enough, I should like, with the assistance of the "Methods of Ethics," to analyze the ideas involved in this passage. I can merely suggest the following questions:—If acquired capacities are equally natural with those not acquired, what is the use of introducing a distinction without a difference? If moral feelings can spring up spontaneously, even in the smallest degree, and then be developed by "natural outgrowths," how do any of our feelings differ from natural ones? What does Mill mean, at the top of the next page, by speaking of "moral associations which are wholly of artificial creation?" Are these also not the less natural because they are of artificial creation? If not, we should like to know how to draw the line between *acquired* and *artificial* capacities. How, again, are we to interpret the use of the word *natural*, on p. 50, where, speaking of the deeply-rooted conception which every individual even now has of himself as a social being, he says—

"This feeling in most individuals is much inferior in strength to their selfish feelings, and is often wanting altogether. But to those who have it, it possesses all the characters of a natural feeling. It does not present itself to their minds as a superstition of education," &c.

Here a natural feeling is contrasted to the product of education, although we were before told that acquired capacities, like speaking, building, cultivating, were none the less natural. But I must candidly confess that when Mill introduces the words *nature* and *natural*, I am completely baffled. I give it up. I can no longer find any logical marks to assist me in tracking out his course of thought. The word *nature* may be Mill's key to a profound philosophy; but I rather think it is the key to many of his fallacies.

I often amuse myself by trying to imagine what Bentham would have said of Benthamism expounded by Mill. Especially would it be interesting to hear Bentham on Mill's use of the word "natural." No passage in which Bentham analyzes the meaning of "nature," or "natural," occurs to me, but the following is his treatment of the word "unnatural," as employed in Ethics.—

"Unnatural, when it means anything, means infrequent: and there it means something; although nothing to the present purpose. But here it means no such thing: for the frequency of such acts is perhaps the great complaint. It therefore means nothing: nothing, I mean, which there is in the act itself. All it can serve to express is, the disposition of the person who is talking of it: the disposition he is in to be angry at the thoughts of it."^a

Would that the grand old man, as he still sits benignly pondering in his own proper bones and clothes, in the upper regions of a well-known institution, could be got to deliver himself in like style about feelings which are *not the less natural because they are acquired*.

^a "Principles of Morals and Legislation," ed. 1823 vol. i. p. 31

Before passing on, however, I must point out, in the extract from p. 45, the characteristic habit which Mill has of *minimizing* things which he is obliged to admit. Instead of denying straightforwardly that we have moral feelings, he says they are not present in all of us in any "perceptible degree." The moral faculty is capable of springing up spontaneously "in a certain small degree." This will remind every reader of the way in which, in his "Essays on Religion," instead of flatly adopting Atheism or Theism, which are clear logical negatives each of the other, he concludes that though God is almost proved not to exist, He may possibly exist, and we must "imagine" this chance to be as large as we can, though it belongs only "to one of the lower degrees of probability." Exactly the same manner of meeting a weighty question will be discovered again in his demonstration of the non-existence of necessary truths. I shall hope to examine carefully his treatment of this important part of philosophy on a future occasion. We shall then find, I believe, that his argument proves non-existence of such things as necessary truths, because those truths which cannot be explained on the association principle are very few indeed. I beg pardon for introducing an incongruous illustration, but Mill's manner of minimizing an all-important admission often irresistibly reminds me of the young woman who, being taxed with having borne a child, replied that it was only a very small one.

Such are the intricacies and wide extent of ethical questions, that it is not practicable to pursue the analysis of Mill's doctrine in at all a full manner. We cannot detect the fallacious reasoning with the same precision as in matters of geometric and logical science. This analysis is the less needful too, because, since Mill's *Essays* appeared, Moral Philosophy has undergone a revolution. I do not so much allude to the reform effected by Mr. Sidgwick's "Methods of Ethics," though that is a great one, introducing as it does a precision of thought and nomenclature which was previously wanting. I allude, of course, to the establishment of the Spencerian Theory of Morals, which has made a new era in philosophy.* Mill has been singularly unfortunate from this point of view. He might be defined as the last great philosophic writer conspicuous for his ignorance of the principles of evolution. He brought to confusion the philosophy of his master, Bentham; he ignored that which was partly to replace, partly to complete it.

I am aware that, in her Introductory Notice to the *Essays on Religion* (p. viii.), Miss Helen Taylor apologizes for Mill having omitted any references to the works of Mr. Darwin and Sir Henry Maine "in passages where there is coincidence of thought with those writers, or

* A very important article by Dr. E. L. Youmans upon Mr. Spencer's philosophy has just appeared in the *North American Review* for October, 1879. Dr. Youmans traces the history of the Evolution doctrine and proves the originality and independence of Mr. Spencer as regards the closely related views of Mr. Darwin, Mr. Wallace, and Professor Huxley. The eminent men in question are no doubt in perfect agreement; but Dr. Youmans seems to think that readers in general do not properly understand the singular originality and boldness of Mr. Spencer's vast and partially accomplished enterprise in philosophy.

where subjects are treated which they have since discussed in a manner to which the Author of these Essays would certainly have referred had their works been published before these were written."² Here it is implied that Mill anticipated the authors of the Evolution philosophy in some of their thoughts, and it is a most amiable and pardonable bias which leads Miss Taylor to find in the works of one so dear to her that which is not there. The fact is that the whole tone of Mill's moral and political writings is totally opposed to the teaching of Darwin and Spencer, Tylor and Maine. Mill's idea of human nature was that we came into the world like lumps of soft clay, to be shaped by the accidents of life, or the care of those who educate us. Austin insisted on the evidence which history and daily experience afford of "the extraordinary pliability of human nature," and Mill borrowed the phrase from him.[†] No phrase could better express the misapprehensions of human nature which, it is to be hoped, will cease for ever with the last generation of writers. Human nature is one of the last things which can be called "pliable." Granite rocks can be more easily moulded than the poor savages that hide among them. We are all of us full of deep springs of unconquerable character, which education may in some degree soften or develop, but can neither create nor destroy. The mind can be shaped about as much as the body; it may be starved into feebleness, or fed and exercised into vigour and fulness; but we start always with inherent hereditary powers of growth. The non-recognition of this fact is the great defect in the moral system of Bentham. The great Jeremy was accustomed to make short work with the things which he did not understand, and it is thus he disposes of "the pretended system" of a moral sense:‡

"One man says he has a thing made on purpose to tell him what is right and what is wrong, and that it is called a *moral sense*; and then he goes to his work at his ease, and says such a thing is right and such a thing is wrong—Why? because my moral sense tells me it is."

Bentham then bluntly ignored the validity of innate feelings, but this omission, though a great defect, did not much diminish the value of his analysis of the good and bad effects of actions. Mill discarded the admirable Benthamist analysis, but failed to introduce the true Evolutionist principles; thus he falls between the two. It is to Herbert Spencer we must look for a more truthful philosophy of morals than was possible before his time.

The publication of the first part of his *Principles of Morality*, under the title "*The Data of Ethics*," gives us, in a definite form, and in his form, what we could previously only infer from the general course of his philosophy and from his brief letter on Utilitarianism addressed to Mill. Although but fragments, these writings enable us to see that a

² Mr Morley does not seem to countenance any such claims. On the contrary, he remarks in his "*Critical Miscellanies*," p. 324, that Mill's Essays lose in interest by a dealing with the Darwinian hypothesis.

[†] "*Autobiography*," p. 187.

‡ "*Principles of Morals*," &c. p. 29.

definite step has been made in a matter debated since the dawn of intellect. The moral sense doctrine, so rudely treated by Bentham, is no longer incapable of reconciliation with the greatest happiness principle, only it now becomes a moving and developable moral sense. An absolute and unalterable moral standard was opposed to the palpable fact that customs and feelings differ widely, and Paley, on this ground, was induced to reject it. Now we perceive that we all have a moral sense; but the moral sense of one individual, and still more of one race, may differ from that of another individual or race. Each is more or less fitted to its circumstances, and the best is ascertained by *eventual success*.

At the tail end of an article it is, of course, impossible to discuss the grounds or results of the Spencerian philosophy. To me it presents itself, in its main features, as unquestionably true; indeed, it is already difficult to look back and imagine how philosophers could have denied of the human mind and actions what is so obviously true of the animal races generally. As a reaction from the old views about innate ideas, the philosophers of the eighteenth century wished to believe that the human mind was a kind of *tabula rasa*, or *carte blanche*, upon which education could impress any character. But if so, why not harness the lion, and teach the sheep to drive away the wolf? If the moral, not to speak of the physical characteristics of the lower animals, are so distinct, why should there not be moral and mental differences among ourselves, descending, as we obviously do, from different stocks with different physical characteristics? Notice what Mr. Darwin says on this point:—

"Mr. J. S. Mill speaks, in his celebrated work, 'Utilitarianism' (1861, p. 16), of the social feelings as a 'powerful natural sentiment,' and as 'the natural basis of sentiment for utilitarian morality;' but on the previous page he says, 'if, as is my own belief, the moral feelings are not innate, but acquired, they are not for that reason less natural.' It is with hesitation that I venture to differ from so profound a thinker, but it can hardly be disputed that the social feelings are instinctive or innate in the lower animals; and why should they not be so in man? Mr. Bain and others believe that the moral sense is acquired by each individual during his lifetime. On the general theory of evolution this is at least extremely improbable."^{*}

Many persons may be inclined to like the philosophy of Spencer no better than that of Mill. But, if the one be true and the other false, liking and disliking have no place in the matter. There may be many things which we cannot possibly like; but if they are, they are. It is possible that the Principles of Evolution, as expounded by Mr. Herbert Spencer, may seem as wanting in "geniality" as the formulas of Bentham. There is nothing genial, it must be confessed, about the mollusca and other cold-blooded organisms with which Mr. Spencer perpetually illustrates his principles. Heaven forbid that any one

* "The Descent of Man, and Selection in Relation to Sex," 1871, vol. i. p. 71. I cannot help thinking that Mr. Darwin felt the inconsistency and confusion of ideas in the passages quoted, although he does not so express himself. Otherwise, why does he quote from two pages?

should try to give geniality to Mr. Spencer's views of ethics by any operation comparable to that which Mill performed upon Benthamism.

Nevertheless, I fully believe that all which is sinister and ungenial in the Philosophy of Evolution is either the expression of unquestionable facts, or else it is the outcome of misinterpretation. It is impossible to see how Mr. Spencer, any more than other people, can explain away the existence of pain and evil. Nobody has done this; perhaps nobody ever shall do it; certainly systems of Theology will not do it. A true philosopher will not expect to solve everything. But if we admit the patent fact that pain exists, let us observe also the tendency which Spencer and Darwin establish towards its *minimization*. Evolution is a striving ever towards the better and the happier. There may be almost infinite powers against us, but at least there is a deep-laid scheme working towards goodness and happiness. So profound and wide-spread is this confederacy of the powers of good, that no failure and no series of failures can disconcert it. Let mankind be thrown back a hundred times, and a hundred times the better tendencies of evolution will re-assert themselves. Paley pointed out how many beautiful contrivances there are in the human form, tending to our benefit. Spencer has pointed out that the Universe is one deep-laid framework for the production of such beneficent contrivances. Paley called upon us to admire such exquisite inventions as a hand or an eye. Spencer calls upon us to admire a machine which is the most comprehensive of all machines, because it is ever engaged in inventing beneficial inventions *ad infinitum*. Such at least is my way of regarding his Philosophy.

Darwin, indeed, cautions us against supposing that natural selection always leads towards the production of higher and happier types of life. Retrogression may result as well as progression. But I apprehend that retrogression can only occur where the environment of a living species is altered to its detriment. Mankind degenerates when forced, like the Esquimaux, to inhabit the Arctic regions. Still in retrograding, in a sense, the being becomes more suited to its circumstances—more capable therefore of happiness. The inventing machine of Evolution would be working badly if it worked otherwise. But, however this may be, we must accept the philosophy if it be true, and, for my part, I do so without reluctance.

According to Mill, we are little self-dependent gods, fighting with a malignant and murderous power called Nature, sure, one would think, to be worsted in the struggle. According to Spencer, as I venture to interpret his theory, we are the latest manifestation of an all-prevailing tendency towards the good—the happy. Creation is not yet concluded, and there is no one of us who may not become conscious in his heart that he is no Automaton, no mere lump of Protoplasm, but the Creature of a Creator.

W. STANLEY JEVONS.

THE LORD'S PRAYER AND THE CHURCH.

LETTERS ADDRESSED BY JOHN RUSKIN, D.C.L.,
TO THE CLERGY.

THE following letters, which are still receiving the careful consideration of many of my brother clergy, are, at the suggestion of the Editor, now printed in the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*, with the object of eliciting a further and wider expression of opinion. In addition to the subjoined brief Introductory Address, I desire here to say that every reader of these remarkable letters should remember that they have proceeded from the pen of a very eminent layman, who has not had the advantage, or disadvantage, of any special theological training; but yet whose extensive studies in Art have not prevented him from fully recognizing, and boldly avowing, his belief that religion is everybody's business, and *his* not less than another's. The draught may be a bitter one for some of us; but it is a salutary medicine, and we ought not to shrink from swallowing it.

I shall be glad to receive such expressions of opinion as I may be favoured with from the thoughtful readers of the *CONTEMPORARY REVIEW*. Those comments or replies, along with the original letters, and an essay or commentary from myself as editor, will be published by Messrs. Strahan & Co., and appear early in the spring; the volume being closed by a reply, or Epilogue, from Mr. Ruskin himself.

F. A. MALLESON, M.A.

The Vicarage, Broughton-in-Furness.

INTRODUCTION.

The first reading of the Letters to the Furness Clerical Society was prefaced with the following remarks:—

A few words by way of introduction will be absolutely necessary before I proceed to read Mr. Ruskin's letters. They originated simply

in a proposal of mine, which met with so ready and willing a response, that it almost seemed like a simultaneous thought. They are addressed nominally to myself, as representing the body of clergy whose secretary I have the honour to be; they are, in fact, therefore addressed to this Society primarily. But in the course of the next month or two they will also be read to two other Clerical Societies,—the Ormskirk and the Brighton (junior),—who have acceded to my proposals with much kindness, and in the first case have invited me of their own accord. I have undertaken, to the best of my ability, to arrange and set down the various expressions of opinion, which will be freely uttered. In so limited a time, many who may have much to say that would be really valuable will find no time to-day to deliver it. Of these brethren, I beg that they will do me the favour to express their views at their leisure, in writing. The original letters, the discussions, the letters which may be suggested, and a few comments of the Editor's, will be published in a volume which will appear, I trust, in the beginning of the next year.

I will now, if you please, undertake the somewhat dangerous responsibility of avowing my own impressions of the letters I am about to read to you. I own that I believe I see in these papers the development of a principle of the deepest interest and importance,—namely, the application of the highest and loftiest standard in the interpretation of the Gospel message *to ourselves as clergymen*, and *from ourselves to our congregations*. We have plenty elsewhere of doctrine and dogma, and undefinable shades of theological opinion. Let us turn at last to practical questions presented for our consideration by an eminent layman whose field of work lies quite as much in religion and ethics, as it does, reaching to so splendid an eminence, in Art. A man is wanted to show to both clergy and laity something of the full force and meaning of Gospel teaching. Many there are, and I am of this number, whose cry is "*Exoriare aliquis!*"

I ask you, if possible, to do in an hour what I have been for the last two months trying to do, to divest myself of old forms of thought, to cast off self-indulgent views of our duty as ministers of religion, to lift ourselves out of those grooves in which we are apt to run so smoothly and so complacently, persuading ourselves that all is well just as it is, and to endeavour to strike into a sterner, harder path, beset with difficulties, but still the path of duty. These papers will demand a close, a patient, and in some places, a few will think, an indulgent consideration; but as a whole, the standard taken in, as I firmly believe, speaking only for myself, lofty and Christian, to the extent of an almost ideal perfection. If we do go forward straight in the direction which Mr. Ruskin points out, I know we shall come, sooner or later, to a chasm right across our path. Some of us, I hope, will undauntedly cross it. Let each judge for himself, *εἴ τι λυτὸν κρίσιν πέποιω.*

LETTERS.

I.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,
LANCASHIRE, 24th June, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I could not at once answer your important letter: for, though I felt at once the impossibility of my venturing to address such an audience as you proposed, I am unwilling to fail in answering to any call relating to matters respecting which my feelings have been long in earnest, if in any wise it may be possible for me to be of service therein. My health—or want of it—now utterly forbids my engagement in any duty involving excitement or acute intellectual effort; but I think, before the first Tuesday in August, I might be able to write one or two letters to yourself, referring to, and more or less completing, some passages already printed in *Pore* and elsewhere, which might, on your reading any portions you thought available, become matter of discussion during the meeting at some leisure time, after its own main purposes had been answered.

At all events, I will think over what I should like, and be able, to represent to such a meeting, and only beg you not to think me insensible of the honour done me by your wish, and of the gravity of the trust reposed in me.

Ever most faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

THE REV. F. A. MALLESON.

II.

BRANTWOOD, CONISTON,
23rd June, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—Walking, and talking, are now alike impossible to me;* my strength is gone for both; nor do I believe talking on such matters to be of the least use except to promote, between sensible people, kindly feeling and knowledge of each other's personal characters. I have every trust in your kindness and truth; nor do I fear being myself misunderstood by you; what I may be able to put into written form, so as to admit of being laid before your friends in council, must be set down without any question of personal feeling—as simply as a mathematical question or demonstration.

The first exact question which it seems to me such an assembly may be earnestly called upon by laymen to solve, is surely axiomatic: the definition of themselves as a body, and of their business as such.

Namely: as clergymen of the Church of England, do they consider themselves to be so called merely as the attached servants of a particular state? Do they, in their quality of guides, hold a position similar to that of the guides of Chamouni or Grindelwald, who, being a numbered body of examined and trustworthy persons belonging to those several villages, have nevertheless no Chamounist or Grindelwaldist

* In answer to the proposal of discussing the subject during a mountain walk.

opinions on the subject of Alpine geography or glacier walking: but are prepared to put into practice a common and universal science of Locality and Athletics, founded on sure survey and successful practice? Are the clergymen of the Ecclesia of England thus simply the attached and salaried guides of England and the English, in the way, known of all good men, that leadeth unto life?—or are they, on the contrary, a body of men holding, or in any legal manner required, or compelled to hold, opinions on the subject—say, of the height of the Celestial Mountains, the crevasses which go down quickest to the pit, and other cognate points of science—differing from, or even contrary to, the tenets of the guides of the Church of France, the Church of Italy, and other Christian countries?

Is not this the first of all questions which a Clerical Council has to answer in open terms?

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

III.

BRANTWOOD, 6th July.

My first letter contained a Layman's plea for a clear answer to the question, "What is a clergyman of the Church of England?" Supposing the answer to this first to be, that the clergy of the Church of England are teachers, not of the Gospel to England, but of the Gospel to all nations; and not of the Gospel of Luther, nor of the Gospel of Augustine, but of the Gospel of Christ,—then the Layman's second question would be:

Can this Gospel of Christ be put into such plain words and short terms as that a plain man may understand it?—and, if so, would it not be, in a quite primal sense, desirable that it should be so, rather than left to be gathered out of Thirty-nine Articles, written by no means in clear English, and referring, for further explanation of exactly the most important point in the whole tenour of their teaching,* to a "Homily of Justification,"† which is not generally in the possession, or even probably within the comprehension, of simple persons?

Ever faithfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

IV.

BRANTWOOD, 8th July.

I am so very glad that you approve of the letter plan, as it enables me to build up what I would fain try to say, of little stones, without litting too much for my strength at once; and the sense of addressing a friend who understands me and sympathizes with me prevents my being brought to a stand by continual need for apology, or fear of giving offence.

But yet I do not quite see why you should feel my asking for a

* Art. xi.

† Homily xi. of the Second Table.

simple and comprehensible statement of the Christian Gospel at starting. Are you not bid to go into *all* the world and preach it to every creature? (I should myself think the clergyman most likely to do good who accepted the *πάσιν τῇ κτίσει* so literally as at least to sympathize with St. Francis' sermon to the birds, and to feel that feeding either sheep or fowls, or unminuzzling the ox, or keeping the wrens alive in the snow, would be received by their Heavenly Feeder as the perfect fulfilment of His "Feed my sheep" in the higher sense.)

That's all a parenthesis; for although I should think that your good company would all agree that kindness to animals was a kind of preaching to them, and that hunting and vivisection were a kind of blasphemy to them, I want only to put the sterner question before your council, *how* this Gospel is to be preached either "*πανταχῶς*" or to "*πάντα τὰ ἔθνη*," if first its preachers have not determined quite clearly what it is? And might not such definition, acceptable to the entire body of the Church of Christ, be arrived at by merely explaining, in their completeness and life, the terms of the Lord's Prayer—the first words taught to children all over the Christian world?

I will try to explain what I mean of its several articles, in following letters; and in answer to the question with which you close your last, I can only say that you are at perfect liberty to use any, or all, or any parts of them, as you think good. Usually, when I am asked if letters of mine may be printed, I say: "Assuredly, provided only that you print them entire." But in your hands, I withdraw even this condition, and trust gladly to your judgment, remaining always

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

THE REV. F. A. MALLESON.

v.

BRANTWOOD, 10th July.

My meaning, in saying that the Lord's Prayer might be made a foundation of Gospel-teaching, was not that it contained all that Christian ministers have to teach; but that it contains what all Christians are agreed upon as first to be taught; and that no good parish-working pastor in any district of the world but would be glad to take his part in making it clear and living to his congregation.

And the first clause of it, of course rightly explained, gives us the ground of what is surely a mighty part of the Gospel—its "first and great commandment," namely, that we have a Father whom we can love, and are required to love, and to desire to be with Him in Heaven, whosoever that may be.

And to declare that we have such a loving Father, whose mercy is over *all* His works, and whose will and law is so lovely and lovable that it is sweeter than honey, and more precious than gold, to those who can "taste" and "see" that the Lord is Good—this, surely, is a most pleasant and glorious good message and *spell* to bring to men—as distinguished

from the evil message and accursed spell that Satan has brought to the nations of the world instead of it, that they have no Father, but only "a consuming fire" ready to devour them, unless they are delivered from its raging flame by some scheme of pardon for all, for which they are to be thankful, not to the Father, but to the Son.

Supposing this first article of the true Gospel agreed to, how would the blessing that closes the epistles of that Gospel become intelligible and living, instead of dark and dead: "The grace of Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost,"—the most *tender* word being that used of the Father?

VI.

BRANTWOOD, 12th July, 1872.

I wonder how many, even of those who honestly and attentively join in our Church services, attach any distinct idea to the second clause of the Lord's Prayer, the *first petition* of it, the first thing that they are ordered by Christ to seek of their Father?

Am I unjust in thinking that most of them have little more notion on the matter than that God has forbidden "bad language," and wishes them to pray that everybody may be respectful to Him?

Is it any otherwise with the Third Commandment? Do not most look on it merely in the light of the Statute of Swearing? and read the words "will not hold him guiltless" merely as a passionless intimation that however carelessly a man may let out a round oath, there really is something wrong in it?

On the other hand, can anything be more tremendous than the words themselves—double-negated:

"οὐ γὰρ μὴ καθαρίσῃ . . . κύριος"?

For *other* sins there is washing;—for this, none! the seventh verse, Ex. xx., in the Septuagint, marking the real power rather than the English, which (I suppose) is literal to the Hebrew.

To my layman's mind, of practical needs in the present state of the Church, nothing is so immediate as that of explaining to the congregation the meaning of being gathered in His name, and having Him in the midst of them; as, on the other hand, of being gathered in blasphemy of His name, and having the devil in the midst of them—presiding over the prayers which have become an abomination.

For the entire body of the texts in the Gospel against hypocrisy are one and all nothing but the expansion of the threatening that closes the Third Commandment. For as "the name whereby He shall be called is the Lord our Righteousness,"—so the taking that name in vain is the sum of "the deceivableness of unrighteousness in them that perish."

Without dwelling on the possibility—which I do not myself, however, for a moment doubt—of an honest clergyman's being able actually to prevent the entrance among his congregation of persons leading openly

wicked lives, could any subject be more vital to the purposes of your meetings than the difference between the present and the probable state of the Christian Church which would result, were it more the effort of zealous parish priests, instead of getting wicked *poor* people to *come* to church, to get wicked rich ones to stay out of it? —

Lest, in any discussion of such question, it might be, as it too often is, alleged that "the Lord looketh upon the heart," &c., let me be permitted to say—with as much positiveness as may express my deepest conviction—that, while indeed it is the Lord's business to look upon the heart, it is the pastor's to look upon the hands and the lips; and that the foulest oaths of the thief and the street-walker are, in the ears of God, sinless as the hawk's cry, or the goat's murmur, compared to the responses, in the Church service, on the lips of the usurer and the adulterer, who have destroyed, not their own souls only, but those of the outcast ones whom they have made their victims.

It is for the meeting of clergymen themselves—not for a layman addressing them—to ask further, how much the name of God may be taken in vain, and profaned instead of hallowed—in the pulpit, as well as under it.

Ever affectionately yours,
J. RUSKIN.

VII.

BRANTWOOD, 14th July, 1679.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—Sincere thanks for both your letters and the proofs sent. Your comment and conducting link, when needed, will be of the greatest help and value, I am well assured, suggesting what you know will be the probable feeling of your hearers, and the point that will come into question.

Yes, certainly, that "His" in the fourth line* was meant to imply that eternal presence of Christ; as in another passage,† referring to the Creation, "when His right hand strewed the snow on Lebanon, and

* "Modern Painters."

† Referring to the closing sentence of the third paragraph of the fifth letter, which seemed to express what I felt could not be Mr. Ruskin's full meaning, I pointed out to him the following sentence in "Modern Painters"—

"When, in the desert, Jesus was girding Himself for the work of life, angels of life came and ministered unto Him; now, in the fair world, when He is girding Himself for the work of death, the ministrants come to Him from the grave, but from the grave conquered. One from the tomb under Abatim, which His own hand had sealed long ago, the other from the rest which He had entered without seeing corruption."

On this I made a remark somewhat to the following effect: that I felt sure Mr. Ruskin regarded the living work of the Father and of the Son to be equal in the forgiveness of sins and redemption of mankind; that what is done by the Father is in reality done also by the Son; and that it is by mere accommodation to him in intimacy of understanding that the doctrine of the Trinity is revealed to us in language, inadequate indeed to convey divine truths, but still the only language possible, and I asked whether some such feeling was not present in his mind when he used the pronoun "His," in the above passage from "Modern Painters" of the Son, where it would be usually understood of the Father; and as a corollary, whether, in the letter, he does not himself fully recognize the fact of the redemption of the world by the living self-sacrifice of the Son in entire concurrence with the equally loving will of the Father. This, as well as I can recollect, is the origin of the passage in the second paragraph in the seventh letter. *Editor of Letters.*

smoothed the slopes of Calvary," but in so far as we dwell on that truth, "Hast thou seen *Me*, Philip, and not the Father?" we are not teaching the people what is specially the Gospel of *Christ* as having a distinct function—namely, to *serve* the Father, and do the Father's will. And in all His human relations to us, and commands to us, it is as the Son of Man, not as the "power of God and wisdom of God," that He acts and speaks. Not as the Power; for *He* must pray, like one of us. Not as the Wisdom; for He must not know "if it be possible" His prayer should be heard.

And in what I want to say of the third clause of His prayer (*His*, not merely as His ordering, but His using), it is especially this comparison between *His* kingdom, and His Father's, that I want to see the disciples guarded against. I believe very few, even of the most earnest, using that petition, realize that it is the Father's—not the Son's—kingdom, that they pray may come,—although the whole prayer is foundational on that fact: "*For Thine* is the kingdom, the power, and the glory." And I fancy that the mind of the most faithful Christians is quite led away from its proper hope, by dwelling on the reign—or the coming again—of Christ; which, indeed, they are to look for, and *watch* for, but not to pray for. Their prayer is to be for the greater kingdom to which He, risen and having all His enemies under His feet, is to surrender *His*, "that God may be All in All."

And, though the greatest, it is that everlasting kingdom which the poorest of us can advance. We cannot hasten Christ's coming. "Of the day and the hour, knoweth none." But the kingdom of God is as a grain of mustard-seed:—we can sow of it; it is as a foam-globe of heaven:—we can mingle it; and its glory and its joy are that even the birds of the air can lodge in the branches thereof.

Forgive me for getting back to my sparrows; but truly, in the present state of England, the fowls of the air are the only creatures, tormented and murdered as they are, that yet have here and there nests, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. And it would be well if many of us, in reading that text, "The kingdom of God is not meat and drink," had even got so far as to the understanding that it was at least *as much*, and that until we had fed the hungry, there was no power in us to inspire the unhappy.

Ever affectionately yours,

J. RUSKIN.

I will write my feeling about the pieces of the Life of Christ you have sent me, in a private letter. I may say at once that I am sure it will do much good, and will be upright and intelligible, which how few religious writings are!

VIII.

BRANTWOOD, 9th August, 1879

I was reading the second chapter of Malachi this morning by chance.

and wondering how many clergymen ever read it, and took to heart the "commandment for *them*."

For they are always ready enough to call themselves priests (though they know themselves to be nothing of the sort) whenever there is any dignity to be got out of the title; but, whenever there is any good, hot scolding or unpleasant advice given them by the prophets, in that self-assumed character of theirs, they are as ready to quit it as ever Dionysus his lion-skin, when he finds the character of Herakles inconvenient.

"Ye have wearied the Lord with your words," (yes, and some of His people, too, in your time): "yet ye say, Wherein have we wearied Him? When ye say, Every one that doeth evil is good in the sight of the Lord, and He delighteth in them; or, Where is the God of judgment?"

How many, again and again I wonder, of the lively young ecclesiastics supplied to the increasing demand of our west-ends of flourishing Cities of the Plain, ever consider what sort of sin it is for which God (unless they lay it to heart) will "curse their blessings, and spread dung upon their faces," or have understood, even in the dimmest manner, what part *they* had taken, and were taking, in "corrupting the covenant of the Lord with Levi, and causing many to stumble at the Law.

Perhaps the most subtle and unconscious way in which the religious teachers upon whom the ends of the world are come, have done this, is in never telling their people the meaning of the clause in the Lord's Prayer, which, of all others, their most earnest hearers have oftenest on their lips: "Thy will be done." They allow their people to use it as if their Father's will were always to kill their babies, or do something unpleasant to them, instead of explaining to them that the first and intensest article of their Father's will was their own sanctification, and following comfort and wealth; and that the one only path to national prosperity and to domestic peace was to understand what the will of the Lord was, and to do all they could to get it done. Whereas one would think, by the tone of the eagerest preachers nowadays, that they held their blessed office to be that, not of showing men how to do their Father's will on earth, but how to get to heaven without doing any of it either here or there!

I say, especially, the most eager preachers; for nearly the whole Missionary body (with the hottest Evangelistic sect of the English Church) is at this moment composed of men who think the Gospel they are to carry to mend the world with, forsooth, is that, "If any man sin, he hath an Advocate with the Father;" while I have never yet, in my own experience, met either with a Missionary or a Town Bishop who so much as professed himself "to understand what the will of the Lord" was, far less to teach anybody else to do it; and for fifty preachers, yes, and fifty hundreds whom I have heard proclaiming the Mediator of the New Testament, that "they which were called might receive the

promise of eternal inheritance," I have never yet heard so much as one heartily proclaiming against all those "deceivers with vain words" (Eph. v. 6), that "no covetous person which is an idolator hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ, or of God;" and on myself personally and publicly challenging the Bishops of England generally, and by name the Bishop of Manchester, to say whether usury was, or was not, according to the will of God, I have received no answer from any one of them.*

13th August.

I have allowed myself, in the beginning of this letter, to dwell on the equivocal use of the word "Priest" in the English Church (see Christopher Harvey, Grosart's edition, p. 38), because the assumption of the mediatorial, in defect of the pastoral, office by the clergy fulfils itself, naturally and always, in their pretending to absolve the sinner from his punishment, instead of purging him from his sin; and practically, in their general patronage and encouragement of all the iniquity of the world, by steadily preaching away the penalties of it. So that the great cities of the earth, which ought to be the places set on its hills, with the Temple of the Lord in the midst of them, to which the tribes should go up,—centres to the Kingdoms and Provinces of Honour, Virtue, and the Knowledge of the law of God,—have become, instead, loathsome centres of fornication and covetousness—the smoke of their sin going up into the face of Heaven like the furnace of Sodom, and the pollution of it rotting and raging through the bones and the souls of the peasant people round them, as if they were each a volcano whose ashes broke out in blains upon man and upon beast.

And in the midst of them, their freshly-set-up steeples ring the crowd to a weekly prayer that the rest of their lives may be pure and holy, while they have not the slightest intention of purifying, sanctifying, or changing their lives in any the smallest particular; and their clergy gather, each into himself, the curious dual power, and Janus-faced majesty in mischief, of the prophet that prophesies falsely, and the priest that bears rule by his means.

And the people love to have it so.

BRANTWOOD, 12th August.

I am very glad of your little note from Brighton. I thought it needless to send the two letters there, which you will find at home; and they pretty nearly end all I want to say; for the remaining clauses of the prayer touch on things too high for me. But I will send you one concluding letter about them.

IX.

BRANTWOOD, 19th August.

I retained the foregoing letter by me till now, lest you should think

* *Fora Clavigera*, Letter lxxxii., p. 323.

it written in any haste or petulance: but it is every word of it deliberate, though expressing the bitterness of twenty years of vain sorrow and pleading concerning these things. Nor am I able to write, otherwise, anything of the next following clause of the prayer;—for no words could be burning enough to tell the evils which have come on the world from men's using it thoughtlessly and blasphemously, praying God to give them what they are deliberately resolved to steal. For all true Christianity is known—as its Master was—in breaking of bread, and all false Christianity in stealing it.

> Let the clergyman only apply—with impartial and level sweep—to his congregation, the great pastoral order: "The man that will not work, neither should he eat:" and be resolute in requiring each member of his flock to tell him *what*—day by day—they do to earn their dinners;—and he will find an entirely new view of life and its sacraments open upon him and them.

For the man who is not—day by day—doing work which will earn his dinner, must be stealing his dinner; and the actual fact is that the great mass of men, calling themselves Christians, do actually live by robbing the poor of their bread, and by no other trade whatsoever: and the simple examination of the mode of the produce and consumption of European food—who digs for it, and who eats it—will prove that to any honest human soul.

Nor is it possible for any Christian Church to exist but in pollutions and hypocrisies beyond all words, until the virtues of a life moderate in its self-indulgence, and wide in its offices of temporal ministry to the poor, are insisted on as the normal conditions in which, only, the prayer to God for the harvest of the earth is other than blasphemy.

In the second place. Since in the parable in Luke, the bread asked for is shown to be also, and chiefly, the Holy Spirit (Luke xi. 13), and the prayer, "Give us each day our daily bread," is, in its fulness, the disciples', "Lord, evermore give us *this* bread,"—the clergyman's question to his whole flock, primarily literal: "Children, have ye here any meat?" must ultimately be always the greater spiritual one: "Children, have ye here any Holy Spirit?" or, "Have ye not heard yet whether there *be* any? and, instead of a Holy Ghost the Lord and Giver of Life, do you only believe in an unholy mammon, Lord and Giver of Death?"

The opposition between the two Lords has been, and will be as long as the world lasts, absolute, irreconcilable, mortal; and the clergyman's first message to his people of this day is—if he be faithful—"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

Ever faithfully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

x.

BRANTWOOD, 3rd September.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—I have been very long before trying to say so

much as a word about the sixth clause of the Pater; for whenever I began thinking of it, I was stopped by the sorrowful sense of the hopeless task you poor clergymen had, nowadays, in recommending and teaching people to love their enemies, when their whole energies were already devoted to swindling their friends.

But, in any days, past or now, the clause is one of such difficulty, that, to understand it, means almost to know the love of God which passeth knowledge.

But, at all events, it is surely the pastor's duty to prevent his flock from *misunderstanding* it; and above all things to keep them from supposing that God's forgiveness is to be had simply for the asking, by those who "wilfully sin after they have received the knowledge of the truth."

There is one very simple lesson also, needed especially by people in circumstances of happy life, which I have never heard fully enforced from the pulpit, and which is usually the more lost sight of, because the fine and inaccurate word "trespasses" is so often used instead of the simple and accurate one "debts." Among people well educated and happily circumstanced it may easily chauce that long periods of their lives pass without any such conscious sin as could, on any discovery or memory of it, make them cry out, in truth and in pain,—*"I have sinned against the Lord."* But scarcely an hour of their happy days can pass over them without leaving—were their hearts open—some evidence written there that they have "left undone the things that they ought to have done," and giving them bitterer and heavier cause to cry, and cry again—for ever, in the pure words of their Master's prayer, *"Dimitte nobis debita nostra."*

In connection with the more accurate translation of "debts" rather than "trespasses," it would surely be well to keep constantly in the mind of complacent and inoffensive congregations that in Christ's own prophecy of the manner of the last judgment, the condemnation is pronounced only on the sins of omission: *"I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat."*

But, whatever the manner of sin, by offence or defect, which the preacher fears in his people, surely he has of late been wholly remiss in compelling their definite recognition of it, in its several and personal particulars. Nothing in the various inconsistency of human nature is more grotesque than its willingness to be taxed with any quantity of sins in the gross, and its resentment at the insinuation of having committed the smallest parcel of them in detail. And the English Liturgy, evidently drawn up with the amiable intention of making religion as pleasant as possible, to a people desirous of saving their souls with no great degree of personal inconvenience, is perhaps in no point more unwholesomely lenient than in its concession to the popular conviction that we may obtain the present advantage, and escape the future punishment, of any sort of iniquity, by dexterously concealing the manner of it from man, and triumphantly confessing the quantity of it to God. /

Finally, whatever the advantages and decencies of a form of prayer, and how wide soever the scope given to its collected passages, it cannot be at one and the same time fitted for the use of a body of well-taught and experienced Christians, such as should join the services of a Church nineteen centuries old,—and adapted to the needs of the timid sinner who has that day first entered its porch, or of the remorseful publican who has only recently become sensible of his call to a pew.

And surely our clergy need not be surprised at the daily increasing distrust in the public mind of the efficacy of Prayer, after having so long insisted on their offering supplication, *at least* every Sunday morning at eleven o'clock, that the rest of their lives hereafter might be pure and holy, leaving them conscious all the while that they would be similarly required to inform the Lord next week, at the same hour, that "there was no health in them!"

Among the much rebuked follies and abuses of so-called "Ritualism," none that I have heard of are indeed so dangerously and darkly "Ritual" as this piece of authorized mockery of the most solemn act of human life, and only entrance of eternal life—Repentance.

Believe me, dear Mr. Malleson,

Ever faithfully and respectfully yours,

J. RUSKIN.

XI.

BRANTWOOD, 14th September, 1879.

DEAR MR. MALLESON,—The gentle words in your last letter referring to the difference between yourself and me in the degree of hope with which you could regard what could not but appear to the general mind Utopian in design for the action of the Christian Church, surely might best be answered by appeal to the consistent tone of the prayer we have been examining.

Is not every one of its petitions for a perfect state? and is not this last clause of it, of which we are to think to-day—if fully understood—a petition not only for the restoration of Paradise, but of Paradise in which there shall be no deadly fruit, or, at least, no tempter to praise it? And may we not admit that it is probably only for want of the earnest use of this last petition that not only the preceding ones have become formal with us, but that the private and simply restricted prayer for the little things we each severally desire, has become by some Christians dreaded and unused, and by others used faithlessly, and therefore with disappointment?

And is it not for want of this special directness and simplicity of petition, and of the sense of its acceptance, that the whole nature of prayer has been doubted in our hearts, and disgraced by our lips; that we are afraid to ask God's blessing on the earth, when the scientific people tell us He has made previous arrangements to curse it; and that, instead of obeying, without fear or debate, the plain order, "Ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full," we sorrowfully sink

back into the apology for prayer, that "it is a wholesome exercise, even when fruitless," and that we ought piously always to suppose that the text really means no more than "Ask, and ye shall *not* receive, that your joy may be *empty*?"

Supposing we were first all of us quite sure that we *had* prayed, honestly, the prayer against temptation, and that we would thankfully be refused anything we had set our hearts upon, if indeed God saw that it would lead us into evil, might we not have confidence afterwards that He in whose hand the King's heart is, as the rivers of water, would turn our tiny little hearts also in the way that they should go, and that *then* the special prayer for the joys He taught them to seek would be answered to the last syllable, and to overflowing?

It is surely scarcely necessary to say, farther, what the holy teachers of all nations have invariably concurred in showing,—that faithful prayer implies always correlative exertion; and that no man can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation, unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it. But, in modern days, the first aim of all Christian parents is to place their children in circumstances where the temptations (which they are apt to call "opportunities") may be as great and as many as possible; where the sight and promise of "all these things" in Satan's gift may be brilliantly near; and where the act of "falling down to worship me" may be partly concealed by the shelter, and partly excused, as involuntary, by the pressure, of the concurrent crowd.

In what respect the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of *them*, differ from the Kingdom, the Power, and the Glory, which are God's for ever, is seldom, as far as I have heard, intelligibly explained from the pulpit; and still less the irreconcilable hostility between the two royalties and realms asserted in its sternness of decision.

Whether it be, indeed, Utopian to believe that the kingdom we are taught to pray for *may* come—verily come—for the asking, it is surely not for man to judge; but it is at least at his choice to resolve that he will no longer render obedience, nor ascribe glory and power, to the Devil. If he cannot find strength in himself to advance towards Heaven, he may at least say to the power of Hell, "Get thee behind me;" and staying himself on the testimony of Him who saith, "Surely I come quickly," ratify his happy prayer with the faithful "Amen, even so, come, Lord Jesus."

Ever, my dear friend,

Believe me affectionately and gratefully yours,
J. RUSKIN.

INDIA UNDER LORD LYTTON.

LORD LYTTON is fond of public speaking, and his more solemn speeches are remarkable for the stream of abundant piety which runs through them. Not unfrequently they have taken the form of addresses to some unknown power, rather than discourses delivered to a mundane audience. He signalized his accession to office by one of these semi-theological orations to the members of Council assembled to meet him at Government House, Calcutta. He said:—

"Gentlemen, it is my fervent prayer, that a Power higher than that of any earthly Government may inspire and bless the progress of our counsels; granting me, with your valued assistance, to direct them to such issues as may prove conducive to the honour of our country, to the authority and prestige of its august Sovereign, to the progressive well-being of the millions committed to our fostering care, and to the security of the chiefs and princes of India, as well as of our allies beyond the frontier, in the undisturbed enjoyment of their just rights and hereditary possessions."

The sequel renders it probable that by a "power higher than any earthly Government," Lord Lytton understood nothing more remote from human ken than the will of Lord Beaconsfield. At any rate, the prayer was rejected; and under the influence of a perverse destiny, the Viceroy has been singled out to accomplish precisely those acts from which he entreated to be delivered. The "valued assistance" of his colleagues in council he has systematically set at naught and rejected; the "millions committed to his fostering care" he has (as I shall show) permitted to perish of hunger under circumstances of peculiar cruelty; and I need not say that he has entirely failed in his endeavours to preserve "our allies beyond the frontier in the undisturbed enjoyment of their just rights and hereditary possessions."

It is the story of these inconsistencies which I propose to tell in the following pages. In the reading they can hardly fail to awaken a

smile; but in the acting they have brought suffering, poverty, and death upon thousands of innocent people. Throughout India they have shaken the confidence of the people in the humanity, justice, and truthfulness of the British character; and have, as I believe, brought our Indian Empire to the verge of a catastrophe, from which nothing but a complete and immediate reversal of policy will avail to save it.

The rule that we have set up in India is so hard and mechanical in its character—it has so entirely failed to strike root in the affections of the natives—that a very brief period of misgovernment suffices to provoke an insurrection. This is occasioned mainly by two causes—the exclusive system on which India is administered, and the absence of all intercommunion (in any true sense of the word) between the ruling and the subject races. It is not too much to say that under the present system every native of ambition, ability, or education, is of necessity a centre of disaffection towards British rule. For within the area of British rule the ascendancy of strangers makes him an alien in his native land without scope for his power or hopes for his ambition; and beyond that area the possession of ability awakens the distrust and unconcealed dislike of English officialism. On the other hand, to the great mass of the people, the English official is simply an enigma. Their relations with him are almost exclusively official. The magistrate of a district is little more to them than a piece of machinery possessing powers to kill and tax and imprison. Such pieces of machinery they behold, as Carlyle would say, in endless succession “emerging from the inane,” killing and taxing for a time, and then “vanishing again into the inane.” But the people know not whence they come, or whither they go; their voices go for nothing in the selection of this human machinery which hold their fortunes in its power. The great administrative mill goes grinding on, impelled by forces of which they have no knowledge; and the people are merely the passive, unresisting grist which is ground up year after year. A truly frightful and unnatural state of things!

It is impossible that a dominion thus constituted should be otherwise than transitory. But even for a brief space its peaceful continuance is possible only under certain conditions. The absence of either loyalty or thorough understanding in those who are ruled, must be made good by the plainest rectitude of purpose on the part of the Government, and thoroughly genuine and successful administration. If such a Government as we have set up in India does not adhere strictly to the letter and the spirit of its engagements—if it cannot insure the physical well-being of its subjects—it is simply good for nothing; because, from its very nature, it cannot achieve anything more than this. It was the first of these conditions that Lord Dalhousie thought he might safely set at naught; and in five years he brought down upon us the terrible retribution of 1857. But Lord Dalhousie was, at least, sincerely anxious to secure the “physical well-being” of the people. He struck at the chiefs and princes of India because he believed that they stood in

the way of that well-being. He was entirely mistaken; but nevertheless he threw down only one of the pillars on which our rule is sustained, and when the Mutiny came upon us, the bulk of the people remained loyal. Lord Lytton has undermined the foundations of both pillars, and a very brief continuance of his policy will bring them down with a crash. How this has been accomplished I have now to relate. I begin with his policy on the Frontier, because all the other transactions of which I shall have to speak are connected with that policy, as effects with their cause.

The Negotiations with Shere Ali.

Despite of all that has been written and said on the subject, to most people the origin of the war in Afghanistan appears involved in as great obscurity as ever. Leading Liberal politicians are in this benighted condition not less than the rank and file of the Tories. More people than formerly are willing to admit that the Government was rash and mistaken in its calculations—that the Treaty of Gundamuck has not fulfilled the expectations it awakened; but a war of some kind, they believe, was forced upon the Government by the attitude of Russia and the disposition of the Ameer. This belief is entirely erroneous. The war was a war of deliberately planned aggression, entirely unjustified either by the attitude of Russia or the disposition of the Ameer. Unless we perceive this we are not in a position to form a sound estimate of the effect wrought in the minds of the princes and people of India. The wanton character of the war is, therefore, the first thing I must demonstrate.

When Lord Lytton reached India, the situation in Afghanistan was as follows:—The late Ameer Shere Ali had succeeded in establishing a degree of order throughout Afghanistan, to which the country had been a stranger for many years. His officers were loyal and devoted; intrigue and rebellion had everywhere failed to make headway; and he was on terms of sincere friendship with the Governor-General at Calcutta. There was, at this time, no fear that the Russians in Central Asia desired to exercise any unwarrantable influence in Afghanistan; on the contrary, in the despatch to Lord Northbrook's Government, in which Lord Salisbury propounded his new policy of establishing a permanent Embassy at Kabul, he said—

"I do not desire, by the observations which I have made, to convey to your Excellency the impression that, in the opinion of her Majesty's Government, the Russian Government have any intention of violating the frontier of Afghanistan. . . . It is undoubtedly true that the recent advances in Central Asia have been rather forced upon the Government of St. Petersburg than originated by them, and that *their efforts, at present, are sincerely directed to the prevention of any movement which may give just umbrage to the British Government.*"

The political horizon was, therefore, cloudless at the moment selected by Lord Salisbury for a radical change of policy in Afghanistan. This very fact would have sufficed to arouse the suspicions of the Ameer. Lord Salisbury has since expressed his conviction that if Lord Northbrook

had made the proposal, the Ameer would have accepted the permanent Embassy, and both he and we should have been spared the calamities which resulted from delay. But at the time Lord Salisbury sent his instructions to the Government of India he thought otherwise. He had then no doubt that if the Ameer was asked in so many words to receive a permanent Mission in Afghanistan, the Ameer would refuse. But he thought it was possible to fasten a Mission on him by means of a deception.

"The first step" Lord Salisbury wrote to the Government of India, "in establishing our relations with the Ameer on a more satisfactory footing will be to induce him to receive a temporary Embassy in his capital. It need not be publicly connected with the establishment of a permanent Mission within his dominions. There would be many advantages in ostensibly directing it to some object of smaller political interest, which it will not be difficult for your Excellency to find, or if need be, to create. I have, therefore, to instruct you . . . without any delay that you can reasonably avoid, to find some occasion for sending a Mission to Kabul."

Lord Northbrook, as is well known, declined to carry out this ingenious plan for overreaching the Ameer, and breaking the pledge that we had given not to force English officers upon him. He resigned almost immediately after the receipt of the despatch setting forth the new policy, and was succeeded by Lord Lytton. It is generally assumed that Lord Lytton came to India charged with the execution of no other policy than that to which Lord Northbrook had declined to assent. But this assumption is incompatible with the line of action pursued by Lord Lytton. This much, however, is clear already. The new policy, whatever it was, was not forced upon the British Government, either by the alienation of the Ameer or the intrigues of Russia. They entered upon it at a time when, by their own confession, the sky was clear. Afghanistan was in the enjoyment of an unprecedented quiet and prosperity; the Ameer was conducting his foreign policy in accordance with our wishes; and the efforts of the Government of St. Petersburg were "sincerely directed to the prevention of any movement which might give just umbrage to the British Government." So far as India was concerned, the condition of the country called aloud for a policy devoted to internal reform and retrenchment. The limit of endurable taxation had been reached; the army imperatively needed thorough reorganization; and the people and the land were still being scourged by famine upon famine of the most appalling character.

Now, if the English Cabinet had no designs in their frontier policy except to establish British agents in Afghanistan, without breach of pre-existing arrangements, and with the free concurrence of the Ameer, it is plain that for such a policy concealment was unnecessary. Yet, until the actual outbreak of hostilities, the negotiations with the Ameer were kept hidden from the English Parliament and the nation. The fact is, that in the instructions given to Lord Lytton before his departure from England, Lord Salisbury anticipates the

refusal of the Ameer to agree to the new policy, and points out what, in that case, is to be done :—

" 11. If the language and demeanour of the Ameer be such as to promise no satisfactory result of the negotiations thus opened, his Highness should be distinctly reminded that he is isolating himself at his own peril from the friendship and protection it is his interest to seek and deserve. . . . "

" 28. The conduct of Shere Ali has more than once been characterized by so significant a disregard of the wishes and interests of the Government of India, that the irremediable alienation of his confidence in the sincerity and power of that Government is a contingency which cannot be dismissed as impossible. *Should such a fear be confirmed by the result of the proposed negotiation, no time must be lost in reconsidering, from a new point of view, the policy to be pursued in reference to Afghanistan.*"

These instructions clearly establish the following points :—They show that the new policy, whatever it was, was expected "irretrievably" to destroy the confidence of the Ameer "in the sincerity of the Government;" and that, in that case, the Ameer was to be informed that he had forfeited our friendship and protection, and a new policy was immediately to be adopted towards Afghanistan. Here, then, we have the first note of war. All this time there was no pressure upon the British Government occasioned by the attitude of Russia. Our relations with Russia were excellent. On the 5th May, 1876, Mr. Disraeli said in the House of Commons, "*I believe, indeed, that at no time has there been a better understanding between the Courts of St James and St. Petersburg than at this present moment, and there is this good understanding because our policy is a clear and frank policy.*" So here we have the proof, that in a season of perfect calm, the Ministry commenced a policy for the "irretrievable alienation" of the Ameer, and sent Lord Lytton to India in order to execute it.

Lord Lytton entered with zest into the spirit of these singular instructions, and set to work to "alienate" the Ameer with the utmost vigour. He politely caused him to be informed that he (the Ameer) was an earthen pipkin between two iron pots; that if he did not come to a "speedy understanding" with us, the two iron pots would combine to crush him out of existence altogether. "As matters now stand, the British Government is able to pour an overwhelming force into Afghanistan, which could be spread round him as a ring of iron, but if he became our enemy, it could break him as a reed." "Our only interest in maintaining the independence of Afghanistan is to provide for the security of our own frontier." "If we ceased to regard it as a friendly State, there was nothing to prevent us coming to an understanding with Russia which would wipe Afghanistan out of the map for ever." Would any man, I ask, address these insults and menaces to one whose friendship and confidence he was desirous to gain? It must be plain to every reasonable person that British officers could only then be established in Afghanistan with safety to themselves, and utility to the British Government, when they were admitted with the free con-

currence of the Ameer and his people. A concession of this nature, extorted by means of menaces and insults, would be, by that very circumstance, deprived of all value. And the fact is (as the reader will perceive immediately) Lord Lytton was not sincere in the propositions he made to the Ameer. He had no wish that the Ameer should come to a "speedy understanding" with him; and as soon as he saw that such a result was impending, he broke off all intercourse with him. Lord Lytton charged the British Vakeel, Atta Mohammed Khan, to convey to the Ameer Shere Ali the amenities I have just quoted about the pipkin, the iron pots, and the rest of it. At the same time, the Vakeel was instructed to propose a meeting at Peshawur between Sir Lewis Pelly, as the representative of the Indian Government, and Noor Mohammed Shah, the Minister of the Ameer. The basis of negotiations between them was to be the admission of British officers to certain places in the territories of the Ameer. Unless the Ameer was prepared to concede this, as a preliminary condition, there was no going in his sending a representative to confer with Sir Lewis Pelly. Great was the consternation at the Court of the Ameer when our Vakeel unfolded the message with which he was charged. They bowed before the storm; and on December 21, 1876, Atta Mohammed Khan wrote to the Government of India, that the Ameer, though still disliking to receive English officers, would on account of the insistence of the British Government, yield the point; but only after his Minister had, at the conference, made representations of his views and stated all his difficulties.

Behold, then, the Government of India arrived at the goal of its desires. The Ameer consents to receive English officers if, after hearing all his reasons, Lord Lytton remains convinced of the expediency of that policy. But what follows? The conference is begun; but while the discussions were still unfinished, Noor Mohammed Shah fell sick and died; and then what was the action of Lord Lytton? I quote his own words:—

"At the moment when Sir Lewis Pelly was closing the conference, his Highness was sending to the Mir Akhir instructions to prolong it by every means in his power; a fresh Envoy was already on his way from Kabul to Peshawur and it was reported that this Envoy had authority to accept eventually all the conditions of the British Government. *The Viceroy was aware of these facts when he instructed our Envoy to close the conference.*"

The closing of the conference was followed by the withdrawal from Kabul of the British agency which had been established there for more than twenty years, and the suspension of all intercourse between us and the Ameer.

There is but one conclusion possible from these strange proceedings. The demands made upon the Ameer were made in the hope that he would refuse to concede them, and so furnish the Indian Government with a pretext for attacking him. The last thing which Lord Lytton desired was that the Ameer should accept his demands. And, therefore

as soon as it became apparent that Shere Ali was prepared to do this rather than forfeit the protection and friendship of the British Government, Lord Lytton broke up the conference, which (he it remembered) he had himself proposed. Lord Lytton, not Shere Ali, without provocation or ostensible cause, assumes towards Afghanistan "an attitude of isolation and scarcely veiled hostility;" and Lord Salisbury thus comments upon the situation (October 4, 1877) :—

"In the event of the Ameer . . . spontaneously manifesting a desire to come to a friendly understanding with your Excellency, *on the basis of the terms lately offered to, but declined by him*, his advances should not be rejected. If, on the other hand, he continues to maintain an attitude of isolation and scarcely veiled hostility, the British Government . . . will be at liberty to adopt such measures for the protection and permanent tranquillity of the North-West frontier of her Majesty's Indian dominions as the circumstances may render expedient, without regard to the wishes of the Ameer Shere Ali or the interests of his dynasty."

Here, at last, we get at the veritable purpose of this tortuous policy. As we suspected, the "terms offered to the Ameer, and unhappily *not* declined by him," were a mere pretence. The real object was the "protection of the North-West frontier"—in other words, the acquisition of a "scientific frontier"—without regard to the wishes of the Ameer, or the interests of his dynasty. The Ameer was to be "irretrievably alienated" by menacing his independence; and then the "irretrievable alienation" was to be made the pretext for carrying the menace into execution. What the "scientific frontier" was the reader will find, if he refers to my article on "India and Afghanistan," in the October number of this Review.

The threat, however, for reasons I shall state presently, could not be carried into execution at once. The negotiations at Peshawar were carefully concealed from the knowledge of the public. Neither in India nor in England was it known that the British agency was withdrawn from Kabul. The *Pioneer*—the official journal in India—was instructed to inform its readers that the Ameer was animated with feelings of the utmost cordiality towards us; and Lord Lytton made a speech in the Council Chamber expounding his frontier policy. He glanced first at the policy of his predecessors. His sensitive spirit was much grieved by its apathetic character. It seemed to him "atheistic," and "inhuman," and "inconsistent with our high duties to God and man as the greatest civilizing Power." Then, warming with his subject, he set forth his own idea of a frontier policy in the following grandiloquent fashion :—

"I consider that the safest and strongest frontier India can possibly possess would be a belt of independent frontier States, throughout which the British name is honoured and trusted; within which British subjects are welcomed and respected, because they are subjects of a Government known to be unselfish as it is powerful, and resolute as it is humane; by which our advice is followed without suspicion, and our word relied on *without misgiving*, because the first has been justified by good results, and the second never quibbled away by timorous sub-

intents or tricky saving clauses--a belt of States, in short, whose chief populations should have every interest, and every desire, to co-operate with their own officers in preserving the peace of the frontier, developing the resources of their own territories, augmenting the wealth of their own treasures, and maintaining in the eyes of the Eastern and Western world their title to an independence of which we are ourselves the chief well-wishers and supporters."

It is hardly credible that the same man who gave expression to these magnificent sentiments had just caused the Amcer to be informed that he did not regard the promises made to Shere Ali, by Lords Northbrook and Mayo, as binding upon the Government of India, because they were "verbal." "His Excellency the Viceroy," said Sir Lewis Pelly, the Amcer's Envoy, "instructs me to inform your Excellency plainly that the British Government neither recognizes, nor has recognized the obligation of these promises." And the official journal called upon India to rejoice, because one result of the conference had been the cancelling of these "verbal promises and engagements," which the Government had found "very embarrassing."

It is plain from the foregoing that Shere Ali was a doomed man long before the appearance of a Russian Mission in his capital. We did not declare war at once, simply because we were then in danger of a war with Russia in Bulgaria. And the Government were not possessed of sufficient prudence not to attempt an invasion of Afghanistan simultaneously with a campaign on the Balkans. But the sore was carefully kept open by "our attitude of isolation and scarcely veiled hostility;" and if the Russian Embassy had not appeared in Kabul, some other pretext for war would indubitably have been found. The Government of India--or rather Lord Lytton--affected to be greatly alarmed at the advent of this Russian Mission, but his subsequent proceedings show that he seized upon the incident with greediness as enabling him to carry out his long-meditated project for the destruction of an old and faithful ally. A single fact will suffice to prove this. What I have already related shows that, up to this time, the Amcer Shere Ali had given us no cause of quarrel whatever. He had been desirous, against the dictates of his own judgment, to agree to what was asked of him rather than forfeit the friendship of the English Government. The estrangement between him and ourselves was the result of our policy--not his. Lord Lytton was solely and wholly responsible for it. The Russian Embassy, as Lord Lytton knew perfectly well, was due to no overtures made by Shere Ali to the Russians in Central Asia, but to the silly exhibition of seven thousand Sepoys at Malta, by means of which we had recently earned the ridicule of Europe. Moreover, as the Treaty of Berlin was an accomplished fact before the Russians had appeared in Kabul, their arrival there was a matter of comparatively trifling significance. How, then, did Lord Lytton act? He organized a Mission under the command of Sir Neville Chamberlain to proceed to Kabul; and at the same time directed our Vakeel, Gulam Hussein Khan, to go before it to

Kabul, and obtain the permission of the Ameer for its entrance to his territories. So far there is nothing to object to, but mark what follows.

While yet Sir Neville Chamberlain with his Mission was at Peshawur, Gulam Hussein Khan, from Kabul, reported to Sir Neville as follows:— "If Mission will await Ameer's permission, everything will be arranged, God willing, in the best manner, and no room will be left for complaint in the future. . . . Further, that if Mission starts on 18th, without waiting for the Ameer's permission, there would be no hope left for the renewal of friendship or communication."

These reports were received by Sir Neville Chamberlain on 19th September, and on the same day the Viceroy ordered the Mission to attempt to force its way through the Khyber Pass. All Europe knows the sequel. The Afghan officer in charge of the fort at Ali Musjid declined to let the Mission pass; but, while obeying his orders firmly, behaved, as Major Cavagnari reported, "in a most courteous manner, and very favourably impressed both Colonel Jenkins and myself." And then was telegraphed home the shameless fiction that he had threatened to fire on Major Cavagnari, and that the majesty of the Empire had been insulted.

It is hard to write with calmness when one has to speak of actions like these. It is, I trust, impossible for any Englishman to read of them without the keenest shame and remorse. What, however, we have to consider at present is their effect upon the native mind. There is not, we may be certain, a single native Court throughout India where they have not been discussed again and again; and there is but one conclusion which could be drawn from them. It is, that despite of all we may say, we allow neither pledges, promises, nor treaties to stand in our way, if we imagine that they are in opposition to the material interests of the moment. There is not a native prince in India but will have seen the fate of his descendants in the doom which has fallen upon the unhappy Shere Ali. It is a fate which no loyalty can avert— which no treaties are powerful enough to ward off. Shere Ali was loyal; Shere Ali was fenced about by treaty upon treaty: he and his father had been our friends and faithful allies for more than forty years; but none the less, the English Government no sooner coveted his territory than they determined upon his destruction. For eighteen months was that Government engaged in secretly weaving the toils around its victim, and when at last it struck, it struck with a calumny upon its lips.

Think, again, of the anger and the bitterness awakened by this war in the hearts of our Modern subjects. A few months previously, the English Government had made appeal to their sympathies on the ground that it was upholding the integrity and independence of the Sultan's dominions. They now saw this very Government engaged in the unprovoked invasion of an independent Muhammadan State. They

made no concealment of their feelings; and when Major Cavagnari and his companions were murdered at Kabul, the Moslems of Upper India openly expressed their satisfaction. It is not too much to say, that if Sir Salar Jung had not been ruling in Hyderabad, the outbreak at Kabul would have been instantly followed by a similar outbreak in the Deccan. Sir Richard Temple, writing from Hyderabad in 1867, thus describes the state of feeling existing there:—

"This hostility" (*i.e.*, to the English Government) "is even stronger in the Muhammadan priesthood; with them it literally burns with an undying flame; from what I know of Delhi in 1857-58, from what I am authentically informed of in respect to Hyderabad at that time, I believe that not more fiercely does the tiger hunger for his prey, than does the Mussulman fanatic throughout India thirst for the blood of the white infidel."

Lord Lytton's treatment of Sher Ali has been, as it were, the pouring of oil upon this "undying flame." Henceforth, it will burn more fiercely than ever.

The Famine in the North-West Provinces.

I shall next proceed to show the manner in which Lord Lytton's internal administration of India was affected by his policy beyond the frontier. As every one knows, there have been, of late years, a series of terrible famines in different parts of India. The desolating effects of these famines last for many years after the actual dearth has terminated. Not only has the cattle been swept away, together with millions of the agricultural population, but those who survive are without capital and without physical strength. The consequence is that large tracts of naturally productive land fall out of cultivation, and remain so for considerable periods of time. There are, moreover, no poor-laws in India for the relief of the starving and the destitute. The administration of State relief, therefore, during such seasons of calamity, is a matter of imperative necessity. In keeping its agriculturists alive, the State is simply providing for its own solvency. It sacrifices for this purpose a portion of the wealth it derives from the land, in order to save the remainder. A combat with famine is to the State in India an act as much demanded by obvious expediency, as in the interests of humanity. This relief is afforded partly by remissions of revenue throughout the stricken districts, and partly by the opening of public works where the starving and destitute may find food and employment. In the winter of 1877-78 a terrible famine fell upon the North-West Provinces. The cultivated land in these provinces is mainly under two descriptions of crops—the rain crops, and the cold weather crops. The rain crops are sown towards the end of June, or shortly after the rains have set in, and are reaped in October and November. From these crops the people obtain the food on which they are to subsist during the winter. In 1877 there was an almost total failure of rain in the North-West Provinces, and the Lieutenant-Governor—Sir George Couper—reported that the "greater part of the crops was irretrievably

ruined by a scorching west wind that blew for three weeks." The long and severe winter of the North-West had to be faced by a population destitute of food. Sir George Couper reports as follows to the Government of India on the 11th October, 1877:—

"The Lieutenant-Governor is well aware of the straits to which the Government of India is put at the present time for money, and it is with the utmost reluctance that he makes a report which must temporarily add to their burdens. *But he sees no other course to adopt.* If the village communities which form the great mass of our revenue payers be pressed now, they will *simply be ruined.* . . . Cattle are reported to be dying or sold to the butchers in hundreds, in consequence of the want of fodder, and this will add very materially to the agricultural distress and difficulties if they are called on at once to meet their State obligations."

In making this appeal for a remission of revenue, Sir George Couper was asking for no more than what had been granted by every English Government since British rule was planted in India. But then former Governments had not adopted a spirited frontier policy to which reason, justice, and humanity had to be subordinated. This was what Lord Lytton had done. The hunting to death of an old and faithful ally was certain to prove a costly operation; and he would need for it every farthing which could be wrung from the population of India. Sir George Couper's appeal was therefore rejected, and he was instructed that these destitute creatures were to be compelled to meet their State obligations at once, precisely as if there was no dearth in the land. To this order Sir George Couper returned a long reply, from which we quote the following remarkable paragraphs:—

"If the demand on the zemindars (*landlords*) is not suspended, the cultivators can neither claim nor expect any relaxation of the demand for rent; if pressure is put on the former, they in turn must and will put the screw on their tenants. All through the dark months of August and September, zemindars were urged by district officers to deal leniently with their tenants, and aid them by all means in their power. Many nobly responded to the call, and it would be rather inconsistent to subject them now to a pressure which may compel them to deal harshly with their tenants. These remarks are offered in no captious spirit. . . . His Honour trusts that the realizations will equal the expectations of the Government of India, but if they are disappointed, his Excellency the Viceroy . . . may rest assured that it will not be for want of effort or inclination to put the necessary pressure on those who are liable for the demand."

Is not this passing strange? Sir George knows that these people are in a state of the direst distress; their cattle dying by hundreds, themselves penniless and foodless; if this demand is made upon them, he has reported that they will "simply be ruined;" but at the exhortations of Lord Lytton he sets to work cheerfully. Neither inclination nor effort shall be wanting in him to make the people experience to the full the agony and the bitterness of famine. Thus it is that a prayerful Viceroy, with the "valued assistance" of his colleagues, provides for the "well-being of the millions committed to his fostering care."

"I have tried," writes one despairing district officer, "to stave off collecting, but have received peremptory orders to begin. This will be

the last straw on the back of the unfortunate zemindars. . . . A more suicidal policy I cannot conceive. I have done what I could to open the eyes of the Commissioners and the Lieutenant-Governor as to the state of the place, but without avail. I have nothing to do but to carry out the orders of Government, which means simply ruin." "The exaction of the land revenue in Budaon," writes another, "and, I believe, in other districts as well, involved a direct breach of faith with the zemindars, which has had the very worst effect on the minds of the native community. . . . The people are loud in their complaints of the faithlessness of Government, and, to my mind, with ample reason."

But the Government of India having decreed the collection of the land revenue, were now compelled to justify their rapacity, by pretending that there was no famine calling for a remission. The dearth and the frightful mortality throughout the North-West Provinces were to be preserved as a State secret like the negotiations with Shere Ali. By this means it was hoped that the famine would work itself out, the dead be decently interred out of human sight, and Lord Lytton obtain the funds for his hunting expedition without an unpatriotic opposition becoming cognizant of the facts either in India or in England. It is a striking illustration of the enormous space which divides us from the people of India, that such a scheme should have been thought practicable, but stranger still—it was very near to success. An accident may be said to have defeated it. During all that dreary winter famine was busy devouring its victims by thousands. At the lowest computation more than a quarter of a million perished of actual starvation. The number would have to be doubled if it included all those who perished of disease, the consequence of insufficient food and exposure to cold; for, in the desperate endeavour to keep their cattle alive, the wretched peasantry fed them on the straw which thatched their huts, and which provided them with bedding. The winter was abnormally severe, and without a roof above them or bedding beneath them, scantily clad and poorly fed, multitudes perished of cold. The dying and the dead were strewn along the cross-country roads. Scores of corpses were tumbled into old wells, because the deaths were too numerous for the miserable relatives to perform the usual funeral rites. Mothers sold their children for a single scanty meal. Husbands flung their wives into ponds, to escape the torment of seeing them perish by the lingering agonies of hunger. Amid these scenes of death the Government of India kept its serenity and cheerfulness unimpaired. The journals of the North-West were persuaded into silence. Strict orders were given to civilians, under no circumstances to countenance the pretence of the natives that they were dying of hunger. One civilian, a Mr. MacMinn, unable to endure the misery around him, opened a relief work at his own expense. He was severely reprimanded, threatened with degradation, and ordered to close the work immediately.

All this time, not a whisper of the tragedy that was being enacted

in the North-West Provinces had reached Calcutta. The district officials dared not communicate to the press what they knew, and in India there are hardly any other means of obtaining information. But in the month of February Mr. Knight, the proprietor of the *Calcutta Statesman*, had occasion to visit Agra. He was astonished to find all around him the indications of an appalling misery. He began to investigate the matter, and gradually the truth revealed itself. A quarter of a million of British subjects had perished of hunger, pursued even to their graves by the pitiless exactions of the Government.

Mr. Knight made known in the columns of the *Statesman* what he had seen, and what he had learned from others in the course of his inquiries. The guilty consciences of those who were responsible for this vast suffering smote them. Lord Lytton and Sir George Couper felt that it was necessary to extinguish Mr. Knight—and that speedily. Sir George Couper accordingly drew up a long Minute, vindicating himself from the attacks of Mr. Knight; and this Minute was duly acknowledged in laudatory terms by the Government of India. The Viceroy in Council characterized the Minute as “a convincing statement of facts,” and then added that the Government of India needed no such statement to convince it that the “Lieutenant-Governor had exercised forethought in his arrangements, and had shown humanity in his orders throughout the recent crisis.” The mortality which Lord Lytton “deplored” with “a deep and painful regret,” in so far “as it was directly the result of famine, was caused rather by the unwillingness of the people to leave their homes than by any want of forethought on the part of the local government in providing works where they might be relieved.” Lord Lytton “unhesitatingly accepted the statement of the local government that no one who was willing to go to a relief work need have died of famine, and it is satisfactorily shown in his Honour’s Minute that the relief wage was ample.”

This eulogy on Sir George Couper and all his doings was published on May 2, 1878, after Mr. Knight had begun publishing his revelations in the *Statesman*. It is to be noted that neither Sir George Couper nor the Government of India denies that the famine has been sore in the land and the mortality excessive. But on February 28—two months previously, and before Mr. Knight had commenced his inconvenient disclosures—Sir George Couper reported to the Government of India that “it may be questioned whether it will not be found hereafter that the comparative immunity from cholera and fever which, owing apparently to the drought, the Provinces have enjoyed during the past year, will not compensate for the losses caused by insufficient food and clothing, and make the mortality generally little, if at all, higher than in ordinary years.” At the time when this letter was written, the official mortuary returns showed that the mortality in the North-West was seven and eight times in excess of what it was in ordinary years. There can, therefore, be no question

that the confession of that "terrible mortality," which Lord Lytton so deeply "deplored," was wrung from Sir George Couper by the publication of Mr. Knight's letters. But for them, the official record would have stated that the "mortality was little, if at all, higher than in ordinary years." This record is sufficient proof that no adequate arrangements were made to meet a calamity which, according to Sir George Couper, did not exist—at least, not until Mr. Knight insisted that it did. At the same time, it will be as well to give the proof of this in detail, in order to show what the Government of India is capable of saying.

In one of his letters to the *Statesman*, Mr. Knight averred that there were "no relief works worthy of the name till about January 20, and no works sufficient for the people's need till the middle of February." Sir George Couper replies to this charge as follows:—"The reports already submitted to the Government are, I think, amply sufficient to acquit me of this charge. . . . In October, Colonel Fraser was again deputed to visit the head-quarters of each division, and, in consultation with the district officers, settle what works should be undertaken to give employment to the poor when the inevitable pressure began." Here Sir George Couper affirms that so far back as October he had foreseen the "inevitable pressure," and made all the necessary arrangements. Nevertheless we find him, so late as November 23, reporting as follows to the Government of India:—

"Although the danger of widespread famine . . . has happily passed away, it is a matter of extreme importance that well-considered projects for great public works should be ready in case of future necessity. . . . Very few projects of this character have been completed for these provinces, and the Lieutenant-Governor thinks no time should be lost in preparing them. . . . There can be no doubt that the want of such projects would have been felt as a most serious difficulty by this Government if relief works on a large scale had been necessary in the present season."

Thus, we find that up to the close of November no large relief works had been sanctioned, because the "danger of widespread famine had happily passed away." Allowing for official delays, this would make the date when "relief works worthy of the name" were opened tally with the time stated by Mr. Knight—namely, January 20. What, again, Sir George Couper could mean by reporting on November 23, that "danger of widespread famine has happily passed away," is perplexing, for on November 26, or just three days subsequently, he writes as follows:—

"It appears to his Honour that the Government of India fail to realize the extent of the damage caused by the unparalleled failure of the rain this year. . . . The rain did not come until 6th October, by which time the greater part of the crops was irretrievably ruined. . . . It is a mistake to suppose that the autumn crop has escaped in the greater part of the Benares and Allahabad divisions, and in the south-eastern districts of Oudh. . . . The rice crops, which are largely grown in most of the districts in these divisions, have almost entirely perished, and of other crops, the area sown is much less than usual."

On October 11 Sir George Couper reported that if the land revenues was exacted the village communities would be ruined. On November 26 he reported that the crops had been "irretrievably ruined." Nevertheless, on November 23, he reported that no large relief works had been sanctioned because "the danger of widespread famine had passed away." It follows, from this last report, that for whatever other purpose Colonel Fraser may have been deputed to visit the head-quarters of each division, it was not to make satisfactory provision for a widespread famine. No. As Sir George Couper was well aware at the time he penned his reply to Mr. Knight, the object of Colonel Fraser's tour was precisely the opposite of this. These were the instructions he was charged to enjoin upon civil officers and executive engineers:—

"Please discourage relief works in every possible way. It may be, however, that when agricultural operations are over, some of the people may want work. This, however, except on works for which there is budget provision, should only be given if the collector is satisfied that without it the people would actually starve. Mere distress is not a sufficient reason for opening a relief work. And if a relief work be started, task-work should be rigorously exacted, and the people put on the barest subsistence wage; so that we may be satisfied that if any other kind of work were procurable elsewhere, they would resort to it."

In accordance with the letter and spirit of these instructions the famine-stricken multitudes were literally starved off such scanty works as were open. The "barest subsistence wage" was fixed down, smaller and smaller, until the people abandoned the works in despair, and returned to their villages to die. Nay, in some places, the public works which had been duly sanctioned in the yearly budget were transformed into relief works; and the labourers upon them, instead of being paid at the ordinary market rates, were reduced to the "barest subsistence wage, task-work being rigorously exacted." A beneficent but economical Government took advantage of the dire extremity to which its subjects were reduced to reap this unexpected profit out of their miseries. None the less, "the Viceroy in Council unhesitatingly accepts the statement of the local government, that no one who was willing to go to a relief work need have died of famine."

The License Tax.

The foregoing is an illustration of the manner in which an Imperial Viceroy secures "the progressive well-being of the multitudes committed to his fostering care." I purpose now to illustrate the manner in which the same Imperial functionary deals with the finances "committed to his fostering care." The position of "isolation and scarcely veiled hostility" which, without any provocation, Lord Lytton had assumed towards the Ameer of Afghanistan rendered a war against that sovereign a mere question of time and opportunity. Meanwhile, funds were necessary for its prosecution in addition to those which had been obtained from the starving population of the North-West. Accordingly, in his Budget statement for 1878-79, Sir John Strachey

announced that the Indian Government had arrived at the conclusion that they ought to regard famines as normal occurrences for which provision should be made in the budgets of each year. Famine expenditure could not be estimated at a smaller sum than a million and a half annually. This sum he now proposed to raise by means of a License Tax on trades and dealings, to be levied throughout India, and which, it was estimated, would yield £700,000. The remainder of the sum required was to be obtained by a tax on the agricultural classes in Northern India and Bengal alone. The peculiar incidence of these taxes was justified on the ground that the classes taxed were the same classes which, in periods of famine, had to be supported by the State. It was therefore only just that they should provide the fund which was to insure them against famine. This money was in fact a sum raised for a special purpose, at the expense of certain classes, for whose benefit it was to be exclusively applied. This was acknowledged by Lord Lytton with his usual superabundance of emphasis:—

"The sole justification for the increased taxation which has just been imposed upon the people of India, for the purpose of insuring this Empire against the worst calamities of future famine . . . is the pledge we have given that a sum not less than a million and a half sterling, which exceeds the amount of the additional contributions obtained from the people for this purpose, shall be annually applied to it. We have explained to the people of this country that the additional revenue raised by the new taxes is required, not for luxuries, but the necessities of the State: not for general purposes, but for the construction of a particular class of public works; and we have pledged ourselves not to spend one rupee of the special resources, thus created, upon works of a different character. . . . The pledges which my financial colleague was authorized to give, on behalf of the Government, were explicit and full as regards these points. . . . For these reasons, it is all the more binding on the honour of the Government to redeem to the uttermost, without evasion or delay, those pledges, for the adequate redemption of which the people of India have, and can have, no other guarantee than the good faith of their rulers."

The ink which recorded this solemn pledge was hardly dry before it had been broken. The predetermined war with Sher Ali began in the wanton manner I have told, and the question of cost was mentioned in the Houses of Parliament. The British Imperialist glories in war when the chances are all in his favour, but he has an invincible objection to paying the costs of such transactions. And they are costly. It was therefore very necessary so to arrange matters, that while the glory of hunting an ally to death should be appropriated by British Imperialism, the expenses of the chase should be defrayed by India. Accordingly, towards the end of November, Lord Cranbrook informed the House of Lords that India was in possession of a surplus more than sufficient to defray the costs of the war:—

"I am bound to say, that after looking very carefully into the financial condition of India, I believe it will not be necessary, at least in the initial steps, to call on the revenues of England. I am in possession of facts which, I think, would convince your Lordships that, without unduly pressing on the resources of India, there will be no necessity to call on the English revenues—at least during the present financial year. It was announced by my noble friend in another place the

other night that, *including the £1,500,000 of new taxes*, the surplus of Indian revenue will amount to £2,130,000."

A fortnight later the "facts" of which Lord Cranbrook professed to be in possession were discovered not to be facts, and the surplus was reduced by Mr. Stanhope to a million and a half—in other words, to exactly the sum which Lord Lytton had solemnly pledged his honour to apply to no purpose except that of insuring India against the ravages of famine. On the most elastic system of interpretation, the acquisition of a fictitious "scientific frontier" cannot be made to appear as a fulfilment of this pledge. However, on the faith of the surplus thus created by Lord Cranbrook and Mr. Stanhope, Parliament voted that the expenses of the Afghan war should be charged upon India. Mr. Stanhope said,—*"The surplus being of the amount he had mentioned, it must be perfectly obvious that the Indian Government could pay the whole cost of the war during the present year, without adding a shilling to the taxation or the debt of the country."*

The intention here is sufficiently obvious. Lord Cranbrook and Mr. Stanhope were quite prepared to disregard the pledges given to the people of India, and apply the Famine Insurance Fund to an illegitimate purpose. They had all the will to do this, but their desires were frustrated by the fact that there was no such fund in existence. It had already been spent and disappeared. Lord Lytton thus calmly announces its extinction in the Budget resolution of March, 1879:—

"The insurance provided against future famines has virtually ceased to exist, and the difficulties in the way of fiscal and commercial and administrative reform have been greatly aggravated. Nor can it be in any way assumed that the evil will not continue and go on increasing. Under such circumstances, it is extremely difficult to follow any settled financial policy; for the Government cannot even approximately tell what income will be required to meet the necessary expenditure of the State. . . . For the present the Governor-General in Council thinks it wise to abstain from imposing any fresh burdens on the country, and to accept the temporary loss of the surplus by which it was hoped that an insurance against famine had been provided."

That is, that the Government of India having "pledged itself not to spend one rupee of these special resources," except "for the construction of a particular class of public works"—having declared that "the sole justification for the increased taxation" is that it should be devoted to a particular end—no sooner gets the money into its possession than it expends the entire sum on something else, and then "thinks it wise" not to discuss the matter any further. The Government is very sorry; it really wanted to make an Insurance Fund against famine; but it finds that it "cannot even approximately tell what income will be required to meet the necessary expenditure of the State." Under such circumstances the Government finds it extremely difficult to follow "any settled financial policy," except that of spending every shilling which it can get possession of. Thus it is that an Imperial Government "reclerms to the uttermost" the honour of the British nation, and strengthens the confidence of India in "the good faith of her rulers."

The Cotton Duties.

I come, lastly, to the action of the Indian Government in respect to the Cotton Duties. It is, I fancy, generally supposed in England that the duty on imported cotton was designedly protective—i.e., that it had from the beginning been imposed with the intention of favouring the Indian manufacturer at the expense of Manchester. This is a mistake. The duty was imposed at a time when there were no Indian manufactures to compete with those from England, simply as a source of revenue. In India there is a great difficulty in so arranging the incidence of taxation that the well-to-do classes shall contribute their proper share to the necessities of the State. A light duty on imported cotton—as being the universally used material for dress—enabled the Government to reach these classes in a manner that was effective without being burdensome. Even now that mills are at work in India, by far the larger part of these duties had nothing protective in their character, because there is in India no manufacture of the finer sorts of cotton. Whether, however, the duty was or was not protective in its character, both the Indian Government and the House of Commons had repeatedly given pledges that the duty should not be repealed until the Indian finances were in a position to justify the loss of revenue thereby occasioned. Lord Lytton, who throughout his viceroyalty has made a point in all important matters of making a confession of political faith exactly the opposite of his subsequent political action, expressed himself on the subject of the Cotton Duties with his usual copiousness. In reply to an address from the Calcutta Trades' Association, shortly after his arrival in India, he said:—

"I think that no one responsible for the financial administration of this Empire would at present venture to make the smallest reduction in any of its limited sources of income. Let me, however, take this opportunity of assuring you that, so far as I am aware, the abolition or reduction of the Cotton Duties, at the cost of adding one sixpence to the taxation of this country, has never been advocated, or even contemplated by her Majesty's Secretary of State for India. . . . It is due to myself, and the confidence you express in my character, that I should also assure you, on my own behalf, that nothing will ever induce me to tax the people of India for any exclusive benefit to their English fellow-subjects."

A short time previously he had told the Bombay Chamber of Commerce that "he was of opinion that, with the exception of about forty thousand pounds sterling, the duties were not protective, because Manchester had no Indian competitors in finer manufactures. He thought the £800,000 collected yearly as duty, on finer fabrics, a fair item of revenue. With regard to the duty on coarse goods, he thought it protective, because Bombay mills competed with Manchester; but he did not see how it could be abolished, because it would lead to irregularities in order to evade duty."

These assurances were given in 1876. In 1879, when the finances of India were in a state of almost hopeless embarrassment—when the Famine Insurance Fund had been misappropriated in the way I have related—when the Indian Government frankly acknowledged that it was

beyond their power to estimate their future expenditure, even approximately, the Indian Government deliberately sacrificed revenue to the amount of £200,000 derived from this source. The motives which persuaded them to this sacrifice may have been as pure as driven snow; but with Lord Lyttou's assurances fresh in their memories, I need not say that their motives were not so interpreted by those in India. There the explanation given was this:—The war in Afghanistan, from which so much had been expected, had resulted, not in success, but ignominious failure. The Government had been compelled to patch up a peace without a single element of permanence in it. Despite of the choral odes which Ministers sang together on the occasion of this peace, it was impossible that they could have been wholly blind to the real character of the Treaty of Gundamuck. They felt that discovery could not be long delayed, and, like the steward who had wasted his master's goods, they hastened to make themselves friends of the mammon of unrighteousness. While, therefore, the war was still nominally unfinished, they sought to propitiate Manchester by throwing its merchants this sop of £200,000. Like Canning's famous policy of calling on the New World to redress the balance of the Old, the prestige of Imperialism, damaged by the failure in Afghanistan, was to be re-established in Manchester at the expense of the Indian taxpayer.

If the Indian Government had any better reason than this for their partial repeal of the Cotton Duties, it is a pity that they did not communicate it to the world. The reason which they did condescend to give was simply this—that the finances of the Empire were so heavily embarrassed, and in such confusion, that it was a matter of no consequence if they become still further involved to the extent of £200,000. I give the actual words, that I may not be suspected of caricaturing the Government:—

"The difficulties caused by the increased loss by exchange are great, but they will not practically be aggravated to an appreciable extent by the loss of £200,000. If the fresh fall in the exchange should prove to be temporary, such a loss will possess slight importance. If, on the other hand, the loss by exchange does not diminish . . . it will become necessary to take measures of a most serious nature for the improvement of the financial position; but the retention of the import duties on cotton goods will not thereby be rendered possible. On the contrary, such retention will become more difficult than ever."

According to the Government of India, it was the peculiarity of these £200,000 to be simply an incumbrance, happen what might. If the exchange did *not* fall, they were reduced to insignificance; if it did fall, their retention became more difficult than ever. The reader will not be surprised to learn that these enigmatic propositions were not accepted in India as a sufficient justification of the act they were supposed to explain.

Despotic as an Indian Viceroy is, there are even in India certain Constitutional checks on his authority, as, for instance, the Members of Council, the Vernacular and the English press. How was it, the

reader may ask, that these constitutional checks were evaded; for it cannot be that they all concurred in such a policy as I have described in the foregoing pages? The principal means of evasion was secrecy. The negotiations with Shere Ali were kept sedulously hidden from the public knowledge, and their nature was only to be dimly inferred from the devout and philanthropic orations of the Viceroy himself. The same course was adopted with respect to the North-West famine; and but for the accident of Mr. Knight's visit to Agra, the truth would have remained hidden to this day. But Lord Lytton did not trust to secrecy alone. The vernacular press was gagged by a Press Act, which was hurried through Council, and made a law in the course of a few hours. The English press could not be gagged precisely in this fashion, but it was very ingeniously drugged through the agency of a curious functionary, styled the Press Commissioner. When Mr. Stanhope was questioned in the House regarding the special duties of this nondescript official, he replied that he had been appointed to superintend the working of the Vernacular Press Act. Actually, he was in operation for several months before that Act had come into existence, and never has had any duties in connection with it. The Press Commissioner is attached to the personal staff of the Viceroy, and may be regarded as a kind of official bard, whose duty it is to chant the praises of his master, and advertise his political wares. The description of Lord Lytton as a "specially-gifted Viceroy" is believed in India to have proceeded from the affectionate imagination of the Press Commissioner. But, besides this, he is a channel of communication between the Government of India and the Indian press. When he was first called into existence, India was informed that a new era was about to begin, in the relations between the press and the Government. The Government, anxious that its policy should be fully discussed by an intelligent press, had appointed a Press Commissioner, whose duty it would be to keep editors supplied with accurate information, from the very fountain-head, of all that Government was doing, or intended to do. It is unnecessary to say that the Press Commissioner has done nothing of the kind. The greater part of the matter he communicates to the press is simply worthless, and wholly devoid of interest to any sane person. If anything of importance occurs which the Government desires to keep secret, but which it fears will leak out, the Press Commissioner communicates the matter to the editors "confidentially," and then it is understood that they are in honour bound not to allude to the subject in their papers. At distant intervals, however, the Press Commissioner, of necessity, allows some interesting scraps of information to escape from him; and it is by means of these that the English press is drugged. Any newspaper which offends the Government by criticism of too harsh a character is liable to have the supply of such morsels suspended until it gives evidence of amendment. And as there

is in India, among the readers of newspapers, quite an insatiable craving for these morsels of official gossip, it would be extremely prejudicial to the circulation of a newspaper if they no longer appeared in its columns. The vengeance of Lord Lytton and the Press Commissioner has already fallen upon one journal. The *Calcutta Statesman*, having poured ridicule on this Press Commissioner, has been deprived of his ministrations. In brief, the Press Commissionership is simply an agency for bribing the English Press, which costs the Indian taxpayer the sum annually of £5000. But the most effective check on the arbitrary authority of the Governor-General is furnished by his Council. These are selected as men of long Indian experience, in order to aid the Governor-General with their advice and special knowledge. The last Governor-General who set at nought the advice and remonstrances of his Council was Lord Auckland, when he plunged into the disastrous war in Afghanistan. Lord Lytton, who in other respects has so carefully trod in the footsteps of his predecessor, did not fail to imitate him in this. His frontier policy was carried out in spite of the opposition of the three most experienced members of his Council; his repeal of the Cotton Duties in the face of their unanimous opposition, with the single exception of Sir John Strachey. Thus it is that, under Lord Lytton, British rule in India has become a tawdry and fantastic system of personal rule. It might perhaps do well enough if an Empire could be governed by means of ceremonies, speeches, and elegantly written despatches—"fables in prose," they might very fitly be called. But an Empire cannot be so governed, and the result of the experiment has been an amount of human suffering appalling to contemplate. The Indian air is "full of farewells for the dying and mournings for the dead," and the path of the Government can be traced in broken pledges and dead men's bones. These bones are as dragon's teeth, which Lord Lytton is sowing broadcast all over India and Afghanistan, and they will assuredly be changed into armed men if the hand of the sower be not promptly stayed.

"Nothing," writes Sir Alexander Arbuthnot, one of the Indian Members of Council, "would have induced me to have been a party to the imposition of restrictions on the press, if I could have foreseen that within a year of the passing of the Vernacular Press Act the Government of India would be embarked on a course which, in my opinion, is as unwise and ill timed as it is destructive of the reputation for justice upon which the prestige and political supremacy of the British Government in India so greatly depend. And here I must remark that the slight value which in some influential quarters is now attached to the popularity of our rule with our native subjects, has for some time past struck me as a sure of grave political danger. *The British Empire in India was not established by a policy of ignoring popular sentiment, and of stigmatizing all views and opinions which are opposed to certain favourite theories, as the views and opinions of foolish people. Nor will our rule be long maintained if such a policy is persisted in.*"

ROBERT D. OSBORN.

ON THE UTILITY TO FLOWERS OF THEIR BEAUTY.

THE question which I propose to consider in this paper is how far the beauty of blossoms can be accounted for by the utility of this beauty to the plant producing them. It is manifestly only one particular case of a larger inquiry whether the beauty which Nature exhibits can be accounted for by its utility.

These questions connect themselves with some of the highest points of the philosophy of the universe. Is the system of the universe intellectual, or is it purely material? Is there an ordering mind, or is there merely blind and struggling matter? Are there final causes as well as material causes, or are there material causes only?

These questions have been asked and answered in opposite senses, from the first dawn of philosophy to the present hour; and during all that period of time the battle has been raging—and has spread, too, over the whole realm of Nature. Scarcely any branch of natural science exists which has not furnished materials for at least a skirmish; so that it requires an experienced and impartial eye to be able rightly to understand the true fortunes of the contest over the whole field of battle. True it is, that for every man the question between the two theories has to be decided by somewhat simpler considerations than any such survey. Something in every man seems inevitably to determine him towards either the intellectual or the material theory of things.

The existence of beauty in the world is a very remarkable fact. On the theory of a Divine and beneficent Creator, this fact has seemed no difficulty; but the theory of a mere blind fermentation of matter gives no account of it, except as a mere accident, which, on the doctrine of chances, should be perhaps a very rare and unusual accident. Hence the existence of beauty has from of old been a favourite theme of the theistic believers. "Let them know how much better the Lord of them

is," says the author of the *Wisdom of Solomon*, speaking of the works of Nature, "for the first Author of beauty hath created them . . . for by the greatness and beauty of the creatures proportionably the Maker of them is seen."* The same familiar view has lately been presented by the Duke of Argyll in his "*Reign of Law*":†—

"It would be to doubt the evidence of our senses and of our reason, or else to assume hypotheses of which there is no proof whatever, if we were to doubt that mere ornament, mere variety, are as much an end and aim in the workshop of Nature as they are known to be in the workshop of the goldsmith and the jeweller. Why should they not? The love and desire of these is universal in the mind of man. It is seen not more distinctly in the highest forms of civilized art than in the habits of the rudest savage, who covers with elaborate carving the handle of his war-club or the prow of his canoe. Is it likely that this universal aim and purpose of the mind of man should be wholly without relation to the aims and purposes of his Creator? He that formed the eye to see beauty, shall He not see it? He that gave the human hand its cunning to work for beauty, shall His hand never work for it? How, then, shall we account for all the beauty of the world—for the careful provision made for it where it is only the secondary object, not the first?"

But even if beauty be always associated with utility and have in fact been brought about by its utility, it may nevertheless have been an object in the mind of a Divine artificer, who may have been minded to use the one as a means and end to the other. We may therefore, I think, approach the subject with a perfect freedom from any theological bias.

The whole subject will, I believe, be felt by some persons to be a piece of moonshine,—the whole discussion fit for cloudland, not for this practical solid world of ours.

Beauty, such persons would say, is not a real thing, an objective fact: it is a part of man, not of the world—it is in him who sees, not in the thing seen: it is seen by one man in one thing—by another man in another.

To this it seems a sufficient answer to say that the relation of any one external thing to any one mind which produces the peculiar condition which we call the perception of beauty, is a fact, and, like every other single fact, must have an adequate cause. But when we find that there are forms of beauty, such as the beauty of sunlight, which operate alike on all men, and, it would seem, on all sensitive beings—when we find that the brilliant flowers which attract the child in the field or the lady in the drawing-room, attract the insect tribes—we feel ourselves in the presence of a great body of persistent relations, which it is impossible to pass over as unreal or as unimportant.

But, again, there is ugliness in the world; and one ugly thing, it is suggested, destroys all your deductions from beauty. This, no doubt, is a very important fact for any one to grapple with who proposes to give any theoretical explanation of the presence of beauty in the universe; but for me, who am only inquiring whether and how far beauty is useful, it is not really material, because there can be no doubt

* *Wisdom*, xiii. 3–5.

† P. 300.

that beauty, as well as ugliness, exists in the world. This much I will say in passing, that, to my mind, the balance of things is in favour of beauty and against ugliness—the tendency is in favour of beauty, not ugliness, and that tendency may be a very important thing to think of.

Furthermore, the fact that we recognize ugliness seems to make our recognition of beauty more important; for it shows that the perception of beauty is not mere habit, and that we have an inward and independent judgment on the matter—we are able to approve the one thing on the score of beauty, and to reject the other as ugly.

Even allowing fully for the existence of ugliness, it must be conceded that the world around us presents a vast mass of beauty—complex, diverse, commingled, and not easily admitting of analysis. It is common alike to the organic and the inorganic realms of Nature. The pageants of the sky at morning, noon, and night, the forms of the trees, the beauty of the flowers, the glory of the hills, the awful sublimity of the stars—these, and a thousand things in Nature, fill the soul with a sense of beauty, which the art neither of the poet, nor of the philosopher, nor of the painter can come near to depict. We are moved and overcome, sometimes by this object of beauty, sometimes by that, but yet more by the complex mass of glory of the universe.

"For Nature beats in perfect tune,
And rounds with rhyme her every rune;
Whether she work on land or sea,
Or hide underground her alchemy.
Thou canst not wave thy staff in air,
Or dip thy paddle in the lake,
But it carves the bow of beauty there,
And ripples in rhyme the oar for ake."

As yet no attempt has been made to show the utility of this promiscuous and multitudinous crowd of beauties—and it seems not likely that such an attempt can yet be made with success: and the phenomena of Nature are therefore likely for a long time to come to impress most men with the sense of beauty for beauty's sake. But in respect of certain particular and separable instances, the attempt has recently been made to show that the beauty exhibited is useful to the structure exhibiting it, and consequently that it may be accounted for by the strictly utilitarian principle of the survival of the fittest,—one instance in which this has been most notably attempted being in respect of the beauty of flowers. Let us consider how far beauty can thus be accounted for in this particular case.

There will be a great advantage in this course; for beauty is a thing about which it is not very easy to argue: it is too subtle, too evanescent, too disputable, to afford an easy material for the logical or scientific crucible; and these difficulties we shall best surmount by in the first place isolating certain beautiful things for our consideration, and limiting to them our inquiry into how far each of the rival theories is sufficient to explain their existence. We shall thus try to narrow the great controversy to very definite and distinct issues.

"Flowers," says Mr. Darwin,* "rank amongst the most beautiful productions of Nature, and they have become, through natural selection, beautiful, or rather conspicuous in contrast with the greenness of the leaves, that they might be easily observed and visited by insects, so that their fertilization might be favoured. I have come to this conclusion, from finding it an invariable rule that when a flower is fertilized by the wind it never has a gaily-coloured corolla. Again, several plants habitually produce two kinds of flowers: one kind open and coloured, so as to attract insects; the other closed and not coloured, destitute of nectar, and never visited by insects. We may safely conclude that, if insects had never existed on the face of the earth, the vegetation would not have been decked with beautiful flowers, but would have produced only such poor flowers as are now borne by our firs, oaks, nut and ash trees, by the grasses, by spinach, docks, and nettles."

No one can doubt who watches a meadow on a summer's day that insects are attracted by the scent and the colours of the flowers. The whole field is busy with their jubilant hum. These little creatures have the same sense of beauty that we have. What room there is for thought in that fact! There is a subtle bond of mental union between ourselves and the creatures whom we so often despise. There is a joy widespread and multiplied beyond our highest calculation. What a deadly blow to that egotism of man which thinks of all beauty as made for him alone!

But I return to the argument. We have presented to our notice three kinds of attraction which operate upon insects—the conspicuousness of colour and form, the beauty of the smell, and the pleasant taste of the honey. No one, as I have said, who watches a meadow or a garden on a summer's day can for a moment doubt the operation of these causes, or question the direct action of insects in producing the fertilization of flowers. In that sense the beauty of a flower is clearly of direct use to the flower which exhibits it. It is better for it that it should be fertilized by insects than not fertilized at all; but is it better for it to be fertilized by insects than by the wind, or by some other agency, if such exist?

This shall be the subject of inquiry. But before we can answer it, we must go a little afield and collect some other of the facts of the case.

The conclusion that beauty is useful for the fertilization of the flower does not rest merely on the general phenomena of a summer meadow. It is confirmed by many other observations. Flowers are not merely attractive in themselves; they are frequently rendered attractive by their grouping. Sometimes flowers individually small are gathered into heads, or spikes, or bunches, or umbels, and so produce a more conspicuous effect than would result from a more equal distribution of the flowers; sometimes yet more minute flowers or florets are gathered together into what appears a single flower, and often have the outer florets so modified both in shape and colour as to produce the general effect of one very brilliant blossom, as in the daisy or the marigold.

* "Origin of Species" (4th Ed.), p. 239.

Sometimes the same result is produced by "the massing of small flowers into dense cushions of bright colour."* This, as is well known, is of common occurrence with Alpine flowers; and this mode of growth, as well as the great size of many Alpine blossoms as compared with that of the whole plant, and the great brilliance of Alpine plants as compared with their congeners of the lowlands, have all been explained by reference to the comparative rarity of insects in the Alpine heights, and the consequent necessity, if the plants are to survive, that they should offer strong attractions to their needful friends.† A similar explanation has been offered for the brilliant colours of Arctic flowers.‡

Furthermore, this curious fact exists, that of flowering plants a large number do not ripen or put forward their pistils and stamens at the same periods of their growth: in some cases the pistil is ready to receive the pollen whilst the anthers are immature and not ready to supply it: such are called *proterogynous*. In other cases the anthers are ripe before the pistil is ready to receive the pollen: these are *proterandrous*. In either case the same event happens—that the ovules can never be fertilized by the pollen of the same blossom, nor without some foreign agency, generally that of insects.

Lastly, there is a large number of plants, including a great proportion of those with unsymmetrical blossoms, of which the flowers have been shown to be specially adapted by various mechanical contrivances for insect agency. Nothing, as is well known, is more marvellous than the variety and subtlety of the arrangements for the purpose which exist in orchidaceous plants, as explained by the patience and genius of Mr. Darwin.

In view of these facts it would be impossible to deny that conspicuousness is one of the agencies in force for the fertilization of flowers; that, to use the recent language of Mr. Darwin, "flowers are not only delightful for their beauty and fragrance, but display most wonderful adaptations for various purposes."§

So far we have considered the evidence which is affirmative, and in favour of the explanation of the existence of beauty in flowers; we have found clearly that beauty, or rather conspicuousness, is in many cases useful to the plant. But beauty is by no means the only agency in this necessary process. On the contrary, the agencies actually in operation are very numerous.

As Mr. Darwin points out in the passage I have cited, and still more at large in his work "On the Different Forms of Flowers," a large proportion of existing plants are fertilized by the action of the wind; and again, many plants bear two kinds of flowers, the one conspicuous and attractive to insects, the other inconspicuous and which never open to admit the activity either of insects or of the wind. Moreover, there are various other agencies called into play. Some plants, such as the *Hypericum*

* Wallace, "Tropical Nature," p. 232. † *Ibid.*, p. 232. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 237.

§ "Flowers and their hidden treasures," by Kerner, translated by Ugle. Prefatory Letter.

perforatum, one of the commonest of the St. John's Worts, and probably the bindweed, are, it seems, fertilized by the withering of the corolla, which naturally brings the stamens into contact with the style, and so transfers the pollen grains from the one to the other.* Other plants, again, such as the common centaury (*Erythraea centaurium*) and the *Chlora perfoliata*, are fertilized by the closing of the corolla over the anthers and stigma, not in the death but in the sleep of the plant.† In the brilliant autumnal *Colchicum*, and in the *Sternbergia*, again, according to Dr. Kerner, Nature has recourse to a more complex machinery: the corolla first closes over the anthers, which are at a lower level than the stigma, and takes off some of the pollen; a growth of the corolla carries the pollen dust to the level of the stigma, and a second closing of the corolla transfers the pollen to the stigmatic surface. The pollen has been made to ascend to its proper place by an arrangement which reminds one of the man-engine of a Cornish mine.‡ A similar arrangement is described as occurring in the bright-flowered *Pedicularis*.§

Let us take another group of beautiful flowers which adorn our greenhouses and our tables: I mean the *Asclepiadeæ*, to which the *Stephanotis* and the *Hoya* belong. The former is distinguished by the beauty of its scent as well as of its flowers. Both present flowers not merely conspicuous in themselves from their size, form, and colour, but conspicuous also by reason of their grouping. Here, if anywhere, we should expect that beauty should justify itself by its utility. But the facts appear to be just the other way. The pollen is collected together into waxy masses, which are arranged in a very peculiar manner on the pistil; and the pollen tubes pass from the pollen grains whilst still enclosed within the anthers, and so bring about fertilization without the intervention of insect agency. It is difficult to suppose the *Asclepiadeæ* can have become beautiful for the sake of an agency of which they never avail themselves.

Our common Fumitory has not very conspicuous flowers, but still they have considerable attractiveness of form and still more of colour, due both to the individual blossom and to their grouping together; and yet *Fumaria* is said to be self-fertile.||

A much more brilliantly coloured member of the same family is the *Dicentra* (*Dictytra*) *spectabilis*, so familiar in our gardens. Any one who examines the flowers of this species will continually find the pollen grains transferred to the stigma without the slightest trace of the flower ever having opened so as to allow of insect agency. Dr. Lindley¶

* Henslow, "On Self-Fertilization." Trans. Linn. Society, 2nd series, "Botany," i. p. 323. Query. Is not this the case with the *Tacsonia* of our greenhouses?

† Henslow, *ibid.* p. 329.

‡ Kerner, p. 11. These statements appear to me, though made by a very accomplished observer, to require verification. My own observations on the *Colchicum* (which have been only very imperfect) would have led me to incline to a different conclusion.

§ Kerner, p. 12.

¶ Lubbock's "Wild Flowers in Relation to Insects," p. 50.

|| Lindley, "Veg. King," 436.

has given an account of the mechanism for self-fertilization; and this flower has recently been the subject of an elaborate study by the German botanist, Hildebrand,* and he concurs in the view that the anthers inevitably communicate their pollen to the pistil, and that as the result of a very complicated and subtle arrangement of the parts, which it would be useless to attempt to describe without diagrams. But he believes that in addition to the arrangements for self-fertilization, another arrangement exists for producing cross-fertilization by insects; but as the plant has never produced seed under his observation, he is unable to tell whether one mode of fertilization is more useful than the other. I think the evidence of the self-fertilization is far clearer than that of the cross-fertilization.

Now, if the *Dicentra* has become beautiful in order to attract insects, it must have done so through a long series of developments, for its adaptation to their agency is of the most complex kind. It is difficult to suppose either that, side by side with this development for cross-fertilization, there has been also developed another complex arrangement for self-fertilization, or that an earlier complex arrangement for self-fertilization should have survived through the changes necessary to render the flower fit for insect fertilization. The co-existence in one organism of two complex schemes for different objects, and the interlacing of those two schemes in one beautiful flower (which, if Hildebrand be right, occurs in the *Dicentra*), seem to be things very improbable if the beautiful flower has become what it is in the pursuit of one only of those objects. These speculations may be premature as regards the particular flower; but the co-existence of two modes of fertilization is not peculiar to *Dicentra* and seems to furnish material for important reflection.

Yet one more plant must be considered. The *Loasa aurantiaca* is a creeper which grows freely in our gardens, and has large and brilliantly coloured scarlet flowers turned up with yellow. Its seeds set freely in cultivation. The means by which fertilization is effected are—unless my observations have misled me—very peculiar. When the flower first unfolds, the numerous stamens are found collected together in bundles in depressions or folds of the petals; after a while the anthers begin to move, and one after the other the stamens pass upwards from their nests in the petals, and gather in a thick group round the style; subsequently a downward and backward movement begins, which brings the anthers against the pistils, and restores the stamens nearly to their old position, but with exhausted and faded anthers. I have never seen any insects at work on the flowers, and yet I find the plant to be a free seeder.

So long ago as 1840 M. Fromond enumerated several conspicuous flowers in which, according to his observations, fertilization was effected

* "Ueber die Bestäubungsvorrichtungen bei den Fumariaceen," in Pringsheim's 'Jahrbuch,' vol. vii. part iv. p. 423. 1870.

without the agency of either the wind or insects.* And much more recently an American writer, Mr. Meehan, has given a list of eleven genera, amongst others, in which he has observed the pistils covered with the pollen of the plant before the flower has opened, and in the one case which he submitted to the microscope, it was found that the pollen tubes were descending through the pistil towards the ovarium.† Amongst the genera he names were *Westalia*, *Lathyrus*, *Ballota*, *Cereus*, *Gemsta*, *Pisum*, and *Linaria*.

The instances which I have given are mostly from plants familiar in our fields, our gardens, or our greenhouses. They are, I think, sufficient to make us pause before we conclude that all conspicuous flowers are fertilized by insect agency. It may be that Bacon's warning to attend as carefully to negative as to affirmative instances has been a little forgotten. Moreover, these instances seem to show that it would be a great error to suppose that all flowers are fertilized either by insects or by the wind; and it is probable that the more the subject is considered the more complex will the arrangements for fertilization be found to be.

The agencies to which I have last referred exist, it will be observed, in beautiful and conspicuous flowers; and yet act independently of that beauty and that conspicuousness: so that in each instance these facts are, on the utilitarian theory, unexplained and residual phenomena. They, therefore, demand earnest inquiry. For the existence of a single residual phenomenon is notice to the inquirer that he has not got to the bottom of his subject; that his theory is either not the truth or not the whole truth.

Do the facts justify us in concluding that insect fertilization is more beneficial to the plant than fertilization by the wind or any other agency? Do they afford any sufficient cause for that change from the one mode of fertilization to the other which has been suggested? The facts bearing on these questions are very remarkable; for, as we have already seen, many plants produce two kinds of blossom, the one conspicuous and the other inconspicuous; the one visited by insects, the other self-fertilizing. Recent observation shows that these chistogamous flowers, as they are called, are present in a great variety of plants.‡ In the violet they are found to exist, being seen in the summer and autumn, when all the more brilliant flowers have gone. The one flower has everything in its favour—honey and a beauty of colour and of smell that has passed into a proverb—and it opens its blue wings to the visits of the insect tribe in the season of their utmost jollity and life. The other has everything against it: it is inconspicuous, scentless, ugly, and closed. And yet,

* Lusk, "Report on Progress of Botany during 1841," translated by Lankester (Ray Society 1845) p. 65.

† Meehan, "On Fertilization by Insect Agency," *Gardener's Chronicle*, 11 Sept. 1873.

‡ For the whole subject of these most curious flowers, see Mr. Darwin's book "On the Different Forms of Flowers," Rev. G. Henslow, Tr. Linn. Society, "Botany," 2nd series, vol. i. p. 317, Mr. Bennett, *Journal of Linn. Society*, "Botany," xiii. p. 147, xiv. p. 269.

which succeeds the better? which produces the more seed? The cleistogamous, and not the brilliant flowers: the victory is with ugliness, and not with beauty.

The same is true of the *Impatiens fulva*. This is an American plant, closely akin to the balsam of our gardens, which has now thoroughly established itself on the banks of some of our rivers, as the Wey, and the tributary stream that runs through Abinger and Shere. It has attractive flowers hung on the daintiest flower-stalks. It has also little green flowers that never open and almost escape attention; and yet they, and not the large flowers, are the great source of seed vessels to the plant—the great security that the life of the race will be continued.* Again, ugliness has borne away the palm of utility from beauty.

So, too, in America the same happens with the *Specularia perfoliata*: in shady situations all its flowers are said to be cleistogamous, and to be wonderfully productive and strong.†

The conditions of the problem in these cases are such as to make them of the last importance in our inquiry into the utility of beauty; for in each case we are comparing a conspicuous and an inconspicuous flower in the very same plant. The conditions seem to exclude the possibility of error in the result.

Two explanations have been suggested of the origin of these cleistogamous flowers: according to the one, they are the earliest form of the flowers; according to the other view, they are degraded forms of the more beautiful flowers ‡. For our purpose, it is immaterial whether of the two explanations is correct; for either the development of beauty has diminished the utility of the flower, or the loss of beauty has increased the utility: in either event, utility and beauty are dissociated the one from the other.

Another experiment Nature presents us with, in which the conditions are nearly, if not quite, as rigorously exclusive of error. The vast majority of orchidaceous plants are, as already mentioned, dependent on insect agency for fertilization, and present a marvellous variety of contrivances for effecting cross-fertilization through their activity. But one of our orchids (the Bee orchis) is self-fertilized. I hardly know anything in vegetable life more striking or beautiful than to see its delicate pollinaria at a certain stage of its inflorescence descending on to the stigmatic surface and so yielding their pollen grains to the fertilization of their own blossom; and yet the Bee orchis has been found by observers to be as free a seeder as any of its tribe. Here the beauty and conspicuousness of the blossom, which are very great, are, as far as can be seen, useless; the plant gains nothing by the attractiveness which it offers, and the colouring and ornamentation of the blossom are, on the theory of utility, residual phenomena.

* Bennett, Journal of Linn. Society. "Botany," xiii. p. 147.

† Meehan, "On Fertilization," *ubi supra*.

‡ Mr. Bennett, "On Cleistogamous Flowers," Linn. Society's Journal, "Botany," xvi. p. 474, has shown that the latter is probably the correct view.

It is difficult to imagine that the change from wind or self-fertilization can, so to speak, commend itself to the flower on the score either of economy or success. If the anemophilous blossom must produce somewhat more pollen than the entomophilous, it saves the great expenditure of material and vital force requisite for the production of the large and conspicuous corolla. The one is fertilized by every wind that blows; the other, especially in the case of highly-specialized flowers like the orchids, may be incapable of fertilization except by a very few insects. The celebrated Madagascar orchid *Angræcum* can be fertilized, it is said, only by a moth with a proboscis from ten to fourteen inches long—a moth so rare or local that it is as yet known to naturalists only by prophecy. It is difficult to suppose that it would be beneficial for the plant's chance of survival to exchange as the fertilizing agent the universal wind for this most localized insect.

And here another line of evidence comes in and demands consideration. The face of Nature, as we now see it, has not been always exhibited by the world. The flora, like the fauna, of the world has changed: how has it changed as regards the beauty of the flowers? Does it give any testimony to that *becoming* beautiful of the flowers of plants to which Mr. Darwin refers? The answer is not a very certain one, by reason of the imperfection of the geological record, of the probability that beautiful plants, if they had existed, and had been of a delicate structure, would have perished and left no trace behind. But so far as an answer can be given, it is in favour of the increase of floral beauty in the vegetable world. The earliest flower known (the *Pothocites Grantonii*) occurs in the coal measures; its flowers cannot have been other than inconspicuous in themselves, though it is possible that by grouping they were made more attractive to the eye; in the period of the growth of the coal, when this plant lived, the vast forests seem principally to have been composed of trees without conspicuous blossoms, huge club mosses and maretails, and many conifers; in the earlier periods of this earth we have no trace of conspicuous blossom, and it is not till the upper chalk that the oaks and myrtles and *Proteacæ* appear as denizens of the forests. In like manner, if we refer to the appearance of insects on the earth, we have no clear trace in very early strata of those classes of insects which now do the principal work of fertilization for our conspicuous flowers. In the coal measures there have been found insects of the scorpion, beetle, cockroach, grasshopper, ant, and neuropterous families; but of a butterfly or moth there is only evidence of great doubt. It seems probable, then, and one cannot say more, that with the progress of the ages, flowers, as a whole, have become more conspicuous and attractive. But if we inquire whether the dull flowers of one era have grown into the conspicuous flowers of another, the answer is negative. The conifers of the coal age were anemophilous then, and are anemophilous still; they show no symptom of becoming more conspicuous; the same is true of the oaks of the chalk period, and

of all other inconspicuous plants. The difference between conspicuous and inconspicuous flowers appears a permanent one; and the page of geology gives no evidence in favour of the supposed change.

Another observation must yet be made. Comparing flowers fertilized by insects and by the wind, it has never, so far as I can learn, been observed that the former are more certain of being set or more prolific than the latter; and, as already shown, the inconspicuous flowers are often more fertile than the conspicuous ones. What motive would there be, then, for the inconspicuous flowers of the early geologic periods to convert themselves into the brilliant corollas of our day?

Carefully considered, the passage which I have cited from Mr. Darwin does not account for the beauty of the flowers of plants at all; it accounts only for their conspicuousness, as the writer himself points out; and the two things are so different, that to account for the one is not even to tend to account for the other. If any one will consider the beauty of every inflorescence, whether conspicuous or not—a beauty which the microscope always makes apparent where the unaided eye fails to perceive it; or, again, the easily perceived beauty of many inconspicuous plants; or, lastly, the beauty of many conspicuous plants which does not tend to their conspicuousness—he will see how true this is.

For in many conspicuous flowers there are delicate pencillings and markings which certainly do not tend to make them such, but which nevertheless add greatly to their beauty, as we perceive it. In the regularly shaped flowers these markings often start from the centre of the blossom like radii, and they may be conceived as guiding the insects to the central store of honey. Such guidance can hardly be needful, as the shape of the flower itself generally does all, and more than all, that the markings can do in the way of guidance. But it is by no means true that all the markings lead to the centre of the flower: many are transverse; many are marginal; some are by way of spot.

Again, take the irregularly shaped flowers, which are supposed to be the exclusive subjects of insect fertilization; how infinite are the beauties of the flower over and above those which make it conspicuous, or can assist to guide the insect. Take the orchids, for example: the labellum is generally the landing-place of the insect visitors; but the other flower-leaves are almost always the subjects of a vast display of delicate beauty which cannot be accounted for by the necessity of conspicuousness or guidance. All this beauty is, on the theory in question, an unexplained fact.

But, again, take the grasses, which depend for fertilization exclusively on the wind, and have no need to woo the visits of the insects. The beauty of the markings of the inflorescence of many of the grasses is very great, though far from conspicuous: take the delicately banded flowers of our quaking grasses; take the rich crimson of the foxtails; take the brilliant yellow of the Canary *Phaleria*; and it is impossible to

refuse the attribute of beauty in colour to the wind-loving grasses. And all this beauty is unexplained on the theory in question.

It is impossible to speak of the grasses and not to have the mind recalled to the beauty that resides in form as contrasted with colour. Elegance, grace of form, characterizes most (but not all) plants, whether fertilized by the wind or by insects; and yet this grace, in many cases, perhaps in most, adds nothing to their conspicuousness. It is, on the theory in question, a piece of idle beauty; and yet it is all-pervading—a persistent, though not universal, characteristic of the vegetable world.

But to revert to conspicuousness. It is not true to say that all self-fertilized plants have inconspicuous flowers. I have adduced the *Stephanotis* and *Hoya* on this point. Nor is it true to say that all anemophilous flowers are inconspicuous as compared with the green of their leaves. The large but delicate yellow groups of the male flowers of the Scotch pine (not to travel beyond very familiar plants) are very conspicuous in the early summer—much more so, to my eye at least, than many flowers which are supposed to stake their lives on attraction by being conspicuous. Hermann Müller has observed on this same fact, and considers it to be clear that the display of colour can be of no use to the plant, and must therefore be regarded as “a merely accidental phenomenon,”*—i.e., a phenomenon not accounted for by utility.

The crimson flowers of the larch, again, are certainly very conspicuous as well as beautiful on the yet leafless boughs; and yet they owe nothing to insects.

One other remark must be made on this passage from Mr. Darwin which has formed my text. It does not pretend to account for the production of beauty or even of conspicuousness. It only seeks to account for the accumulation of that quality in certain plants, and its comparative absence in others. The tendency in Nature to produce beauty is a postulate in Mr. Darwin's theory.

The beauty of mountain blossoms has been referred to as supporting the utility of beauty: it is not perfectly clear that even this can be accounted for merely by the need of attracting insects. It is said by the American writer to whom I have already referred, Mr. Meehan, that the flowers of the Rocky Mountains are beautifully coloured, produce as much seed as similar ones elsewhere, and yet that there is a remarkable scarcity of insect life—so great, I understand him to mean, as to render it highly improbable that the races of the flowers can be perpetuated by insect agency.

We have hitherto, according to promise, been considering the beauty of flowers as detached from all surrounding facts, and isolated from all other parts of the plant. But, in fact, this beauty of the inflorescence of plants is only one phenomenon of a much larger class. The petals and sepals are only leaves; and it is difficult to argue about the character of the flower-leaves and omit from thought the stalk and root-

* *Nature*, ix. 461.

leaves; and these leaves continually possess a wealth of beauty both of form and colour for which no intelligible utility has ever been suggested. The use made of conspicuous leaves in the modern style of bedding-out and the cultivation in hot-houses of what are called foliage plants, will recall this to every one. In many cases the stems of plants, often the veins of the leaves, and often the backs of the leaves, are the homes of distinct and beautiful colouring, for which, so far as I know, no account can be given on the score of use. To enlarge our view yet a little more, the brilliant colours of the fungi and of the lichens, mosses, and sea-weeds, and, lastly, the outburst of varied colours in the autumn—the crimson of the bramble, the browns of the oaks, the red of the maple, the gold of the elm, “the sunshine of the withering fern”—all these present themselves to us as so closely akin to the painted beauty of flowers that we cannot think of the one without the other; and we may well hesitate to accept as satisfactory a theory which can offer no explanation of phenomena so closely akin to those of flowers, except, forsooth, that they are merely accidental. Once again, to widen the range of our mental vision, the beauty of the vegetable world is but a part of that great and complex mass of beauty from which we agreed to segregate it; and viewed as part of that, it must have the same explanation applied to it as the other beautiful phenomena of the world.

It is worth while to remember that Beauty is no outcome of a long period of evolution; it is no late event in the geologic history of the world. The lowest forms of organic life no less than the highest are clad in beauty. Many beings that are “simple structureless protoplasm”—to use the language of Professor Allman as President of the British Association this year—“fashion for themselves an outer membranous or calcareous case, often of symmetrical form and elaborate ornamentation, or construct a silicious skeleton of radiating spicula or crystal-clear concentric spheres of exquisite symmetry and beauty.”*

So, too, in the Silurian period, the corals and other marine structures were, no doubt, endowed with every grace which could please the eye of man, if he had been there. Beauty is the invariable companion of Nature. It is difficult, therefore, to account for it as a result of evolution; and, as for the theory that it was made for man’s delectation only, a single diatom or a single fossil from a Silurian bed is enough to put the whole vain egotism to flight.

What are the results fairly deducible from these observations? They seem to be the following:—

1. That conspicuousness is a step towards fertilization in one mode, and might, therefore, well be used by an artist loving at once beauty and fertility.
2. That there is no such preponderating advantage in beauty as should convert the ugly anemophilous flowers into the brilliant entomophilous flowers.

* *Nature*, xi. p. 336.

3. That in an infinite number of cases beauty exists, but without any relation to the mode of fertilization.

4. That it is maintained in many cases where the uglier and less beautiful plant is more useful, as in the case of the violet.

5. That even where conspicuousness is useful, it furnishes no complete account of the whole beauty of the flower.

Let us apply these facts to the two rival theories. If, on the one hand, nothing has become beautiful but through the utility of beauty, beauty will be found where it is useful and nowhere else. But we have found beauty without finding utility; so that theory, on our present knowledge, is inadmissible.

If, on the other hand, there be an artificer in Nature who loves at once utility and beauty, he may use the one sometimes as a mean to the other, or he may use beauty without utility; and the presence of beauty without utility is intelligible.

And here I conclude. I see in Nature both utility and beauty; but I am not convinced that the one is solely dependent on the other. I find a grace and a glory (even in the flowers of plants) which, on the utilitarian theory, is not accounted for, is a residual phenomenon; and that in such enormous proportions that the phenomenon explained bears no perceptible proportion to the phenomenon left unexplained. Whether this be so or not, it appears to me, for the reasons I have already given, that we may still entertain the same notions about the beauty of the world as before. Our souls may still rejoice in beauty as of old. To some of us this glorious frame has not appeared a dead mechanic mass, but a living whole, instinct with spiritual life; and in the beauty which we see around us in Nature's face, we have felt the smile of a spiritual Being, as we feel the smile of our friend adding light and lustre to his countenance. I still indulge this fancy, or, if you will, this superstition. Still, as of old, I feel (to use the familiar language of our great poet of Nature)—

"A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains; and of all that we behold
From this green earth: of all the mighty world,
Of eye, and ear."

EDW. FRY.

WHERE ARE WE IN ART?

"NO doubt education is a fine thing!" said I, meditatively, laying down my thirteenth newspaper. It was a rainy November day, and the reading-room was nearly empty. I had been told the great fact over and over again in some form or other in all the "Dailies" and "Weeklies." It had been repeated in every variety of tone in the little pile of "Monthlies" at my elbow, of which I had skimmed the cream (no one in these days can be expected to go through the labour of a whole article)! The "Quarterlies," in more ponderous fashion had reiterated the sentiment. We had got hold of the right thing; and that was wanted was more and more of the same. Let everybody be served alike; what is meat for the gander is meat also for the goose. I repeated the advocates of women's education, magniloquently (though not exactly in those words). Let everybody learn the same thing that I am learning! How much better and wiser we are than our forefathers! How beautiful for us to be able to say, as in the old story of the French Minister of Instruction when he pulls out his watch "It is ten o'clock; all the children in the schools in England are doing their sums. It is half-past eleven, they are all writing their copies!"

"What everybody says must be true," thought I; "the schoolmaster has got the better of the world, and rules the roast despotically; but then how great is the result!" I repeated, with pride.

Such perfection was rather oppressive, and I could not help yawning a little as I went upstairs, looking round as I went. The decoration of the club were wonderfully fine, no doubt, but perhaps an Italian of the "Cinque-cento" would not have thought them quite successful. Probably however, he would have been wrong. He was certainly much less "instructed" in art than we are. I strolled to the window, and looked out at a stucco palace on either hand and over the way, with pillars and pilasters added *ad libitum*, and a glimpse of a long wall with oblon-

openings cut in it, stretching the whole length of the street. One of the abominable regiments of black statues which disfigure London stood near the corner, the nicely-finished buttons of whose palcotôt, and the creases of whose boots (the originals of which must have been made by Hoby), had often been my wonder, if not admiration.

"Yes, there certainly is a lost art or two, which have somehow made their escape from this best of all worlds, in spite of our drilling and double-distilled training," I sighed.

There was a portfolio of photographs lying on the table, which I turned over abstractedly. The Venus de Milo, and the Theseus of the Parthenon; the Raphael frescoes of the great council of the gods in the Farnesina Palace at Rome; a street in Venice; Durham Cathedral; the decorations of the Certosa at Pavia; some specimens of old Japanese porcelain; some coloured patterns of Persian shawls and prayer-rugs and of Indian inlaid work. Each of them was good and appropriate of its kind, expressing a national or individual taste and feeling, or, best of all, a belief. And none of them were the results of education, but of a kind of instinct of art which no instruction hitherto has been able to give, of which it seems even sometimes to deprive a race, as a savage generally loses his accurate perception of details and his power of memory and artistic perceptions, with his delicacy of hearing and smell, as a consequence of so-called civilization.

The Hindoo arranges colours for a fabric with the same certainty of intuition that a bird weaves his nest, or a spider its web. His blues and greens are as harmonious in their combinations as those of Nature herself; while the "educated" Englishman is now introducing every species of atrocity in form and colour wherever he goes, ruining the beautiful native manufactures by instructions from his superior "stand-point;" forcing the workers to commit every blunder which he does himself at home, in order to adapt their fabrics to the abominable taste of the middle classes in England. Even the missionaries, male and female, cannot hold their hands, and teach the children in schools and hareems crochet and cross-stitch of the worst designs and colours, instead of the exquisite native embroidery of the past. Arsenic greens, magenta and gas-tar dyes, are introduced by order of the merchants into carpets and cashmere shawls; vile colours and forms in pottery and bad lacquer-work are growing up, by command, in China and Japan. There seems to be no check or stay to the irruption of bad taste which is swamping the whole world by our influence. The Japanese have even been recommended to make a Museum of their own beautiful old productions quickly, or the very memory of their existence, and of the manner in which they were made, would be lost.

It is commonly supposed that the taste of the French is better than our own, and the pretty, the bizarre, the becoming, may indeed be said to belong to their domain; but high art is not their vocation. A certain harmony is obtained by quenching colour, as in the "*Soupir étouffé*," the

"Bismarck malade," the "rose dégradée," the "Celadon" of the Sèvres china, all eighth and tenth degrees of dilution; but pure colour, like that of Persia and of the East generally, they never now dare to dip their hands into. The gorgeous effects of their own old painted glass, the "rose windows" of the churches at Rouen and in many other towns of Normandy, are far beyond their present reach.

The stained glass of all countries in Europe, indeed, belonging to the good times, is a feast of colour which none of the modern work can approach. There is a "Last Judgment," said to be from designs by Albert Durer, which was taken in a sea-fight on its road to Spain, and put up in a little church at Fairford, in Gloucestershire, which dazzles us with its splendour; and the scraps which are still to be found all over England in village churches (many of which are now believed to be of home manufacture) are as beautiful as the great Flemish windows thirty feet high. At the present day the pigments used, we are told, are finer; the glass is infinitely better rolled, all the manufacturing processes have made wonderful progress, as we proudly declare; only the results of it are utterly and simply detestable—the colours of the great modern windows in Cologne Cathedral and Westminster Abbey set one's very teeth on edge—the temptation to use a stone (if it had come under one's hand) would be frightfully great in front of that at the east end of Ripon.

There lies before me an old Persian rug, all out of shape and twisted in the weaving, but full of subtle quantities in colour, perfect in the proportions of its vivid brilliancy, and a grand new Axminster carpet alongside, of faultless construction, with a design as hideous as its colours are harsh.

It is not only now with productions destined for the English market, but the degradation of art is beginning to spread all over the world—the standards of "instructed" European taste are vitiating the very well-springs of beautiful old work. The "mantilla" of Seville, and the "tovaglia" of the Roman peasant, are supplanted by frightful bonnets; the striking old costumes are disappearing alike in Brittany and in Algiers; in Athens and in Turkey they are giving way to the abominations of Parisian toilettes for the women, while the chimney-pot hat is taking the place of the turban and the kalpac for the men.

The picturesque quaintness of the narrow Egyptian streets dies away, as under a frost, under the hand of Western architects; the delicate pierced woodwork of their projecting balconies is changed for flat windows with red and green "jalousies;" and the Khedive builds minarets, it is true, but like enlarged Mordan pencil-cases. The harmony of the lines in an ancient Arabian fountain or mosque at Cairo, the interlacing patterns of fretwork in the Saracenic buildings at Grenada, are marvellous in their exquisite variety; yet the secret of their construction in their own land is nearly gone, the very tradition of the old work seems to have perished in the race—they cannot even imitate their own old

creations. "Oh for a touch of a vanished hand!" we say over the ruined tombs of the Memlook Sultans in their desolate beauty, standing lonely in the desert near Cairo, or the wonderful mosques of the deserted city of Beejapore in the Bombay Presidency, whose photographs have lately been printed.

Each nation in the old time had an expression of its thoughts in the buildings in which it housed its gods, its government, and its individuals, which was as distinctive as its language: a tongue, indeed, in stone, in colour and in form, as plain as, indeed plainer than, ever words could frame.

The Egyptian, with the flat square lines of the gigantic slabs placed across the forests of enormous rounded pillars closely packed, the avenues of sphinxes and obelisks leading up (never at right angles, curiously to our sense of conformity) to the temples—solemn, heavy, magnificent, mysterious—with a sentiment of dignified repose, though little of beauty or proportion, but full of symbolism and suggestion and grandeur.

The exquisite Greek buildings, where proportion was almost like music in its scientific harmony of parts, so exact, so modulated, so severe, so lovely—with sculpture forming an almost necessary portion of the architectural design when at its highest point of excellence.

The Saracenic, with its simple grace of construction and delicate detail of ornament, with holy words and combinations of lines in place of natural forms, and soaring beauty of domes, and pierced marble work.

The Middle Age Italian, with its inlaid and decorated façades and wealth of columns, and traceries of gay-coloured stones, and contrasts of brilliant light and dark shadows in the deep-set windows and doors, —bright and lovely like Giotto's Campanile at Florence, rising like a flower over the city, or great churches like those of Orvieto and St. Mark's,* with their rich profusion of mosaic and carved stone and quaint modifications of brickwork.

Or the buildings of the Gothic nations (our own included), which often, like those at Mont St. Michel, seem to have so grown out of the situation—where the Art is so interwoven with Nature, that it is hardly possible to discover where one begins and the other ends. There is something also of the manner in which Nature works, in the feeling with which the curves interlace, seeming almost to grow into each other, in a Gothic cathedral. In the perspectives of heavy round arches of Winchester and Durham, in the upward soaring of the Salisbury spire, there is the same impression—they seem to have "come" so. It is like a living organism, the parts of which are as natural and necessary to the whole as is the growth of a tree: like the recipe of old for a poet, they seem to have been "born, not made."

All these different races invented for themselves what is called a

* Now, alas! under sentence of "restoration;" the age of creation in Italy appears to be over, and that of destruction to have begun.

"style;" that is to say, an original manner, peculiar and adapted to their special idiosyncrasies, of fulfilling those wants which every nation, as soon as it emerges from the savage state, must feel and provide for in some fashion.

Even to descend to very inferior work—there is character and expression in the old King William houses on the river-bank at Chelsea, in the pretty little Queen Anne Square in Westminster; it is too neat and pretty to be high art, with its unobtrusive moulded brick, its shallow projections, and the carved shells over the doorways; but it is not unlike the poetry of Pope in the delicate finish and adaptation of its parts, while no one can deny that it has an individuality which the smart new houses in Grosvenor Place are totally without, where costly granite and excellent stone seem to have been employed to show the moral lesson that the best materials are of little service unless mixed "with brains, sir," as Opie advised. Every capital of the columns is carved by hand, but of the poorest design and all alike—it is hardly possible to conceive the poverty of invention involved in making every house and every ornament an exact copy of its neighbour, in a situation which invited picturesque treatment—after too, it had been shown at the Oxford Museum that carving was done both quicker and better when the workers exerted their minds in such inventions as they possessed (and some of their renderings of natural forms were beautiful) than when they merely followed a stereotyped pattern.

At present we can as soon invent a new style for ourselves as a new animal; we copy, we combine—that is, under the Georgian era we added a Mahometan cupola to Roman columns in the Regent's Park; or, still later, we made one pediment serve for the whole side of a Belgravian square—i.e., a form intended for a nicely-calculated angle over the front of a temple with a particular number of columns, is stretched as on a rack over the roofs of an acre of houses; or we build a portico designed as a shelter against the cloudless sunshine of the Greek climate to darken a sunless English dwelling-house. Our last achievement has been to make a "pasticcio" of the high "mansarde" Parisian roofs, with hideous little debased Italian porticoes, a quarter of a mile of which may be seen in the Grosvenor Gardens district.

Also we can patch and imitate—that is, rebuild a sham antique—from which, however ingeniously done, the ineffable charm of the original has escaped like a gas. Why the portico of the capital at Washington, or the monument on the Calton Hill at Edinburgh, whose columns are said to be "an exact copy of those at Athens," are so utterly uninteresting, it would take too long to explain; but no one will deny that they are mere lumps of dead stone, while the Parthenon itself, ruined and defaced, wrecked and ill-used, still stands like a glorious poem in marble, which no evil treatment can deprive of its charm. There is mind and soul worked into the material, and somehow inextricably entangled into it, which no copy, however exact, can in the least reproduce.

No doubt we have improved in our street architecture; there are isolated specimens of red brick, a shop-front in South Audley Street, and one in New Bond Street, several excellent buildings in the city, &c., &c., legitimate adaptations of gables, dormers, and windows, exceedingly good of their kind; but these are not original creations, only developments of what already exists.

There is one point in which our present shallow, unintelligent education has wrought irreparable mischief. We have learnt so much of respect for art as to desire to preserve the works of our forefathers, but not so far as to find out how this is to be done. We set to work to "restore" them. Every inch of the surface of an old church is historical as to the manner of the handiwork of the men of the twelfth, thirteenth, or whatever may be the century, and we proceed to put a new face on it, which, at the best, must certainly be that of the nineteenth century; we find a defaced portrait statue on an altar-tomb (as in a church in Devonshire), and we insert a smooth mask out of our own heads; we find an Early English tower with walls fourteen feet thick, and think a vestry would be "nicer" in its place, and the tower is therefore pulled down and rebuilt at the other end of the nave (as in a church in Bucks); or a curious monument to the fifth son of Edward III., or a couple of kneeling figures, clad in ruffs and farthingales, of an old rector and his wife, are within the communion rails (as in two other churches in Bucks); the incumbents do not approve of tombs in such "sacred places," and, regardless of the curious historical fact shown by the very position itself in pre-Reformation days, they are ruthlessly rooted up, and in the latter case a flaming brass to the rector's own family substituted.

Even a little art education would show us that this is not "restoration;" it may be a much finer and surer kind of work, as many people seem to consider it; but the cutting down an inch of the splendid carved stone porches at Chartres to a new surface is not "restoring" that which was there before—the face of the fifteenth-century lady cannot be "restored" without a portrait which no longer exists—the new tower may be very "pretty," but it is certainly no longer a specimen of rare old Early English work. Like the monks of old carefully scratching their invaluable parchment manuscripts, to put in their own words and notes, we have at one fell swoop scratched the history of English ecclesiastical art off the land, and archaeologists are inquiring sadly for instances of unrestored churches, which, alas! now are scarcely to be found.

What may be the reason why architecture, sculpture, painting, and even poetry—i.e., the combination of stone, brick, marble, metal, colours, and, lastly, of metrical forms of words—should all suffer by the advance of our (so-called) civilization and education, is still a mystery; but few will be found to doubt the fact in detail, though they may deny the general formula.

Perhaps our self-consciousness as to our great virtues, our "progress," our knowledge, the learning of the reason of our work, the introversion of our present moods of thought, check the development of an idea,

even if we may be fortunate enough to get hold of one. Self-consciousness is fatal to art; there is a certain spontaneity of utterance—singing, as the birds sing, because they cannot help it—"composing," almost as the mountains and clouds "compose," by reason of their existence itself, not because they want to make a picture,—which produces natural work, grown out of the man and the requirements of his nature, to which it seems, with very rare exceptions, that we cannot now attain.

In sculpture, a modern R.A. has acquired ten times as much anatomy as Phidias: dissection was unknown, and not permitted, by the Greeks. Chemistry has produced for the painter colours which Raphael (luckily for us) never dreamed of. Yet one cannot help wondering at the strange daring which permits the honourable society at Burlington House to hang yearly the works of the ancient masters of the craft on the same walls where their own productions are to figure a few weeks later, as if to inform the world most impressively and depressingly from how far we have fallen in pictorial art; to string up our taste, as it were, to concert pitch—to give the key-note of true excellence, in order to mark the depth to which we have sunk.

We now teach drawing diligently in all European countries, and are surprised that we get no Michelangelos. Did Masaccio go to a school of design, or Giotto learn "free-hand" manipulation? Education, as it is generally defined—meaning thereby a knowledge of the accumulation of facts discovered by other people—is good for the general public, for ordinary humanity, but not for original minds, except so far as it saves them time and trouble by preventing them from reinventing what has been already done by others. True, there can be but few "inventors" (in the old Italian sense of creators) in the world at any one moment, and training must, it will be said, be carried on for the use of the many; but one might still plead for a certain elasticity in our teaching, a margin left for free-will among the few who will ever be able to use it. And, meantime, it is allowable to lament over the number of arts we have lost, or are in danger of losing, which can only be practised by the few—whose number seems ever to be diminishing, under our generalizing processes of turning out as many minds of the same pattern as if we wanted nail-heads or patent screws by the million.

This is not education in its true and highest sense—i.e., the bringing forth the best that is in a man; not simply putting knowledge into him, but using the variety of gifts, which even the poorest in endowment possess, to the best possible end. And this seems more and more difficult as the stereotyped pattern is more and more enforced in board-schools, endowed schools, public schools, universities; and each bit of plastic material, while young, is forced as much as possible into the same shape, the only contention being who shall have the construction of the die which all alike are eager to apply to every individual of the nation.

Of all races which have yet existed there can be no doubt that the

Greek was the one most highly endowed with artistic powers of all kinds; yet the Greek was certainly not, in our sense of the term, an educated man at all; his powers of every kind, however, were cultivated indirectly by the very atmosphere he lived in. His sensitive artistic nature found food in the forms and colours of the mountains and the islands, the sea and the sky, by which he was surrounded; by the human nature about him in its most perfect development; by every building—his temples, his tombs, his theatres—every pot and pan he used, every seat he sat upon; whereas no man's eye can be other than degraded by the unspeakable ugliness of an English manufacturing town, or, what is almost worse, by the sham art where decoration of any kind is invented or attempted by the richer middle class.

The theory that soil and climate and food produce instincts of beauty, as well as varieties of beasts and plants, is, however, evidently at fault in these questions; for if this were the case at one time in the world's history, why not at another? and the present inhabitants of Greece are as impt as their neighbours in sculpture, painting, and architecture. Nothing, even out of the workshops of Birmingham, can exceed the ugliness of their present productions—*e.g.*, a Minerva's head without a forehead, done in bead-work on canvas, fastened on to a piece of white marble, which was given as a precious parting gift from the goddess's own city to a valued friend. There seems now a headlong competition in every country after bad art. If we ask for lace and embroidery in the Greek islands, or silver fillagree in Norway,—if we inquire for wood-carving from Burmah, or the old shawls and pottery from Persia and the East,—the answer is always the same: we are told that there is "none such made at present." It is only what remains of the old hand-made work that is to be obtained; the present inhabitants "care for none of these things." Sham jewellery from the "Palais Royal," Manchester goods, stamped leather, and the like, are what the natives are seeking for themselves, while they get rid of "all those ugly old things" to the first possible buyer for any price which they can fetch.

Manufacturing an article, (whatever be the real derivation of the word, but) meaning the use of machinery for the multiplication of the greatest number of articles at the least cost, however admirable for the comfort of the million, is evidently fatal to art. When each bit of iron-work, every hinge, every lock scutcheon, was hammered out with care and consideration by the individual blacksmith, even if he were but an indifferent performer, it bore the stamp of the thought of a man's mind directing his hand; now there is only the stamp of a machine running the metal into a mould. When every bit of decorative wood-work was "all made out of the carver's brain,"—when the embroidery of the holiday shirt of a boatman of "Chios' rocky isle" took half a lifetime to devise and stitch, and was intended to last for generations of wearers, art found a way, however humble, through nimble fingers interpreting the fancies of the individual brain. "Fancy work," as an old Hampshire

woman called her stitching of the fronts and backs of the old-fashioned smock-frocks, each one differing from the one she made before, as her "fancy" led. It was always interesting, and almost always beautiful.

Now the hinges are cast by the ton, all of one pattern; fortunate, indeed, if the original be a good one (a very hopeful supposition!). The sewing-machine repeats its monotonous curves of embroidery; the wood-carving is the result of skilfully-arranged knives and wheels worked by steam, which only execute forms adapted for them. The initial thought of their designer must be, not what is in itself desirable, but that which the machine can best produce. What is right in a particular place, is the natural object of the workman artist; how to use what has been already cast or stamped, is the object of the present ordinary builder; and what he calls "symmetry"—i.e., monotony, every line repeated *ad nauseam*—is the result his education aims at. Symmetry, in the sense of the repetition of the infinite variety of exquisitely modulated curves in the two outlines of the human body, is beautiful and harmonious; but there is neither beauty nor harmony in the repetition of the self-same horizontal and perpendicular lines of windows and doors in a London street. A feeling of what in music are called "contrary motion," "oblique motion," is all required in the impression produced by really fine architecture. Yet, if the ordinary builder is asked to vary his hideous row of houses by an additional window or a higher chimney, he exclaims with horror at such a violation of "symmetry," his sole rule of beauty being that all should look alike.

The effect, indeed, of machine-made work is to impress upon the tradesman mind the belief that perfection consists wholly in exact and correct repetition of a pattern, which may be said to be true in his craft; whereas constant variation and development is the law of healthy art, the need being expressed by the design. To save the expense and trouble of fresh drawings, also, as soon as a pattern becomes popular in one material, it is immediately repeated *ad nauseam* in every other, however incongruous. A bunch of suchsias has been supposed to look well in a lace curtain; it is then cast in brass for the end of a curtain-rod; is used for wall-papers and stone-carving alike. Whereas if a Japanese artist has designed a flight of cranes on his screen or his paper, it is impossible to get another exactly the same; to reproduce a sketch exactly being, generally, as every artist can tell, more laborious than to make a new one, where the brain assists the fingers in their work.

There is another result of our present shallow "general" education which has a most depressing effect upon art. Every one now can read and write, and it would be considered an infringement of the right of private judgment to doubt the ability of every writer or reader to criticize any work of art whatsoever. In the case of buying a kitchen range or a carriage we should not trust to our own knowledge, but should apply to the experienced expert; but "every one can tell whether he likes a picture or not!"

Now, good criticism in art demands at least as long and severe an apprenticeship as that in ironmongery—the training of the eye by long experience, reading, historical, scientific, mechanical—real study of all the various subjects connected with it; and this can be acquired only by few. It has been said, with perfect truth, that it will not do to depend on the fiat of artists themselves for the value of a picture, statue, or building. With some, the admiration of the technical part of art is too great; the passionate likes and dislikes for particular styles or particular men warp the judgments of others; and this is, perhaps, inherent in the artist nature. But this is only saying that we must not go to the ironfounder for the character of his kitchen range; there are other skilled opinions to be had besides those of the authors of a work.

At the present time, the art of criticism has got so far beyond our powers of creation that it becomes more and more difficult to bring forth a great work of art. The hatching of eggs requires a certain genial warmth to bring them to perfection; creation is a vital act, but the reception which any new-fledged production is likely to meet with is either the scorching fire of fault-finding or the freezing cold of indifference.

It was not thus that great works of old were produced; Cimabue's picture of the Virgin was carried in a triumphal procession through Florence, from the artist's studio to the church which was to be honoured by its possession. It was a worthy religious offering to the goddess Mary, a subject of rejoicing to the whole city, and the quarter of the town where it was first seen, amid cries of delight, was called the "Borgo Allegri," a name which it has kept six hundred years. And the sympathy of the people reacted on the artist, and helped him to carry out his great conceptions. They were proud of him, and he worked at his picture as a labour of love to do his nation honour.

Now, when a man has spent perhaps years over a religious picture, working with all his heart and soul and strength, instead of its being taken into a church, and seen only with the associations for which it is adapted, it is hung up between a smirking lady, clad in the last abominations of the fashion, on one side, and a "horse and dog, the property of Blank, Esq.," on the other; while the artist is fortunate if the best of the critics, who has just glanced at it as he passes by, does not entirely ignore his meaning and mistake the expression of his idea, only discovering that "the drawing of the toe of the left foot is decidedly awkward." So it may be, and there are probably faults in it still more considerable; yet the picture, with all these faults, may be one of great merit.

Is it possible to conceive the Madonna di San Sisto painted under such conditions? The cold chill of the indifferent public would have reacted on the artist, and quenched the fire of his inspiration. The picture was intended to be the incarnation of the religious feeling of the whole Christian world, in the divine expression of the infant Christ gazing into futurity, with those rapt, far-seeing eyes,—in the holy

mother, who carries him so reverently, yet with such power and purity in her look and bearing. It was honoured sympathetically by all who had the joy of seeing it borne as a banner through a great city as an act of the highest worship; not cut up into little morsels and set on a fork by every man who can write smart articles for a penny paper, bestowing a little supercilious praise and much wholesome advice on Holman Hunt and Tennyson, on Stevens* and Street alike.

But the result is that the world is poorer by the want of the work which only a sense of sympathy between the artist and his public inspires. "Action and reaction are equal," we are told, in science, and the artist cannot produce the best that is in him alone, any more than the most finished musician can play on a dumb piano. The receivers must do their share in the partnership. Mrs. Siddons once said that she lost all her power when annihilated by the coldness of the cream of the cream society of a *salon*, and preferred any marks of emotion of an unsophisticated if intelligent audience, to the chill of fashionable indifference; and when we complain of the pooruess of our art, we must remember for how large a share of this we, the present public, are responsible. It may be all very well for the skylark to "pour his strains of unpremeditated art" for his own pleasure and that of the little skylarks; but Shelley must have had the hope that "the world will listen then, as I am listening now."

The poet and the painter require intelligent cordial belief and sympathy, which is just what we have not to give, and therefore the reign of the highest art is probably at an end: no Phidias or Michelangelo, no Homer or Shakspeare, are likely again to arise. This is pre-eminently a scientific age—a time for the collection and co-ordination of facts; and what imagination we possess we use in the discovery of the laws by which Nature works, and in the application of our knowledge to the ordinary wants and comforts and pleasures of the human race. Electric telegraphs, phonographs, photographs abound; every possible adaptation of steam in majestic engines (almost, it seems, as intelligent as man), to promote our means of communication and locomotion over the surface of the earth, and of production in every conceivable form; great ships and engines of destruction in war, and (curious antithesis) ingenious contrivances for the saving of pain in disease—everything, in short, connected with the comprehension and subjugation of the material world, is more and more carried to perfection. Yet in spite of these marvellous achievements, unless we can manage to secure a supply of good art, there can be no doubt that there will "have passed away a glory from the earth" which we can ill afford to lose.

There is no use in preaching what is called the common sense of the matter, and telling Keats (though he may have died of consumption, and not of the *Edinburgh Review*) that the critique on his poems was

* The monument to the Duke of Wellington has never received its due meed of praise. With all his faults, poor Stevens was a man of true genius.

flippant and unintelligent; or one artist that the account of his picture was written by a man who did not understand painting, and the next by a writer who had no notion of the requisites of true poetry. The artist is by necessity of his nature a thin-skinned, impressionable being, with sensitive nerves and perceptions, without which the power of creation does not exist. He writes and paints and acts and sculpts—in short, composes, invents, creates—to make the world feel as he is feeling. Fame is a vulgar word for the sentiment which inspires him; the longing after sympathy is a much truer expression of what the true artist desires. That of his own family and friends is not sufficient; he wants the world at large to hear and understand and join in what he has to say, whether it be in marble or on canvas, in music or in words. To grow such a creature to perfection is very rare in the history of mankind, and when our aloe does flower, we should make the most of it, and feed it with food convenient. Our blame depresses him, even stupid,* unintelligent blame, more than our praise elevates him; "he is absurdly sensitive," says the hard-headed man of the world; but that is the very condition of the problem with which we have to deal; if he were not so, we should not have great works of art from him. He is an idealist by nature. If we declare that it is very absurd of our vices to require so much care and kindness, and that a little roughing and neglect will do them a great deal of good, we shall not get many grapes; and, after all, what we want is grapes—results, great artistic works.

It is almost pathetic to see the nation doing the best it knows, offering its patronage and its public buildings, its monuments of great men and its money, and then to mark the results. It is fortunate that most of the frescoes are scaling off the walls of the Houses of Parliament. It is fortunate that Nelson and the Duke of York are hoisted up so high that they cannot be scrutinized at all; it is fortunate that most of the public statues are generally so begrimed with dirt and soot that few can make out their intention. But it is we who are responsible for half at least of their failures.† We have, as a nation, neither the artistic feeling which delights in the beautiful with a sort of worship, nor the sensuous religious instincts which require an outward and visible sign of our inward faith. Therefore our best chance of great work seems to be when the common-sense necessity is so large in its demands, that carrying it out even on merely utilitarian principles may give a grand result by the force of circumstances, almost without our will,—the very fulfilment of the working conditions on an enormous scale forcing a certain grandeur on the work. As, for instance, when a

* "Quoique les applaudissemens que j'ai reçus m'aient beaucoup flatté, la moindre critique, quelque mauvaise qu'elle eût été, m'a toujours causé plus de chagrin que toutes les louanges ne m'avaient fait de plaisir," writes Racine to his son. He was silent for twelve years after the "insuccès de Phèdre." "Quoique le 'Mercure Gallant' était au dessous de tout, les blessures qu'il fait n'en sont pas moins cruelles à la sensibilité d'un poète," adds the *Revue des Deux Mondes*.

† The group of "Anna," by Foley, in Prince Albert's Memorial, is one of the few exceptions to the indifferent character of out-door statues in London.

viaduct is carried over a deep valley and river, upon a lofty series of arches, as in many Welsh railways and at Newcastle, there are elements of strength, durability, might, and therefore majesty, which the barest execution of the requirements cannot take away. The Suspension Bridge hung high in the air above the ships in the Menai Straits, and that over the narrow hollow of the Avon, have a beauty of lightness and grace all their own—Waterloo Bridge, which Canova declared to be worth coming to England to see—are all specimens of a kind of work which we may hope to see multiplied, and even improved upon, as the adaptation of art to the common necessities of our civilization becomes more common, and is taken in hand by a higher and more educated class of men.

Nothing, however, can well be more depressing than the experience of the United States in respect to this question of art and education. Here is a country (in their own magniloquent hyperbole) "bounded on the north by the Aurora Borealis, and on the west by the setting sun," &c., &c., whose proud boast it is that every man, woman, and child (born on its soil) can read, write, and something more,—which has just celebrated its centenary of independent existence, and is in the very spring-time of its national life when the "sap is rising,"—a season which among other nations is that of their greatest artistic vigour, yet which has never produced a poet, painter, sculptor,* or architect above mediocrity. Strangely as it would seem at first sight, it is originality which is chiefly wanting in their art; it is all an echo of European models; they have no independent action of thought or interpretation of Nature. Here, again, it is probably the want of culture of the public which is to blame. Evidence is difficult to obtain on such a vast subject as the use made of the reading and writing so freely imparted at the schools in the United States, but there is very good testimony showing that, with the exception of great centres of civilization, like Boston, the nation, as a nation, reads little but newspapers and story-books; and these clearly would produce a soil utterly unfit for the growth of real art.

Lastly, let us not forget Mr. Mill's warning how much the nation, as well as the individual, must suffer by the stifling of original thought in the rigid conformity to system which our present mechanism of Government regulations, of centralized hard-and-fast rules, is bringing about in education.

The State has a right to exact a certain amount of training in the individuals who compose it, but has no right whatever to interfere as to how that result is obtained. Every encouragement should be held out to original action of all kinds, tending to develop the faculties—artistic, scientific, as well as practical—which remain to be utilized among the millions who are now coming under an influence hitherto painfully narrow, rigid, and shallow in its operations, in spite of its magnificent promises and high-sounding notes of self-satisfaction.

F. P. VERNER.

* Mr. Story may perhaps be considered an exception; but even the "Cleopatra," and "Sibyl" were produced under the influence of Rome.

LIFE IN CONSTANTINOPLE FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IT has often been said that the Turk never changes, that he is now just what he was when he first appeared in Asia Minor. There is very little truth in this observation, for in fact he is like other men, and his character has been modified by the circumstances in which he has been placed, as well as by constant intermarriage with other races. He has changed in some respects for the better, and in others for the worse. There is probably no important city in the world, unless it be Cairo, which has been so radically changed during the last fifty years as the capital of the Turkish Empire. The dress, the customs, the people, the Government, have all been transformed under the influence of European civilization; and these changes have exerted more or less influence in all parts of the Empire.

In this impatient age, when men will hardly give a moment to the consideration of anything but the future, and are always anxiously waiting for to-morrow's telegrams, it is easy to forget that we cannot understand either the present or the future without constant reference to the past. No one can fairly judge the Turks or the Christians of this Empire, or form any idea of their probable destiny, who is not acquainted with their condition fifty years ago, in the time of the last of the Ottoman Sultans; and a brief sketch of Constantinople as it was at that time cannot fail to suggest some interesting considerations to those who are watching the course of events in the East. As contemporary records are even more valuable than personal reminiscences, I shall quote freely from the private journal of a late English resident, who was a member of the Levant Company, and, after its dissolution, for many years the leading English banker in Constantinople, with a world-wide reputation for integrity, and in every way a perfect specimen of an English gentleman of the old school. He came to Constanti-

nople in 1823, and his journal was continued till 1827. It has never been published.

The reigning Sultan was Mahmoud II., the Reformer, who came to the throne in 1808, after the murder of Sultan Selim and the execution of his brother Moustapha, and after narrowly escaping death himself. The insurrection in Moldavia and Wallachia had been put down in 1821, and Ali Pacha, the famous Albanian chief of Janina, had been treacherously put to death in 1822; but the war of the Greek Revolution was still in progress, and the battle of Navarino was not fought until 1827. War was declared against Russia the same year. Halet Pacha had been strangled in 1822, and Mohammed Selim Pacha was Grand Vizier. Lord Strangford and Mr. Stratford Canning (Lord Stratford) represented England at the Sublime Porte during this period. The relation of the European Powers to the Sultan at this time cannot be better illustrated than by the following account of the reception of Mr. Stratford Canning in April, 1826. The ceremony was not so humiliating as it was in 1621, when Sir Thomas Rowe made such vigorous but unavailing attempts to have it modified; when the Ambassador was forced down upon his knees, and compelled to kiss the earth at the feet of the Sultan; when he was often beaten by the Janissaries on leaving the palace; or, as in the case of the Ambassador of Louis XIV., struck in the face by a soldier in the presence of the Grand Vizier; but although there had been some ameliorations in the ceremony, its significance was exactly the same in 1826 as in 1621, and the same religious scruples were advanced as a reason why they could not be modified in favour of *Gisours* by the Caliph of Islam. They were all the more humiliating for those who submitted to them, from the fact that there was one Power in Europe which had never recognized them. Even as early as 1499 the Russian Ambassador refused to submit to any such degradation. In 1514 a new Ambassador was specially instructed "on no account to compromise his dignity, or prostrate himself before the Sultan; to deliver his letters and presents with his own hands, and not to inquire after his health unless he first inquired after that of the Czar." The Turks seem to have had an instinctive fear of Russia even at that early day, when they were strong and Russia was weak. But could Sultan Mahmoud have looked forward twenty-five years, he would no doubt have treated Lord Stratford with more respect and consideration. In 1826, however, the haughty pride of the Caliph was unbroken, and he little thought that his descendants would reign only by the favour of Europe.

"After having an audience of the Grand Vizier, the 10th was fixed for the Ambassador's audience of the Sultan, when he, accompanied by all the English residents at Constantinople, left the Embassy in the morning at a quarter before six, in procession, on horseback. At Topkhana, about five minutes' ride from the Embassy, we embarked in boats and crossed the harbour to Stamboul. We found horses waiting

for us, but stopped to take coffee, pipes, sherbet, and sweetmeats, with the *Tchaoush-bachi* (a Marshal of the Palace), who preceded us to the entrance of the Porte, where it is usual for Ambassadors to wait under some large spreading trees until the Grand Vizier passes and precedes them to the seraglio. Having entered the first gate, we passed through a large open space, enclosed by low buildings, in which the Janissaries were drawn up to the number of three thousand. We stopped on the farther side of the second gate, in a large square chamber between the second and third gates, within which is the cell where Grand Viziers and other State prisoners under sentence of death are confined and beheaded. After waiting here a quarter of an hour, permission was sent for our entrance. We passed through the third gate into a large garden, in which stood the divan chamber, and the front of the seraglio, both very richly painted and gilt, with roofs projecting four or five feet beyond the walls. As soon as we entered the garden, the Janissaries all uttered a loud shout and began running as quick as they could. This was for their *pilaf*, the distribution of which was a complete scramble. This is a farce always played off on these occasions to impress foreigners with a respect for this contemptible soldiery. We then walked forward, for we had left our horses outside the second gate, to the divan chamber, where the Grand Vizier was sitting in state, immediately opposite the entrance, on the centre of a sofa, which extended along the side of the chamber, covered with the richest silks, at the further ends of which, on each side of him, sat the judges of Anatolia and Roumelia. The chamber was small but richly decorated, the ceiling being splendidly painted and gilt. We walked to one side of the room without making any salutation, as no notice was taken of us. After a time, a number of Turks entered and ranged themselves in two rows before the judges, who went through the form of examining them and deciding their suits. This was intended to impress us with a high sense of their administration of justice. The payment of the Janissaries is also generally appointed to take place at the audience of an Ambassador, in whose presence are piled great bags of money, which are delivered to the troops, in order to impress foreigners with an exalted idea of Turkish opulence. This tedious ceremony lasted more than three hours, but it was the last payment before the destruction of that body. The Grand Vizier had in the meantime sent a letter to the Sultan, stating in the usual form that a Giaour Ambassador had come to prostrate himself at the feet of his sacred Majesty. The royal answer came at length, enclosed in an envelope. When this was taken off there appeared a quantity of muslin, in which the letter was wrapped. The Grand Vizier, taking the letter, kissed it and applied it to his forehead before he read it. The tenor of this letter was a command to feed, wash, and clothe the *Giaours*, and bring them to him. After the Grand Vizier had read this, two tables were laid (i.e., two large tin plates were laid upon reversed stools), one for the Vizier and

the Ambassador, the other for the rest of us. Washing materials were provided, and a collation served. All this time the Sultan was looking at us through a latticed window. After this we went into the garden, and pelisses were distributed. I was lucky enough to receive one. The Ambassador, with those who had pelisses, amounting to twenty in all, then followed the Grand Vizier and entered the palace. At the door each of us was seized by two *Capoudji-bachis*, who held us by the arms and half-carried us through an outer hall, in which was drawn up a line, three deep, of white eunuchs. When we entered the throne-room, we advanced bowing. The Sultan was sitting on a throne superbly decorated. His turban was surmounted by a splendid diamond aigrette and feather. His pelisse was of the finest silk, lined with the most costly sable fur, and his girdle was one mass of diamonds. The Ambassador recited his speech in English, which the interpreter translated, and the Grand Vizier replied to it. This ceremony lasted ten minutes, and we retired."

This same Mr. Stratford Canning, who waited under a tree for the Grand Vizier to pass, who had to sit three hours unnoticed while the Janissaries were paid, who was a Giaour unfit to enter the sacred presence of the Sultan until he had been fed by his bounty, washed, and clothed, is still alive, and he remained in Constantinople long enough to become the *Great Elchi* who practically governed the Empire and kept the Sultan under his tutelage. It was an unhappy day for Turkey when he was removed to please the Emperor of the French.

Only two months after this audience the Sultan accomplished his long-cherished plan of destroying the Janissaries, as his Viceroy in Egypt had fifteen years before destroyed the Mamelukes. It is not easy at this day to realize how large a place this body filled in the life of the people of Constantinople. We are accustomed to think of them as soldiers, as they were in the early history of the Ottoman Turks, the sad tribute of Christian children exacted by the Mohammedan conqueror to extend the influence of Islam. But this terrible blood-tax ceased in 1675, and the Janissaries became a caste or a guild, entrance into which was eagerly sought by the wealthiest Mohammedan families, and the majority of them seldom did any military service. In the time of Mahmoud II. they were at once a source of terror to the Sultan and to the people of the country. They were above all law, and the lives and property of the Christians especially were at their mercy. Those who still remember those days can hardly speak of the Janissaries without a shudder. They lived in constant fear of them; night and day, at any hour, they might enter the house, strip it of its furniture, and torture the family until every place of concealment was revealed and every valuable given up. They were universally feared and hated, and it was this fact which made it possible for the Sultan to destroy them. He proceeded with caution, for he could not hope to destroy them by the cruel and treacherous means adopted by the Pacha of Egypt. He

obtained a *Fetva* from the Sheik-ul-Islam approving of the drafting of a certain number of Janissaries into a new military force which was organized on the principle of European armies. These men rebelled against the strict discipline, and some of them were quietly strangled. Finally, on the 14th of June, 1826, the whole body revolted, murdered their officers, plundered the palace of the Grand Vizier, and prepared to attack the Sultan next day if he did not yield to their demands.

"They displayed a spirit of determination which they never manifested but in extreme cases. All their soup-kettles were solemnly brought to the Atmeidan (Hippodrome) and inverted in the centre of the area. Soon 20,000 men were assembled around them. The crisis had now arrived which the Sultan both feared and wished for, and he immediately availed himself of all those resources which he had previously prepared for such an event. He first ordered the small military force which he had organized to hold itself in readiness to act at a moment's notice. He then summoned a council, explained to them the mutinous spirit and insubordination of the Janissaries, and declared his intention of either ruling without their control, or passing over into Asia, and leaving Constantinople and European Turkey to their mercy. He proposed to them to raise the sacred standard of Mahomet, and summon all good Mussulmans to rally around it. This proposal met with unanimous applause. The sacred relic had not been seen in Constantinople for fifty years before. It was now taken from the Imperial Treasury to the Mosque of Sultan Achmet. The Ulema and the Softas walked before, and the Sultan with all his Court followed it. Public criers spread the solemn news all over the city. No sooner was it announced than thousands rushed from their homes and joined the procession with fiercest enthusiasm. When they entered the mosque, the Mufti planted the standard on the pulpit, and the Sultan, as Caliph, pronounced an anathema against all who should refuse to range themselves under it. Just at this time the artillery arrived under the walls of the seraglio. The marines and gardeners joined it. Four officers of rank were then sent to offer a pardon to the Janissaries if they would desist from their demands and disperse. The experience of centuries had taught them that they had only to persist in their demands to have them conceded. In this conviction, they at once murdered the four officers who had proposed submission to them. This was done in sight of the mosque. They then peremptorily demanded that the Sultan should for ever renounce his plan of innovation, and that the heads of the principal officers of Government should be sent to them. The Sultan then demanded and received from the Sheik-ul-Islam a *Fetva* authorizing him to put down the rebellion. It was now twelve o'clock, and a large force of the new troops had been collected who could be relied upon. Orders were given to attack the Janissaries. The Agha Pacha surrounded the Atmeidan, where they were tumultuously assembled with no apprehension of such a measure,

and the first intimation that many of them had of their situation was a murderous discharge of grape-shot from the cannon of the *Topdys*. This continued some time, and vast numbers were killed on the spot. The survivors retired to their barracks on one side of the square. Here they barricaded themselves, and to dislodge them the building was set on fire. The flames were soon seen from Pera, bursting out in different places. The discharge of artillery continued without intermission; as it was determined to exterminate them utterly, no quarter was given, and the conflagration and fire of the cannon continued until night. The Janissaries, notwithstanding the surprise and their comparatively unprepared state, defended themselves with desperate fierceness and intrepidity. The troops suffered severely, and the Agha Pacha was wounded. Opposition ceased only when no one was left alive to make it. The firing ceased, the flames died out, and the next morning presented a frightful scene of burning ruins slaked in blood, a huge mass of mangled flesh and smoking ashes.

"During the next two days the gates continued closed, with the exception of one to admit faithful Mussulmans from the country to pay their devotion to the sacred standard. The Janissaries who had escaped the slaughter of the *Atmeidan* were thus shut in, and unremittingly hunted down and destroyed, so that the streets and barracks were full of dead bodies. During these two days no Christian was allowed, under any pretence, to pass over to *Stamboul*; but, though the two places are separated only by a narrow channel, the most perfect tranquillity reigned in Pera. The people would have known nothing of the tremendous convulsion on the other side if it had not been for the blaze of the fire and the report of cannon. On the fourth day I went, from curiosity, under the charge of a high Turk, to see how matters were going on, and was pleased at the appearance of the splendid encampment of the Grand Vizier, which was found at the *Porte*, and was at the same time the chief tribunal for the condemnation of the Janissaries, who were constantly being brought in, and, after undergoing a nominal trial of a few seconds, were taken to the front of the gate and beheaded; but the numbers so taken off, though amounting in this one place from 300 to 500 daily, were but few in comparison with those who were strangled privately at night on the *Bosphorus*. The Agha Pacha had his camp at the old palace, and was employed there in the same work. Carts and other machines were constantly employed in conveying the bodies to the sea. These executions continued for several months. The whole number destroyed at this time was 25,000: 40,000 more were banished to the interior of Asia, many of whom never reached their destination."

This account differs materially from that given by Creasy, on the authority of Ranke; but the author was a resident in Constantinople at the time, and in a position to know the facts as well as any Christian in the city. There are also inherent improbabilities in Creasy's account. The Sultan no doubt avoided, in appearance, the treachery of the Pacha

of Egypt, but in substance the destruction of the Janissaries was accomplished in much the same way as the massacre of the Mamelukes. But whatever may be thought of the wisdom or the morality of this wholesale slaughter, it was as great a relief to the Christian population as it was to the Sultan himself, and it changed the whole spirit of life in Constantinople. The destruction of the Janissaries was followed by a violent persecution of the sect of Bektachi dervishes, whose founder, Hadji Bektach, had consecrated the first recruits. This was a powerful order, and possessed of immense wealth and influence; but its members were killed or exiled, and its *tékés* demolished. It is not easy, however, to destroy a religious sect, with a secret organization; and the Bektachis are almost as numerous and powerful to-day as they were fifty years ago, especially in Albania. They are not true Mussulmans, but are generally liberal, enlightened, and inclined to cultivate friendly relations with the Christians. They are frequently attacked by the Turkish newspapers as heretics, but they occupy many important positions in the Government. The famous Mahmoud Neddim Pacha belongs to this sect. Sultan Mahmoud probably attacked these dervishes, not so much because he feared them, as to prove himself a devoted Mohammedan, and to conciliate the fanatics who were indignant at the slaughter of so many true believers. He soon afterwards issued a *Hatt* proclaiming his devotion to Islam, and ordering the authorities to inflict the severest punishment upon any Mussulman who should neglect his religious duties.

The discussion on the Greek question which has been going on since the war adds new interest to those scenes of the Greek Revolution which fifty years ago aroused the sympathy of the world for a long-forgotten nation, and resulted in the creation of the little kingdom of Greece which now seeks an extension of her territory. The condition of the Greeks in Constantinople during the war was melancholy enough. It was all in vain that the Patriarch proclaimed their entire and absolute devotion to the Sultan, just as the Fanariote Greeks are doing to-day. It was in vain that he solemnly excommunicated and anathematized all who took part in the revolution. He was hung at the door of his church, and his body given to the Jews to be dragged about the streets of the city. All the prominent Greeks here were put to death, and all Mohammedans, even children, were ordered to arm themselves and destroy the Greeks whenever they could be found. All who could escape from the capital did so, and many were conveyed in foreign ships to Russia.

"Many of those who remained were protected and concealed in European houses. The property and the lives of the others were entirely at the mercy of the Government and the populace, and the distressing scenes which in consequence daily occurred in the streets are not easily described. Notwithstanding this disagreeable state of things, the Europeans enjoyed perfect security. The escapes from death which some of the rich Greeks had during this period were very extraordinary,

and none more so than that of Signor Stephano Ralli, a rich merchant of Scio, who, with nine others, was sent at the commencement of the revolution to Constantinople, as a hostage for the peaceable conduct of the inhabitants of that island, when the Samiotes, soon after landing and butchering the few Turks on the island, so exasperated the Turkish Government that they immediately beheaded all the hostages except Signor Ralli, who found sufficient interest with one of the Ministers to escape. He was, however, immediately made a hostage for the tranquillity of Smyrna, and was again, by his acquaintance with and large bribes to the executioner, the only one who escaped death. When the disturbances commenced at the capital, in order to strike terror into the minds of the Greeks, twenty-four of the richest merchants were destined to be seized and executed, and the presence of Signor Ralli was demanded with the rest at the Porte. But, suspecting the consequence of such attendance, he cunningly informed the guard who found him that his master was at the next house, and that he would immediately send him in. Signor Ralli, then leaving the room, sent in his own servant, who was at once seized, conveyed to the Porte, and without further question executed in place of his master. Signor Ralli was then concealed in the house of an Englishman. He was found and arrested again in 1827, and again escaped with the loss of half his property; but this had such an effect upon his constitution that he died soon after."

The Bulgarian massacres which excited the indignation of the world a few years ago were insignificant in comparison with the terrible slaughter of the Greeks which went on for years in all parts of the Empire. Their effect upon public opinion in Europe was greater and more immediate, chiefly because Turkey was no longer a really independent Power, but was committing these atrocities under the protection of Europe, and especially of England. Fifty years ago the Sultan was responsible for his acts only to his own people; but even then Christian Europe was finally roused to put an end to these barbarities, and the battle of Navarino, October 20th, 1827, was the result. In justice to Sultan Mahmoud, however, it should be said that some of his most ferocious acts were not committed without great provocation on the part of the Greeks, who manifested equal ferocity when the opportunity offered. The news of the battle of Navarino roused the Sultan to proclaim a holy war.

"The design of the Giaours," he said in his proclamation, "is to destroy Islamism, and tread under foot the Mussulman nation. Let all the faithful, rich and poor, great and small, know that war is a duty for all. Let no one dream of receiving any pay. Far from this, we ought to sacrifice our persons and our property, and fulfil with zeal the duty which is imposed upon us by the honour of Islam. We must unite our efforts, give ourselves, body and soul, to defend our faith, even to the day of judgment. Mussulmans have no other means of obtaining safety in this world or the next."

This holy war resulted in nothing better than the independence of Greece and the treaty of Adrianople. It was just at this period that Lord Beaconsfield spent a winter at Constantinople; but, as far as is known, his visit had no political object or influence.

The Greeks were not the only Christians who suffered at this time. The Catholic Armenians were persecuted with almost equal ferocity, although their only offence was that a number of them had left Turkey and settled in Russia under Russian protection. Irritated by this demonstration of attachment to the Czar, the Sultan expelled the whole sect from Constantinople, to the number of 27,000. They were allowed only ten days for preparation, and were then driven off *en masse* into Asia Minor. They were mostly wealthy families, living in luxury, and their sufferings were so great that but few lived to reach the place of exile. They perished at sea, died of hunger on the roads, and froze to death in the snow on the mountains. It was not a pleasant thing in those days to be a Christian subject of the Sultan, even when that Sultan was Mahmoud, the great Reformer.

Next to the Janissaries, the thing best remembered by the people of Constantinople is the plague. It seems to have been regularly domiciled here, and people made provision for it in all their domestic arrangements. It was only at certain times, when it raged with terrible severity, that it excited general alarm. It of course occupies a large place in the private journal from which I have already quoted; and all Europe has so recently been frightened out of its good sense by a rumour of its existence in Russia, that it is well to see how coolly a man can write about it who lived in the midst of it, and who is devoutly thankful that it is the plague, and not the cholera or the yellow fever, to which he is exposed.

"The plague is a disease communicating itself chiefly, if not solely, by contact. Hence, though it encircle the house, it will not affect the persons within if all are uniformly discreet and provident. Iron, it is observed, and like substances of a close, hard nature, do not retain and are not susceptible of the contagion. In bodies soft or porous, and especially in paper, it lurks often undiscovered but by its seizing some victim. The preservatives are fumigations, and washing with water and vinegar. Meat and vegetables are washed in water, and all paper is fumigated. The disease is usually observed to break out after times of famine, and it is a well-known fact that those are most subject to it who live badly and whose blood is in a low and impoverished state, for which reason it may be considered rather a disease of the poor than the rich. The Turks are the greatest victims, on account of their religious tenets and their abstinence from wine, although it is very rare to hear of a rich Turk who dies of it, for many of these drink wine and spirit secretly, and live upon substantial and nutritious food. The Greeks are more cautious than the Turks, but die in great numbers, which may be attributed to their numerous fasts, which they observe for

at least half of the year, and during these they live on bad and unwholesome food. The first symptoms are debility, sickness at the stomach, shivering, followed by great heat, violent pains in the head, giddiness, and delirium. In a more advanced stage, the disease shows itself in dark-coloured spots, and sometimes in tumours on the glandular parts, which often suppurate and break, and then the patient escapes. A few days brings this dreadful malady to a crisis after the spots have appeared.

"There is a contradiction in this disorder, difficult to account for; so easy to catch that a bit of wood or cotton can retain it for years, and convey it with all its horrible symptoms. On the contrary, some are proof against the most violent contagion. The wife of Mr. W. was a lady born in the country, and notwithstanding she took more than usual precaution, she caught the infection, without being able to assign any cause. Most of her family and servants immediately left the house, but her husband and her father attended her until she died, having had her infant at the breast to the last moment. No one of them caught the disease. My predecessor, Mr. B., having been forty-one years at Constantinople, had not the least fear of the plague. A few years since, as he was returning from Cyprus, his fellow-passenger fell ill and was put ashore at the Dardanelles. Mr. B. occupied his friend's bed, as it was better than his own, and wore his friend's nightcap. The next morning he went ashore to see him, and found that he had died during the night of the plague. Another time, two of his servants died of the disease in his house; but in neither case did he experience any inconvenience. The Europeans, and more particularly the English, take the usual precautions at the first appearance of the disease, but have little apprehension from it, living in the country in the summer, and in a very different manner from the natives, both as to food and cleanliness. It is a great satisfaction to know that not one English gentleman has died of the plague during the last thirty years. How inferior it is in its ravages to the cholera and the yellow fever, which are not known in this country!"

Unhappily, the cholera has become very well known here since, and has proved quite as fatal as the plague. In 1865 the city was decimated by it, some 75,000 dying in two months, a loss of life almost as great as in the great plague seasons of 1812 and 1837. These great epidemics of plague were, however, in some respects more terrible than the cholera, for they continued many months. Life became a burden. The wealthiest often suffered for want of food and clothing, as they remained shut up in their houses for fear of contagion. Those who were forced to go out, dressed in long oil-cloth cloaks, and carefully avoided touching anything. Every one entering a house was fumigated with sulphur, in a sort of sentry-box kept for the purpose at the door. All ties of family and society were broken. But even in these great epidemics very few Europeans died, while in the cholera epidem s been

no exemption. It is now forty years since the last appearance of plague at Constantinople, and, whatever theorists may say, no one here who remembers the old times has any doubt that its disappearance was due to the strict enforcement of quarantine regulations, which before that time the Turks would not accept.

There was another source of constant anxiety for the people of Constantinople fifty years ago, in regard to which there has unfortunately been but little change. The city was often visited by terrible conflagrations. In those days they were generally attributed to the Janissaries, who always improved such opportunities to enrich themselves by wholesale plunder. To this day it is often suspected that the Government itself is responsible for these fires, especially as they frequently occur in quarters where it is proposed to widen the streets. Sometimes, on the other hand, they are supposed to have a political significance, as a manifestation of popular discontent; but probably, then as now, they generally resulted from carelessness, and when once they had commenced there were no adequate means for extinguishing them. Only two months after the destruction of the Janissaries, at the moment when the sacred standard of the Prophet was being taken back from the mosque, a fire broke out in Stamboul which raged for thirty-six hours, destroying the bazaars and about an eighth part of the city, including the richest Turkish quarters. The people universally attributed this to the friends of the Janissaries, and the discontent with the Sultan was general; but he acted with the greatest vigour. He opened his palaces for the reception of those who had no shelter, distributed food and clothing, and undertook to rebuild the bazaars. At the same time, he sent his spies into every public place, and every one who was heard complaining of the Government was at once arrested and decapitated. Even the women were not spared, but many were strangled and thrown into the Bosphorus, without any form of trial. These vigorous measures soon put an end to all complaints, but unhappily did not prevent the burning of Pera in 1831, when 10,000 houses were destroyed, a calamity which the Mussulmans attributed to the wrath of God against the Europeans for the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Navarino, but which the Christians naturally attributed to the wrath of the Mohammedans themselves. It is probable that both these fires were accidental, as were those which burned over almost the same ground in 1865 and 1870; but the alarm and suffering of the people were as real and as great as they would have been if these fires had resulted from the cause to which they were attributed. It is a very curious fact that, in both cases, just five years intervened between the destruction of Stamboul and of Pera.

Another characteristic of the time of which we write was the insecurity of property. There were no regular taxes at that time in Constantinople, for all the residents of the Imperial city were considered to be the guests of the Sultan. It is only within ten years that this

pleasant fiction has been altogether abandoned. But in Constantinople, as well as in other parts of the Empire, the people were liable to be called upon to contribute "voluntarily" to meet the wants of the Government. This system of voluntary contributions has not yet been altogether abandoned, but was enforced during the late war all through the Empire, in addition to the regular taxes. Even foreigners were made very uncomfortable if they refused to contribute. The financial system of Mahmoud II. was like that of his ancestors. There was no national debt, there were no budgets, and yet there was no lack of money even for such long and expensive wars as were carried on all through the reign of this Sultan. With what envy Abd-ul-Hamid must look back upon those happy days! The system was a simple one. Whatever money the Sultan needed he took from the people. Orders were sent to the governor of such a town to send so much to Constantinople, or to such a Pacha. He summoned the principal men, informed them that the Sultan needed so much money as a free gift from each of them. The unhappy contributors entered into private negotiations with him, and bribed him to reduce their quota and increase that of some one else. He took the bribes and rapidly accumulated wealth, but he did not fail to secure and forward the money demanded by the Sultan. What is more, the Sultan looked upon the governor himself as nothing better than a sponge. As soon as it was known that he had absorbed a large amount of wealth, he was squeezed for the benefit of the Imperial Treasury. He was disgraced, and his property confiscated. It was very seldom that a Pacha bequeathed much of his ill-gotten wealth to his children. Unfortunately, this custom has been abandoned of late years, and the Treasury no longer derives any benefit from the plunder of the people. But this system of confiscation was not confined to the Pachas who had robbed the people. The wealthy men of Constantinople, especially the Christians, were never safe. Their property might be seized any day, and they might consider themselves happy if by giving it up without reserve they escaped the bow-string. They feared the Sultan as much as they feared the Janissaries. The Armenians suffered less than any other nationality from these extortions, because they acted as the bankers of the Government and of individual Pachas who found it for their interest to protect them. They understood the Turkish character, and had acquired infinite skill in managing them; but even they lived in constant fear. When a man heard a knock at his door in the night, he at once took it for granted that his last hour had come, bade farewell to his family, and, if possible, escaped from his house with what jewels he could carry. I have heard many very amusing stories of this kind resulting from evening visits of belated friends as well as many very sad ones, where the end was the bow-string for the father and a life of poverty for the family. The change in the financial system of the Empire, which led to regular taxation and foreign loans, destroyed the influence of the

Armenians, and threw the Turks into the hands of the Greeks and Europeans. It is hardly probable that they can ever recover their former importance under Turkish rule. Another means adopted by the Government to raise money was the old expedient of debasing the coinage, which was perhaps quite as honest as the modern plan of issuing paper-money and then repudiating it. The Turkish piastre is said to have been originally the same as the Spanish, worth four shillings and sixpence. In the time of Mahmoud II. it was worth fourpence, and the silver piastre is now worth twopence, while the copper piastre is worth only a farthing and a half.

The comparative cost of living in Constantinople in 1827 and 1879 may be seen from the following Table, the prices being reduced to English money :—

	1827.	1879.
Mutton, the oke (2½ lbs.)	4d. ...	1s. 6d.
Bread "	4d. ...	4d.
Fish "	4d. ...	1s. 4d.
Grapes "	½d. ...	4d.
Eggs "	½d. ...	4d.
Geese, each	6d. ...	5s. 0d.
Turkeys "	6d. ...	5s. 0d.
Wine, the oke	2d. ...	6d.

Game was also very abundant and very cheap in 1827.

This Table tends to prove that, so far as Constantinople is concerned, the old system of "voluntary contributions" and confiscations was much more favourable to production than the present ill-conceived system of taxation. My impression is that the same was true in other parts of the Empire. Prices were unusually high in 1827, on account of the war and the general confusion in the Empire, and the increase in fifty years can only be explained by the destructive system of taxation adopted by the Government, which falls almost exclusively upon the agriculturist. The price of bread is the same, but Constantinople now depends upon Russia for its wheat, and the price depends upon the harvests in other countries. Everything produced here has increased in price enormously, and the result is that bread is now almost the sole food of the poor. Fifty years ago for one oke of bread a man might have one oke of meat, or eight okes of fruit or two okes of wine. Now he can obtain only about one-fifth of an oke of meat, or one oke of fruit, or two-thirds of an oke of wine, and this in spite of the improved communications by steamer and railway with other parts of the Empire. Then the Bosphorus was lined with vineyards, and it was profitable to cultivate them, to exchange eight okes of grapes or two okes of wine for one of bread. Now it is unprofitable to raise grapes at eight times the former price, and the vineyards have almost all disappeared. They have been destroyed by unwise and vexatious taxation. The condition of the rich, especially of the rich Turkish Pachas, has greatly improved; but it may well be doubted whether the poor, those who had nothing to fear from the jealousy of the Turks or the confiscations of the Sultan, can live as well now as they

could fifty years ago. The poor Mussulmans have certainly gained nothing, and the Turkish population of Constantinople was probably never in so wretched a condition as it is now. With the Christian poor it is different. In many respects their condition has greatly improved. Then they had no rights which a Turk was bound to respect. They were sometimes shot down in their vineyards, like dogs, by passing Mussulmans who wished to try their guns. Their children were kidnapped with impunity. They were forced to wear a peculiar dress, which marked them everywhere as an inferior race. They were insulted and abused in the streets, and trembled at the sight of a Turk. They find it harder now to get food, but they can eat it in peace. The poor Turks have gained no such advantages. They are no freer than they were then, and have not the satisfaction which they then had of domineering over a subject race. The Christians are still treated as inferiors and suffer under many disabilities, but in Constantinople their lives, their families, and their property are comparatively secure, and they are seldom maltreated because they are Christians. They no longer fear to look a Turk in the face. The change for them is certainly a happy one, and it is not strange that the Turks who remember the old times feel that the power of Islam is waning, and that reform has gone quite far enough. It is this old Turkish spirit which inspires the present Government to choose the most inopportune moment to proclaim to the world its determination to repress all free thought among Mohammedans. A Turkish Khodja has just been condemned to death for assisting an English missionary to translate the English Prayer Book and some Tracts into Turkish. This is not done secretly. The Turkish papers have discussed the case, and one of the most liberal of them speaks of his offence as follows:—"The abject author of this act of profanation has been drawn into his sin by Satan and by his own evil heart, and has thus dared to commit a sacrilege, by which he is condemned to the curse of God and to eternal torture. We demand that the miserable creature may receive an overwhelming punishment, so that he may, by his example, deter others from selling their religion for a few pence." This is an act of intolerance and barbarity worthy of the bloody days of Mahmoud II., and is far less excusable than it would have been then. It remains to be seen whether it will be approved by those Powers who maintain the Turkish Empire.

In one respect Constantinople has undoubtedly suffered by the changes of the last fifty years. It is no longer the picturesque Oriental city that it was then. Its natural beauties remain, but in everything else it has become less interesting as it has become more European. The steamers, whose smoke clouds the clear air of the Bosphorus and blackens the white palaces, are no doubt very convenient; but they are a sad contrast to the tens of thousands of gay caiques which used to give life to the transparent waters of the strait. Ugly north-country colliers are no doubt profitable to their owners, but there is very little interest in watching their passage in comparison with the wonderful displays

which were formerly seen when, after a long north wind, a southerly gale would take hundreds of vessels, under full sail, through the Bosphorus in a single day. I have counted over three hundred in sight at once. The square walls and narrow eaves of modern Turkish houses may be more European, but they do not compare favourably with the light Moorish architecture and gilded arabesques of the olden time. German ready-made clothing may be very cheap, and the European style of dress may be adapted to active pursuits; but it is not likely to rouse the enthusiasm of a lover of the picturesque who remembers the gorgeous costumes of fifty years ago, when the streets of Constantinople were crowded with gay and fantastic dresses, as in a perpetual carnival, and each rank, profession, and creed had its own peculiar costume. Even the Sultan is now no longer worth looking at, with his little red fez in place of the magnificent turban with plume and diamonds, and his tight black coat in place of his flowing sable robe, his attendants covered with tawdry brass in place of the gorgeous robes of the olden time. The pachas are pachas no longer in appearance: you may see them running for steamers, or sitting on crowded benches on the deck reading their daily papers. What a contrast to the stately pacha of seven tails, who lived fifty years ago, whose very title was picturesque, who could not read at all, and if he had ever heard of a newspaper looked upon it as a device of Satan; but who never ran for anything, and who never wore a red cap or a black coat. A graceful caique, with many oarsmen, awaited his convenience; richly caparisoned Arab horses stood at his door; when he appeared—with slow and dignified step—with turban, robes of silk, and Cashmere or diamond girdle—his slaves kissing the ground at his feet, his pipe-bearers and guards behind him—he was an ornament to the city, and perhaps quite as great an ornament to the State as his successor, without any tails to his title, who reads newspapers and wears black clothes, but who has no fear of being bowstrung and thrown into the Bosphorus if he betrays the interests of the State for a consideration, or plunders the people for his own profit. Even the bazaars are no longer Oriental, although the buildings remain. They are little more than storerooms for the Manchester goods which have destroyed native manufactures. The only relics of the olden time are the Turkish women; but even they have become less picturesque. They are not so attractive, when crowded like sheep into the stern of a Bosphorus steamer, as they were when they rode in lofty arabas drawn by white oxen; and their dress is gradually changing in spite of the frequent decrees of the Sheik-ul-Islam, who declared two years ago in one of these that the disasters of the war were due, among other things specified, to the fact that the women wore French boots in place of heelless yellow slippers. Constantinople has lost all the peculiar charm of an Oriental city without having as yet attained the regularity, cleanliness, and elegance of a European capital; just as the Government has ceased to be an Oriental despotism, careless of human life and indi-

vidual rights, without having as yet learned the principles of European civilization; just as the individual Turk has ceased to be a fanatical Mussulman, with the peculiar virtues which once belonged to his religion, without having as yet acquired anything but the vices of European society.

If we seek the cause of these changes which fifty years have wrought in life in Constantinople, they may be summed up as the result of the constantly increasing influence of the European Powers at Constantinople and the corresponding decay of the Ottoman Empire. Sultan Mahmoud II. was one of the greatest as well as one of the most unfortunate of the sovereigns of Turkey; but he was a Sultan of the old school, whose many attempts at reform had no other object than to revive the power of Islam and restore his Empire to its former rank. He did not wish to Europeanize his people, as Peter the Great did, but simply to adopt such improvements, especially in the organization of his army, as would enable him the better to maintain himself against his European enemies. But, unhappily, he had to contend against Moslem as well as Christian foes, and to save himself from the former he had to call in the aid of the latter. His dynasty was saved by the intervention of Europe; but when Sultan Abd-ul-Medjid ascended the throne at the death of his father it was by the favour and under the protection of Europe, and from that day Turkey ceased to be the old Empire of the Ottoman Turks. Mahmoud was the last of the Sultans. Nothing remained to his successors but the shadow of a great name. Europe is undoubtedly responsible for the evils which have befallen the Empire since that day. She has neither allowed the Turks to rule in their own way, with fire and sword, as their ancestors did, nor forced them to emancipate the Christians and establish a civil government in place of their religious despotism. She has sought to maintain the Empire, but to maintain it as a weak and decaying Empire. Austria and Russia, and at times other Powers, have sought to hasten the process of disintegration, and the limits of the Empire have been gradually narrowed until they now approach the capital itself. The Turks are abused for their stupidity, as if it were all their fault; and no doubt they have done and are doing many unwise things; but after all they are not to be too harshly condemned. They have probably done what seemed to them wise and politic, and they have often outwitted the keenest statesmen; but they have been doomed by Europe to struggle against the inevitable. Turkey can never again be what she was fifty years ago, and as a Mohammedan despotism, ruled by Turks alone, she can never become a great or even a civilized Power and command the respect of Europe. She must soon disappear. But with the full emancipation of the Christians, the abolition of the present system of religious government, and the support of Western Europe, she might settle the Eastern Question for herself, win the loyal support of her own subjects and the respect of the world.

AN EASTERN STATESMAN.

MIRACLES, PRAYER, AND LAW.

IN the following remarks I assume the existence of God, All-knowing and All-powerful; and of a spirit in men which is not matter. I do not say that either is demonstrated or can be demonstrated, still less do I presume to define either, but I address only those who already assent to both.

Many, however, of those who give such assent are troubled about the ways of God and the nature of man's relation to Him. On the one hand is the Bible, which declares that all things on earth as well as in heaven are regulated by Divine will at every moment, which records frequent miracles, and which bids men ask from Him whatsoever they would, in absolute confidence that they shall have their desires. On the other hand stands the Book of Nature, as Divine as that of Revelation, being in fact another revelation of God, which tells of an unchanging sequence of events, of laws incapable of modification by isolated acts of will, laws which, indeed, if subject to such modification, would fall into disorder. Which of these revelations shall they believe? Or can they be reconciled so that both are credible?

The tendency of recent belief in those who have studied the Book of Nature, and perhaps most decidedly in those who have only turned some of its pages, is that the two revelations are irreconcilable. The immutability of Nature's laws is to them a gospel taught by every stone, by every plant, by every animated being. All that they have learnt to know of matter rests on the assurance that its properties are absolutely fixed. The progress of science, of art, of civilization, of the human race, depends on the fact that what has been found to be true will be always true, that there is an ordered sequence of events which may be trusted to be invariable, to which we must conform our lives if we would be happy, and which, if we cross it in ignorance or defiance,

will revenge the outrage by inevitable penalties. Those laws, some call of matter, may by others be called laws of God, and the devout minds find in their fixity only a confirmation of their faith in His unchanging promises. But if thus fixed, it seems to many who are devout as well as to many who are sceptical, that it becomes impossible to believe that their Author should ever set them aside by what are called miracles; still less that He should bid men pray for events which in fact, not regulated by wish or will, but by what has gone up to the beginning of time: To meet this dilemma there are such minds only two courses, either to believe that Scripture is a word of a God at all, or to give to its language an interpretation which is not the natural sense of the words, and which was certainly not meant or understood by those who first wrote or first heard it.

Yet it is not possible to abandon the conviction that the words and acts of God cannot really be at variance. Before surrendering the words contained in the Scripture, as either spurious or misunderstood, no effort can be too often reiterated to show them to be compatible with what we have learned of His works. I propose to make one such effort, based on the closest examination of what both really mean and imply.

Let us first understand accurately what it is we are to deal with both as facts and as expressed in language. The inquiry is limited (with exceptions which will be noted as they occur) to the law of matter. It will be assumed that matter exists as our ordinary conceptions inform us, but if it shall hereafter be proved to be only a mode of motion, or of force, the arguments will still be applicable. By thus we shall understand what in a different expression we call the property of matter. The advantage of thus explaining law is that it excludes some other senses of a vague and misleading character, while it includes the sense in which alone law can properly be applied to physical nature. Thus, the law of gravity is the same thing as the property of matter which we call weight, and if there be any matter or ether which is imponderable, then the law of gravity does not apply to it. The law of attraction, in its different forms, expresses the property of cohesion, and of capillary ascent, and so on; the law of chemical affinities expresses the property of the combination of one species of matter with another in definite proportions; the laws of sound, light, or electricity express the properties of vibrations, either of air or of subtler forms of matter, as they affect our senses. In thus limiting the meaning of law, it is therefore obvious that we embrace all which the materialist can desire to include when he insists that law is permanent and unchangeable.

This, in fact, is the first proposition which we must all accept. No human being can add to or subtract a single property of any species of matter. To do so were, indeed, to create. For matter is an aggregate of properties; each species of matter is differentiated only by

properties, and could we alter one of these we should really turn it into different matter. It is true there are what are called allotropic forms, such as oxygen and ozone, the yellow and red phosphorus, the forms of sulphur as modified by heat, and a considerable number of organic compounds, and we can by certain arrangements turn the one into the other. But when we ask what allotropism is, we find that it is itself one of the properties (however obscure to us) of the matter we deal with. Oxygen would not be oxygen, but something else, if it had not the inherent property of becoming ozone under certain conditions. Given these conditions, and there is nothing we can do which will prevent the change occurring. If, as chemists believe, allotropism depends on the different arrangement of the ultimate atoms of matter, then the capacity of assuming two arrangements in its atoms is clearly one of the ultimate properties of that species of matter.

It follows, then, that if a miracle were really a suspension of a physical law, or a change, temporary or permanent, of any property of matter, it would really be an act of creation—the creation of something having different properties from any matter that before existed. If iron were to float on water by suspension of the law of gravity, it would be in fact the creation of something having (at least for the time required) the physical and chemical properties of iron, but with a specific gravity less than water—and therefore something not iron.

But, without creation, man has enormous power over Nature. He can, and daily does, overpower her laws, or seemingly make them work as he pleases. Despite the law of gravity, he ascends to the sky in a balloon; he makes water spring up in fountains; he makes vessels, weighing thousands of tons, float on the sea. Despite cohesion, he grinds rocks to powder; despite chemical affinity, he transmutes into myriads of different forms the few elements of which all matter consists; despite the resistless power of the thunderbolt, he tames electricity to be his servant or his harmless toy. With water and fire he moulds into shape mighty masses of metal; he shoots, at a sustained speed beyond that of birds, across valleys and through mountain ranges; he unites seas which continents had separated; there is nothing in the whole earth which he has not subdued, or does not hope to subdue, to his use. There is hardly a physical miracle which he does not feel he can, or may yet, perform.

But all this wonderful, this boundless, power over material laws is gained by these laws. He alters no property of matter, but he uses one property or another as he needs, and he uses one property to overpower another. It is by knowing that gravity is more powerful in the case of air than in the case of hydrogen gas, that he makes air sustain him as he floats, beneath a bag of hydrogen, above the earth; it is by knowing that it is more powerful in water than in air that he sails in iron ships; it is by knowing chemical affinity or repulsion that he makes the

compounds or extracts the simple elements he desires; it is by knowing that affinity is force, and that force is transmutable into electricity, that he makes a messenger of the obedient lightning shock; it is by knowing that heat, itself unknown, causes gases to expand, that he makes machines of senseless iron do the work of intelligent giants. He subdues Nature by understanding Nature. He creates no property; he therefore performs no miracle, though he does marvels.

By what means, then, does man bring one property, or law, into play instead of, or against, another? By one means only, that of changing the position of matter.

This is Bacon's aphorism (*Nov. Org. Book i. 4*): "Man contributes nothing to operations except the applying or withdrawing of natural bodies. Nature, internally, performs the rest."

In order to trace and recognize the truth of this fact, let us follow in rough and rapid outline the operations by which man effects his purposes. We will begin at the beginning, and suppose him to have only reached the stage when a knowledge of the effects of fire enables him to work with metals. He produces fire by friction—that is, by bringing one piece of wood to another, and rapidly moving the one on the other; or else by striking two flints on each other, which also is merely rapid motion and shock. He carries the wood to a hearth, he brings to it the lump of crude metal or the ore; he urges the fire by a blast of air—still his acts are only those of imparting motion. Then the fire acts on the metal, it excites some affinities and enfeebles other affinities, which result in removing impurities; it softens the purified metal. Then the workman lifts it on a stone, and by beating it with another stone—still motion—he moves its particles so that it assumes the form of a hammer, an axe, a chisel, or a file. Then by rubbing with a rough stone—still motion—he moves away some particles from the edge, and makes it sharp and fit for cutting. By plunging it in water when hot—still only motion—he tempers it to hardness. With the edge thus obtained he cuts wood into the forms he requires for various purposes, and by degrees he learns how to fashion other pieces of metal into other and more elaborate tools. Yet all this is done by no other means than giving motion to the material on which, or by which, he works. From tools he advances to machines, by which his power of giving motion is increased, and as he learns more of the properties of matter he constructs engines, by which these properties work for him in the directions in which he guides them. Meantime he has learned that clay, when heated, becomes hard as stone, and the arts of pottery take their rise; while glass-making follows on the discovery that ashes and sand fuse into a transparent mass. Yet, whether in their rude beginning or finished elegance, man in these arts does no more than bring together the rough materials and apply to them heat, then their own inherent properties effect the result. Science—that is, knowledge of natural laws of matter—guides his hand, but his hand only

moves matter; it gives no property and takes away none; it does not even enable one property to work; it does absolutely nothing except to place matter where its own laws work, to bring or to remove matter which is needed, or to remove matter which is superfluous. Let us analyze every complicated triumph of human knowledge and skill, and we shall find it all reduced to the knowledge of what the properties of matter are, and the skill which imparts to it motion just sufficient to permit these properties to operate. Man's power over Nature is therefore limited to the power of giving motion to matter, or of stopping or resisting motion in matter.

Now, to give motion or to resist motion is itself either a breach or a use of a law of Nature, according as we express that law. The law is (as usually expressed), that matter at rest remains at rest till moved by a force, and that matter in motion continues in motion till stayed by a force. This is the law of inertia. If we consider that rest or motion when once established is the normal state of matter, then the force which causes a change causes a breach of the law of inertia. But if we consider that the liability to be moved, or to have motion stopped by force, is itself a property of matter, then the application of force with such result is merely calling into operation the law of inertia. It really does not signify which view we take, so long as we recognize that such are the facts. But since it is more familiar to associate rest with inertia, it will perhaps be most convenient and simple to consider rest and motion as the laws of matter, till the law is interfered with. Therefore in what follows we shall say, that when matter at rest is moved, or when matter in motion is stayed, or its movement by a natural force is prevented, a breach of the law of inertia is committed.

We come, then, to these propositions:—1st, That human power is utterly unable to break any law of matter except the law of inertia. 2nd, That when, by breaking only the law of inertia—i.e., by moving or by resisting the motion of matter—any operation is accomplished, no other law of matter is broken. 3rd, That to break the law of inertia by Force, directed by Will, is no interference with the properties of matter. 4th, That by breaking the law of inertia only, man has power to call into play properties which make matter subservient to his objects.

Nor is this man's power only. Inferior animals can also move matter, and by moving it can cause prodigious results. A minute insect, by secreting lime from sea waters, makes a coral reef, or aids in forming a cliff of chalk. A beaver cuts down a tree, and forms a swamp that changes the climate of a district, a bird carries a seed, and makes a forest on an island. Inanimate life has the same power. The plant opens its leaves to the sun, and abstracts the carbon that forms fruitful soils and beds of coal. Matter itself can by motion work on matter. The great physical powers, heat and electricity, are modes of motion. Radiation of heat causes freezing, and freezing crumbles rocks into soil, or it forms the clouds in the air, whose deluges hollow valleys;

while electricity cleaves and splinters the summits of the mountain peaks. Everywhere motion, sharp or slow, works with matter; everywhere the law of inertia is broken; and everywhere the miracles of Nature are wrought out by Nature's unbroken laws, set in action or withheld by only the movement which matter has received, be it from Will in man or beast, or be it from forces which themselves are part of matter's properties.

Now, since we have started from the assumption that God does exist, it is impossible to make Him an exception to the rule which holds of the spirits of inferior creatures, and even of inanimate matter. If, therefore, He can cause or stop movement, He can, without further breach of any law of Nature, bring into play the laws of Nature. Or, to state the same proposition conversely, we must admit that whatever wonders God may cause by bringing into operation a law of Nature through the means of affecting motion in matter, cannot be called a breach of the laws of Nature. It is, of course, understood that this proposition is limited to the results of motion; it does not affirm that the cause of the motion may not be a breach of a law of Nature. This question will remain for future examination; at present it is neither affirmed nor denied.

Let us in the meantime, however, consider what we have reached by the proposition above stated. What are called miracles may be divided into three classes. The first are purely spiritual, affecting mind without the intervention of matter, such as visions (though these *may* originate in the brain, and therefore belong to the next class), gifts of tongues, inspirations, mental resolutions. The second affect mind in connection with matter, such as, perhaps, the healing of paralytic or epileptic affections, and certainly the restoration of life to the dead. The third affect matter solely; they include the healing of wounds, or of corporeal disease, such as blindness, or fever; the dividing of waters; the walking on water, or raising an iron axe-head from the bottom of water; the falling of walls or trees; the opening of prison-doors, and such like.

The first two classes we may, in any discussion limited to the laws of Nature, leave out of view, because it cannot be said that we know any laws of Nature affecting mind by itself, or even mind in relation to matter. Metaphysicians have interested themselves in trying to trace the origin or sequence of intellectual processes, but I hardly think any would assert they had discovered or defined what can properly be called a law; and certainly, if any do assert it, the accuracy of the assertion is controverted by as many philosophers on the other side. Any direct influence of God on mind cannot, therefore, be charged with being in violation of natural law. Nor can it even be declared to be contrary to universal experience, since in this case the negative evidence of those who have not experienced it would only be set against the positive evidence of innumerable persons who affirm that they have experienced it.

The influence of mind on matter, and matter on mind, are also so obscure, that it cannot be affirmed that anything which mental operation can effect on one's own body is contrary to natural law. No physiologist will assert that mental resolution, or conviction, tending towards recovery from sickness, is without some power to bring that result to pass. They will admit also that this is peculiarly the case in regard to those disorders which, in pure ignorance of their actual source, they are fain to call hysterical, neuralgic, or generally nervous. They are all acquainted with many cases in their own experience of recovery from such disorders in which no physical cause for recovery can be imagined. If, then, God should convey to the mind of a patient an impression which brings about recovery, there would clearly be no violation of natural law. With regard to the restoration of life, it is quite true that this is beyond the ordinary power of man's volition. Nevertheless, at each moment of our lives there is a communication of life to the dead matter which has formed our food, but which, after digestion, becomes a part of our living organs; and this is true even in the nutrition of plants. How or at what moment the mind enters or becomes capable of affecting our frames, we do not know. But this happens at some moment before or during birth; its doing so at a subsequent period is, therefore, not a breach of natural law, but is only an instance of natural law coming into operation, by the same cause, at a period differing from that which is customary. The *act*, whatever it is, is not exceptional, but ordinary. The *time* is alone exceptional.

We have now to consider the strictly physical phenomena to which the name of miracles is in this discussion confined, and to which the objection that they are contrary to natural laws is commonly stated.

A very large number of these are at first glance seen to be only instances of inertia being affected. To walk on water, to make water stand in a heap, to raise a body from the ground, to cast down walls, or move bolts and doors, are obviously exertions of simple mechanical force such as we ourselves daily employ. Their effective cause is neither more nor less than an interference with the law of inertia, and by the previous demonstration they are therefore not to be reckoned as breaches of any law of Nature.

Let us try if this can be made clearer by an example. It has been stated before that if iron were made to swim on water by modification of the law of gravity it would be creation of a new substance differing from iron in being of less specific gravity. At the same time, the original iron of normal specific gravity would have disappeared. These processes of creation and destruction would be so unprecedented that we should justly call them violations of the ordinary laws of nature. But at least we should then expect that the light iron thus created would be permanently light, and we should call it another breach of the laws of nature if on lifting it from the water we found it heavy. But if we were to hold a magnet of suitable power over the original

heavy iron, when at the bottom of the water, we might see it rise and float, although not touched or upheld by any visible substance, and although its specific gravity remained constant. In this case it would be moved by a power which overcomes gravity, but there would be no creation nor destruction of any property, and no natural law would be broken. But if now we substitute for "magnetic" "Divine" power, there is still no breach of a natural law, for no property is created or destroyed. In both cases the acting agent is a power outside the iron, invisible and unknown, except by the effects. The effect of both is the same: it is to give motion to matter, and nothing more. Hence, neither violate any law of nature except that of inertia.

Proceeding to another class of miracles, which seem at first to be creative, we shall find that they also come within the range of familiar human potentiality. The making of bread, or meal, or oil, or wine, are instances of chemical synthesis. These substances are composed of three or four elements, all gaseous except carbon (to be absolutely accurate, we must add minute quantities of eight other elements), which no chemist has yet succeeded in uniting in such forms. But chemists have succeeded in forming certain substances by bringing together their elements, of which water is the simplest type, and others of greater complexity are every year being attained. These are formed by moving into proximity, or admixture, the elementary ingredients, under circumstances favourable to their union in the desired combination, and the combination then proceeds by the operation of natural laws. No one would be surprised to hear that some chemist had thus attained to form starch or gluten, the main ingredients of bread; or oil, or spirit, or essences; for if it were announced we should all know that he had only discovered some new method of manipulation by which circumstances were arranged so as to favour the natural laws which effect the union of the necessary elements. Therefore, if these substances are formed by Divine power, it is not creation—it is only the chemist's work, adopting natural laws for its methods, and bringing them into play by transposition of material substances.

Meteorological processes—such as lightning, rain, drought, winds—are sometimes made the immediate cause of "miracles," as when the wind caused the waters of the Red Sea to flow back, or brought the flights of quails, or locusts. These are effects which we know wind is quite capable of producing, and does produce naturally. Was there then any breach of natural laws (beyond that of inertia) in causing such winds to blow? or in bringing up thunder-clouds? or in causing an arid season? We cannot, indeed, say that there was not; but as little can we say that there was. For since we ourselves have acquired such power over lightning, the most inscrutable and irresistible of all meteorological agencies, as to be able to lead it where we will, how shall we say that God's infinite knowledge has not the same power over the winds and the clouds, by employing only natural agencies for His

work, and employing these only by the operation of motion given to matter.

With regard to the healing of diseased matter, conjectures also can only be offered, because of the source of diseases we know so little. Sight is restored in cataract by simple removal of an abnormal membrane. Many fevers, if the germ theory or the poison theory be correct, are cured when the germs die, or the poison is eliminated. A power that could kill the germs, or remove them or the poison from the system, would then effect immediate cure in accordance with natural laws. It does not seem necessarily beyond man's reach to effect this when he shall understand natural laws more fully; it cannot, therefore, be a breach of natural laws if God should effect it by laws as yet unknown to man, provided they are brought into play with no other agency than the motion of matter.

It would be folly as well as impiety to assert that it is in such ways only that miracles are performed. No such assertion is made. But when, on the other side, it is asserted that the miracles narrated in Scripture cannot be true because they must involve a breach of the immutable laws of Nature, the answer is justifiable and is sufficient, that they do not necessarily involve any breach of any law, save of that one law of inertia which at every instant is broken by created things, without any disturbances being introduced into the serene march of Nature's laws. The scientific revelation is reconciled with the written revelation when it is shown that neither necessarily implies the falsity of the other.

But supposing the argument thus far to be conceded, it will be urged that the real "miracle" remains yet behind. When man moves matter, his hand is visible; when an animal gnaws a tree, its teeth are seen working; when a river flows down a valley, its force is heard and felt. How different, it will be said, is God's working, where there is no arm of flesh, no sound of power, no sign of presence.

Unquestionably it is a deep marvel and a mystery, that impalpable spirit should act upon gross matter; but it is a mystery of humanity as well as of Godhead. What moves the hand? Contraction of the muscles. But what causes contraction of the muscles? The influence transmitted from the brain by the nerves. But what sends that influence? It is mind, which somewhere, somehow, moves animal tissues—tissues consisting of carbon, oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, phosphorus, and sulphur. At some point of our frames, we know not yet where, mind does act directly on matter. It is a law of Nature that it should so act *there*. But if God exists, His mind must, by the same law, act on matter *somewhere*. Can we call it an offence against law if it acts on matter elsewhere than in that mass of organized pulp which we call brains? If no possibility of communication between mind and matter could anywhere be found in Nature, we might call such communication contrary to natural law. In other words, if it were one of the properties of matter that it could not

receive motion from that which is not matter, its motion without a material cause would be supernatural. But since it is of the very essence of existence that matter in certain combinations should be capable of being endowed with life, and by such endowment become capable of being affected in motion by mind, it is indisputable that such capability is one of matter's properties, and that its being so affected falls within and not without Nature's laws.

It may be objected that, since it is only living substance which can be acted on by the human mind, it is contrary to law that dead matter should be acted on by Divine mind. But this is a simple begging of the question at issue. It is constructing a law for the purpose of charging God with breaking it. Where do we find evidence in Nature that matter cannot be moved by the Divine mind? Science reveals no such law. Science is simply silent on the subject; it admits its utter ignorance, and declares the question beyond its scope. Undoubtedly it does not pronounce that God does move matter, but it equally abstains from asserting that God does not. For when it traces back material effects from cause to cause, it comes at last to something for which it has no explanation. When we say that an acid and an alkali combine by the law of affinity, that a stone falls by the law of gravity, we merely generalize facts under a name, we do not account for them. What causes affinity, what causes gravity? Suppose we say the one is polar electricity, the other is the impact of particles in vibration (both of which statements are unproved guesses), what do we gain? The next question is only, what causes electricity and what causes vibration? Suppose, again, we answer that both are modes of motion, we only come to the further question, what causes motion? And since motion is a breach of the law of inertia, what is it that first excited motion in this dead matter? Carry back our analysis as far as we will or can, at last we reach a point where matter must be acted upon by something that is not matter. This something is Mind; and God also is Mind.

Again, when any one affirms that only living matter can be acted on by mind, whether human or Divine, we may fairly ask him, not indeed what is life, which is a problem as yet beyond science; but how life changes matter, which is a question strictly within the range of science dealing with matter. But to this inquiry we shall get no answer. The cells in an organism, the protoplasm in the cells, are living when the organism is living, dead when the organism is dead, and, as matter, no difference is discoverable between them in the state of living and dead. The cells consist of cellulose, the protoplasm of some "protein" compounds; no element is added or subtracted, no compound is altered, when it lives or when it dies. Nor can science even tell us when an organic compound becomes alive, or dead. Every instant crude sap is becoming living plants, every instant crude chyle is becoming living blood, every instant living organisms die and are expelled from plants by the leaves, from animals by the lungs, the skin,

and the kidneys. Yet no physician can say at *what* moment any of these carbon compounds become living, or when they cease to have life. Since of this perpetual birth and death in all nature we know absolutely nothing, it is manifestly unreasonable to lay down laws respecting them. If life and death make (as far as we can discover) absolutely no immediate physical change in the matter which they affect, how can we propound as a dogma of physical science that God cannot move "dead" matter, when our own experience tells us that our spirits can move "living" matter?

It is clear that if we are not warranted in making a law, we are not warranted in saying that it is broken. Our concern with laws is to see that such as we do know are uniform, for this is the basis of science. But true science repudiates dogmas on subjects of which it avows its ignorance.

Let us sum up the argument as it has now been stated. The propositions are the following:—

1. Matter is subject to unalterable laws, which express its properties. No created being can originate, alter, or destroy any of these properties.
2. It is possible, however, for one property to overpower the action of another property, either in the same matter or in other matter.
3. By placing matter in a position in which one or other property has its natural action, man, as well as animals and inanimate matter, can overpower a law of Nature with almost boundless power.
4. The sole means by which such results are effected, are by affecting the law of inertia. Therefore, whatever is effected by natural laws, without other interference than by affecting inertia, is consistent with the uniformity of natural law.
5. All strictly physical "miracles" recorded in the Bible are capable of being effected by natural law, without other interference than by affecting inertia, and therefore are consistent with the uniformity of natural law.
6. It is consistent with natural law that created minds should affect the inertia of certain forms of matter directly.
7. It is not inconsistent with natural law that Divine mind should affect the inertia of other forms of matter directly.

The bearing of these conclusions upon prayer, in so far as it affects physical conditions, may now be briefly shown. It has been argued that, in the light of modern discovery, prayer ought to be restricted to spiritual objects, and that at all events it can have none but spiritual effects. It has for example been asserted that to pray for fine weather, for bodily health, for removal of any plague, for averting of any corporeal danger is asking God to change the laws of Nature for our benefit, that this is what He never does, what would produce endless confusion if He should, and consequently what He certainly will not do.

But if in point of fact God can confer on us all these gifts which we ask from Him without breaking a single law by which Nature is bound,

we are restored to the older confidence that He will, provided that such gifts are at the same time consonant with our spiritual good.

Now as it has been shown that God can affect matter to the full extent for which we ever petition by means of Nature's own laws, and in operation by no other agency than the mere communication of motion to matter, it has been shown that He will break no law in giving what we ask.

For example, what is fine weather? It is the result of the due motion of the winds, which bear the clouds on their bosom, and carry the warmth of equatorial sunshine to the colder north. It is still as true as eighteen hundred years ago, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and ye hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth." But if it be no breach of law to give motion to the air, it is in God's power to bring us favourable winds. But the winds we wish are not necessarily moved immediately by God's breath. They depend probably on certain electric repulsions, which make the colder or the warmer current come closer to the surface of the earth. And electricity is motion. It may be directly, it may be indirectly, through electricity; it may be by some cause still further back, that God sends forth the winds; but, if He can give motion, He can direct their currents, and by such agency give to His creatures the weather best suited for their wants.

Or what is disease? Probably, in many cases, germs; let us then suppose germs, because it is what the latest science tells us. But germs need a suitable nidus, and we know that merely what we call "change of air" is one of the most potent means of defending or restoring our bodies from the assault of germs to which it is exposed. We change our air, by moving to another place; what violation of law would there be if God, to our prayer, were to change our air by moving a different air to us? That is but a rude illustration; the marvellous economy of the body suggests a thousand others, none of which may be true, but which yet all agree in this, that they would work our cure by strictly natural laws, set in action merely by motion given to matter.

That even an impending rock should not fall upon us would be a petition involving no further disturbance of natural law. Had we appliances to enhance our force we could uphold it, without breaking natural law. God has superhuman force, and if He upholds it by an arm we cannot see, He will break no law.

It were needless to pursue examples; but the subject must not be dismissed without reference to the spiritual laws, which we are bound to regard in praying for aught we may desire.

These are expressed and summed in the command, "Ask in my name." There is a prevalent misunderstanding of these words, arising out of the theological dogma which interprets them as if they were written, "for my sake." It is unnecessary here to enter into the inquiry how far any prayer is granted because of the merits or for the sake of Christ. It is sufficient that the words here used mean something

else. When we desire another person to ask anything from a superior in our name, we mean to ask as if we asked. It must be something then which we should ask for personally. Therefore, Christ desiring us to ask in His name, limits us to ask those things which we can presume He would ask for us.

It is obvious how this interpretation defines the range of petition. It must be confined to what He, all-knowing, knows to be for our good. It must be, in our ignorance, subject to the condition that He should see it best for us. It utterly excludes all seeking for worldly advantage, for which He would never bid us pray. It equally excludes all spiritual benefits which are not those of a godly, humble spirit. Above all, it excludes all things which would be suggested by Satan as a tempting of the Lord our God. To ask, as some scientific men would have us do, for something in order to see if God would grant it, would be an experiment which, applied to an earthly superior, would be an insult—to God is impiety. To such prayers as these there is no promise made, for they cannot be in Christ's name.

Neither can those prayers be in His name which come from men regardless of His precepts. These are contained in the Book of Nature as well as in the Bible, and to both alike we owe reverence. We are bound to learn His will as far as our powers extend, we are bound to inform ourselves as fully as we can of the physical as well as of the moral laws set for our guidance, and having learned we are bound to obey. It were vain to pray for help in an act of wrong-doing, and equally vain to pray for relief from consequences of our own neglect or defiance of such rules of the government of nature as we have learned, or as with due diligence we might have learned. No man so acting can presume to think that he may ask in Christ's name for succour. Christ could not ask it for such as he.

But to what we can truly ask in His name there is no limit set. We may ask for all worldly and all spiritual good, which we can conceive Him to ask for us, in assurance that it will be given, if He sees it really to be for our good. How it may be reconciled with good to other men is not for us to inquire. The Omnipotent rules all, and He who can do all is able to do what is best for us as well as for every other creature He has made, without breach of one of these laws which He has set as guides for all.

J. BOYD KINNEAR.

WHAT IS RENT?

THE public mind of the country is at the present hour largely occupied with thinking about rent. The severe agricultural depression has generated painful effects on the feelings and the fortunes of the people of England. The various classes who are connected with the cultivation of land are visited with much suffering, and we cannot be surprised if they are found discussing whether their relations towards each other, as well as the system of agriculture prevailing in the islands, are precisely what they ought to be. The various methods of dealing with the land and the population that devote themselves to tillage, have been the subjects of keen debate for ages: failing harvests, low prices, and heavy losses, are well suited to impart energy and even violence to such discussions. In some portions of the kingdom, even an agricultural revolution has made its appearance on the scene. The law itself is openly and avowedly defied. The debtor, it is decreed, shall determine at his own pleasure how much he shall pay of the debt which he is pledged. If the owner of the property let on hire repeat such an adjudication of his rights, he is plainly warned that they shall be swept away altogether, and the insolvent debtor be made the owner of what he borrowed. The very structure of society itself is imperilled. "To refuse to pay debt violently," it has been well said "is to steal, and to permit stealing, is not only to dissolve, but to demoralize society: accumulation of property, and civilization itself would become impossible."

Amidst such agitated passions it was inevitable that rent should speedily come to the front. Those who had contracted to pay rent in the expectation that the produce of their labour would enable them to redeem their pledge, had been plunged into losses, more or less severe, by the badness of the seasons; their means were reduced; to pay

was inconvenient; and it was a simpler method to take the matter into their own hands, and rather than appeal to the feelings of their landlords for a considerate diminution of their rents, to call rent itself into judgment, and to suppress it altogether. When, then, matters have reached the pass that an anti-rent agitation, based on the confiscation of property and the repudiation of contracts, has sprung up, and is swiftly spreading among an excitable people, it becomes important, in the highest degree, that the true nature of rent should be clearly understood by the whole country. Whatever may be ultimately decided about rent, let every man first know accurately what it is. To advocate a system of agriculture which shall abolish the possession of land by a class who are owners and not cultivators of the soil, and thus extinguish the charge for the loan of it to farmers, is perfectly legitimate. Let the merits and demerits of such a tenure be freely investigated; let peasant-proprietorship be counter-examined over against it; but let the conviction be brought home to every mind that no just or intelligent conclusion can be reached, unless every element of the problem has been fully and honestly weighed. A reduction of rents may very possibly be called for by necessity and by reason; but to place the position itself of landlord in an invidious light, as that of a man who exacts from the labour of others that for which he has neither toiled nor spun, is a most unwarrantable process of argumentation, and can lead to no trustworthy result in a matter of such transcendent importance to the nation.

What then is rent? The true answer to this very natural question, obvious and easy though it may seem to be, has been grasped by few only. Let the question be put to a mixed company, and the incapacity to explain the real nature of rent will be found most surprising. One's first impulse is to appeal to Political Economy for an answer, for indisputably rent belongs to its domain; but unhappily Political Economists, for the most part, instead of enlightening have obscured this inquiry for the public mind. Some few amongst them have perceived the true character of rent; but most other economical writers have been led astray into a wrong path by Ricardo. Ricardo's theory of rent was accepted as the orthodox doctrine; but it was a theory from which the common world, landlords and farmers alike, turned away as unworkable. Ricardo was dominated by the passion of giving to Political Economy a strictly scientific treatment, and the explanation of rent he hailed as an excellent instrument for accomplishing his purpose. He built the amount of rent payable by different lands, on the varying fertilities of the soil. Land A paid no rent; its productive powers were unequal to such an effort; it must content itself with rewarding the cultivator alone. Land B presented itself as something better; a feeble rent it could supply. C, D, and E continued the ascending scale; the rents they yielded assumed grander dimensions, till the maximum of fertility and remunerating power was reached. The

array wore a splendidly scientific air; it almost rivalled the great law of the inverse square of the distances. But, alas, as Ricardo himself dimly saw, rent bowed to other forces besides mere fertility. Varying distances from manures and markets, dissimilar demands for horse-power for the attainment of the same crops, unequal pressure of rates and taxes, and other like causes compelled rent to sway upwards and downwards in contradiction of the law of fertility; and that was not scientific. But it was true in fact, and Ricardo, under the pressure of necessity, summed up these disturbing causes under the general word situation. Like Mill, he had to recognise that Political Economy, as he and Mill posed it, was "an hypothetical science," and that the stern world of material realities was under the dominion of influences which were not hypothetical nor scientific.*

If Ricardo and Mill had contented themselves with laying down what the amount of rent was, governed by the quality of the soil's fertility and by the forces which they feebly recognised by the word situation, no harm would have been done. They would have given a tolerably fair description of the causes on which the magnitude of rent depends. It would not indeed have explained what rent is, but it would have expressed truths with which the common agricultural mind was familiar, and they might have retained the command of agricultural ears. But scientific ambition would not be satisfied with so simple and unpretending a statement. It was resolved that the explanation of rent should take the shape of a scientific doctrine; and with this object it invented an addition to it of whose scientific character there could be no doubt. "It converted the land," in the words of Mr. Mill, "which yields least return to the labour and capital employed on it, and gives only the ordinary profit of capital, without leaving anything for rent, into a standard for estimating the amount of rent which will be yielded by all other land. Any land yields as much more than the ordinary profits of stock, as it yields more than what is returned by the worst land in cultivation." This worst land, which had no rent to give, was erected into a standard which should measure rents as accurately as a yard measures distances, and a pound avoirdupois weights. Most useful indeed is the yard which tells us how far it is to Dover, and the lb. weight which informs us how heavy the load of coals is which has reached our door; and delightful truly, would be an instrument which should tell a disputing landlord and tenants, with unerring precision, how much rent exactly each farm was bound to pay. But

* It is much to be regretted that Professor Jevons in his "Primer of Political Economy" should have omitted in his explanation of rent the action of the forces which Ricardo and Mill summed up in the word situation. He affirms "that rent arises from the fact that different pieces of land are not equally fertile," and that "the rent of better land consists of the surplus of its produce over that of the poorest cultivated land." How is it then that inferior land near great towns pays a much higher rent than very good land in the heart of a rural district, far away from railways or canals, burdened with high poor-rates, and hardly in want of lime or other distant manures? Ricardo himself admits, and so does Mr. Jevons, that if all lands were equally fertile, and if they were all equally well situated as to other forces, they would still pay rent to their owners.

this "margin of calculation," this land which pays no rent—what landlord or what farmer has ever inquired for it in the calculation of their rents? Has it ever occurred to the thoughts, or passed the lips, of a single practical agriculturist, in these days of excitement, and anger, and unceasing declamations in the press and tribune on rent? And if it had been found, what possible help could it have brought to a single agriculturist? Such land could be no measure to measure by. A measure must either be a given portion of the thing measured, as a yard of length, or else be an effect of a given force, as the height of the barometer of the pressure of the atmosphere. A piece of land which yields no rent cannot measure one that does, because the non-payment of rent is not the effect of a single force but of many diverse ones. A particular farm may pay no rent because it is isolated by want of roads, or is in a lonely spot, or is far off from manures, or is burdened with excess of taxation, as a whole parish in Buckinghamshire which was said to have gone out of cultivation because no man would face the burden of its poor-rates. What facility for calculation could such a parish furnish to a farmer in Middlesex or Lancashire? The selection of such a standard was a purely illogical process; it confounded effect with cause. The forces which determine rent decree that such a farm cannot pay rent, that is an effect; but its paying no rent could be no cause, by the mere fact alone that it did not yield sufficient net profit, why other lands should pay no rent. The margin of calculation was framed at a particular locality, under its own circumstances, but it could say nothing about the circumstances of another farm and their effects.

The moral to be derived from the examination of Ricardo and Mill's theories of rent is clear. The sooner that their margin of cultivation, their standard of the amount of rent, disappears, the better will it be for the interests of society and of Political Economy. It has driven away all agricultural audience from the talk of Political Economy about rent; it is felt to lie altogether outside of the practical world. Let the land which is cultivated without being able to pay rent be inquired into by all means, whenever there is a call for so doing. Let the impeding causes and all their circumstances be explored, but let the inquiry and its results be kept apart from all rent-paying land. The forces which determine that one farm can pay rent and another none are the same for both, either by their presence or their absence; but the two farms have no connection with each other, except as suffering effects from common causes. When this great truth is seen and acknowledged, and when Political Economy has ceased to talk of the non rent-paying land regulating the amount of all rent, the world which it addresses, and for whom it exists, will be won over to listen to its teaching on rent and to think it real.

And now let us face the question, simply, What is rent? It is necessary to distinguish here between two different meanings of the word rent. It is a legal word, connected with the hire of land or forms

of real property connected with land, as houses, rooms, and the like. Agricultural rent is different in nature from the rent of rooms. The rents paid for a house or rooms in a large building such as Gresham House have no relation to any particular business carried on in them, much less do they depend on the success of that business. Agricultural rent, on the contrary, is given for the very purpose of engaging in a distinct business, agriculture; and the profits of that business enter largely, in the settlement of rent, into the calculations of the lender and the hirer of the land. It is of agricultural rent exclusively that we are speaking on the present occasion.

In order to make a correct analysis of the subject, let us place ourselves in the position of a farmer who is offered the tenancy of a particular farm. It is necessary, further, to form a clear conception of the fact, and to bear it constantly in mind, that in all acts of selling or hiring, it is the purchaser or hirer, not the seller or the lender, who ultimately decides whether an exchange shall take place. Whatever be the price asked, be it high or be it low, the buyer by giving or refusing it decrees whether a commercial transaction shall be carried out. It is not the landlord but the tenant who will in the last resort determine what the rent shall be. The landlord may select amongst competing farmers the man who will pay the highest rent; still it will be the judgment of that tenant that will decide at last, not only what the amount of the rent shall be, but even whether the farm shall be let at all. The inquiry thus becomes, What are the thoughts, and what the feelings consequent on those thoughts, which traverse the mind of the farmer? He is seeking to borrow the use of land in order to engage in the agricultural business; his motive is profit, such an amount of profit as will, after repaying all his outlay of every kind, yield him the fitting reward for his efforts and his skill. His object is to gain a living out of his farm; and his calculations turn on the inquiry, on what terms of borrowing the use of the land he shall be able to obtain the ordinary profits of trade. Let us accompany him in these calculations.

The landlord opens the debate by naming the rent which he requires for the farm. The question for the tenant becomes, Can the farm afford such a rent? Here, obviously, the productive power of the soil will present itself as the first and most momentous subject of inquiry. It is a productive machine that the farmer is seeking to hire. The strength of that machine, its capacity to turn out much and good work, is the great point to ascertain. The quality of the soil itself is clearly a most important element of the problem; but it is far from being the only force which constitutes the productive power of a farm. What the climate is at the particular locality is a consideration of great weight. Good land in a rainy district will yield an inferior rent to land of the same quality under a more genial sun and a drier atmosphere. Then the water connected with the farm will come under examination. Will it be capable of creating water-meadows, which have such a lifting power

for rent in many parts of England? The fertility, too, of the several fields of the farm will differ. The intelligent tenant will feel himself called upon to estimate what amount of crop, what quantity of food for cattle, with his skill and capital, he may reasonably expect to produce. This is the basis of the whole computation—the quantity and quality of the produce that he can fairly reckon on obtaining. And he will not be governed solely by the then existing state of the land. If he is an able agriculturist, he will form a shrewd guess of what he will be able to make it yield by proper treatment. And it is very probable that he will prefer to pay a high rent for good land rather than a lower rent for inferior soil, because he may feel a well-founded confidence in his own resources to work up the greater power of a strong, if even obstinate, farm to larger results.

Having completed the first stage, and formed his estimate of the crops and cattle which the land will yield, the tenant will now address himself to the very grave question of the cost which his manufacturing industry will entail. Here he will encounter forces which pay small respect to the beautiful symmetry of hypothetical economic science, and often influence the amount of rent far more powerfully than the fertility of the land. Will his farm be amongst the light and sunny hills of Surrey, or will it be embedded in the stubborn clay of the Sussex weald? Will he need four horses or two only for each of his ploughs? The crop may be the same for both, but the cost will be widely different, and may create much resistance to the landlord's rent. If he appeals to steam-power for help, he must ask himself how far off he will be from the coal-field, how near to him will be the station at which he will buy his coals. So, again, with his manure. Will the lime and the marl be close to his borders, or must he send his carts long distances to the pit or the railway? Then comes the serious question of the place where his buyers dwell; how far he is from his market; what expense of carriage he will be put to. It may be his good fortune to be offered a farm in the neighbourhood of London, or some great manufacturing town. A weighty rent, it is true, may be demanded of him, even some ten or fifteen pounds an acre; but this will not extinguish the attractiveness of such a farm. Better markets, abundant supplies of manure, cultivation by the spade, and high prices, may possess higher claims in his eyes than a small rent in a rural region.

But the computing farmer's arithmetic is not yet over: he has very formidable figures still to face. His land may be burdened with heavy charges of an exceptional kind. His tithe may be unusually large; his poor-rate peculiarly severe; and the school-rate may acutely try his temper and his purse. Worse still, agricultural wages in his locality may be inordinately high, for wide are the discrepancies between wages in different parts of England, and the worth of the wage may not be repaid by labourers demoralized by trade unions. The long arithmetical array of heavy burdens will be duly noted by the incoming tenant, and

carefully placed to the debit of the debated rent; but one thing he will not do—he will not search out the position of the farm offered in the brilliant series of ascending fertility, and comfort himself with the reflection that economical science furnishes him with the assurance that a farm standing so high above the margin of cultivation must necessarily be able to pay the rent attached to that position, all these exceptional charges of cost of production notwithstanding.

One item of cost still remains, which the intelligent tenant will investigate before he contracts to take the farm. He will inquire into the condition of the farm—into the outfit, so to speak, which it will require for the full performance of the work which it is fitted to perform. He will endeavour to ascertain the amount of draining which has been effected, the number and state of the farm-buildings, as well as the amount of unexhausted improvements of various kinds which either the landlord or the previous tenant has laid out upon the land. These constitute no real part of the land's fertility, though they increase its power to produce: they are fixed capital in the carrying out of the agricultural business. And here it is important to note that the tenant will not inquire into the amount of money, as such, which the landlord has spent upon his land. He will not pay an additional pound of rent because the landlord can appeal to large figures denoting the capital he has laid out on his fields. This, by itself alone, does not concern the tenant; but it does concern him greatly to learn the actual condition of the farm; and beyond doubt the landlord will be able to demand increased rent, and the tenant will be perfectly willing to pay it, to the extent that the outlay on draining and other improvements has augmented the actual produce of the farm. The tenant looks solely to the working power of the agricultural machine and the results which he may obtain from it; outside of this consideration he takes no account of what outlay the landlord has incurred, any more than of the price which he has given for the property. The tenant will be well aware that if that machinery does not exist, it must be provided by means of an understanding with the landlord, necessarily involving some cost for himself: if he finds it on the ground and at work, he will set down in his calculation an increased estimate of produce without any debit against rent for cost of construction—he will feel that he is hiring a more powerful machine.

The calculating tenant has now formed an estimate of what he may assume as the amount of produce which he can procure from the farm, as also of the cost which the obtaining of that produce in the given locality will entail. He thus reaches the third stage of his investigation—the price which he may reckon on realizing for the products he has raised. Here the peculiar nature of the agricultural business reveals itself. A man who enters upon a new industry, or erects a new mill, or opens a fresh mine, will not inquire for a particular price which he may adopt as the basis of his computations. He will think

only of the extent of the demand which exists for the articles that he intends to manufacture. If it is strong and increasing, he will feel sure that the consumers will repay the whole cost of production, interest and capital included, and in addition the legitimate profit attached to the business. If he hires or buys machinery, he will pay the price belonging to it in its own market as a manufactured article, precisely as if he were making purchases in shops; the seller of a steam-engine will not ask how much profit the engine will create for the factory. No doubt, if a site must be bought or hired for the erection of the mill, a higher price for the land will be encountered, in consequence of the prosperity of trade in the particular town or district; but the rate of profit will not rise in the discussion between the landowner and the trader. The price of the land will be regulated by the force of the existing demand for land, a demand which, of course, will gather strength from the swelling profits realized in the trade.

The position of the farmer who is seeking to discover what is the proper consideration for the hire of a farm is radically different from that of an ordinary manufacturer. As all land in England can be said to pay rent, it is clear that its products are sold at such a profit as enables the tenant to reward his landlord for his loan. The sale of what he makes is therefore certain, but the price which it will fetch is anything but certain. His business is subject to influences which very materially affect the quantity of his products, and still more the prices which they will command. He is dominated by the seasons; but it may be argued that their fluctuations may be guarded against by basing the calculation on their average character. The statement is well founded, and every sensible farmer will take the average season as his rule in computing; yet even the average season, as recent experience has too sadly shown, may sweep over a large cycle of years with very disturbing results. But there are other and very formidable difficulties which the farmer is called upon to face. The price which his produce will command depends on forces of great and varying power which are entirely beyond his own control, and often are incapable of being estimated beforehand. He is necessarily met by foreign competition; and that competition itself is stronger or weaker according to the commercial position of the countries which bring it to bear. Further, the state of the home market itself cannot be prejudged. The produce of English land will certainly be demanded and sold; but its price is vastly influenced by the prosperity or adversity of English trade. The rate, for instance, at which meat will be sold will vary prodigiously according as the multitudes of British workmen are earning high or low wages. The fortunes of foreign nations will weigh on the cultivating farmer; they are buyers of English wares, and their financial condition will act on British manufactures and recoil, for good or evil, on British agriculture.

The combined action of these manifold and diverse forces generates a special and very important effect. It imprints on the hire of land a

distinct and unique feature of its own; it imparts its peculiar characteristic to rent. The position of the farmer is not that of a man engaged in a business, and buying or hiring a machine which is required for carrying it on; it is rather the situation of one who is examining whether he can reasonably enter upon the business at all. One feeling governs that situation; the tenant must be able to live by it by means of a natural profit after all expenses have been repaid. Thus, the payment for the use of the land takes the form of handing over to the landowner all excess of profit above the fitting reward for the farmer. This seems manifestly the best method for giving the required security to the tenant, whilst it provides the lender of the use of the land a reward just in itself and compatible with the continuous cultivation of the soil. Such a system is not unacceptable to the landlord; he cannot hope to maintain a fixed rent which the returns yielded by the agricultural business do not furnish. To insist upon such a condition would be simply to compel the farmer to renounce the farm. And he will not obtain such a rent from any other tenant; for the one he dismisses has no other motive for leaving except the fact that the farm will not provide such a rent. On the other hand, if he is dissatisfied with the rent offered by the tenant, he has in the competition of tenants desirous of hiring the farm a sure test for ascertaining whether the offer is just or deficient.

It follows, from the preceding analysis, that rent depends on the price realized by agricultural produce compared with the cost of their production, the farming profits included. A high price does not in every case imply a correspondingly high rent, for the cost of raising agricultural produce varies immensely in different localities; still, as a rule, elevated prices will raise up rents with them. The same truth holds good of every business: it must yield repayment of all cost of manufacturing, and reward the manufacturer with the necessary profit, or it will cease to exist. But agricultural price encounters two serious embarrassments not to be found to an equal degree in other trades. It is, in the first place, powerfully acted upon by the vicissitudes of the weather: a bountiful harvest, coming in contact with great commercial profits, brings a full and often an augmented price, to the great advantage of the farmer; a poor harvest, falling on a depressed trade, often fails to reap a price corresponding with the diminution of the supply. There is but one remedy wherewith to meet the fluctuations of such a market—a remedy, unfortunately, too little heeded by most farmers. The great law of the average harvest must be ever borne in mind, ought ever to govern the conduct of the intelligent farmer: he is bound, by the very nature of his business, to reserve the excess of profits of the good year to balance the deficient return of the failing crop. His rent ought to be, probably is, founded on this principle; his practice often exhibits profuse self-indulgence under the temptations of the prosperous time, in utter thoughtlessness about the future.

We have now reached the full explanation of rent. It is surplus profit—that is, excess of profit after the repayment of the whole cost of production, beyond the legitimate profit which belongs to the tenant as a manufacturer of agricultural produce. The interest which he would have reaped from placing capital which he has devoted to the farm in some safe investment, such as consols or railway debentures, forms necessarily a portion of the cost of production. He would have realized some 4 per cent. on the investment without risk or effort of any kind. This interest constitutes no reward for engaging in agriculture.

It remains now to consider certain important consequences which flow from this explanation of rent. In the first place, it is evident that three separate incomes are derived from agriculture, whilst two only make their appearance in all other industries. In common with them agriculture furnishes reward or income for two classes of persons—wages for labourers and profit for the employer. There the similarity ends. A third income makes its appearance for a third person—rent for the landlord. This rent is not an ordinary consideration for hiring some useful machine; if it were a compensation of this nature, it would necessarily take its place amongst the items composing the cost of production. It is a part of the profit won, dependent in no way on the value of the property nor on the price at which it was bought, but purely and simply on the degree of the profit realized. It is a part of that profit, estimated and paid as what remains over—a surplus.

But how comes it to pass that an ordinary manufacture does not yield or pay any such third income? For a simple and decisive reason. A Manchester manufacturer cannot permanently earn a higher profit than belongs to his trade. If we suppose 10 per cent. to be the natural profit of that trade, and he persistently realizes 18, other mills will be opened by new men entering into the business, and this process will be continued till his profits are reduced to their legitimate level. It is otherwise with farming. If a tenant reaps 10 per cent. continuously from his farm, when competitors are willing to be content with 8, the landlord will quickly make the discovery, and will add the surplus 2 to the rent he requires. He will obtain the income, because 8 per cent. is judged by the farming world to be an adequate reward for engaging in agriculture, and because no additional land is to be found for the agricultural business.

2. It is clear that tithes, poor-rates, and other permanent charges, fall upon the landlord's rent, and not on the farmer's profit. They diminish rent. This is a point on which much misunderstanding prevails. A loud outcry is raised amongst tenants at this time of agricultural suffering against the heavy payments demanded of them for special taxes imposed upon land; a strong agitation is rising to obtain their repeal, as being unjustifiable wrongs inflicted on the most meritorious of industries. It is not perceived that these charges figured as items in the cost of production when the farmer was calculating what rent the farm would warrant him to pay: they diminished the

rent at the cost of the landlord. Tithes and rates took their places in the estimate of the debit side quite as really as the number of horses, or the quantity of manure, which the farm would require. We have seen that rent makes its appearance only after every expense has been provided for, and a legitimate profit secured; then, and not till then, the calculation of the rent begins. If the farming world succeeds in removing these burdens, wholly or in part, from the shoulders of the tenants, there can be no doubt that rents will proportionately rise. The landlords would argue, with entire justice, that all other circumstances remaining the same, the collective farming profit had become larger by the disappearance of these taxes, and as the tenant was entitled only to his natural rate of profit, the increase of surplus would legitimately belong to him. If the tenant repelled such a claim, the landlord would be easily able to obtain the rent he claimed from competing farmers who would be satisfied with the natural profit of the business.

One exception, however, must be allowed to this conclusion—the case, namely, of a tenant who, upon a long lease, had contracted to pay a definite rent for many years. Such a tenant has taken upon himself the chances of the cost of production during a lengthened period, it may be nineteen or twenty-one years, being larger or smaller. If it diminishes during the interval, he gains: if it increases, he loses. Practically he has insured the landlord's rent, during the continuance of the lease, against diminution. For all increase or diminution of rates he fares as if he were the landlord.

3. A third very important deduction follows from the nature of the process which determines rent. Rent does not increase the price of agricultural produce; it does not make bread dearer. Rent is the consequence, not the creator, of price. Here the difference between agriculture and manufacturing trades is vital. The hire or purchase of machinery forms necessarily a part of the cost of manufacturing the goods: it must be paid for by the price realized, or the goods will not be made. On the other hand, the consideration to be given for the use of the land does not enter into the tenant's estimate of his cost of production. He does not direct his inquiry to the right rent till after he has ascertained what the farm will produce, the cost of obtaining it, and the price it will fetch. He then discovers what the profit will be: from it he takes his own necessary share; what is over he hands to the landlord as rent. He does not, like the manufacturer, insist upon a price which must be obtained, for otherwise he would not be able to pay for the use of the machine he borrows; he simply takes the price which he finds in the market, makes himself reasonably sure of the profit which rewards him, and the landlord must take the chance of what rent will remain over, whether large or small. Rent exists because a selling price is found which yields a surplus, an excess of profit beyond what the tenant requires. If price gives no surplus profit, the landlord will get no rent, and he must farm the land himself, or sell it to a farmer.

But there is a peculiarity in the agricultural market which exercises

a very powerful influence in raising rents. Most manufactured articles can be dispensed with, or their consumption greatly lessened, if their cost of production is largely increased, or the means of buying diminished. It is otherwise with food: it must be had, must be bought, if any means of purchasing it exist. The effect of this force on a country situated like England is very marked. England cannot supply food for more than half of her population; the other half must be procured from abroad. Now, the principle which governs the price of indispensable food is the law, that the price paid for the dearest article—say, a loaf of bread—which must and will be bought, will impose itself on all like articles which are actually purchased. When the loaf made in England was cheaper than any imported from abroad, then the price of the English loaf rose to the price of the dearest foreign loaves which were sold and purchased in the English markets. This extra-addition of price was a pure surplus of profit received by the English grower of wheat; the cost of production was not changed, nor his requirement of profit for himself augmented. The gain he thus realized, being absolutely surplus profit, passed to the landowner. The need of foreign corn raised his rent. But the picture has a reverse side. It may well happen that the foreign corn landed in England will be saleable at a lower price than the English. If the supply can be furnished in sufficient quantity to provide bread enough for all England, the English corn in that case must inevitably sink to the level of the foreign—its price will fall, the profit realized on its sale may indefinitely sink, and a great reduction of rents throughout England may well be the inevitable consequence. The only weapon wherewith to fight off the disaster would be such a modification of British agriculture as would lead to the cultivation of other crops than wheat.

Here it seems desirable to notice briefly some remarks addressed by Professor Thorold Rogers to the *Daily News*, of October 30th, 1879: for though they are in the main true, they might easily give rise to mischievous misconception. He writes—"There is no doubt that rent is wealth to the recipient, and a means of profit to those who trade with the recipient; but except in so far as it represents the advantageous outlay of capital, it is no more national wealth than the public funds ~~are~~." Surely this is to ignore the fact that the sources from which rent and the dividends on the public funds are derived differ radically in nature. The dividends on consols are the fruit of taxes levied on the whole people of England, and distributed as such to national creditors, which they may consume as they please. Rent is part of a profit earned by an industry useful to the country. A tax and a profit are not necessarily the same thing. No doubt a profit swollen by a monopoly price is equivalent to a tax: and a rent derived from "the price of the produce of land, raised by excessive demand and stinted supply," would be a forced contribution from consumers. But is all rent the child of monopoly? May it not well happen, does it not constantly happen, that rents are high by the side of cheap corn, because

the agricultural business is largely productive through efforts made by landlords in improving the powers of the soil? Are they to be limited down in their reward to the pure interest which they could have obtained for their capital from investments in bonds and debentures? is not part of the profit realized legitimately due to them, as profit accomplished by a commercial enterprise? If the returns on improvements made by landowners on their estates were limited to the interest which they could have obtained from consols, would not the motive for making such improvements be sadly wanting? It would sound strange in great manufacturing towns to be told that flowing profits are no increase of the public wealth, that they are taxes resembling the public funds, and must be swept away down to the lowest sum compatible with the existence of the industry.

And what must be said of the ugly word, monopoly, which is so freely flung against the owners of rent? There is a sound of unfairness in it; of unearned gains won without effort from the fortunes of others. How is such a reproach to be repelled? To parry the blow does not seem to be so difficult. There is, indeed, a kind of monopoly which is susceptible of no defence, a monopoly of manufacture conferred on a favoured few, by the arbitrary decree of the law, founded on no superior claim of merit or capacity, and resulting in inflated prices and inferiority of service rendered. Such were the monopolies whose abolition an indignant public opinion extorted from Queen Elizabeth. But a superior advantage of production or sale attached by nature to particular individuals or societies belongs to a wholly different class. Life is full of such monopolies. They are inherent and indestructible. The vineyards of France possess a monopoly of incomparable wine which will for all time earn amazing profits paid by voluntary buyers. England enjoys a like monopoly in the juxtaposition of her coal and iron, which have created a trade that no other nation can rival. The eloquent barrister, the acute physician, the brilliant artist, the quick-eyed inventor of machines, the soul-stirring singer, all are endowed with a personal monopoly resulting in great wealth. Are the men and nations who reap the splendid fruit of such a superiority to be stigmatized as despoilers of their fellow-citizens? Is rent, the offspring of a like advantage, to be painted as a tribute exacted from fellow-countrymen compelled to buy food?

But it will be said, change the tenure of the land, and the wrong will disappear. But what system will clear away superior produce and increased price? Certainly not a universal peasant-proprietor class. Such peasants would still possess the command of higher prices conferred by fertility and situation, and by means of such prices they would gather up swollen profits which would in reality be rent. Then let the land be owned by the whole community in common possession, exclaim French Socialists, and let its fruits be distributed in equal shares to every inhabitant. But even in such an extreme case it would be impossible to

efface monopoly. The able-bodied man who received the same share of produce as the weak dwarf, the clever artisan who was unable to earn a special reward for his fructifying intelligence, would inevitably reap a diminution of labour and time. His higher faculties would earn a monopoly benefit in leisure.

The conclusion to be drawn is evident. Nature has scattered monopolies broadcast, higher profits, over the world. She has ordained that they shall ever exist. It is futile to stigmatize rent as an exceptional offender against equality.

4. Finally, one more truth comes forth from this explanation, which has a most important bearing on the efficient cultivation of land. The landowner and the tenant are joint partners in a common business. They share a common profit—the first portion belongs to the farmer, the remainder to the landlord. They are both interested in promoting the success of the agriculturist. If the cultivation of the soil thrives even under the shortest leases, the rent is not quickly raised in consequence of the rising profit—whilst under a long lease very considerable gains may be won before a new settlement of the rent can come up for discussion. This partnership brings a powerful motive to act on the landlord to give help in developing the efficiency of the farming. He knows that if he invests capital in draining and other improvements, he increases the productive power of his land, he is laying the foundation of enlarged results, and he cannot fail to perceive that land thus improved must yield a bigger profit, of which the surplus part, the rents, must necessarily be greater. Thus, an important benefit is acquired, not only for the joint partners, but also for the whole population of the country. Such processes generate more abundant and cheaper food. The landlord who never visits his farms, never thinks of them except on rent day, is blind to his own interest, is forgetting that ownership of land is a partnership in a business. He neglects his own enrichment, and leaves needed resources for the nation unused. The active and intelligent landlord, on the contrary, watches the march of agriculture. He observes where the machine, the soil, requires improvement, he notices the farming qualities of the tenant, he lives on friendly relations with him, and deliberates with him on expanding the productive power of the farm. His rent becomes larger—not only by obtaining interest on the capital laid out, but also by sharing in the additional profit which that capital is sure to engender; and that addition will not be grudged by the tenant. He, too, will have prospered by the help of more powerful machinery in his trade, for he is certain of getting an augmented profit from the capital laid out by the landlord. Whatever may be said of the system of land-revenue which prevails in England, one merit it certainly possesses: it tends to bring the capital of a wealthy landowner to take part in enlarging the power of the land and the amount of its produce.

BONAMY PRICE.

BUDDHISM AND JAINISM.

IN previous papers I have traced the progress of Indian religious thought through the various stages of Vedism, Brāhmanism, Vaishnavism, S'aivism, and S'aktism, and have pointed out that all these systems more or less run into, and in a manner overlap, one another. We have seen that among the primitive Āryans the air, the fire, and the sun, were believed to contain within themselves mysterious and irresistible forces, capable of effecting tremendous results either for good or evil. They were therefore personified, deified, and worshipped. Some regarded them as manifestations of one Supreme Controller of the Universe; others as separate cosmical divinities with separate powers and attributes.

If the religion of the ancient Indo-Āryans was a form of Theism, it was a Theism of a very uncertain and unsettled character. It was a religious creed based on a vague belief in the sovereignty of unseen natural forces. Such a creed might fairly be called monotheism, henotheism, polytheism, or pantheism, according to the particular standpoint from which it is regarded. But it was not, in its earliest origin, idolatry. Its simple ritual was the natural outcome of each man's earnest effort to express devotional feelings in his own way. Unhappily it did not long retain its simplicity. The Brāhmins soon took advantage of the growth of religious ideas among a people naturally pious and superstitious. They gradually cumbered the simplicity of worship with elaborate ceremonial. They persuaded the people that propitiatory offerings of all kinds were needed to secure the favour of the beings they worshipped, and that such sacrifices could not be performed without the repetition of prayers by a regularly ordained and trained priesthood. But this was not all. They developed and formulated a pantheistic philosophy, based on the physiolatry of the Veda, and over-

laid it with subtle metaphysical and ontological speculations. They identified the Supreme Being with all the phenomena of Nature, and maintained that the Brāhmins themselves were his principal human manifestation, the sole repositories and exponents of all religious and philosophical truth, the sole mediators between earth and heaven, the sole link between men and gods. This combination of ritualism and philosophy, which together constituted what is commonly called Brāhmanism, gradually superseded the simple forms of Vedic religion. In process of time, however, the extravagance of Brāhmanical ceremonial, and the tyranny of priestcraft, led to repeated reactions. Efforts after simplicity of worship and freedom of thought were made by various energetic religious leaders at various periods. More than one reformer arose, who attempted to deliver the people from the bondage of a complex ceremonial, and the intolerable incubus of an arrogant sacerdotalism.

It was natural that the most successful opposition to priestcraft should have originated in the caste next in rank to the Brāhmins. Gautama (afterwards called "the Buddha") was a man of the military class (Kshatriya). He was the son of a petty chief who ruled over a small principality called Kapila-vastu, north of the Ganges; but he was not the sole originator of the reactionary movement. He had, in all probability, been preceded by other less conspicuous social reformers, and other leaders of sceptical inquiry. Or other such leaders may have been contemporaneous with himself. We have already pointed out that the philosophy he enunciated was not in its general scope and bearing very different from that of Brāhmanism. The Brāhmins called their system of doctrines "Dharma,"* and the Buddha called his by the same name. He recognised no distinguishing term like Buddhism. His simple aim was to remove every merely sacerdotal doctrine from the national religion—to cut away every useless excrescence, and to sweep away every corrupting incrustation. His own doctrines of liberty, equality, and general benevolence towards all creatures, ensured the popularity of his teaching; while the example he himself set of asceticism and self-mortification, secured him a large number of devoted personal adherents. For it is remarkable that just as the Founder of Christianity was Himself a Jew, and required none of His followers to give up their true Jewish creed, or Jewish usages, so the founder of Buddhism was himself a Hindū, and did not require his adherents to give up every essential principle of ordinary Hindūism, or renounce all the religious observances of their ancestors.†

Yet it cannot be denied that Buddhism was very different from Brāh-

* If an orthodox Brāhmin is asked to describe his religion, he calls it Ārya-dharma, that is, the system of doctrines and duties held and practised by the Aryas. He never thinks of calling it by the name of any special founder or leader. Be it noted, however, that Dharma implies more than a mere religious creed. It is a far more comprehensive term than our word "religion."

† In many images of the Buddha he is represented with the sacred thread over the left shoulder and under the right arm, according to orthodox Brāhmanical usage.

manism, and it is a remarkable fact that, with all his personal popularity, the atheistic philosophy of Gautama was unsuited to the masses of the people. His negations, abstractions, and theories of the non-eternity and ultimate extinction of soul, never commended themselves to the popular mind.

It seemed, indeed, probable that Buddhism was destined to become extinct with its founder. The Buddha died, like other men, and, according to his own doctrine, became absolutely extinct. Nothing remained but the relics of his burnt body, which were distributed in all directions. No successor was ready to step into his place. No living representative was competent to fill up the void caused by his death. Nothing seemed more unlikely than that the mere recollection of his teaching and example, though perpetuated by the rapid multiplication of shrines, symbols, and images of his person,* should have power to secure the continuance of his system in his own native country for more than ten centuries, and to disseminate his doctrines over the greater part of Asia. What, then, was the secret of its permanence and diffusion? It really had no true permanence. Buddhism never lived on in its first form, and never spread anywhere without taking from other systems quite as much as it imparted. The tolerant spirit which was its chief distinguishing characteristic permitted its adherents to please themselves in adopting extraneous doctrines. Hence it happened that the Buddhists were always ready to acquiesce in, and even conform to, the religious practices of the countries to which they migrated, and to clothe their own simple creed in, so to speak, a many-coloured vesture of popular legends and superstitious ideas.

Even in India, where the Buddha's memory continued to be perpetuated by strong personal recollections and local associations, as well as by relics, symbols, and images, his doctrines rapidly lost their distinctive character, and ultimately, as we have already shown, merged in the Brāhmanism whence they originally sprang.

Nor is there any historical evidence to prove that the Buddhists were finally driven out of India by violent means. Doubtless occasional persecutions occurred in particular places at various times, and it is well ascertained that fanatical, enthusiastic Brāhmins, such as Kumārila and S'ankara, occasionally instigated deeds of blood and violence. But the

* Since the Buddha became absolutely extinct, and since his system recognised no Supreme Soul of the Universe, there remained nothing for his followers to venerate except his memory. The mass of his converts, however, did not long rest satisfied with enshrining him in their minds. First they made pilgrimages to the Bodhi tree, or "Tree of Knowledge," at Gayā under which their great teacher obtained supreme wisdom. There they erected tumuli, or graves, variously called dagobas, chāstiyas, and stūpas, over his relics, and worshipped these. Then adoration was paid to his foot prints and to the wheel or symbol of the Buddhist law. Finally, images of his person in different attitudes (to be described subsequently) were multiplied everywhere. Temples, at first were unknown. There were rooms, or places of meeting, for Buddhist congregations to hear preaching, but it was not till a later period that these were used to enshrine images and relics. A vast period of development separates the original Saṅgha-griha from such a temple as that erected over the eye-tooth of Buddha, at Kandy, in Ceylon, which is a costly edifice, containing images and a library, as well as the far-famed relic shrine behind thick iron bars.

final disappearance of Buddhism is probably due to the fact that the two systems, instead of engaging in constant conflict, were gradually drawn towards each other by mutual sympathy and attraction; and that, originally related like father and child, they ended by consorting together in unnatural union and intercourse. The result of this union was the production of the hybrid systems of Vaishnavism and S'aivism, both of which in their lineaments bear a strong family resemblance to Buddhism. The distinctive names of Buddhism were dropped, but the distinctive features of the system survived. The Vaishnavas were Buddhists in their doctrines of liberty and equality, in their abstinence from injury (*a-himsa*), in their desire for the preservation of life, in their hero-worship, deification of humanity, and fondness for images; while the S'aivas were Buddhists in their love for self-mortification and austerity, as well as in their superstitious dread of the power of demoniacal agencies. What, then, became of the atheistical philosophy and agnostic materialism of the Buddhistic creed? Those doctrines were no more expelled from India than were other Buddhistic ideas. They found a home, under changed names, among various sects, but especially in a kindred system which has survived to the present day, and may be conveniently called Jainism.* Here, then, we are brought face to face with the special subject of our present paper: What are the peculiar characteristics of the Jaina creed?

To give an exhaustive reply to such a question will scarcely be possible until the sacred books of Buddhists and Jainas (or, as they are commonly called, Jains) have been more thoroughly investigated. All that I can do at present is to give a general outline of Jaina doctrines, and to indicate the principal points in which they either agree with or differ from those of Buddhists and Brāhmanas.† Perhaps the first point to which attention may be directed is that recent investigations have tended to show that Buddhism and Jainism were not related to each other as parent and child, but rather as children of a common parent, born at different intervals, though at about the same period of time, and marked by distinct characteristics, though possessing a strong family resemblance. Both these systems, in fact, were the product of Brāhmanical rationalistic thought, which was itself a child of Brāhmanism. Both were forms of materialistic philosophy engendered from separate kindred germs.

For there can be no doubt that different lines of philosophical speculation were developed by the Brāhmanas at a very early period. All such speculations were regarded by them as legitimate phases of their own religious system. In some localities where Brāhmanism was strong

* The expression Jainism, corresponds to Vaishnavism and Saivism just as the term Jaina does to Vaishnava or Saiva. Of course consistency would require the substitution of Buddhism and Buddhist for Brāhman and Brāhmanist, but I fear the latter expressions are too firmly established to admit of alteration.

† There is one place in India where the growth of Vaishnavism out of Buddhism, and their near relationship, are conclusively demonstrated. I mean Buddha-gaya, with the neighbouring Vishnu temple of the city of Gaya.

and dominant, rationalism was restrained within orthodox limits. In other places it diverged into unorthodox sceptical inquiries. In others into rank heresy and schism. Buddhism and Jainism represented different schools of heretical philosophical speculation which were in all likelihood nearly synchronous in their origin. That is to say, Gautama, the founder of Buddhism, and Pārs'vanātha, the probable founder of Jainism, may have lived about the same time in different parts of India. Nor is it unreasonable to conjecture that both these freethinkers may have followed closely on Kapila, the reputed founder of the Sāṅkhya system and typical representative of rationalistic Brāhmanism.* By far the most popular of the three was Gautama, commonly called the Buddha. The influence of his personal character, combined with the extraordinary persuasiveness of his teaching, was irresistible. His system spread with his followers and admirers in every direction, and threw all kindred systems into the shade. Very soon Buddhistic doctrines leavened the religions of the whole Indian peninsula, from Afghānistān to Ceylon. They found their way into every home. They became domesticated in the cottages of peasants and palaces of kings. As to Jainism, centuries elapsed before it emerged from the obscurity to which the greater popularity of Buddhism had consigned it. Nor, even when its rival was extinguished, did it ever rise above the rank of an insignificant sect. At present the total number of Jains in all India does not exceed 400,000, at least half of whom are found in the Bombay Presidency.

Yet it is not impossible that the first opposition to sacerdotalism may have been due to Jaina influences, and that Indian rationalistic speculation may have been inaugurated by early Jaina leaders. We know that the Buddhist king Aśoka, in his inscriptions—which are referred to the third century B.C.—mentions the Jains under the name of Nirgrantha, as if well established and well known in his time. We know, too, what has happened in our own country. Not long ago there was a reaction from extreme Evangelical religious thought in England. But because that reactionary movement is called by the name of a particular leader, it by no means follows that he was chronologically the first to set it in action. In the same way it may possibly turn out to be a fact that the Jaina Pārs'vanātha, rather than the Buddha Gautama, was the first ex-cogitator of the heretical ideas and theories common to both. It seems to me, indeed, not improbable that Jainism, which is now at length assimilating itself to Hindūism, maintained its ground more persistently in India, not only because, unlike Buddhism, it sullenly refused to fraternize with Brāhmanism, and to court converts from other creeds, but because the lines of demarcation which separated it from the orthodox system were in some essential points more sharp and decided than

* In the Caves of Ellora, Brāhmanism, Buddhism, and Jainism, may be seen in juxtaposition, proving that at one period, at least, they existed together, and were mutually tolerant of each other.

those which separated Buddhism. It is, at any rate, a fact that the Jainas claim for their system a prior origin to that of Buddhism, and even affirm that Gautama Buddha was a pupil of their chief Jina, Mahāvira. Nor will it surprise us that the legendary history of Mahāvira, who succeeded Pars'vanātha, and was the first real propagator of the Jaina creed, favours the theory of such a priority. True, Mahāvira is described as the son of Siddhārtha, which is an epithet given to the Buddha. But he is also said to have had a pupil named Gautama, and his death is fixed by the concurrent testimony of both parties of Jainas, who follow different reckonings, at a date corresponding to about a.c. 526 or 527, the usual date assigned by modern research to the Nirvāna or death of Buddha being 477 or 478.

But it must not be supposed that Pars'vanātha and his successor Mahāvira, are regarded by the Jainas as their first supreme Jinās. They were preceded by twenty-two other mythical leaders and patriarchs, beginning with Rishabha,* whose fabulous lives protracted to millions of years, and whose fabulous statures, proportionally extended, were probably invented in recent times, that the Jaina system might not be outdone by that of either Brāhmins or Buddhists.

It is well known that the code of Manu—which is the best exponent of Brāhmanism—supposes a constant succession of religious guides through an infinite succession of cycles. These cycles are called Kalpas. Every Kalpa or *Æon* of time begins with a new creation, and ends with a universal dissolution of all existing things—including Brahmā, Vishnu, Ś'iva, gods, demons, men, and animals—into Brahmā, or the One sole impersonal self-existent Soul of the Universe. In the interval between each creation and dissolution there are fourteen periods, presided over by fourteen successive patriarchs or progenitors of the human race called Manus, who, as their name implies, are the authors of all human wisdom, and who create a succession of Sages and Saints (Rishis and Munis), for mankind's guidance and instruction.

The Buddhists, also, have their cycles of time, presided over by twenty-four Buddhas, or 'perfectly enlightened men,' Gautama being (according to the Northern reckoning) the seventh of the series. Similarly the Jainas have their vast periods superintended by twenty-four Jinās, or 'self-conquering sages.' The notion is that alternate periods of degeneracy and amelioration succeed each other with symmetrical regularity. Each cycle embraces vast terms of years; for in the determination of the world's epochs Indian arithmeticians antici-

* Their names at full are.—1. Rishabha; 2. Ajita; 3. Sambhava; 4. Abhinandana; 5. Samati; 6. Padma-prabha; 7. Supārava; 8. Chandra-prabha; 9. Pushpa-danta; 10. Sitala; 11. Sreyas; 12. Vācupāya; 13. Vimala; 14. Ananta; 15. Dharma; 16. Santi; 17. Konthu; 18. Ara; 19. Malli; 20. Suivrata; 21. Nimi; 22. Nemi; 23. Pars'vanātha; 24. Mahāvira, or Vardhamāna. The first of these lived 8,400,000 years, and attained a stature equal to 500 bows' length. The age and stature of the second was something less. The twenty third lived a hundred years, and was little taller than an ordinary man. The twenty fourth lived only forty years, and was formed like a man of the present day. The Buddhists hold that their Buddha Gautama was much above the usual height.

pated centuries ago the wildest hypotheses of modern European science. A single Kalpa, or *Æon*, of the Brāhmins consists of 4,320,000,000 years. It is divided into a thousand periods of four ages (called Satya, Treta, Dvāpara, and Kali), under which there is gradual degeneration until the depths of degeneracy are reached in the Kali age. The Buddhist Kalpas are similar, but the Jaina cycles have a distinctive character of their own. They proceed in pairs, one of which is called 'descending,' (*Avasarpinī*), and the other 'ascending,' (*Utsarpinī*). Of these the descending cycle has six stages, or periods, each comprising one hundred million years, and called 'good-good,' 'good,' 'good-bad,' 'bad-good,' 'bad,' 'bad-bad,' during which mankind gradually deteriorates; while the ascending cycle has also six similar periods called 'bad-bad,' 'bad,' 'bad-good,' 'good-bad,' 'good,' 'good-good,' during which the human race gradually improves till it reaches the culminating pinnacle of absolute perfection. In illustration we are told to imagine a vast serpent, whose body, coiled round in infinite space in an endless circle, supports and guides the movement of the earth in its eternal progress. The head and tail of the serpent meet, and the notion is that the earth's movement alternates after the manner of the oscillating motion of a balance-wheel acted on by the coiling and uncoiling of a steel spring. First the earth moves from the head towards the tail in a downward course, and then reversing the direction moves upwards from the tail to the head. At present we are supposed to be in the descending cycle. Twenty-four Jinas have already appeared in this cycle, while twenty-four were manifested in the past ascending cycle, and twenty-four will be manifested in the future.

In Brāhmanism, Buddhism, and Jainism, the idea seems to be that the tendency to deterioration would very soon land mankind in a condition of hopeless degeneracy unless counteracted by the remedial influences of great teachers, prophets, and deliverers. In the legendary history of the Buddha Gautama, he is described in terms which almost assimilate his character to the Christian conception of a Redeemer: he is even reported to have said—"Let all the evils (or sins) flowing from the corruption of the fourth or degenerate age (called *Kali*) fall upon me, but let the world be redeemed."

And what are the precise character and functions of a Jina? This inquiry must, of course, form an important part of our present subject, and the reply is really involved in the answer to another question: What is the great end and object of Jainism? Briefly, it may be stated that Jainism, like Brahmanism and Buddhism, aims at getting rid of the burden of repeated existences. Three root-ideas may be said to lie at the foundation of all three systems:—first, that personal existence is protracted through an innumerable succession of bodies by the almighty power of man's own acts; secondly, that mundane life is an evil, and that man finds his perfection in the cessation of all acts, and the consequent extinction of all personal existence; thirdly, that such perfection is alone attained

through self-mortification, abstract meditation, and true knowledge. In these crucial doctrines, the theory of Brāhmanism is superior to that of Buddhism and Jainism. According to the Brāhmins, the living soul of man has an eternal existence both retrospectively and prospectively, and only exists separately from the One Supreme Eternal Soul because that Supreme Soul wills the temporary separate personality of countless individual spirits, dis severing them from his own essence and causing them to pass through a succession of bodies, till, after a long course of discipline, they are permitted to blend once more with their great Eternal Source. With the Brāhmins existence in the abstract is not an evil. It is only an evil when it involves the continued separation of the personal soul from the impersonal Eternal Soul of the Universe.

Very different is the doctrine of Buddhists and Jains. With them there is no Supreme Being, no Supreme Divine Eternal Soul, no separate human eternal soul. Nor can there be any true soul-transmigration. A Buddhist and a Jaina believe that the only eternal thing is matter. The universe consists of eternal atoms which by their own inherent creative force are perpetually developing countless forms of being in ever-recurring cycles of creation and dissolution, re-creation and re-dissolution. This is symbolized by a wheel revolving for ever in perpetual progression and retrogression.*

What then becomes of the doctrine of transmigration of souls, which is said to be held even more strongly by Buddhists and Jains than by Hindūs? It is thus explained. Every human being is composed of certain constituents (called by Buddhists the five Skandhas). These comprehend body, soul, and mind, with all the organs of feeling and sensation. They are all dissolved at death, and absolute extinction would follow, were it not for the inextinguishable, imperishable, omnipotent force of *Karman* or Act. No sooner are the constituents of one stage of existence dissolved than a new set is created by the force of acts done and character formed in the previous stage. Soul-transmigration with Buddhists is simply a concatenation of separate existences connected by the iron chain of act. A man's own acts generate a force which may be compared to those of chemistry, magnetism, or electricity—a force which periodically re-creates the whole man, and perpetuates his personal identity (notwithstanding the loss of memory) through the whole series of his separate existences, whether it obliges him to ascend or descend in the scale of being. It may safely be affirmed that Brāhmins, Buddhists, and Jains all agree in repudiating the idea of vicarious suffering. All concur in rejecting the notion of a representative man—whether he be a Manu, a Rishi, a Buddha, or a Jina—suffering as a substituted victim for the rest of mankind. Every being brought into the world must suffer in his own person the consequences of his own deeds committed either in present or former states of being.

* When Buddhism merged in Vaishnavism, its symbol of a wheel (*chakra*) was adopted by the worshippers of Vishnu.

It is not sufficient that he be rewarded in a temporary heaven, or punished in a temporary hell. Neither heaven nor hell has power to extinguish the accumulated efficacy of good or bad acts committed by the same person during a long succession of existences. Such accumulated acts must inevitably and irresistibly drag him down into other mundane forms, until at length their potency is destroyed by his attainment of perfect self-discipline and self-knowledge in some final culminating condition of being, terminated by complete self-annihilation.

And thus we are brought to a clear understanding of the true character of a Jina or self-conquering Saint (from the Sanskrit root *ji*, to conquer). A Jina is with the Jains very nearly what a Buddha is with the Buddhists.

He represents the perfection of humanity, the typical man, who has conquered self and attained a condition so perfect that he not only ceases to act, but is able to extinguish the power of former acts; a human being who is released from the obligation of further transmigration, and looks forward to death as the absolute extinction of personal existence. But he is also more than this. He is a being who by virtue of the perfection of his self-mortification (*tapas*) has acquired the perfection of knowledge, and therefore the right to be a supreme leader and teacher of mankind. He claims far more complete authority and infallibility than the most arrogant Roman Pontiff. He is in his own solitary person an absolutely independent and infallible guide to salvation. Hence he is commonly called a *Tirthan-kara*, or one who constitutes a *Tirtha**—that is to say, a kind of passage or medium through which bliss may be attained—a kind of ford or bridge leading over the river of life to the elysium of final emancipation. Other names for him are *Arhat*, "venerable;" *Sarva-jna*, "omniscient;" *Bhagavat*, "lord."

A Buddha with the Buddhists is a very similar personage. He is a self-conqueror and self-mortifier (*tapasvi*), like the Jina, and is besides a supreme guide to salvation; but he has achieved his position of Buddhahood more by the perfection of his meditation (*yoga, samādhi*) than by the completeness of his self-restraint and austerities.

Both Jainas and Buddhists—but especially Jainas—believe in the existence of gods and demons, and spiritual beings of all kinds, whom they often designate by names similar to those used by the Hindus. These may possess vast supernatural and extra-mundane powers in different degrees and kinds, which they are capable of exerting for the benefit or injury of mankind; but they are inferior in position to the Jina or Buddha. They are merely powerful beings—temporary rulers in temporary heavens and hells.

They may be very formidable and worthy of propitiation, but they are imperfect. They are liable to pass through other stages of existence, or even to be born again in mundane forms, until they are

* The word *Tirtha* may mean a sacred ford or crossing-place on the bank of a river, or it may mean a holy man or teacher.

finally extinguished by the same law of dissolution as the rest of the universe.

Very different is the condition of the perfect saint. He is in a far higher position, for he has but one step to take before plunging into the ocean of non-existence. He is on the verge of the bliss of extinction, and can guide others to it. He can never be dragged down again to earthly imperfection and sin. He alone is a worthy object of adoration. All other beings—divine and demoniacal—are to be dreaded, not worshipped. "There is no god superior to the Arhat," says the *Kalpa-sūtra* (Stevenson, p. 10). True worship, indeed, is not possible with Jains any more than with Buddhists. They have no supreme Eternal Being, omniscient and omnipresent, ever at hand to answer prayer, ever living to be an object of meditation, devotion, and love to his creatures.

Yet a Jaina who acts up to the principles of his faith is a slave to a ceaseless round of religious duties.

The late Bishop of Calcutta told me that he once asked a pious Jaina, whom he happened to meet in the act of leaving a temple after a long course of devotion, what he had been asking for in prayer, and to whom he had been praying? He replied, "I have been asking for nothing, and praying to nobody." The fact was he had been meditating on the perfections of some extinct Jina, doing homage to his memory, and using prayer as a mere mechanical act, not directed towards any higher Power capable of granting requests, but believed to have an efficacy of its own in determining the character of his subsequent forms of existence.

It may be said that the Brāhmanical idea of a saint is much the same as that of Buddhists and Jains. But with Brāhmaṇas the perfect saint is not so solitary and independent in his spiritual pre-eminence. He is one of a numerous band of similar sainted personages. He has endless names and epithets (such as Rishi, Muni, Yogi, Tapasvi, Jitendriya, Yatendriya, Sannyāsi), all of which indicate that he, like the Buddha and Jina, has attained the perfection of knowledge and impassiveness, either by abstract meditation (*yoga*), or self-mortification (*tapas*), or mastery over his sensual organs (*yama*). He may also combine the functions of a true teacher and guide to salvation (*Tīrtha*). He may even, like the Buddha and Jina, have acquired such powers that any of the secondary gods, including Brahmā, Vishnu, and Śiva, may be subject to him. Finally, he may be himself worshipped as a kind of deity. Yet radically there is an important distinction between the Brāhman and the Jaina saint, for the Brāhman saint makes no pretence to absolute finality and supremacy. However lofty his position, he can never be exalted above the One Supreme Being (Brahma), in whose existence his own personal existence is destined to become absorbed, and union with whose essence constitutes the object of all his hopes, and the aim of all his aspirations.

Nothing, perhaps, better illustrates the difference between Brāh-

manism, Buddhism, and Jainism than the daily prayer used in all three systems. That of the Brāhmins is in Sanskrit (from Rig-veda iii. 62. 10), and is addressed to the Supreme Being as giver of life and illumination. It is a prayer for greater knowledge and enlightenment: thus, "Let us meditate on that excellent glory of the divine Vivifier. May He stimulate our understandings." That of the Jainas, also called by them Gāyatri, is in Magadhi Prākṛit, and is in five short clauses to the following effect:—"I venerate the sages who are worthy of honour (*arhat*). I venerate the saints who have achieved perfection. I venerate those who direct our religious worship. I venerate spiritual instructors. I venerate holy men (*sādhus*) in all parts of the world." This is obviously no real prayer, but a mere formula, expressive of veneration for human excellence, like that used by the Buddhists, which is perhaps the simplest of all,—“Reverence to the incomparable Buddha;” or (as in Thibet), “Reverence to the jewel in the lotus.”*

Brāhmins, Jains, and Buddhists all alike aim at the attainment of perfect knowledge; but the Brāhmin, by his Gāyatri prayer, acknowledges his dependence on a Supreme Being as the source of all enlightenment; while the formulas of Jains and Buddhists are simply expressive of their belief in the divinity of humanity—the efficacy of human example, and the power of unassisted human effort.

It will be evident from the foregoing outline of the first principles of Jainism, that the whole system hinges on the efficacy of self-mortification (*tapas*), self-restraint (*yama*), and asceticism. Only twenty-four supreme saints and Tirthan-karas can appear in any one cycle of time, but every mortal man may be a self-restrainer (*gyati*). Every one born into the world may be a striver after sanctity (*sadhu*), and a practiser of austerities (*tapasri*). Doubtless, at first there was no distinction between monks, ascetics, and ordinary men, just as in the earliest days of Christianity there was no division into bishops, priests, and laity. All Jainas in ancient times practised austerities, but among such ascetics an important difference arose. One party advocated an entire abandonment of clothing, in token of complete indifference to all worldly ideas and associations. The other party were in favour of wearing white garments. The former were called Dig-ambaras, sky-clothed, the latter S'vetāmbaras (or, in ancient works, S'veta-pata), white-clothed.† Of these the Dig-ambaras were chronologically the earliest. They were probably the first to form themselves into a regular society. The first Jina, Rishaba, as well as the last Jina, Mahāvira, are said to have been Dig-ambaras, and to have gone about absolutely naked. Their images represent two entirely nude ascetics, whereas the images of other Jinas, like the Buddhist images, are representations of a sage.

* This is by some interpreted to mean—Reverence to the creative energy inherent in the universe.

† The actual colour of an ascetic's dress is a kind of yellowish pink, or salmon colour. Pure white is not much used by the Hindūs, except as a mark of mourning, when it takes the place of black with us.

generally seated in a contemplative posture, with a robe thrown gracefully over one shoulder.

It is not improbable that the S'vetāmbara division of the Jainas were merely a sect which separated itself from the parent stock in later times, and became in the end numerically the most important, at least in Western India. The Dig-ambaras, however, are still the most numerous faction in Southern India, and at Jaipur in the North.*

And, indeed, it need scarcely be pointed out that ascetics, both wholly naked and partially clothed, are as common under the Brāhmanical system as among Jainas and Buddhists. The god S'iva himself is represented as a Dig-ambara, or naked ascetic, whenever he assumes the character of a Maha-yogi—that is to say, whenever he enters on a long course of austerity, with an absolutely nude body, covered only with a thick coating of dust and ashes, sitting motionless and wrapped in meditation for thousands of years, that he may teach men by his own example the power attainable through self-mortification and abstract contemplation.

It is true that absolute nudity in public is now prohibited by law, but the Dig-ambara Jainas who take their meals, like orthodox Hindus, in strict seclusion, are said to remove their clothes in the act of eating. Even in the most crowded thoroughfares the requirements of legal decency are easily satisfied. Any one who travels in India must accustom himself to the sight of plenty of unblushing, self-asserting human flesh. Thousands content themselves with the minimum of clothing represented by a narrow strip of cloth, three or four inches wide, twisted round their loins. Nor ought it to excite any feeling of prudish disgust to find poor, hard-working labourers tilling the ground with a greater area of sun-tanned skin courting the cooling action of air and wind on the burning plains of Asia than would be considered decorous in Europe. As to mendicant devotees, they may still occasionally be seen at great religious gatherings absolutely innocent of even a rag. Nevertheless, they are careful to avoid magisterial penalties. In a secluded part of the city of Patna, I came suddenly on an old female ascetic, who usually sits quite naked in a large barrel, which constitutes her only abode. When I passed her, in company with the collector and magistrate of the district, she rapidly drew a dirty sheet round her body.

In the present day both Dig-ambara and S'vetāmbara Jainas are divided into two classes, corresponding to clergy and laity. When the two sects increased in numbers, all, of course, could not be ascetics. Some were compelled to engage in secular pursuits, and many developed industrious and business-like habits. Hence it happened that a large number became prosperous merchants and traders.

All laymen† among the Jainas are called S'rāvakas, "hearers or

* There is also a very low, insignificant, and intensely atheistical sect of Jainas called Dhundhias. They are much despised by the Hindus, and even by the more orthodox Jainas.

† This term, as well as Upāsaka, is also used to designate the Buddhist laity.

disciples," while the Yatis,* or "self-restraining ascetics," who constitute the only other division of both Jaina sects, are the supposed teachers (*Gurus*). Many of them, of course, never teach at all. They were formerly called Nirgrantha, "free from worldly ties," and are often known by the general name of Sadhu, "holy men." All are celibates, and most of them are renobites, not anchorites. Sometimes four or five hundred live together in one monastery, which they call an Upās'raya,† "place of retirement," under a presiding abbot. They dress, like other Hindu ascetics, in yellowish-pink or salmon-coloured garments.‡ There are also female ascetics (*Sādheini*, or, anciently, *Nirgranthi*), who may be seen occasionally in public places clothed in dresses of a similar colour. When these good women draw the ends of their robes over their heads to conceal their features, and cover the lower part of their faces with pieces of muslin to prevent animalcules from entering their mouths, they look very like hooded Roman Catholic nuns. I saw several threading their way through the crowded streets of Ahmedabad, apparently bent, like sisters of mercy, on charitable errands.

Of course, in Jainism anything like a Brāhmanical priesthood would be an impossibility. Jainas reject the whole body of the Veda, Vedic sacrifices and ritual, and hold it to be a heinous sin to kill an animal of any kind, even for religious purposes. They have, however, a Veda of their own, consisting of a series of forty-five sacred writings, collectively called Āgamas. They are all in the Jaina form of the Māgadhi dialect (differing from, yet related to, the Pāli of the Buddhists, the Māgadhi Prākṛit of Varnuchi, and the Prākṛit of the plays), and are classed under the different heads of Anga, Upānga, Pāṇna (Sanskrit, *Prakirnaka*), Mūla, Chheda, Anuyoga, and Nandi. Of these the eleven Angas are the most esteemed, but the whole series is equally regarded as S'ruti, or divine revelation. The Māgadhi text is sometimes explained by Sanskrit commentaries, and sometimes by commentaries in the Mārwarī dialect, very common among merchants in the West of India. Some of the best known Angas and Upāngas were procured by me when I was last at Bombay, through the kind assistance of Dr. Bühler; but it appears doubtful whether they would repay the trouble which a complete perusal and thorough examination of such voluminous writings would entail. It may safely be affirmed that their teaching, like that of the Purānas, is anything but consistent or uniform, and that they deal with subjects—such as the formation of the universe, history, geography, and chronology—of which their authors are profoundly ignorant.

* From the Sanskrit root, *yam*, to restrain. The Buddhists call their monks *Sramanas*, from the root *Sram*, "men who work hard at austerities," or Bhikkhus, "mendicant friars." Their laymen are *Sāvāsakas*, like the Jaina laymen, but are also called *Ujāsakas*.

† Also written *Apās'raya*.

‡ When so attired they may be called *Pināmbaras*, or *Kashāyāmbaras*, though they belong to the *Svetāmbaras*, or white clothed party.

The Indian commentator, Mādhavāchārya, in his well-known summary of Hindū sects (called *Sarva-dars'ana-saṅgraha*) has given an interesting sketch of the Jainas from his own investigation of their sacred writings. Their philosophers are sometimes called *Syād-vādins*, "asserters of possibility," because their system propounds seven modes of reconciling opposite views (*sapta-bhaṅga-naya*) as to the possibility of anything existing or not existing. All visible objects—all the phenomena of the universe—are distributed under the two principles (*tattva*) or categories of animate (*jīva*), and inanimate (*a-jīva*). Again, all living beings comprised under the former are divided into three classes: (1) eternally perfect, as the Jina; (2) emancipated from the power of acts; (3) bound by acts and worldly associations. Or, again, nine principles are enumerated—namely, life, absence of life, merit (*puṇya*), demerit, passion, helps to restraint, helps to freedom from worldly attachments, bondage, emancipation. Inanimate matter is sometimes referred to a principle (*tattva*) called *Padgala*, which it is easier for Jaina philosophers to talk about than to explain.

When we come to the Jaina moral code, we find ourselves transported from the mists of fanciful ideas and arbitrary speculation to a clearer atmosphere and firmer ground. The three gems which every Jaina is required to seek after with earnestness and diligence, are right intuition, right knowledge, and right conduct. The nature of the first two may be inferred from the explanations already given. Right conduct consists in the observance of five duties (*vratas*), and the avoidance of five sins implied in five prohibitions. The five duties are:—Be merciful to all living things; practise almsgiving and liberality; venerate the perfect sages while living, and worship their images after their decease; confess your sins annually, and mutually forgive each other; observe fasting. The five prohibitions are:—Kill not; lie not; steal not; commit not adultery or impurity; love not the world or worldly honour.

If equal practical importance were attached to these ten precepts, the Jaina system could not fail to conduce in a high degree to the happiness and well-being of its adherents, however perverted their religious sense may be. Unfortunately, undue stress is laid on the first duty and first prohibition, to the comparative neglect of some of the others. In former days, when Buddhism and Jainism were prevalent everywhere, "Kill not" was required to be proclaimed by sound of trumpet in every city daily.*

And, indeed, with all Hindūs respect for life has always been regarded as a supreme obligation. *Ahiṃsā*, or avoidance of injury to others in thought, word, and deed, is declared by Manu to be the highest virtue, and its opposite the greatest crime. Not the smallest insect ought to be killed, lest the soul of some relation should be there embodied. Yet

* Dr. Stevenson conjectures that Asoka's famous edicts were similar proclamations, embodying all the commands and prohibitions of Buddhism and Jainism, engraved on stone to secure their permanence.

all Hindūs admit that life may be taken for religious or sacrificial purposes. Not so Buddhists and Jainas. With them the sacrifice of any kind of life, even for the most sacred purpose, is a heinous crime. In fact, the belief in transmission of personal identity at death through an infinite series of animal existences is so intense that they live in perpetual dread of destroying some beloved relative or friend. The most deadly serpents or venomous scorpions may enshrine the spirits of their fathers or mothers, and are therefore left unharmed. The Jainas far outdo every other Indian sect in carrying the prohibition, "not to kill," to the most preposterous extremes. They strain water before drinking, sweep the ground with a silken brush before sitting down, never eat or drink in the dark, and often wear muslin before their mouths to prevent the risk of swallowing minute insects. They even object to eating figs, or any fruit containing seed, and would consider themselves eternally defiled by simply touching flesh-meat with their hands.

One of the most curious sights in Bombay is the Panjara-pol, or hospital for diseased, crippled, and worn-out animals, established by rich Jaina merchants and benevolent Vaishnava Hindūs in a street outside the Fort. The institution covers several acres of ground, and is richly endowed. Both Jainas and Vaishnavas think it a work of the highest religious merit to contribute liberally towards its support. The animals are well fed and well tended, though it certainly seemed to me, when I visited the place, that the great majority would be more mercifully provided for by the application of a loaded pistol to their heads. I found, as might have been expected, that a large proportion of space was allotted to stalls for sick and infirm oxen, some with bandaged eyes, some with crippled legs, some wrapped up in blankets and lying on straw beds. One huge, bloated, broken-down old bull in the last stage of decrepitude and disease was a pitiable object to behold. Then I noticed in other parts of the building singular specimens of emaciated buffaloes, limping horses, mangy dogs, apoplectic pigs, paralytic donkeys, featherless vultures, melancholy monkeys, comatose tortoises, besides a strange medley of cats, rats and mice, small birds, reptiles, and even insects, in every stage of suffering and disease. In one corner a crane, with a kind of wooden leg, appeared to have spirit enough left to strut in a stately manner amongst a number of dolorous-looking ducks and depressed fowls. The most spiteful animals seemed to be tamed by their sufferings and the care they received. All were being tended, nursed, physicked, and fed, as if it were a sacred duty to prolong the existence of every living creature to the utmost. It is even said that men are paid to sleep on dirty parts of the building, that the loathsome vermin infested may be supplied with their

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that the harshest treatment involves no sin provided it stops short of destroying life. The following story, which I have paraphrased freely, from the Jaina Kalpa-sūtra (Stevenson, p. 11) may be taken as an illustration :—

"There was a certain Brāhman in the city of Pushpavati whose father and mother died. In process of time both parents were born again in their own son's house, the father as a bullock, the mother as a female dog. By-and-by the Śrāddha, or festive-day for the worship of deceased parents and forefathers, came round. In the morning the son set the bullock to labour hard, that a supply of rice and milk might be ready for the priests invited to the festival. When they were about to begin eating, the female dog, in which was the mother's soul, seeing something poisonous fall into the milk, snatched it away with her mouth. Upon that her son, not understanding the dog's action, flew into a passion and almost broke her back with a stick. In the evening the bullock was tied up in a cowhouse, but no food given to him after his day's toil. Both animals had become conscious of their previous state of existence, and the bullock, looking at the female dog, exclaimed, 'Alas! what have we both suffered this day through the cruelty of our wicked son!'"

As to the other precepts of the Jaina moral code, it is noteworthy that the practice of confessing sins to a priestly order of men probably existed in full force among the Jainas long before its introduction into the Christian system. A pious Jaina ought to confess at least once a year, or if his conscience happens to be burdened by the weight of any recent crime—such, for example, as the accidental killing of a noxious insect—he is bound to betake himself to the confessional without delay. The stated observance of this duty is called *Pratikramana*, because on a particular day the penitent repairs solemnly to a priestly Yati, who hears his confession, pronounces absolution, and imposes a penance.

The penances inflicted generally consist of various kinds of fasting; but it must be observed that fasting is with Jainas a duty incumbent on all. It is a duty only second to that of not killing. Fasting (*upavāsa*) is also practised by Hindūs and Buddhists, and held to be a most effective means of accumulating religious merit. Orthodox Hindūs fast twice a month, on the eleventh day of each fortnight, as well as on the birthday of Krishna (*Janmāṣṭamī*), and the night sacred to Ś'iva (*Ś'iva-rātri*). On some fast days fruits may be eaten, but no cooked food of any kind.

With Buddhists and Jainas the season of fasting, religious meditation, and recitation of sacred texts, far outdoes our Lenten period. The Buddhists in some parts of the world call their fasting season *Wasso* (corrupted from the Sanskrit *Upavāsa*). That of the Jainas is called *Pajjūsā* or *Pachchūsā* (for Sanskrit *Paryushana*). The Ś'vetāmbara Jainas fast for the fifty days preceding the fifth of the month Bhādra, the Dig-ambaras for the seventy following days. In both cases the *Pajjūsā* corresponds generally to the rainy season or its close. Possibly the practice of fasting during that period may be intended as an expia-

* It is doubtless intended as a Jaina satire on the worship of deceased parents and ancestors enjoined by the Brāhmanical system, and commonly practised by true Hindūs.

tion for the supposed guilt incurred by the unintentional destruction of damp-engendered insects.

In regard to the duty of worshipping images, this also, like the last duty, is incumbent on all. But it is worthy of remark that images were at first only used as memorials or as simple decorations, in places consecrated to pure forms of worship. Idolatry has always been a later innovation. It has never belonged to the original constitution of any religious system. One or two differences between Hindû, Buddha, and Jaina images should be noted. Hindû images (excepting that of the ascetic form of S'iva) are often profusely decorated, while Buddha and Jaina idols are always left unadorned, though sometimes cut out of the finest marble, and often having a nimbus* round their heads. Twenty-two of the Jina images, as well as the seven Buddhas, are represented with a coarse garment thrown over the left shoulder, the other shoulder being bare. Those of the first and last Jinas (Rishabha and Mahavira) are completely nude; and Jina images, like some of those of the Buddha, are often erect. Moreover, the idols of the Buddha Gautama represent him in four principal attitudes. He is (1) seated in deep contemplation; or (2) is seated while engaged in teaching, with the tip of the forefinger of one hand applied to the fingers of the other hand; or (3) he is a mendicant ascetic in a standing posture; or (4) he is recumbent just before his decease. In the first or contemplative attitude, he is indifferent to everything except intense concentration of thought on the problem of perfect knowledge. According to others, he is supposed to be thinking of nothing, or, if that is impossible, his thoughts are concentrated on the tip of his nose, till he does not even think of that. Or there may be a modification of this meditative attitude, in which his mind is apparently engaged in ecstatic contemplation of the short distance which still separates him from the goal of annihilation. The first contemplative attitude is by far the commonest. The sage is seen seated (generally on a full-blown lotus) with his legs folded under him, the left palm supinate on his lap, and the right hand extended over the right leg. He has pendulous ears, curly hair, and a top-knot on the crown of his head. His garment is thrown gracefully over the left shoulder, leaving the right bare. The modification of this attitude, representing the sage in ecstatic contemplation, has both the palms resting one above the other on the lap, and occasionally holding a circular object, the meaning of which is not well ascertained. In the second or teaching attitude, the great teacher is supposed to be marking off the points of his discourse, or emphasizing them on his fingers. This attitude expresses an important peculiarity, already pointed out, as distinguishing Buddhism from Jainism—namely, that it lays more stress than Jainism on the acquisition and imparting of knowledge. I have never seen a Jina image in a teaching attitude. The recumbent attitude of Buddha is supposed to represent him in the act of dying.

* The idea of encircling the heads of saints with a disc of light probably existed in India long before Christianity.

and attaining Nirvāna. Pious Buddhists regard this supreme moment in the life of their great leader with as much reverence as Christians regard the death of Christ on the cross. Through the kindness of Sir William Gregory, I was taken to see a colossal recumbent statue of the Buddha, at least thirty feet long,* in the celebrated temple of Kelani, not far from Columbo, in Ceylon. The image appeared to be highly venerated by numerous worshippers, who presented offerings at the shrine. On each side were colossal images of attendants and doorkeepers (*dvāra-pāla*), and in other parts of the temple figures of Buddha's demon enemies, besides idols of the Hindū deities, Vishnu, Ś'iva, and Ganes'a. All around the walls of the temple were fresco representations of incidents in the life of the Buddha. A huge bell-shaped Dagoba (*Dhātu-garbha*), of massive masonry, covered with chunam, was in the garden, on the right side of the temple. It doubtless enshrined ashes or relics of great sanctity. But in all these Dagobas there is no passage to any interior chamber: whatever relics they contain have been bricked up for centuries, and no record is preserved of their history or nature. On the left of the temple were the residences of the high priests and monks, in a well-kept garden overshadowed by an immense Pipal tree, supposed to represent the sacred tree of knowledge. Both Buddha and Jina images have always certain objects or symbols (*chihna*) connected with them. Those of the Buddha are generally associated with the tree of knowledge, or a hooded serpent, or a wheel, or a deer.† The seventh Tirthan-kara of the Jainas is specially associated with the Svastika cross—an auspicious symbol common to Hindūism, Buddhism, and Jainism. Worshippers in Buddhist and Jaina temples may be seen arranging their offerings in the form of this symbol, which is shaped like a Greek cross, with the end of each of the four arms bent round in the same direction. The question as to the origin of the emblem has called forth many learned dissertations from various scholars and archaeologists. For my own part, I am inclined to regard it as a mere rude representation of the four arms of Lakshmi, goddess of good fortune, the bent extremities of the arms denoting her four hands.

With regard to the adoration of relics, one or two points of difference between the systems may be pointed out. The Hindūs wholly object to the Buddhist practice of preserving and worshipping the ashes, hair, or teeth of their departed saints. I remarked in the course of my travels that articles of clothing, especially wooden shoes and cloth slippers, used by holy men during life, are sometimes preserved by the Hindūs in sacred shrines, and held in veneration. They must, of course, be removed from the person before actual death has supervened; for it is well known that in the minds of Hindūs an idea of impurity is always inseparable from death. Contamination is supposed to result

* Buddhists believe that the stature of the Buddha far exceeded that of ordinary men. Muslims have similar legends about the stature of Moam.

† There is a legend that the Buddha taught first in a deer-park near Benares.

from contact with the corpses of even their dearest relatives. The mortal frame is not held in veneration as it was by the ancient Egyptians, and as it generally is in Christian countries. Every part of a dead body ought to be got rid of as soon as possible. Hence, it is burnt very soon after death, and the ashes scattered on the surface of sacred rivers or on the sea. Nevertheless, the bodies of great ascetics are exempted from this rule. They are generally buried, not burnt; not, however, because the mere corporeal frame is held in greater veneration, but because the most eminent saints are supposed to lie undecomposed in a kind of trance, resulting from the intense ecstatic meditation (*samādhi*) to which during life they were devoted. In former days great ascetics were not unfrequently buried alive, and that, too, with their own consent. A crowd of admiring disciples was always ready to assist at the entombment, and it might be said in excuse that the holy men really appeared to be dead, though they were merely speechless, motionless, and senseless, in a kind of meditative catalepsy.

The Jainas hold views similar to those of the Hindūs in regard to the treatment of dead bodies. They never preserve the ashes of their saints in Stupas, Chaityas, or Dagobas, or worship them, as the Buddhists do.

In connection with this subject I may remark, that what may be called "foot-worship" (*pādukā-pūjā*), or the veneration of footprints, seems to be common to Hindūs, Buddhists, and Jainas. Even during life, when a Hindū wishes to show great respect for a person of higher rank or position than himself, he reverentially touches his feet. The idea seems to rest on a kind of *a fortiori* argument. If the feet, as the lowest members of the body, are treated with honour, how much more is homage rendered to the whole man. Children honour their parents in this manner. They never kiss the faces of either father or mother. In some families, sons prostrate themselves at their fathers' feet. The arms are crossed just above the wrist, both feet are touched, and the hands raised to the forehead.

The notion of honouring the feet as the highest possible act of homage runs through the whole Hindū system. Small shrines may often be observed in different parts of India, sometimes dedicated to holy men, sometimes to Satis, or faithful wives who have burnt themselves with their husbands. They appear to be quite empty. On closer inspection two footprints may be detected on a little raised altar made of stone. These are called *Pādukā*, "shoes," but are really the supposed impression of the soles of the feet. In the same way, the wooden clog of the god Brahmā is worshipped at a particular shrine somewhere in Central India, and we know that the footprint of both Buddha and Vishnu at Gayā, and that of Buddha at Adam's Peak, are objects of adoration to millions.

Analogous ideas and practices prevail in Roman Catholic countries. There is a wooden image of Christ on the cross in a church at Vienna,

which is so venerated that, although it is a little elevated, some worshippers stand on tiptoe to kiss its feet, while others touch its feet with their fingers, and then raise their fingers to their mouths. Similarly, at Munich, in Bavaria, numbers of worshippers may be seen kissing the feet of an image of the Virgin Mary, and most travellers can testify that images of St Peter, not to mention the living representative of St. Peter, are treated in a similar manner.

Nothing, however, comes up to the veneration of footprints among Jainas. I visited the magnificent temple erected by Hāthi-Singh at Ahmedabad, as well as the underground shrine dedicated to Adinath, and another great Jaina temple at Kaira. The first consists of a large quadrangle, approached by a beautifully carved marble gateway. The principal shrine is in the centre. All around the quadrangle is a kind of cloister, in which are about thirty subordinate shrines, each containing the image of a particular Jina or Tīrthan-kara. All the images appeared to me to be of one type, and to resemble those of the contemplative (Dhyāni) Buddha. All are carved out of fine marble, generally of a light colour, and all represent the ascetic, in his sitting posture, wrapped in profound meditation, indifferent to all external phenomena—calm, serene, and imperturbable. The attendants of the temple were either very ignorant or very unwilling to impart information. No one could tell me whether all the twenty-four Jinas had a place in the shrines. One image of perfectly black marble was described to me as that of Pārśvanāth.

The other temples were not very remarkable, except as affording good illustrations of "foot-worship." In one shrine I saw 1880 footprints of Nemi-nāth's disciples. In another, 1452 footsteps of the disciples of Rishabha. They were covered with offerings of grain and money. All the names of these holy disciples are given in the Jaina sacred works, and it may be remarked that the disciples of Jinas, however celebrated, are never represented by images. That privilege is reserved for the twenty-four supreme Jinas themselves. I noticed that many Hindū idols were placed outside the shrines.

Certainly Jainism, when regarded from the stand-point of a Christian observer, is the coldest of all religions, if, indeed, it deserves to be called a religion at all. Yet the number of temples in certain centres of Jainism far exceeds the number of churches and chapels in the most religious Christian districts. Every Jaina who lays claim to an excess of piety or zeal builds a temple of his own. It never enters into his head to repair the temples of other religious people. At Pālitāna, in Kathiawar, there is a whole city of Jaina temples, some new, others decaying, and others quite dilapidated. It is by no means necessary or usual that every temple should possess either priests or worshippers. I can certify that I saw fewer worshippers even in the most celebrated Jaina temples than in any of the Buddhist temples at Columbo or Kandy. Those who came contented themselves with bowing down

before the idols, and placing flowers or grains of rice and corn on the footprints of the saints.

The Yatis have a kind of liturgy, partly in Sanskrit, partly in the Jaina form of Māgadhi Prākṛit, partly in a kind of archaic Gujarātī. No real prayers are offered, but stories of the twenty-four Jinas and their disciples are recited, with singing and an accompaniment of noisy instrumental music and beating of cymbals. Religious festivals and processions are also common. I witnessed one in the town of Kaira, on the anniversary of the death of a celebrated Yati. An immense multitude of men and women paraded the streets, preceded by a very demonstrative band of musicians. In the centre was an apparently empty palanquin, borne by six men. It contained the supposed footprints of the deceased Yati in whose honour the festival was held.

A few short extracts from the Kalpa-sūtra (Stevenson, p. 103) will give some idea of the rules of discipline by which the lives of the Yatis are required to be regulated, as follow:—

"Self-restraint is to be exercised by each man individually. Self-control is the chief of all religious exercises. If a quarrel arise, mutual forgiveness is to be asked. Three daily cleansings are enjoined, morning, mid-day, and evening. A period of rest and fasting is to be observed yearly in the four months of the rainy season. During this period, male and female ascetics should by no means partake of rice, milk, curds, fresh butter, melted butter, oil, sugar, honey, spouts, and flesh. They must never use any angry or provoking language, on pain of being expelled from the community. Ascetics must carefully avoid contact with minute insects, small animals, small seeds, small flowers, small vegetables, &c. No ascetic must do anything whatever, or go out for any purpose whatever, without first asking permission of the Superior of the Convent. The head must be shaved, or the hair constantly clipped. No ascetic must wear hair longer than that which covers a cow."

With regard to the last injunction, it may be mentioned that the ceremony of initiation (*dikṣā*) usually takes place at the age of twelve or thirteen, and that part of the rite once consisted in forcibly pulling out every hair of the head (*keś'a-lunchana*). In the present day ashes are applied, and a few hairs torn out by the roots before the scissors are used.

It remains to state that the Jains of the present period are leaning more and more towards Hindū ideas and practices. They have their purificatory rites (*sanskāras*), and a modified caste system. Not unfrequently Brāhman priests are invited to take part in their marriage ceremonies. Indeed, it is by no means uncommon for inter-marriages to take place between lay Jains (*śrāvakas*) and lay Vaishnavas, especially in cases when both belong to the Baniya or merchant caste.

In short, Jainism, like Buddhism, is gradually drifting into the current of Hinduism which everywhere surrounds it, and, like every other offshoot from that system, is destined in the end to be reabsorbed into its source.

I must reserve the subject of the Indo-Zoroastrian creed, and modern Pārsi religious usages, for treatment in my next paper.

MONIER WILLIAMS.

LORD BEACONSFIELD.

I.--WHY WE FOLLOW HIM.

A WRITER in the last number of this Review, when giving a portraiture of Mr. Gladstone, pointed out that that right honourable gentleman was a bundle of persons rather than one. It will not, I hope, be thought a very gross plagiarism if I say that Lord Beaconsfield's fame may be divided into four or five distinct reputations, any one of which, in the case of a smaller man, would be thought enough for enduring celebrity. If Mr. Disraeli had never succeeded in making his way into Parliament, he would still, without needing to add another volume to the books he has written, have had to be taken account of as one of our foremost men of letters. Supposing that, having entered the House of Commons, he had not attained office, he would yet have always been remembered as the keenest Parliamentary debater of his time. If his public life had ended in 1852—that is, more than a quarter of a century ago—without his having become a Minister, he would have stood recorded as the most skilful leader of an Opposition which our history has known. Had he never passed a measure through Parliament, he must have been referred to by all political thinkers as a strikingly original critic of our Constitution. Such trifles as that, being born in the days of dandyism, he ranked among the leaders of fashion directly after he was out of his teens, and that he has been a leading social wit his whole life through, may be thrown in without counting. But add the above items together, and fill in the necessary details, and what a startling result we have!

It is very obvious that I cannot here trace Lord Beaconsfield's career in detail. The chronicle is much too rich for that. The better plan will be to make the subject group itself around three or four chief topics—say these: His public consistency; his personal

relations with Peel and other leaders; his political and social views regarded as a system; and his recent foreign policy.

A single paragraph may, however, be interposed, just to bring the principal dates together in a way of prospective summary. Within four years' time from his entering the House of Commons, which, after vain attempts at High Wycombe, Marylebone, and Taunton, he did in 1837 for the borough of Maidstone, Mr. Disraeli was at the head of a party—"The New England Party." The group, if not very numerous, drew as much public attention as if it had been of any size we like to name. Lord John Manners and Mr. G. S. Smythe had the generosity of heart and the keenness of insight to be the first won over by him, and that against the prejudices of their families. Who has not heard of their courageous pilgrimage to the Manchester Athenæum to explain to Cottonopolis how they proposed to re-make the nation? Then came the "Young England" novels, with which all Europe was shortly ringing—"Coningsby" in 1844, "Sybil" in 1845, "Tancred" in 1847. In the meantime Mr. Disraeli had associated himself heart and soul with Lord George Bentinck, attacked Peel, and done far more than any other in reorganizing the shattered Conservative party within the House as well as outside it. By the last-named year, too, Mr. Disraeli had, after a voluntary exchanging of Maidstone for Shrewsbury, become member for Buckinghamshire, a seat which he was to keep so long as he remained in the House of Commons. Suddenly Lord George Bentinck died (much too early for his country), and very soon after that event, owing to the generous standing aside of Lord Granby and Mr. Herries, Mr. Disraeli, within a dozen years of his first entry into Parliament, stood forth as the recognized leader of the Conservatives. The publication of the famous Biography of Lord George Bentinck was at once his noble tribute to the memory of his friend and a valuable help to the party. Five years later, when Lord Russell fell and the first Derby Administration was formed, Mr. Disraeli—never having held an inferior post—became Chancellor of the Exchequer. Shortly followed Lord Palmerston's triumphant reign, to be succeeded, after a further resignation of Lord Russell, by the second Derby Ministry, in which Mr. Disraeli, once more Chancellor of the Exchequer, found time, in addition to his Budget-making, to dash the Whigs by a final Reform Bill. By-and-by the nation lost the Earl of Derby, and the last promotion of official dignity fell naturally to Mr. Disraeli, who became Prime Minister of England. Mr. Gladstone succeeded in preventing the Cabinet from having a very long life, and Mr. Disraeli kept mental self-composure enough, after losing office, to sit down and write "Lothair." By-and-by his political turn again came: 1874 saw him Premier for the second time, and this present year of grace still beholds him in the post, only in the Upper House, instead of the Lower, as Lord Beaconsfield, and with a Parliamentary majority scarcely diminished by five years of an imperial rule which brings back memories of England's most majestic

days. He has visited Berlin, and more than held his own in a Council of the greatest modern diplomatists; has received a welcome back in London city such as no living Minister can boast; and has had the high honour of entertaining his Queen as a guest under his own roof.

Now I may go back to the first of the texts I have chosen.

It is certain that Lord Beaconsfield has always most tenaciously insisted that he has from first to last been politically consistent. His opponents, for very good reasons of their own, have unceasingly affirmed that this assertion is his chiefest, in fact his culminating audacity. But all the facts favour Lord Beaconsfield's view. In the first place, he has never held office but on one side, and he is the only Prime Minister during the last half century who could plead that circumstance. Earl Russell could not say it; certainly Lord Palmerston could not; it is quite out of Mr. Gladstone's power to urge it; even the late Earl of Derby could not make the claim. Next, it is now about thirty-two years since Mr. Disraeli was formally recognized as the leader of the Tory party, and he is still at the head of them, without their confidence having been for a moment shaken or withdrawn. Men, in fact, have been born and have grown up to middle life with Mr. Disraeli all the time remaining at the head of the Conservatives. His inconsistency during at least this somewhat lengthened period must have been of a strange kind, since it has always coincided with the wishes and the interests of his party, for he has never split them, and he has thrice led them into power. But we may go ten years further back than the dates we have named. From first to last, he never sat in Parliament but as an avowedly Tory member for a Tory constituency; during nearly thirty years he sat for one and the same county. If you sift what his enemies have to say, you will find that it refers to something which took place about forty-five years ago, and is to the effect that he was for five minutes a member of the Westminster Reform Club, and was willing in his first candidatures to accept the assistance of Mr. Hume or of any other of the Radicals. Lord Beaconsfield has the plainest and, as I think, the most sufficient explanation to give of it all.

He says that he came forward at High Wycombe and afterwards offered himself to Marylebone as an opponent of the Whigs, determining to do all he could to bring the Tories into better accord with the masses of the people by re-establishing the natural social bonds between the latter and the aristocracy. Certainly, this is exactly what he has done; it is what he openly said that he aimed at doing from the very beginning. Moreover, the Tories so understood it from the first moment. They gave him their support at High Wycombe before he went to Taunton, and political support cannot be kept very secret. His name was a popular toast at agricultural banquets, and he was sure of a welcome at any muster of the Conservatives. Supposing that the Radicals had not had penetration enough to comprehend the position he took up, who would have

been to blame for that? But the fact is that it has suited them to pretend in this case to be more stupid than they were. No Radical constituency ever elected Mr. Disraeli. The newspapers of the party never spoke of him as one of their sort; and Messrs. Hume and O'Connell were in a great hurry to withdraw their letters of recommendation, which had reached the candidate unsought. It is not denied by Lord Beaconsfield's most rabid defamer that he presented himself as an Anti-Whig, and it is admitted that long before he was in the House he was a supporter in public of Lord Chandos, and a eulogist of Sir Robert Peel. In his address to the Marylebone electors he described himself as an Independent. But it is really hardly worth while to discuss Mr. Disraeli's politics on this narrow basis.

The case may be put into a nutshell thus: if he had postponed seeking a seat till he went to Taunton, which was in 1835—that is to say forty-four years ago—no one would have been able to say, even in a way of cavil, that he had been ever any other than a most openly understood Tory. It is true that the Radicals would still have been able to complain that he had been bold enough to pass a Reform Bill giving household suffrage in the towns, and so spoiled once for all their party tactics. But that is an allegation of inconsistency which his Conservative supporters whom it has placed in office need not be very anxious to defend him against. The other side had made the question of Reform cease to be one of fair politics; Parliament after Parliament they were trading upon it in the most huckstering spirit. Mr. Disraeli's own first narrower proposals were scoffed at by them. The Bill that was finally passed was avowedly a piece of party tactic, and admirably it answered its end. Of course, since it succeeded so well, Lord Beaconsfield's rivals will never forget him for it.

However, a more rational use of my space will be to ask at what stage of his career Mr. Disraeli developed the leading political principles which came to be recognized as characteristically his? That is the only mode in which it is worth while to discuss a man's consistency. Lord Beaconsfield has himself done it all in the preface to "*Lothair*," but I may recall a few details. In the very first election address he ever issued, he styled the Whigs "a rapacious, tyrannical, and incapable faction." That may be taken, one would suppose, as pretty clearly marking his point of political departure. At his second candidature for Wycombe, he quoted Bolingbroke and Windham as his models; and it was as far back as 1835, in his "*Vindication of the English Constitution*," that he first applied the term "Venetian" to our Constitution, as the Whigs had transformed it. The very peculiarities of theoretical opinion which are most individually his, can be traced back into what in respect of a living man's career might almost be termed antiquity—it is something like two-thirds of half a century ago since he first spoke of the "*Asian Mystery*." Nobody's sayings live

as Mr. Disraeli's have done. The truth is, that so far from his political system having been hatched piecemeal in a way of after-thought to serve exigencies of personal ambition, he started with it ready made. His critics themselves unknowingly admit this in one part of their clumsy strictures, since they can find events so very recent as his naming of the Queen Empress of India, and his appropriation of Cyprus, sketched in his early novels. But let me take the very latest arraignment to which he has been summoned to plead guilty—that of having invented "Imperialism" just to bolster himself in office. As far back as 1849, which now is exactly thirty years ago, in one of his greatest speeches after having fairly settled down as the leader of his party, he used these words—"I would sooner my tongue should palsy than counsel the people of England to lower their tone. I would sooner leave this House for ever than I would say to the nation that it has overrated its position. . . . I believe in the people of England and in their destiny." In his last Premiership he has simply put those thirty-year-old utterances into practice. If he had not done all he has done, he would have been false to the heroic spirit of that far-back hour. On the hustings at Maidstone Mr. Disraeli said, "If there is one thing on which I pique myself, it is my consistency." Lord Beaconsfield in advancing age may repeat the statement without varying it a syllable, though more than forty years have elapsed between the times.

The Peel-Disraeli episode has been for a long time now the chief standard illustration of the political casuistry of our modern Parliamentary history. Mr. Disraeli, those opposed to him will have it, acted most cruelly in that matter. It is rather a curious thing for a young member of Parliament to succeed in being cruel to the most powerful Minister the House of Commons had seen for more than a generation. If a giant is overthrown it must be rather the fault of the colossus somehow, unless, that is, it be a bigger giant who attacks him; and at that time of day, though Mr. Disraeli was growing fast, he really was not yet of the same towering height as Peel. How was it, then, that he succeeded in toppling over the great Minister? Let me first of all say that the truth seems to be that Sir Robert Peel's unlooked-for tragic death has given to his memory a pathetic interest which has caused an unfair heightening of emotion in the case. Neither all England, nor even the bulk of Parliament, was in tears, busy with pocket-handkerchiefs, during the delivery of those famous philippics. If pocket-handkerchiefs were used it was to wipe away drops caused by laughter, for everybody was roaring from moment to moment as each stroke told. Peel had taken up a position in reference to his old supporters which was certain to entail attack; the only thing special that Mr. Disraeli contributed to the assault was the splendour of the wit which barbed it. Everything that he said of Peel, allowing fairly for controversial exigencies, was strictly true. Nobody wishes to revive

those necessarily hard sayings now, but it must be insisted upon for a second, in passing, that Peel had treated his party as no Minister before him had ever done. It was the exactest verity, as well as the keenest sarcasm, when Mr. Disraeli charged him with having tried to steer his party right into the harbour of the enemy. Mr. Disraeli was the man to feel this most of any, for it is one of his leading principles that in this nation now exists party in our constitution is an apparatus absolutely necessary to be preserved. He has for a third of a century since then himself unfailingly worked by that rule. But I scarcely need urge this part of the matter further here, as another word bearing upon it will come later. If Peel had lived on, he and his attacker would before the end have come to terms amicably enough, as Mr. Disraeli has since done with everybody else whom he has, from obligations of political duty, had publicly to oppose. That is, unless they were stupid enough not to remember his known determination that Parliamentary life should be raised above the level of vestry proceedings, by being dignified by a play of wit; or else were ill-conditioned enough, as some who have held high place have been, not to meet his offered open palm when the weapon was put back into the sheath. Peel himself would have had more sense; so, too, the present bearer of his name has shown himself to have. The rather idle statement that the Disraelian assault was prompted out of spite at not being made an Under-Secretary may at this time of day be, perhaps, passed over. Mr. Disraeli spoke with and voted for Peel long after that supposed neglect, and though it may be said that a spiteful man could nurse his revenge, it is just as true that the most generous could have done nothing more than go on showing respect and giving support just as Mr. Disraeli did. Further, no one was prompter than he was with words of praise so soon as there was opportunity for them. Indeed, the finest eulogy of Peel stands recorded in the printed pages of the person who is charged with pursuing him with unheard-of bitterness. The man who waited for office till the day when he vaulted at once into the Chancellorship of the Exchequer, was scarcely the one to be mightily offended, because, when a first batch of appointments was distributed, an Under-Secretaryship went by him. It was the leadership of his party for wise ends that Mr. Disraeli was looking out for.

Here again, however, it is unnecessarily restricting the consideration of the point to speak of Mr. Disraeli's invective only in reference to Peel. Acting on his maxim that it is the very ornament of debate, he at one time or other has let the lightning of his tongue play around everybody in Parliament who offered fit mark for it. Lord Russell was scorched by it; so was Lord Palmerston. Mr. Roebuck, who in those days was thought to have a bitter lip, got singed from it; and Mr. Gladstone has felt its blaze wrapping around him often. He is, at this moment, in fact, supposed to be showing some not very ancient scars from it. But,

occasionally even Mr. Disraeli's friends felt a more lambent play of this glorious irony. It was he who told the late Earl Derby that he was only "a Prince Rupert of debate," always finding his camp in the hands of the enemy on returning from his irresistible charges. He never objected to receive as good as he gave, if only any one could be found to give it him. Only once in all his career did he lose his temper—in the challenge arising out of the O'Connell affair; and that was before he was in Parliament. While in the House, who was there with steel of any temper that he did not try its edge? Sharp blows were aimed back, and he always admitted when it was a palpable hit; but who came up so often as he did—who was there that did not go down before him at the last? Take Mr. Disraeli and Lord Beaconsfield out of the record of the Parliamentary debating of the last forty years, and what a darkening it would give—what a gap it would make!

Something must now be said as to Lord Beaconsfield's systematic political and social views. It is very certain that he has a system, and it is also sure that he has never hidden what it is. Nobody has been at such pains to make his views clear. He has written books in explanation, as well as made speeches; he has illustrated the system by fiction, besides backing it up by historical disquisition. Anybody who chooses may learn what it is, and—as a great modification of political feeling in this country shows—a vast number have done so, by reading "Coningsby," "Sybil," and the preface to "Lothair." Indeed, from this latter exposition itself, all that is vital may be inferred. But the doctrine has of necessity some elaborateness, and asks a trifle of thought. It cannot be hit off in as easy a way as "Radicalism" can, where, when you have uttered the half-platitude, half-sophism, "equality of man," you are supposed to have said nearly everything. Lord Beaconsfield has always kept before him the conception of a *community*, which he distinguishes from a mob, and if he could get his own way in the matter he would have the society highly organized; the keeping it real in every part, and strictly and broadly popular in its entirety, being the only working limit that he would prescribe to its institutional intricacy.

This system, though on its being gradually promulgated it was held to be Mr. Disraeli's very own, expressly denies for itself that it is in any sense Disraelian at all. Lord Beaconsfield avows that he has found it in history—in our own history. He is content to be regarded as its discoverer, not its inventor. In a word, Lord Beaconsfield's great claim upon his countrymen, as he himself puts it, is that he has again brought to light and forced under the eyes of Englishmen their own national chronicle.

To begin with, it is his Lordship's firmly avowed belief that there has been what may be called a break or rift in our great social traditions. It is not difficult to see that he traces the causes of it back to the violent subversal of the Church, which, he will have it, was never

in this country at any time in real danger of becoming Papal. But I may take up the narrative somewhat later. With his own inimitable terseness, he has thus described the three great evils which afterwards made a social wreck of modern England: they were, he says, Venetian politics, Dutch finance, and French wars. All these he attributes to the Whig nobles. What is called the great Revolution, which they so hugely turned to their glory and their profit, he, in "Sybil," ascribes to the fear of those whom he calls "the great lay impropriators" that King James intended to insist on the Church lands being restored to their original purposes,—to wit, the education of the people and the maintenance of the poor. They brought over William of Orange, along with whom, he ironically says, England had the happiness of receiving a Corn Law and the National Debt. But the Crown itself was enslaved in the hands of the Whig families, who converted themselves into a Venetian oligarchy; and, throwing off the natural obligations of property, they borrowed money to defray the foreign wars in which William was entangled before he left his own country.

These are the historical premises from which Lord Beaconsfield's views are all fundamentally derived. It is open to anybody to try to disprove them; what they have got to do is simply to show that the above alleged facts were not the true ones. But no one has done this as yet. Coming down still later in his history, Mr. Disraeli, in "Sybil," gave the following condensed description of the social condition which had resulted,—“a mortgaged aristocracy, a gambling foreign commerce, a home trade founded on a morbid competition, and a degraded people.” Here, again, the whole case is open to debate, but I venture to think that he will be a bold man who denies that this was a vivid picture of England at the moment Mr. Disraeli penned it. The bold man, at any rate, did not present himself at the time. It was the last item in that shocking list which fastened most on Mr. Disraeli's imagination—“a degraded people.” When writing "Sybil" he converted himself into a Commissioner of Inquiry, and visiting the homes of his humbler countrymen, painted them from sight on the spot. The descriptions in those pages can never be forgotten of dwellings where lived fever and consumption and ague as well as human beings; the three first-named inhabitants being in fact the only tenants who remained under the roofs long. With agitation unusual for him, but most consistent in an upholder of the doctrine of race, he affirmed that “the physical quality” of our people was endangered. But he further found that in the manufacturing districts there was, to use his own words, “no society, but only aggregation:” or, again to quote him, “the moral condition of the people was entirely lost sight of.” Much of this, he believed, was due to the Church having failed in its obligations. “The Church,” he makes one of the characters in his story say to another in it, “has deserted the people, and from that moment the Church has been in danger, and the people degraded.”

At this point I may very rightly interpolate a remark which has not a little explanatory value. Just in proportion to the importance given in Lord Beaconsfield's system to the Church was his natural disappointment at the failure, regarded from one side, of the awakening going on within its borders at the time of the "Young England" movement. A great part of his hopes rested on that stir. He was expecting from those most prominent in it a grand resuscitation of the Anglican Church, but in place of that he says Dr (now Cardinal) Newman and the other seceders "sought refuge in mediæval superstitions, which are generally only the embodiment of pagan ceremonies and creeds." Bearing this in mind, there ought not to be much difficulty in understanding either Lord Beaconsfield's position towards the Ritualists, or the course he took as to the Public Worship Regulation Act.

What was the remedy for this state of society into which England had fallen? The cure which seemed natural to Mr. Disraeli was to revert to the principles of our history. Practically, the first thing to be done was to break up the political monopoly of the Whigs, and it was this very task that he set himself to do. I have already extracted a passage denouncing that party in the first election address he issued. But here, too, he had no new course to strike out. He affirmed that both Lord Shelburne and Mr. Pitt had attempted the same work long before. Shelburne, he said, saw in the growing middle-class a bulwark for the throne against the Revolution families; and Pitt, still more determined to curb the power of the patrician party, created a plebeian aristocracy, when they baffled his first endeavours, blending it with the old oligarchy. It has not unlikely begun to dawn upon the reader that Mr. Disraeli, holding these views, was himself a Reformer, of a much more comprehensive kind even than the Radicals. True, Reform as it actually had come about in 1832, most craftily manipulated as it then was by the Whigs to their own advantage, skilfully snatching profit out of what ought to have been a danger to them, was not his notion. For part of what happened then he, indeed, with his usual courage, blamed the Duke of Wellington and his colleagues. His own party have had from no quarter criticism so severe as that he has given them. If Lord Beaconsfield is in favour of an aristocracy, it is because he is for making it actually "lead." He affirms that the Tories, by their conduct in office, precipitated a revolution which might have been delayed for half a century, and which need never have occurred at all in so aggravated a form. All that he could do, all that he has ever claimed to do, by his own partial Reform measure, was to do away with part of the ill effects of that partisan move of the other side, and to prevent fresh ill ones from being worked in just the same way. But there ought to be given a still broader statement of Lord Beaconsfield's political and social doctrines, and, perhaps, I cannot do better than make with that view the following quotation from the preface to "*Lothair*." He there explains that his general aims were these:—

"To change back the oligarchy into a generous aristocracy round a real throne; to infuse life and vigour into the Church as the trainer of the nation, by the revival of Convocation, to endure, on a wide basis, and not, as has since been done, the shape of a priestly faction, to establish a commercial code on the principles successfully negotiated by Lord Belsham at Utrecht, and which, though hampered at the time by a Whig Parliament, were subsequently and triumphantly vindicated by his political pupil and heir, Mr. Pitt; to govern Ireland according to the policy of Charles I., and not of Oliver Cromwell; to emancipate the political representatives of 1832 from sectarian bondage and contracted sympathies; to elevate the physical as well the moral condition of the people by establishing that labour required regulation as much as property; and all this rather by the use of ancient forms and the restoration of the past than by political revolution founded on abstract ideas."

This, he goes on to say, appeared to him at the beginning of his career to be the course which the country required, and, he adds, that it was one "which, practically speaking, could only with all their faults and backslidings be undertaken and accomplished by a reconstructed Tory party."

If I were able to find room for bringing together from Lord Beaconsfield's books and speeches detailed passages to illustrate this summary, it would be seen what a coherent social scheme he has always had present to his mind. The above hints, however, must serve. Any one who, after reading them, thinks that there is any ground for the electioneering cry the Liberals are trying to raise, that this is a Minister who has no domestic policy, will show more stolidity than we hope the bulk of the electors possess. Further on I will return for a moment to this point.

Let me go at once to the fourth topic I have allotted to myself—Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy. This policy, I need not say, is that of the Cabinet as well, but I am not in this paper writing of the other members of the Government. It is not my purpose to trace the history of the Eastern Question, that of the Afghan War, and the Zulu embroglio. But there is one general aspect of these matters as to which I must offer two or three comments in addition to what has been before said about "Imperialism." A set attempt has been made, and is pretty certain to go on being made all the time between now and the elections—whether they come earlier or later—and to be then finally repeated on the hustings, to give to Lord Beaconsfield the air of a most belligerent, not to say a bloodthirsty, Minister, who, the moment he got into office, began to peep about the world to see where he could pick a quarrel, and who has especially acted defiantly towards Russia. By way of preliminary, I may ask whether his past antecedents show him to be a statesman of this hobgoblin type? Lord Palmerston found no more unyielding opponent of his turbulent foreign policy than Mr. Disraeli, who always contended that the effect of it was to draw the national attention away from home reforms. When the question of coast fortifications was before Parliament, Mr. Disraeli was among the first to protest against panic; he it was who spoke of "blunted armaments;" and on countless occasions he has raised his voice for peace and retrenchment. In 1865 he publicly

declared that since he had had to do with politics he had known only one war which was justifiable—that waged in the Crimea. But it may be said that it is a common artifice for men in Opposition to preach peace. Let us, then, turn specially to the Eastern Question, and see what grounds there are for insinuating that Lord Beaconsfield has in that case concocted a war policy for the purpose of exciting and dazzling the country, and keeping himself in power. In 1843—which is now some time ago—in a debate as to the production of papers on Servia, in which Sir Robert Peel and Lord Palmerston were the chief orators, he made a speech which contained this passage:—"What, then, ought to be the Ministerial policy? To maintain Turkey by diplomatic action in such a state that she might be able to hold independently the Dardanelles." Why, this is the literal description of what he has done now. And we have already seen that in 1865, twenty-two years after, the one only war he approved was that which had been fought against Russia for this very purpose. In the early stage of the negotiations which led to that war, his complaint was that the Government was not vigorous enough in defending Turkey. But, in 1857, there arose another occasion for testing whether Mr. Disraeli's feelings naturally were for peace or war. He opposed the war with China, and in the Persian affair he denounced the Russophobia of Lord Palmerston—the very complaint from which, we infer, the Liberals wish him to be understood to be himself suffering now. Or take India as a test. According to the Duke of Argyll and others, Lord Beaconsfield has an insatiable thirst for more territory in that part of the world. Very strangely, it was he who most condemned the annexation of Oude, going so far as to make a motion for a Royal Commission to be sent out to India to inquire into the condition of the people. When the contest between the Northern and Southern States of America broke out, no public man regretted it more than he did, and he was unflinching on the side of the North.

In fact, only in one single case has Lord Beaconsfield ever shown the slightest disposition for sacrificing peace, if need be—namely, for the checking of Russia's portentous advance; and this has necessarily implied the maintenance of Turkey in some degree of power. Twice in his lifetime has the need arisen, and he has acted the second time in just the same way that he did the first, the only difference being that he happens now, fortunately, to be in office instead of in Opposition.

In his first speech in the Upper House, Lord Beaconsfield said—"The Eastern Question involves some of the elements of the distribution of power in the world, and involves the existence of empires. I plead for a calm statesmanlike consideration of the question." In his second great speech in that House, he made this remark,—“The independence and integrity of Turkey is the traditional policy not only of England but of Europe.” This is the absolute truth. It is not he who has invented any brand-new tactics in this matter; he has simply

stood upon the old paths, and carried on the settled habits of our statesmanship. The innovators are Mr. Gladstone and the self-styled humanitarians, who were for substituting hysterics for national diplomacy, and thought to solve the Eastern Question by presenting the Turk with a carpet-bag and begging him to retire with it into Asia. But it is stated that Lord Beaconsfield has defied Russia. Well, turn to the famous Guildhall speech, which is the great article in the indictment. It suits his critics to pick words out of it to please them; but it also contains sentences like the following, which they somehow overlook,—“We have nothing to gain by war. We are essentially a non-aggressive Power.” In that same speech, too, he alluded to the Emperor of Russia’s “lofty character,” addressing to him words of the highest compliment. If he added a solemn warning to that monarch as to the extent of England’s resources if she was forced into war for the cause of public right, he still was speaking in the interests of peace, not war. It was his bounden duty to prevent the present Czar from falling into the mistake his father was so fatally guided into by the Manchester school—that of thinking England would in no case draw the sword. Construe his words how you will, they amount to no more than this. Mr. Gladstone and his friends, by their factitious public demonstrations, partly did away with the natural effects of that grave intimation, and made it necessary for the Government to prove its seriousness by bringing troops from India, and actually risking the very war which Lord Beaconsfield had wished to avoid. But the Premier had the courage not only of his opinions but of a true policy, and he has had his reward. He successfully checked the sinister progress of Russia, restored the reign of public law in Europe, and while exalting the renown of his own country, he has pointed another empire—that of Austria—to a new career which will benefit the world as well as strengthen and ennoble herself. After the alliance between Germany and Austria-Hungary was proclaimed, only one thing was left for his Lordship’s opponents to go on repeating,—namely, that he had, in upholding Turkey, spared no thought or feeling to the victims of her rule. In the very face of this there was the fact that he had made England the formal protector of the inhabitants of Asia Minor, and had demanded Cyprus as a nearer point of observation of the Turk; but the plain obvious meaning of those arrangements has been tried to be muddled away by misrepresenting the protectorate of Asia Minor as a new insult to Russia. These brave humanitarians got sorely entangled in their logic on all sides. They pleaded in one breath that England had rashly undertaken too much responsibility for these oppressed peoples, and in the next breath said that nothing would ever come of it. Lord Beaconsfield has made it all clear, and in the simplest way. It is not fully explained at the moment of our writing what is the actual extent of the pressure put upon the Porte, nor what precise orders were sent to our admiral, but when the recent news was first published here the opponents

of the Ministry must have felt that Lord Beaconsfield had ordered the British Fleet to sail against them when they heard it was instructed to steam back for the Turkish waters. Kindly meant as it might be for those in Asia Minor, it was a very cruel step on the part of Lord Beaconsfield towards some of his own countrymen, for it will necessitate the altering of a good many already prepared electioneering speeches. In the end, as we venture to predict, it will be seen that his Lordship and his colleagues are the true humanitarians.

But let me not lose sight of the fact that this, though a very real plea on the part of the Government, is not the one on which they mainly rely. They have never pretended to be knights-errant for the righting of wrongs throughout the world. What contents them is the humbler *role* of old-fashioned English statesmanship, which seeks first to make sure of the safety of our own empire and the promotion of our proper interests, doing what further good it can to other peoples incidentally in discharging the fair reasonable obligations which may in that way arise, nor disdaining any glory that so falls to it. But an enormous obligation of this sort was already on our shoulders—the preservation of India. We have a strict duty to two hundred millions of human beings in the East, and Lord Beaconsfield and his colleagues, who appeared to be the only public men in England who remembered this, were determined to discharge it. Anything and everything in their policy which may at first sight seem risky or belligerent is explained fully to every one who will keep that pressing need before his mind. It was this which made them purchase the Suez Canal shares, and strengthen their interference in Egypt; it was this that made them wish for a clearer understanding with the Ameer of Afghanistan. But so little did they go about matters with a high hand, that they most carefully humoured France with respect to Egypt, and at the very earliest moment that they could, they made a treaty with a new Afghan ruler. To try to make them appear responsible for what afterwards occurred at Cabul is the most shameless abuse of license on the part of an Opposition which parliamentary records can show. A Russian embassy had been installed in Cabul with no other guarantee for its safety than the word of a friendly Ameer, and our Envoy and his suite were sent thither under the very same guarantee. If we were not to be most dangerously overshadowed by the Russian example, an English embassy had to show its face in Cabul; and to say that our rulers either in Calcutta or in London should have foreseen the pusillanimous break-down of the Ameer and the consequent massacre of our brave countrymen is—well, it may be better not further to try to say what it is.

Our own interests, I repeat, were jeopardized in every quarter where the present Government has stirred hand or foot. That is its broad justification. But I must certainly go a step farther than this. The present Ministry assuredly would not be satisfied with an acquittal on the Liberal arragement; nor is that the verdict which the public has

given. The British people find this Government guilty of having won for it and for themselves much honour. When Lord Beaconsfield saw that in any event he was committed to a contest with Russia for the defence of English interests, he had the courage and the wit to determine that the issue of it should be the better for the world. . It is for this noble superfluity of skilful statesmanship, this Imperial scope given to England's ruling, that Europe has thanked him, and the bulk of this nation applauded him. By-and-by, he will reap still further credit, for besides checking Russia he will eventually coerce the Turk. That further obligation naturally arose out of the course he took, and he added it to his proper task of safeguarding our own interests, just as impartially as he did the other aim of arresting the Muscovite. I shall not push this reasoning further: it seems to me sufficiently triumphant as it stands. If Lord Beaconsfield has upheld the Turk, it was because it was necessary, not because he admired him. But there is another remark, coming much nearer home, that I wish to make before concluding this section.

The foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield has brought to him and to his party much renown; but it has brought them nothing else. That there has been the need for it is for the Conservatives a positive misfortune. It has nearly entirely put aside the domestic legislation on which they reckoned for at once redressing some grievances of their own, and for satisfying the town populations who their true friends were. Let it not be forgotten that it was on this very claim of having a domestic policy that the Conservatives appealed to the people at the last election. Their opponents, who now make a pretence of measures of this kind being lacking, then denounced it loudly enough as a "policy of sewage." But Lord Beaconsfield's rivals have tried hard to make it seem that he sought out, or even invented, these hazardous events abroad which put aside his home policy. The very attempt impugns the common sense of the general public. A sort of pretext might have been found for insinuating such a notion if Lord Beaconsfield had been nearing the end of expending his Parliamentary majority by carrying party measures. But to suppose that a Minister attaining power in the triumphant way he did would wish to be plunged straightway into foreign entanglements, is to imagine him stricken with idiocy. Lord Beaconsfield had had far too much experience to make such a preposterous mistake. He knew at the beginning, as he knows now, that neither Minister nor party has much to gain in any way of permanent power or confirmed home advantage from foreign policies, however successful they may turn out to be. Foreign dangers are half-forgotten as soon as they are past. Directly, these occurrences abroad will be but memories; splendid ones they must ever remain: but they will have against them, in the eyes of the unthinking, the drawback of having necessarily, to some extent, disordered the finances. Lord Beaconsfield's rivals are sure to make the most of that fact on the

hustings, as he well knew beforehand they would do; and, to balance its effect, he will have nothing on which to rely but the patriotic recollection of his country. Should everything go for the best, no *prestige* which these foreign successes can give him and his party will place him more solidly in power than he found himself at the beginning of this Parliament; yet it will only be at the opening of the next that he will be able to push forward the home policy intended for the present Parliament. Apart from a heightening of fortunate reputation, won through much risk, his own party will scarcely have gained a shred of fair legislative or administrative advantage from six years' splendid possession of overwhelming power.

It does not seem needful to waste space in speaking of the Zulu war. Even the Liberals are beginning to be silent on the subject. The affair was forced upon the Government, not sought for by them, and it has ended successfully.

If I now ask what have been the causes of Lord Beaconsfield's unexampled individual success, the remarks must at first seem to narrow to mere personal ones. There has, in truth, been more than one reason for the present Premier's triumphs. First of all, I might state the matter so generally as to say that for half a century he has managed to keep himself the most thoroughly interesting personage in England. Neither Mr. Disraeli nor Lord Beaconsfield has ever been dull, which is the one only sufficient explanation of failure wherever it happens. But such a statement of the matter as this is too comprehensive and wants particularizing. I may add, then, that no one has shown so much pluck as he has, and that is a quality which in the end tells with the British public beyond all others. For one starting with his disadvantage of race to dream in those days of a political career was most courageous, but so soon as it began to be seen that he would triumph over all obstacles, his very difficulties turned to his advantage. He soon commanded everybody's sympathies except those of injured partisans on the other side. Not that it was sympathy he begged for; it was admiration he extorted. Especially has he by means of his writings had the generous feeling of youth in his favour, generation after generation. They can never remain untouched by the spectacle of a successful fight against circumstances. But Lord Beaconsfield has not owed all to dash and daring. His industry has been equal to his pluck. If he had only been a politician that would have had to be said; and so it again would if he had only been known as the writer of his works. Put both the careers together and nobody else has shown such fertility of brain. His marvellous intellect has never tired. The versatility, too, has been marvellous: a novelist and a diplomatist, a poet and a Chancellor of the Exchequer, a satirist and a successful leader of Opposition. For fifty years, in one or other of these characters, and often in several of them at once, his wit has never ceased blazing, save when he himself, the only one who ever tired of its play—except, indeed, those hit by it—has

chosen to smother it in silence; but it was always ready to flash forth upon occasion, and is as bright to-day as ever.

But, to come yet closer to the heart of the secret of Lord Beaconsfield's success, his faithful devotion to the great historic party he allied himself with has been equal to his courage, to his industry, and to his abilities. No politician can make an individual career; he has to find his success in the prosperity of his followers. The loyalty which Lord Beaconsfield has shown to his party and the ungrudging recognition they have paid to him has half-redeemed the hardness of our coarse partisan politics. Some Liberals have had the want of wit, without our going so far as to say the lack of capability of feeling to express surprise at the faithful respect shown to Lord Beaconsfield by his present colleagues. That Lord Beaconsfield has a personal charm must be admitted, for he has turned every one who was ever brought into any degree of nearness with him into a friend, as well as a colleague. Those who like may believe that he has done it by the use of magic philtres; less credulous people will, perhaps, content themselves with thinking that his spell has been simply that of strength of character, superior experience, and a non-despotic manner. One thing is very patent. This chief of a Cabinet who is said to have imprinted everywhere his own individuality on the Ministerial policy, has never practised the slightest interference with his subordinates. It is not he who has been charged with an uncontrollable wish to be the representative of all the Ministry in his own person. Just as he could show patience when a leader of Opposition, he has been able to be silent when a Minister. However, it has been rather insinuated that he became preternaturally active in the Cabinet Councils—there standing forth a wizard, and cast all his colleagues into a clairvoyant slumber. Strange to say, they remained in the same comatose condition afterwards in both Houses, never waking up though speaking and passing measures. Two members of his Government, however, have broken away—Lord Derby and Carnarvon have escaped from the magician's cell; but they have divulged nothing as to any necromantic violence worked on them. No, Lord Beaconsfield's fair and reasonable ascendancy has been more honestly won. But his marvellous friendships have not been the only softening touches in his career. All England felt a strange thrilling about the heart on the morning when it heard that Mr. Disraeli's wife was henceforth to be the Viscountess Beaconsfield. It was a domestic idyll suddenly disclosed in the centre of British politics. A man who can make his own hearth the scene of romance, convert all who know him well into true friends, and win all the young people of a nation, must be something more than a self-seeker.

Still, though these things might explain Lord Beaconsfield being so interesting, something else has yet to be added to account for the overwhelming importance which he has attained in the last period of his career. Not even the success of his party could have given him that

unless the policy which secured this prosperity had obtained, also, the exalting of the nation.

It is this which is his final boast; he has uplifted higher the fame of England, and by doing that has made his own renown the greater. Once more, it was achieved in the simplest way. He invented nothing, strained at nothing, but only boldly carried on the traditionary English policy, at a moment when his opponents were willing to forget it; and in merely proving equal to the opportunity, and daring to make Britain act worthily of her history, he has changed by her means the destiny of the Western World. Not only his own countrymen, but Europe and nations more distant still, to-day hail him as the greatest of modern English statesmen. That is a title and dignity somewhat higher than an Earldom, and it is under that larger style that those who wish to do Lord Beaconsfield full honour will have to allude to him hereafter in the national annals.

These are some of the reasons why we honour and follow him.

A TORY.

II.—WHY WE DISBELIEVE IN HIM.

If a Whig had been asked ten or a dozen years ago, or indeed six years back, to write his impressions of Mr. Disraeli, he would have set about it in a strikingly different spirit from that which the task awakens now. Lord Beaconsfield has recently become much too serious a joke in the national history, but for a very long time the jocosity was light enough. In the eyes of all Liberals who had not fully acquired the gravity of their own fundamental principles, there was, down to a very late period, always something diverting about Mr. Disraeli. He might and did vex them, but shortly they were again smiling at him. The explanation was this, that for a long time his presence in Parliament hardly at all hindered the progress of Liberal measures. Whenever a legislative reform was proposed, he invariably spoke against it, and at some stage afterwards the Conservatives voted in a body the same way. From the voting being subsequent to the speaking, there was an illusive appearance of Mr. Disraeli's speechifying being the cause of the Tory division list. But, in reality, there was no such connection, and the Liberals were aware of it. They all knew that the Conservatives would have voted just the same without a word being spoken. If, during all the years Lord Palmerston was in power, almost the whole of Lord Russell's earlier and later official terms, and down to nearly the end of Mr. Gladstone's Ministry, Mr. Disraeli, instead of making speeches, had amused his audience by pirouetting on one leg night after night, the practical result would have been exactly the same. It could not have been so entertaining to the Liberals, because, looking at some

members of the Conservative party, it would have exceeded the bounds of belief to suppose that Mr. Disraeli was really twirling for the whole, whereas it did somehow come to be accepted that he was speaking for all of them. The unlooked-for thoughts he pretended to put into their minds, and the preposterous words he did put upon their lips, kept all Englishmen who were not Conservatives shaking their sides with laughter. It was as if a foreign Will-o'-the-Wisp had strayed into the British Parliament, always, however, keeping himself and his antics on the Conservative side, as being, we suppose, the worst-drained part of the House, where the morasses lay. Even when, to the amazement of the country generally, Mr. Disraeli found his way into office, the merriment did not stop. Nobody who has reached mature years can forget what an astounding drollery it was thought to be when Mr. Disraeli was made Chancellor of the Exchequer by Lord Derby. For the time it seemed to convert English politics into pantomime. Will-o'-the-Wisp had been asked by the country party to undertake the post of chief financier. Everybody on the other side was prepared beforehand to laugh at his Budgets; and, when they were propounded, the Liberals did laugh a little more even than they had expected to do. When he brought in his India Bill, the merriment grew perfectly uproarious,—Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, Belfast, and the other large commercial towns exploding one after the other. It was the same when he proposed to give sixteen millions for Irish railways; it was the same with the first sketches of his Reform Bill. Surely nobody can have forgotten the "fancy franchises?" In a word, every domestic measure that Mr. Disraeli ever proposed was, in the first shape in which it was presented, received with mirth from nearly every quarter excepting his immediate rear. There sat his supporters, usually in those years wearing rather long faces during the earlier period of the statements, and apparently wondering if their ears could possibly be telling them rightly.

But all this, as there is not a single Liberal in the country but will admit, is a good deal altered. Lord Beaconsfield has recently signed foreign treaties on England's behalf, insisting most successfully, he tells us, on what kind of treaties they should be; he has undoubtedly put our armies and fleets into motion; and, while risking war in Europe, has actually waged it in Asia and Africa. The bustle of these events, and a certain dazzle and glitter attending them, cause people in general, at this moment, to forget all that prior long period of non-success on his part in everything else but making successive steps of personal advancement. What has happened lately in Lord Beaconsfield's career has certainly worn a look of importance, and it has undoubtedly embodied political power. If, as the Liberals will have it, he is still really Will-o'-the-Wisp as much as ever, he has managed to get hold of the sword of England, and has for some time been playing with it to the great wonder of foreign nations. But how has this change in his position been worked? This is the question I want now to consider.

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A Hebrew by descent, a Christian by profession, and in politics a Tory—such is Lord Beaconsfield. This description, on the very face of it, is a rather mixed one, and implies a singular career. It is, however, the last item which specially fixes my attention. Mr. Disraeli, sparse though the instances are, was not the first of his race who changed his faith. Also, there have been, and indeed still are, other Hebrews who have entered public life in England, and attained conspicuousness in it. But those, while remaining nearly invariably Jews in religion, became Liberals in politics. In fact, Lord Beaconsfield is the only Hebrew of importance known who turned Tory. It was—and at first sight it gives a highly religious air to the Conservative party—indispensable to his doing this that he should first be a Christian. Not being that he would indeed have had to wait till the Liberals carried their Bill for the Removal of Jewish Disabilities before he could have joined the Conservatives inside Parliament. That circumstance, again, seems to give to his career a curious aspect. In fact, the reflection is forced upon one so early as this,—what an utter failure Mr. Disraeli must have been if he had not so amazingly succeeded! To be a Hebrew-Tory left just two issues, either to become the leader of the party or the very humblest member of it. All the circumstances would seem to point to the latter alternative as being the natural one, but it is the other which has somehow come about. Mr. Disraeli has flowered into the Earl of Beaconsfield, and has now twice been, and will remain for a little time longer, the Prime Minister of Great Britain.

Mr. Disraeli did not wait for his celebrity until he entered the House of Commons; he gathered the renown of authorship, and I might add, remembering the number of constituencies he tried before he was elected, the notoriety of out-door political life, before he plucked the fame of statesmanship. At the early age of twenty-two he was a literary lion in London society; his only claim to this premature publicity, though it was held to be quite sufficient, being that he was the writer of "Vivian Grey." It is quite impossible to begin to speak of Lord Beaconsfield in any other way than in connection with "Vivian Grey," although he is understood not altogether to approve of one's doing so.

All the world knows, or is supposed to know, this work. Mr. Disraeli's own description of its object was that it was meant to paint the career of a youth of talent in modern society, ambitious of political celebrity. Nearly everybody has persisted in regarding it as a kind of prospective autobiography, which the writer has ever since been occupied in realizing. Certainly Mr. Disraeli was at that time a youth, and a youth of talent; he must have been in society or he could not have known a great many people who are sketched in the pages; and it is impossible for him to deny that he was ambitious of political celebrity. The means Vivian Grey adopted for attaining that aim were, also, wonderfully like some of those which Mr. Disraeli himself afterwards, by some mistake, appeared to use. On the title-page of the book was the well-

known quotation from "Ancient Pistol," to whom, in the eyes of some people, Lord Beaconsfield at certain moments of his career has ever had an indistinct resemblance. "The world is mine oyster," the motto stated, either on behalf of the writer or the hero; going on to add the rest, to the effect that either the one or the other meant to open it. Lord Beaconsfield has assuredly done so. The profound reflection which prompts the youthful hero of the book to his course of action was this:—"How many a powerful noble wants only wit to be a Minister; and what wants Vivian Grey to attain the same end? That noble's influence." Not many years after this Mr. Disraeli was seen in public very close to Lord Chandos. But it was not that Lord but Lord Carabas that Vivian Grey chose for his patron, which is, no doubt, a difference. The story most frankly relates how Vivian wins the marquis by teaching him how to make tomahawk punch, how he wins the marchioness by complimenting her poodle, and how during the task he consoles himself by such thoughts as this:—"Oh, politics, thou splendid juggle!" His settled purpose he thus sums up: "Mankind, then, is my great game." He expressly states that he is to win this game by the use of his "tongue," on which he states he is "able to perform right skilfully;" but it will, he recognises, be requisite "to mix with the herd" and to "humour their weaknesses." The chief guiding rule which he lays down for himself in the midst of it all is, "that he must be reckless of all consequences save his own prosperity."

There are people who still believe that in all this they see sketched the very determinations, maxims, and rules which are to be found deliberately carried out in Mr. Disraeli's actual career. It is perplexing. The parallel, they assert, runs into the closest correspondence of detail. Vivian Grey's model author is Bolingbroke; and everybody knows that he, also, was Mr. Disraeli's. The young man in the book shows his reverential admiration for Bolingbroke by inventing a few passages and putting them into that personage's mouth for the better bamboozling of Lord Carabas; and it is known that Mr. Disraeli, at different periods of his life, has taken passages from other people and put them into his own mouth. But I cannot pursue this comparison or contrast, or whatever it is, farther: it will be better seen as I go on, what grounds people have had for beholding Mr. Disraeli in Vivian Grey. For the present it is enough to say, that it was Mr. Disraeli, and not Vivian Grey, who wrote this book. So much as that is quite certain. A fiction of the kind above briefly hinted at was the first fruit of Mr. Disraeli's intellect; it was in penning those pages of caricature of everybody who was notable in London society that he expended the first fresh enthusiasm of his mind, and displayed the earlier untainted innocence of his disposition. Lord Beaconsfield has spoken of it as a book written by a boy. It was that which made it so marvellous. This boy began with satire, and it might have been predicted that the juvenile would develop into an exceptional man.

It was not until 1837, when Mr. Disraeli was about thirty-three years old, that he entered Parliament. Maidstone had the honour of finding him his first seat, though he had been willing to represent three other boroughs previously, if there had not been reluctance on the part of the constituencies. High Wycombe saw his earliest appearance on the hustings, and, indeed, it beheld him as a candidate more than once, but never as a member. He also offered himself to Marylebone. By some mistake it was supposed that in these instances he came forward as a Radical. Certainly his addresses spoke of short Parliaments, the ballot, and other measures commonly held to be Liberal. Mr. Joseph Hume, Mr. O'Connell, and Sir F. Burdett fell under the delusion, and wrote letters recommending him, though they afterwards withdrew them. But when, a little later, Mr. Disraeli contested Taunton as a Tory he explained it all. It seems that it arose out of a mystification. From the first he really stood as an "Anti-Whig," which the Liberals thought meant a Radical; and Mr. Disraeli, not wishing unnecessarily to disturb their minds, had let them go on thinking so. However, there was no doubt whatever as to his politics long before he was finally successful at Maidstone. He had become intimate with Lord Chandos, and had had his name toasted at banquets by the Aylesbury farmers as a friend of the agricultural interest. The whole question is one scarcely worth debating. I myself believe that the proper description of Mr. Disraeli at this time was not strictly either that of Radical or Tory; his accurate designation would have run,—“An intending politician determined somehow to get into Parliament, and looking eagerly for the first opening.” Let me also add that, from a review of all his tastes, I further believe that he would have preferred the opening to offer on the Tory side, if only it had come soon enough.

The early part of Lord Beaconsfield's Parliamentary life will have to be compressed into a very brief space. Where would be the good of re-opening in any detail the closed story of those stale politics, all as dead as Queen Anne herself; or where the use of treating Mr. Disraeli's doings as very seriously forming part of those politics? He simply availed himself of his opportunities. For all practical purposes I might nearly skip—strange as that at first sight seems—to his second term of office in the post of Premier. It is only during a comparatively very few of these later years that Lord Beaconsfield has been of real importance in our politics. Of course, he had always much significance for his party, but it is of the nation I am speaking here. These individual tactics have only any general interest now through their making him successively Conservative leader, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Prime Minister. Nothing in this world, I should say, would be more tedious than tracing, for example, how Mr. Disraeli trimmed and tacked between Protection, Reciprocity, Revision of Taxation in the interests of the farmers, and a recognition of Free Trade. It all resulted in

nothing; at least, the one single result it has brought forth has been—Lord Beaconsfield. But if a detailed retrospect of his lordship's earlier career would now have this dreary aspect, it was at the time lively enough, from moment to moment, not only on account of his debating smartness, but owing to a certain drollery which it for a long time wore.

A Minister, plainly, must get both his glory and his power from either domestic measures or from foreign policy. Very curiously, considering all the facts of Lord Beaconsfield's history down to the beginning of this last term of office, it was only to home matters that he should have looked for any distinction. An impression seems oddly to have popularized itself that he has a special genius for foreign affairs, and an enormous acquaintance with diplomacy. I can only say, that five years ago nobody knew it. The real truth is, that he had never any opportunities before of meddling with events abroad, and that we have been represented in these recent foreign complications by a Minister who, to that very moment, had had less to do with diplomacy than any English Premier for fully three-quarters of a century.

Lord Beaconsfield's mind has always been occupied with home affairs, and his characteristic views on these come from the quarter whence it is supposed all truth has been derived—the East. He somehow picked them up during two years of travel in those parts, from 1829 to 1831. About the former date, Mr. Disraeli's first brilliant but very brief literary success was over. He had published a second part of "*Visian Grey*," which the public somehow was too busy to read; and had issued a further work of satire, "*Popanilla*," which it also neglected to buy. Mr. Disraeli immediately vanished into the Orient. When, after visiting Jerusalem, and lingering, as he tells us, on the plains of Troy, he returned to these shores, he brought back with him the *Asian Mystery* and a whole apparatus of political and social principles. He had also some manuscripts, which did not turn out to be of so much importance—"Contarini Fleming" and "*The Young Duke*." It was the most surprisingly fruitful voyage of discovery that any traveller ever made. Years elapsed before all the principles were given to the world, but Mr. Disraeli had them by him. Some of them are, indeed, hinted at as early as 1835, when he issued his "*Vindication of the English Constitution*," before he was in Parliament. Still, the system was not divulged in its entirety until he was in the House, and had founded what became known as the "*Young England School*." It is to the series of political novels which he then wrote that we must turn for the complete exposition of his fundamental ideas. Somehow, it has always seemed to everybody the most natural and fitting thing in the world that Mr. Disraeli should have corrected the inaccuracies of our national history, and shown our social fallacies, by writing works of fiction. The instruction with which he began the new training of the public was this—that our history is, in all the latter part of it, entirely wrong. In "*Sybil*," he thus gives his general opinion of the

way in which it has been written:—"All the great events have been distorted, most of the important causes concealed, some of the principal characters never appear, and all who figure are so misunderstood and mis-represented that the result is a complete mystification."

Assuredly if this, or anything like it, was the state of things, Mr. Disraeli had not discovered it one moment too soon, and he was more than justified in making it known. On all the points named in the above summary he supplies most important rectifications. It seems that the people of this country, in so far, that is, as they were not the merest tools of their rulers, were under an entire mistake as to Rome wanting any domination in England in Henry the Eighth and Elizabeth's time; and that, strange to say, they also again fell into exactly the same delusion at the expulsion of James I. Mr. Disraeli puts the people who lived at those times right on these matters. But it was a section of nobles who at the latter juncture were to blame; those, namely, who had been enriched by the spoliation of the Church. Mr. Disraeli, indeed, gives the very simplest explanation of the Revolution of 1688. He states that the great Whig families were afraid that King James meant to reapply the Church lands to the education of the people and the support of the poor, and, in their alarm, they brought over Prince William, who gladly came, since it was only in England that he could reckon on being able to borrow money enough to carry on his failing war against France. In and from that hour happened the catastrophe which overwhelmed the English people—the Crown became enslaved by a Whig oligarchy. What Mr. Disraeli styles Venetian politics rushed in upon us, and these, by the aid of what he further calls Dutch finance—that is, the incurring of a National Debt—made foreign commerce necessary, and increased the obligation of home industry; nearly, as might be expected, ruining everything.

All the more modern period of our history had been, he in the most wonderful way explains, a fight to the death between these fearful Whig nobles on the one hand, and, on the other, a struggling heroic Crown and some enlightened patriotic Tory peers. The true incidents of this dark and stupendous conflict had never been clearly observed by the people in general at the time, nor had the real events been recorded in any of the common chronicles. But, as any one will be ready to allow, Mr. Disraeli could not be blamed for this. What was especially to his credit was that he had himself found out that the real ruler of England, in the era immediately preceding his own, was a certain Major Wildman, whom nobody before Mr. Disraeli had ever in the least suspected of wielding supreme power. I cannot stay to give the details of this portentous disclosure, but anybody may find them in Lord Beaconsfield's surprising pages. But in spite of superhuman exertions in the cause of the people by Lord Shelburne, and after him Mr. Pitt, the wicked Whigs always triumphed; the crowning act of duplicity on their part being, in fact, the passing of the Reform Bill of 1832.

The above is a highly condensed, but strictly accurate summary of Lord Beaconsfield's version of our national history. Any reader by the slightest rummaging in his own mind will know how far his own impressions agree with it. But this is only his Lordship's instruction of us as to facts: I must proceed to state the principles of action he founds upon them. Here, however, I find myself brought up a little. If the whole truth is to be spoken, this further task is more easily announced than performed. Mr. Disraeli, in those early days, assuredly made a great appearance of stating his political opinions; but it almost seems as if a novel, after all, is not the best means of expounding political doctrine. The more you attempt to lay hold of these principles the more they somehow show a lack of exactness. But let me try.

He again and again affirms that he is for our having a "real throne," which he asserts should be surrounded by "a generous aristocracy;" and he wishes, moreover, for a people who shall be "loyal and reverentially religious." All this certainly sounds as if it meant something very satisfactory. It is only when you try to penetrate into it that your over-curiosity leads to perplexity. Neither Mr. Disraeli nor Lord Beaconsfield has ever definitely explained, for example, how far a throne being "real" means that he or she sitting upon it shall have a personal veto. All that you can quite clearly make out as to securing "generousness" in the aristocracy is that they shall not be Whigs; you may suppose that they ought to be, and, in fact, no doubt would be, Tories. Pushed strictly home, it would seem to be implied that every peer who holds property which once belonged to the Church should be stripped of it, and it might be construed to mean that they should become commoners. Then, as to the people at large, how are they to be made loyal and religious, since it seems that they are neither of these now? From not the least important parts of Lord Beaconsfield's teaching, the first step logically to be taken with this view would be to ask the vote back from all of them who now have it. His own Household Franchise Bill will have given more work to do in this way. But the passing of that mysterious measure has been explained,—it was, at the moment, a necessary piece of party tactics. Strictly regarded, the explanation points to the conclusion that, if it could be done safely, the Act ought to be revoked to-morrow. But, certainly, it was no such measure as that he relied upon for elevating the condition of the people. What he did depend upon for doing it he has specified, and it is this,—the revival of Church Convocation on a particular basis, of which he knows the exact measurement. Possibly the reader, if he is not a political partisan, is growing puzzled. "Was nothing else," he may ask, "proposed in the Disraelian system for the cure of popular evils?" This, certainly, was not the whole of what it included some mention of. For example, the preface to "*Lothair*" states that one of Lord Beaconsfield's aims always was the establishment of what he terms "a commercial code on

the principles successfully negotiated by——" No, it was not by Cobden and Bright, for it will be remembered Lord Beaconsfield did not adhere to that: but the full sentence runs,—“successfully negotiated by Lord Bulwobroke at Utrecht.” He farther states that it is a principle with him that labour requires regulating no less than property. I myself cannot assert that I ever met with any one who professed to understand what this means; but “labour,” and “regulating,” and “property” are very good words, and if there has not been a great waste of language, the remark must signify a good deal. His system, also, does really make allusion to the electorate, for it specifies as another of his cherished purposes, “the emancipation of the constituencies of 1832.” Other people used, in an old-fashioned way, to talk of enfranchising non-electors; but it is the voters that Lord Beaconsfield is for emancipating. The two most definite statements of his political theory are to be found in “Sybil,” where he makes Gerard say that “the natural leaders of the people, and their only ones, are the aristocracy;” and adds, through the mouth of somebody else, that “the Church has deserted the people,” to which he attributes their having become “degraded.”

One of Lord Beaconsfield's very strongest points has always been this physical and moral degradation of the people. He has talked about it so much that it has nearly seemed that he had got some plan for doing something for it. In the sketches he gives in “Sybil” of the homes in Marner, the dens in which the working classes dwell, and the equalor of their condition, he nearly touches the heart. It somehow has an effect almost identical with the sentiment of the most advanced Liberal politics until you come to the remedies proposed. The use which Lord Beaconsfield makes of the towns in his teaching is worth noting. Any one who scrutinizes it closely will see that his ideal social system is the rustic one of the country parish, taking always for granted that it is perfect; and he kindly goes for examples of social failure to the towns,—the origin and condition of which, according to all strict reasoning, he must be supposed to attribute to the Whig nobility. How accurately this fits in with what is known of the development of modern manufactures every reader will know.

If anybody should say that he cannot see any accuracy in the above version of the national history, and that there is no real applicability to our affairs in such a system, or, as such an one would perhaps style it, pretended system of politics, I can only reply that if he is under the impression that he is an admirer of Lord Beaconsfield, then this is very sad. For these are certainly Lord Beaconsfield's views of our history and the scheme of his politics. Neither of them, I will venture to add, surprises me. It seems to me that if a political Will-o'-the-Wisp, such as the Liberals for so long a time would make out Lord Beaconsfield to be, got into the top-boots and heavy coat of an English squire, these are just the historical conclusions and political generalizations

which he would make, when he began trying to think like a country gentleman; and, for anything I can say, he would make them with a certain sincerity, that kind of ratiocinative working being natural to the Will-o'-the-Wisp intellect, when smitten with a passion for Parliamentary life and an aspiration for counterfeiting philosophy. Moreover, both the home politics and the foreign policy seem to me exactly to fit; they really each display like qualities of mind, and I can see no reason for any one who can accept the latter sticking at the former. If what is really at the bottom of the objection is, as I suspect it is, a feeling that there is something flimsy, artificial, flashy about either, or both, the politics and the policy, is not that asking too much from the light glittering source I have described? The Liberals have always done Lord Beaconsfield the justice of never expecting more than this from him, and he, on his side, has never disappointed their expectations. If they had not previously thought much of him in connection with foreign policy, never in fact believing that he would actually preside at a critical juncture long enough for that question much to signify, there is not a person in our party who would not have known beforehand that any foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield, if the occasion for one ever came, would be one of dazzle—Jack-o'-Lantern diplomacy and Will-o'-the-Wisp home politics rightly belonging to one another. The bright and bewildering flashes have now for a long time been ceaselessly playing here and there all over Europe from the direction of London; now hitting St. Petersburg; now gilding Berlin; then flickering over Constantinople; flaming terribly at Cabul, quivering at the Cape; striking Egypt at short intervals; and shimmering their mildest at Paris. The activity, as was likely in such a case, has been unprecedented. My own conviction is that Lord Beaconsfield has amazed, perplexed, it may be astounded, foreign diplomatists throughout Europe quite as much as he has done any of his opponents at home.

What fitness, I should like to ask, has Lord Beaconsfield ever shown for appreciating the great events which, during his time, have gone forward in the world. During this generation, two stupendous rearrangements of States, completely recasting all the international relationships of Western Europe, have taken place—the unification of Italy and the transformation of Prussia into a German Empire. Political earthquakes like those do not come about all in a moment; these two were, in fact, long in preparation; there were throes, there were signs, there were symptoms. Some English statesmen—we could name several on the Liberal side—read the intimations rightly. But what subtle diplomatic sensitiveness did they challenge in Lord Beaconsfield—what preternaturally quick prognostications had he of the foreign marvels that were about to happen? Look first to the Prussian transformation. He severely blamed Chevalier Bunsen for indulging what he styled “the dreamy and dangerous nonsense called German nationality.” Turn to Italy. Lord Beaconsfield characterized the earliest attempts of those patriots

determined to win back national life or die as "mere brigandage." He spoke of the "phantom of a United Italy." All the world knows that so late even as the publication of his novel, "Lothair," he was under the impression that everything that had happened in the Italian peninsula and in Sicily was the work of a few secret societies, of whom Garibaldi was the figure-head. Take another example. He glossed over the former policy of the Austrian rulers towards Hungary, as innocent as the youngest baby in any cradle in any of our embassies, of discerning that in a few years it would be Hungary that would dominate the empire. In fact, Lord Beaconsfield has never shown the slightest true provision of anything that was to happen abroad. But I must not be so unfair as to forget that Lord Beaconsfield took the side of the North in the American Civil War. Accidents will happen at times in the play of any kind of intellect; and this, at the very moment, had something of the appearance of being an abnormality of the Disraelian mind. When you look into the instance more closely, it proves not fully to contradict the other cases. Mr. Disraeli uttered a prophecy as to the future of America, and it was this: "It will be a mart of arms, a scene of diplomacies, of rival States, and probably of frequent wars." The result has vindicated his Lordship—nothing of the sort has happened.* Come, however, still nearer home. The French Commercial Treaty, which was the first practical attempt to bring the peoples on each side of the Channel into real intercourse, sure to make them permanent friends in the end, was urgently opposed by Lord Beaconsfield. It was towards him that Mr. Cobden had to turn at every stage of his nearly superhuman labours to see what was the next obstacle he would have to set himself to try and overcome.

I venture to say that the foreign policy of such a Minister is certain to end in being one of isolation. Jack-o'-Lantern is always so busy in converting all he does into some private business of his own, that, by-and-by, he is sure to be alone in the transaction. Let us test the diplomatic situation as it now stands, by this rule, and, if it turns out that the English diplomacy has really established concert on our part with anybody, it will have of necessity to be admitted by me that I have been quite wrong in all that is said above. The position I take up is that a Will-o'-the-Wisp could not in his movements bring himself to coincide long enough with anybody else's activity to give any such result.

France is nearer to us than any other Continental Power, not only geographically but politically. How has the recent foreign policy turned out with respect to her? Our very first diplomatic move, that of hastily snatching at the Suez Canal shares, risked our understanding with France entirely. We do not hear much about Egypt now from the

* Since writing the above I have met with an article in the October No. of *The North American Review*, on "Louis Napoleon and the Southern Confederacy," which puts this alleged friendship for the South in a very doubtful light. Among some State Papers found in Richmond a despatch from Mr. Sedell says,—"I do say that Napoleon, who expressed great interest in our affairs and fully concerned in the views of the Emperor." Louis Napoleon was then intriguing hard to get the South recognised.

supporters of the Government. There are good reasons for it. Nothing could possibly have resulted worse than everything we did in that quarter. France did not allow a march to be stolen upon her; and the next moment we had Italy on our hands as well as France. But come to the Berlin Conference. France there, in pursuance of a traditional policy, backed up Greece. Lord Beaconsfield stood quite aloof from France. Come down to the very latest moment. The alliance between Germany and Austria is the one recent occurrence which is of all others most distasteful to Frenchmen, and Lord Salisbury, on behalf of his chief, not merely goes into slightly profane raptures over it, but works hard to create the impression that they two, indirectly though not directly, brought it about. This is how matters have been made to stand between us and France. With respect to Germany and Austria-Hungary, our Government is, of course, not within their arrangements, but, practically there seems to be an outside relation implied. Those two Powers are understood to reckon upon England as in some way restraining France if Russia made any move. At any rate, if France joined Russia, it is whispered, we should have to do something which would somehow aid Austria and Germany. Why, Chancellor Bismarck's chuckling at this position of things can distinctly be heard all the way from Varzin. Prince Gortschakoff is by no means the one at whom he is laughing hardest. Nothing need be said, I suppose, as to our relations with Russia: it is the special boast of our Government that in the case of the greatest Asiatic Power next to ourselves they have prevented any understanding at all. Just so, too, we have alienated Greece and the newly-formed Principalities. But there is Turkey. All that we have done has told in her favour,—surely we are at one with her? Lord Beaconsfield has just countermanded the orders to our fleet to get up steam and direct the muzzles of its guns towards Turkey. But a wonderful success, we are told, has already resulted from this. What does the recent flourish of telegrams really amount to? That the Porte has added one more sheet to the plentiful waste-paper heap of its proclamations. What our people were known to desire was a change of Minister: and Turkey, in place of that, offers to name Baker Pasha to look after the moral and social improvement of Asia Minor. The test of whether it is Will-o'-the-Wisp, or an ordinary statesman, who is at the head of our affairs gives the result I anticipated. England stands absolutely alone, and the last touch of preposterousness is added to the situation by the statement that it was at the advice of Russia that the Porte pretended to yield to our demands, and that though the Northern Powers are getting into motion again for some ends of their own, they do not in the least intend to meddle with us in Asia Minor. Indeed, I should think not. A splendid morass lies in that part of the world, with Turkey on one side and Russia on the other, and Jack-o'-Lantern has led us right into the middle of it. That is the present issue of the Beaconsfield foreign policy which was to have produced European concert,—we have Asia Minor on our hands,

solitarily ; and are going to set about immediately reforming it, before the next elections, against the willingness of Turkey, but with the sanction of Russia, and by the means of Baker Pasha. In the meantime, or at any time, Russia may use the situation against us just as best suits her.

I think it will now be admitted that Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy is every whit as wonderful as the measures of home politics he ought to be urging, if he was only at liberty for that ; and further, that they both bespeak exactly the same order of mind.

I must now try to bring together the personal impressions his Lordship makes on the mind of a Liberal. The noble Earl is very brilliant. That, of course, is accepted on all sides : there never was a member of the Wisp family who was not. Not to be brilliant would be against their nature ; in fact, shine is their peculiarity. Moreover, standing now behind the event, we seem to see Lord Beaconsfield in Mr. Disraeli from the very beginning. Those who had the privilege of beholding him on his very first appearances in London high society, in, say, the Countess of Blessington's *salon*, where he would be grouped with Count D'Orsay, Prince Napoleon, and Count Morny, give a gorgeous description of him. It seems that he did not depend for celebrity solely upon his witticisms, either printed or spoken, but relied, also, in some measure, on the splendour of his walking canes. The jewels on his hands are said to have rivalled, and at times excelled, the pearls upon his lips ; the display in both respects bearing witness that his native tastes were Oriental. His ringlets, in particular, are said to have been the admiration, if not the envy, of the ladies. It seemed almost necessary to give up a line or two to these personal particulars, for the younger people of this generation never saw Mr. Disraeli in his full splendour. As he developed his later powers, he moderated his earlier waistcoats. But he never was an ordinary commoner ; he always moved in our public life like a superior being in disguise. He was with us but not of us. Since he is an Earl, the impression he makes has become more natural. The promotion to our peerage gives to some personages an artificial aspect ; in Mr. Disraeli's case, the effect was simplifying ; and though, after all, it is not quite gorgeous enough, it is befitting. There is a little something not quite in the English style,—a slight foreign incongruity ; still, that was always there, and it is, in fact, less noticeable now under the coronet and beneath the ermine.

But—and this is the point sought to be brought out in the above remarks—it was evident from the earliest moment that this splendid person meant to achieve social success. And he has certainly done it. There would be injustice in pretending that he has not had other motives ; but celebrity was his leading passion. He has himself made a frank confession on this point. In the days when it was not yet certain that there was a political career before him, the likelihood rather being that he might have wholly to depend upon literature as his means of distinction, he rushed into poetry, having just failed in prose. But he

warned the public in the preface of his "Revolutionary Epick," that if they did not purchase and admire it, he had done with song. "I am not," so ran the naively self-disclosing sentence, "one of those who find consolation for the neglect of my contemporaries in the imaginary plaudits of posterity." No, nothing in this world, we are quite certain, would ever have consoled Mr. Disraeli for the neglect of his contemporaries. But he took sure measures not to undergo it. He positively raged to get into Parliament; trying one constituency after another, and only succeeding with the fourth. To judge from the fierceness of Mr. Disraeli's struggles, there was in his eyes nothing worth living for, if he were not inside the House of Commons. But he had got into the newspapers before he got into Parliament. The town was kept rugging with Mr. Disraeli's name. In London he was just as much talked of forty-seven years ago as he is to-day.

If the rudeness of a little terseness is passed over, I may fairly say that publicity was Mr. Disraeli's passion; in the circumstances of his position, audacity was his only means; and, with his style of character and intellect, inaccuracy was his necessity. A very few words will establish each point. Was he not studiously audacious? The first book he wrote was a skit on the whole of the higher circle of London society; the candidate he sought to set aside at his first Parliamentary contest was the son of the then Premier; before he was in Parliament he threatened O'Connell; he had not been in the House long before he attacked Sir Robert Peel. It was a glorious audacity on his part, considering the disadvantage of his race, to throw into the face of the British public the supremacy of "Semitic" blood, and to confound us all with the Asian Mystery. But, in turning next to his inaccuracies, we are positively awed by the number and the enormity of the blunders Mr. Disraeli and Lord Beaconsfield between them have committed, as, as it would seem, the most natural way. It was a mere trifle that, when propounding his second Budget, Mr. Disraeli should have thought that he had a surplus to the *bagatelle* amount of £100,000, until Mr. Gladstone kindly explained to him and to the country that it was a deficiency of that small sum. Some people would be touched deeper to find that in his "Life of Lord George Bentinck" he is of opinion that the crucifixion of the Saviour took place in the reign of Augustus Caesar. In the course of the debates on one of the early Reform measures, he thought, when Lord Dunkellin made a proposal relating to the "rental valuation" in connection with voting qualification, that it was payment of rates that was in question. In his oration on the death of the Duke of Wellington, he, as all Europe soon knew, mistook long passages from an article written by M. Thiers as being his own composition. He fell into just the same error as to some splendid sentences of Lord Macaulay and also, as to a fine burst of eloquence belonging really to the late Mr. David Urquhart. Very early in his career, when acknowledging his health proposed by mistake in the guise of

an old scholar of the famous public school of Winchester, he became momentarily under the impression that he was really educated on that noble foundation, though he had never stood under its roof. Very late in his career, so late as the affair known as the Pigott appointment, he believed that the Rev. Mr. Pigott, the rector of his own parish, had voted against him at the poll in his own county some time after that reverend gentleman's death. But there is really no end to these instances of Lord Beaconsfield having innocently said the thing that is not. With respect to a number of examples of another kind, it would be puzzling to know whether to put them in the category of audacities or inaccuracies; the only way of quite getting over the difficulty would, perhaps, be to consider them as belonging to both. For instance, in 1847, he quoted Mr. J. S. Mill as a friend of Protection, and said Mr. Pitt was the author of Free Trade. On a not very far back occasion, he remarked: "I never attacked any one in my life." Perhaps, with that quotation, it is right to stop.

One of the peculiarities of Lord Beaconsfield's mind has seemed to some people an affectation, that, namely, by which, in reference to any case of much importance, he is sure to miss what seems to everybody else the significant feature of the business, and to fasten on some detail which arrests nobody else. Hardly any one will have yet forgotten the instance of the "Straits of Malacca," and only just the other day a new example was furnished. The revival of trade being the topic, while everybody else's thoughts went to cotton and iron and pottery, Lord Beaconsfield's lighted upon—chemicals. It is all explained on the footing I earlier hinted, that in Lord Beaconsfield's mind the imagination is in just the place the reason occupies in the minds of ordinary people. This makes it obligatory that he shall avoid the common facts, and make some opportunity for exaggerating the value of some detail overlooked by everybody else. It is only in this way that Lord Beaconsfield conclusively certifies to himself that his intellect has really acted.

I am myself quite sincere in saying that I believe there is in all this a certain kind of sincerity in Lord Beaconsfield. Where most people remember, his Lordship fancies; and in his case what is most convenient, naturally offers itself. This has very much increased his brilliancy, for the process leaves its practiser utterly unhampered. But nobody should ask for both strict accuracy and Lord Beaconsfield's quick, free wit. It is demanding an unreasonable combination. If other people had only *not* remembered, his career would have been even still finer than it is. That is what has partially spoiled things for him. It is even possible that this amazing foreign policy of his may be in a measure explainable on certain suggestions of what we may call pictorial working rules, if we were only inside his mind. Certainly his home politics give some hints that they were framed on a principle of picturesqueness,—a very sophisticated canon of rustic taste can be detected dimly lying at the bottom of them. By only leaving out the towns, and repressing the growth

of modern manufactures, and subduing foreign commerce, something might possibly—I cannot say—be made of them. In this foreign diplomacy, there is a certain imaginativeness in bringing dark-skinned soldiers from Asia into Europe, in turning our homely English Queen into an Oriental Empress, in becoming possessor of a fresh island in the Mediterranean, in shifting a frontier line in India, in adding a new province in Africa. All this has meant massacre, and fire, and bloodshed, with the imminent risk of very much more of all of them; and Sir Stafford Northcote, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, has been kept working as hard as a sprite in a pantomime pouring out millions of our taxation. But if it be Will-o'-the-Wisp we have at the head of affairs, nothing of this is likely very greatly to affect him. Assuredly, nothing of it has affected Lord Beaconsfield, and we may be sure he is ready to go over it all again to-morrow.

If it was worth while, very large deductions would have to be made from Lord Beaconsfield's seeming success if we look rationally at his whole career. No man who is supposed to have been anything like so successful as he is popularly held to be, ever had so many and such striking failures to look back upon. Looking at him as connected with letters, he is the author of works which have failed more completely than any written by any one who himself became known. Judged by their ambitious aims, these literary non-successes of Lord Beaconsfield are gigantic. The epic poem ("The Revolutionary Epick") which Mr. Disraeli supposed was to place him—he himself tells us so—by the side of, or else between, Homer and Milton, nobody would read; the play ("Alarcos") which he states he wrote to "revive the British stage," is never acted. Not one of his novels, when his political position has ceased to advertise them, will remain in the hands of the public. If you look back on his Parliamentary career, the dazzle came late, and after a dreary distance had been travelled. The political party he founded, "The Young England School," has for twenty-five years been as dead as the door-nail which typified the death of Marley. Nothing whatever came of it. The one only notable legislative measure that stands in his name,—the Reform Bill,—really belongs to the other side. Scrutinize his career how you will, and some abatements of this kind have to be made. He is supposed to have had a charm over men,—it has failed with the strong ones. Peel he tried very hard to win, but had to take up with Lord George Bentinck instead. At this moment he is supposed to be in favour with the Court: the impression he made upon the Prince Consort was far from satisfactory. He has quite recently lost Lord Derby and Lord Carnarvon; and there was a time when the Marquis of Salisbury and he stood in a very different relationship.

Lord Beaconsfield's social system is that of a novelist; his finance was ever that of a Will-o'-the-Wisp; and he has now added a Jack-o'-Lantern diplomacy. Surely nothing more is needed to justify disbelief in him.

A WARE.

CONTEMPORARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN FRANCE.

SUMMARY.—*Politics*: Agitations during the Parliamentary Recess—Unjust Accusations levelled at the Ministry—Reforms carried out or projected in the Public Instruction—Justice—Public Works—Activity and Liberalism of the Ministry—Its want of Cohesion and Unity—Renewal of the Socialist Agitation—Return of the Amnestied—Election of M. Humbert in Paris—M. Blanqui's and M. Louis Blanc's Addresses in the Provinces—Socialist Congress at Marseilles—Reaction against these exaggerations—Dangers caused by the attitude of the Conservative Party inspired by the Clerical spirit—Efforts to create a Republican Conservative Party—"Le Parlement"—Unfortunate effect of the Ministry's Anti-clerical Campaign—Legitimist Banquets—The Bonapartist Party and its hopes—M. Naquet's Campaign in favour of Divorce. *Literature*: Novels—Mme. Greville, Mme. Bentzon, M. Lemonnier, M. Gualdi, M. Daudet, M. Zola, Flaubert, M. Theuriot—"L'Eglise Chrétienne," by M. Reux—"Rodrigue de Villandrando," by M. Quilherat—"Mémoires de Mme. de Rémusat"—"Nouvelle Revue." *Science*: Geographical Studies—"Géographie Universelle"—"La Terre et les Hommes," by Eliade Reclus—Map of France on scale of *roeggs*—Lectures on Historical Geography, by M. A. Longnon. *Fine Arts*: Subjects opened to Competition—Death of M.M. Viollet Le Duc, Cham, Taylor. *Theatres*: Le Grand Opera, l'Opéra Populaire, Padeloup and Colonne Concerts—Professor Hermanns—The Hanlon-Lees—"Jonathan," by M. Gondinet—"Les Mirabeau," by M. Claretie—Le Théâtre des Nations.

THE Parliamentary recess is generally a time of political tranquillity for the country, and leisure or peaceful occupation for the Ministers; not so, however, in France this year. M. Blanqui's candidature at Bordeaux; M. Humbert's election in Paris; the return of the amnestied from New Caledonia; the Workmen's Congress in Marseilles; the Legitimist banquets of September 29; MM. J. Ferry's, Louis Blanc's, and Blanqui's tours in the provinces; the inauguration of Denfert-Rochereau's, Arago's, and Lamoricière's monuments, have kept France in a state of perpetual agitation, if not disturbance. And even the business world, which generally slumbers quietly through the summer months, has been stung with a craze for speculation. A number of financial companies have sprung up, based chiefly on most unsound and absurd combinations, some of which threaten to collapse before they have even begun to work. The great jobber, M. Philippart, who so upset the Bourse some years ago, reappeared in greater force than ever, only to get another ducking at the end of a couple of months. Even the Republican party, which hitherto seemed to have kept out of the way of dangerous speculations, has been drawn into the current, and names of Republican deputies, senators, and municipal councillors have appeared on the lists of the administrative councils by way of an advertisement to subscribers. Nor, with so many causes of disturbance at home, was the country free from anxieties abroad: the settlement of the financial supervision to be exercised conjointly with England in Egypt; the difficulties raised with regard to the same by Italy, who would

have wished to form a third in this new order of syndicate ; and Turkey's opposition to the decisions of the Berlin Congress concerning Greece, must have caused M. Waddington more than one sleepless night.

Has the Ministry been weakened or strengthened by the toils of the Parliamentary recess? The attitude of the Chambers when they meet (Nov. 27) for the first time in their new, or rather old, quarters will show. According to the enemies it has, both in the Republican and Monarchical camp, it is in a state of complete dislocation ; and M. Waddington, in particular, is unable to exercise any authority over his colleagues. This is the favourite theme, nightly recurred to, of M. E. de Girardin, who, under colour of Radicalism, seems to be entering on a campaign against the Republic of 1879, in favour of Prince Jerome Napoleon, similar to his former one against the Republic of 1848, in favour of Prince Louis Napoleon. The injustice of most of his attacks, it must be acknowledged, borders on dishonesty. Complaints are made of the Ministry's weakness and inaction. But on what grounds? By the one side, because it leaves the Socialists free to put forward their views ; by the other, because it lets the Royalists banquet in peace, and expels neither the Orleans princes nor the Bonapartes. People in France always regard Government as a gendarme whose business it is to imprison or escort to the frontier those whose opinions are displeasing to them ; if not, they declare there is no Government. Or else it is still looked upon as a Providence, whose duty it is to make the people happy from morning till night. If trade be dull and the crops bad, as they are this year, the Government is pronounced incapable, and the change to have been not worth the cost. People cannot understand that a Government's sole mission is to give a general direction to politics, to attend to the wise administration of the country, to protect the liberty and the rights of all, even of those who do not like it, and see to the carrying out of existing laws and the making of new ones. The present Ministry has not seriously failed in any one of these duties, and to charge it with inaction would be most unjust. The new appointments have almost all been excellent ; particularly in the administration of public instruction, where considerable changes have been made, the most competent men have in every instance been chosen without regard to political party. The remodelling of the Council of State was an absolute necessity, as the Ministry could not work with men radically hostile to its views. This remodelling was carried out with extreme moderation ; if the voluntary retirement of MM. Aucoc, Groulle, Goussard, &c., gave it a more radical character, the retiring members, not the Ministry, are to blame. Of the activity of the Minister of Public Instruction there can be no doubt ; he has even been laughed at for his zeal in propagating his views, as shown in his southern tour, during which he found time to make a series of speeches in favour of the famous Clause 7, that deprives unauthorized religious bodies of the right of teaching, and to plan important material improvements in the constitution of the Facul-

ties of Letters, Science, Medicine, and Law. The inspection of the infant-schools, of the drawing-instruction, have at length been properly organized, and a project for the reform of secondary instruction has been elaborated. With regard to the administration of justice, M. Le Royer has drawn up a very important scheme, whereby the courts of justice will be reduced to one-half the present number, important economies effected, the administration of justice accelerated, and the number of unemployed magistrates, barristers, and lawyers, which constitutes one of the evils of the country and of the Parliamentary assemblies, diminished.

Can M. de Freycinet be accused of inaction, seeing that every day he is told he will sink under the load of vast undertakings he has on hand for the improvement of the harbours and the completion of the railway and canal system? What accusations can be brought against General Gresley, seeing that our military organization is making daily progress, and that the autumn manoeuvres have been more satisfactory this year than ever? The very criticisms addressed to the Ministry with regard to its weakness towards its enemies prove how it has respected the common liberty. It is, however, the habit in France, when a Government allows the attacks of party free play to laugh at its timidity, and when it puts them down to accuse it of persecution. The thing to do, therefore, is to apply the principle said to have been formulated by the President of the Republic himself—"To let everything be said, and nothing done."

The only point whereon the criticisms of the Cabinet's adversaries seem in some sense well-founded, is the charging it with having no definite political hue, and being consequently incapable of any homogeneous influence either upon the Chambers or public opinion. It is quite certain that the Cabinet is wanting in unity; that MM. Waddington, Léon Say, and Gresley represent a less strongly accentuated political shade than MM. Le Royer, Jauréguiberry, Tirard, and Cochery, and these again a less strongly marked shade than MM. J. Ferry, De Freycinet, and Lepère. Each Minister has his particular plans, and occasionally the question suggests itself how far his colleagues approve and support him. In any case, the Cabinet's most important projects, M. Le Royer's judicial reform, M. de Freycinet's plans, the Ferry laws, were accepted rather than desired by M. Waddington, who cannot in consequence be considered to exercise any paramount sway over his colleagues. This subdivision of the Ministerial responsibility is unquestionably to be deplored, and impairs the strength of the Government; but is it not the fault of the Ministers, or rather the result and the faithful image of the Republican majority, whose unity proceeds solely from the necessity of fighting against Monarchical parties, and which represents very different tendencies? A homogeneous Ministry representing one of these tendencies only would command no majority. The Republic is still in the period of struggle and formation. It cannot ob-

serve the rules of the Parliamentary system quite regularly yet Every Ministry is fatally a coalition Ministry, and consequently without unity. When it is, like the present one, agreed as to its general lines of policy, at once liberal and moderate, and sufficiently sympathetic to both Chambers, it would be hard, we must acknowledge, to find a better, and to wish for a change would be madness.

Not the constitution of the Ministry, but rather the political condition of the country, may, indeed, be productive of difficulties and dangers to the Republic. Were we to believe the reactionary papers and the anxious spirits, the greatest danger France is exposed to arises from the revival of Socialistic ideas occasioned by the return of the insurgents of the Commune. That disquieting signs and tendencies show themselves in that direction is true. The amnestied, who should have been received as penitent and pardoned culprits, have, by many—by M. Talandier, M. L. Blanc, and others of the Extreme Left—been welcomed as reinstated martyrs. People even went so far on their arrival as to dare to raise a cry of "Vive la Commune." One of the most criminal, M. Alphonse Humbert, who edited in 1871 a filthy and bloodthirsty paper, *Le Père Duchêne*, and in it directly provoked the murder of Gustave Chaudey, has been elected municipal councillor of Paris by the Javel Ward. Though the Comité Socialiste d'aide aux Amnistiés had rudely repudiated all community of action with the Republican committee presided over by V. Hugo, and contemptuously alluded to it as *le comité bourgeois*, the *Rappel* did not hesitate to support this candidature, stained as it was with blood. Hardly is old Blanqui released from his imprisonment at Clairvaux when he starts for a tour in the south to propagate his revolutionary doctrines, and finds people credulous enough to applaud the senile declamations in which he accuses M. Grévy and M. Gambetta of having sold themselves to the Jesuits and the Orléanists. M. Louis Blanc, whilst issuing in book form, under the title of "Dix ans de l'Histoire d'Angleterre" (Lévy), the wise and impartial letters he addressed to *Le Temps* from London between 1860 and 1870, has reverted to his dreams of 1848, and, more intent on winning a vain popularity than on consolidating the Republican régime, has aroused the passions and desires of an ignorant multitude by unfolding to them the chimerical and deceptive picture of a complete remodelling of the French Constitution, and the prosperity which, according to him, might be secured to all if they would lay down their liberties and their rights for the benefit of a Socialist State. Finally, the Workmen's Congress in Marseilles revealed with the utmost naiveté the false notions, the gross ignorance, and the bad instincts that M. Blanqui draws out from a fanatic monomania, and M. Louis Blanc encourages from desire for noisy popularity. The majority of the Congress plainly declared that they preferred the revolutionary course of an insurrection to the peaceful course of voting and legal action, that gradual progress was a chimera, that individual property must be converted into collective pro-

party, and that such conversion could only be effected by force. What was, perhaps, even more disquieting at the Marseilles Congress than these brutal declarations, was the almost fabulous ignorance, stupidity, and credulity displayed by most of the delegates, who must, nevertheless, be among the most intelligent and educated members of the Syndical Chambers. Neither in England nor in Germany would an assembly of workmen put up with such silly and empty discussions in which not a single practical question was treated seriously, and the general reform of society was accomplished in three or four high-sounding and pretentious phrases. The ignorance of the multitude is an immense danger, leaving it a prey to every illusion and dream and to the brutal impulse of its instincts.

Without being blind to the gravity of these symptoms, or denying that much of the leaven that produced the Commune is still to be found amongst the inhabitants of the great towns, I do not think the fact presents any immediate danger, or that there is any chance of a rising in Paris, or a revival of the Commune. The late manifestations have done exactly the reverse of furthering the end in view. At Bordeaux, Blanqui, who was elected in the first instance, failed in the second. His journey, triumphant at the outset, ended amidst murmurs on the one hand and indifference on the other. Humbert's election excited the disgust of the most advanced Republicans, and has insured the rejection of every new proposal of pardon for the members of the Commune. The folly talked at the Marseilles Congress provoked the protests of a strong minority in the very heart of the Congress, which energetically defended the principles of good sense and public order. If the revival of Socialism threaten the existence of the Republic, it is not so much on account of the possibility of its bringing back the Commune as that it may serve to provoke an anti-Republican reaction.

This is much more to be dreaded at present than any demagogical excesses. The attitude of the Conservative party presents much greater dangers to the Republic than that of the Socialist party. The Republic's only chance is its free acceptance by the *bourgeoisie* and the formation of a large Conservative but not reactionary party to counteract the impatience of the progressive element. Until now no such party exists. Many Conservatives have undoubtedly stuck to the Republic, but they are absorbed by the progressive Republican mass; the others have preserved a hostile attitude, and cherish visions of a Monarchical or Imperialist restoration. Clerical ideas confirm them in this attitude, and render them the irreconcilable enemies of the present order of things; they follow the inspirations of the clergy, who are convinced that no Republic can give them the liberty of action they desire, and who, moreover, consider themselves persecuted wherever they are not masters. The thing is to convince this Conservative mass, now enrolled under the banner of clericalism, that it is possible to give the clergy the honours and the liberty they deserve, whilst confining them strictly within the

religious domain, and that the public régime can be a secular one without recourse to persecution. This is what the few members of the old Left Centre who refused to join the ranks of the Ministerial Left, and are headed by MM. Dufaure, De Montalivet, Ribot, Lamy, &c., are trying to convince the Conservatives of. They have started a new paper, *Le Parlement*, to vent their ideas, conducted with talent and earnestness, which if it succeed in its object will have done the Republic good service by calling a Republican Right into existence, whereas at present only a Republican Left exists, without any counterweight, and bounded by two abysses, the Commune on the one hand and Bonapartism on the other.

Certain members of the Republican party and even of the present Ministry thought that the deplorable influence Catholicism exercises on public affairs might be counteracted by open contest, and this was the origin of Clause 7, and the war at present waged everywhere against the Catholic bodies and the action of the clergy. Unfortunately there is a fatal solidarity between the Catholic religion itself and its most compromising representatives; the regular and secular clergy are united by the closest ties; it is impossible to deal a blow at the clergy on one point without in appearance attacking religion itself. Moreover it loves strife, and above all persecution; it feeds upon it; it wins the sympathy of the simple minded by resisting, in the name of conscience, all even the most legitimate attacks against the authority it has usurped. The duty of a wise Government, therefore, is as far as possible to let all religious questions lie dormant, to cultivate towards them a salutary indifference, to avoid the possibility of being accused either of favouring or persecuting the clergy, so as to secure the countenance of all those who, without being hostile to the Church, have no wish to be its blind servants. One must be content to resist the Church's encroachments without attacking it in its own precincts. The present Ministry has stirred up, we think with unfortunate precipitancy, questions which might still have remained awhile untouched, and thus needlessly lessened the number of its partisans. But to be fair, it is certainly very difficult to be impartial and indifferent in face of a body in open revolt against the Government, whose bishops, like Monseigneur Freppel at the inauguration of the monument to Lamoricière, preach contempt for the Constitution and the law. The behaviour of the Belgian episcopate, on the occasion of the new school law, has proved that neither justice nor moderation is to be expected from the Catholic Church. Whence violent minds are too disposed to conclude that reconciliation being impossible, intolerance must be met by violence, and fanaticism by persecution.

Were it not for this unfortunate clerical question, the opposition to the Republican form of Government would be reduced to a minimum. The Legitimist banquets organized throughout the country in commemoration of the Comte de Chambord's birthday, September 29th,

testified to the ridiculous weakness of a number of aged children who indulge in the phrases and fables of a bygone time. This flourish of forks was met by all parties with ironical compassion. The Bonapartist party has but imperfectly recovered from the blow dealt it in the death of the Prince Imperial. Prince Jerome Napoleon may alter his outward line, become as reserved as formerly he was unguarded in his language, organize his house on a princely footing, have his organs amongst the press, rally round him a great number of those who but now overwhelmed him with the most ribald insults; he will never either wipe out a too well-known past, or with all his intelligence make up for the total absence of military prestige or personal regard. Nevertheless, Bonapartism is so decidedly the fatal incline towards which France will always be impelled if she become disgusted with the Republic, that he appears to some the only issue in case of a new revolution, and more than one of those who had of late reattached themselves to the Republic were seen to turn their eyes to Prince Napoleon when Humbert's election or the Socialist speeches at Marseilles renewed their old terrors. Universal suffrage is always threatening France with sudden surprises. If, as some politicians wish, the *scrutin de liste* be substituted for the *scrutin d'arrondissement*, it might yet be that the name of Napoleon would find a formidable echo in the popular mass, and eclipse all the new names which want its legendary and historical prestige. This might happen, especially if the depression of trade and the clerical contest were by degrees to weary and disgust the mass of the electors with political questions, as would appear to have been the case at the legislative elections of Bordeaux and the Paris municipal elections, when more than two-fifths of the electors abstained from voting. It might, above all, happen if the Chambers continue to postpone all the reform laws, those relating to the army, to education, and to the magistracy, which await discussion and passing from session to session.

Many look forward to a time when these everlasting political questions will cease to burn so fiercely, when the suppression of State or Church will no longer be a daily question, and more modest and practical measures of reform can be taken in hand. A committee of lawyers has elaborated an important scheme for the reform of our criminal procedure, long known to be seriously defective. Will there be an opportunity of bringing it before the Chambers? Even more interesting is the divorce question, which has found an able, persevering, and eloquent advocate in M. Naquet. Of all others, this reform is the most urgent. Those acquainted with family life in France know the fatal moral consequences arising from judicial separation, the only resource of ill-assorted couples. Not to speak of the flagrant injustice which allows the man to separate from his wife on account of offences she is obliged to tolerate in him, the two, though separated, remain jointly and severally liable. The woman is obliged, in a number of instances, such as the marriage of a child confided to her care, to obtain the husband's authorization,

whilst she, on her part, can drag in the mire the name of her husband which she continues to bear, or pass off children upon him which are not his. Separation has all the drawbacks of divorce, besides others peculiar to it, which divorce remedies. M. Naquet has treated the question from the tribune, as also in a series of articles published in the *Voltaire*, wherein he cites a number of heartrending cases in which divorce would be the only possible remedy, and, finally, in the lectures he has been holding in all the large towns. His campaign has been crowned with success, and the law will, it is believed, be passed by the Chambers. No small credit is due to M. Naquet, for he had to contend with prejudices of several kinds—the religious prejudices of Catholicism, which does not admit the power of the civil law to cancel a sacrament of the Church; the political prejudices of Republican theorists, who affect to attach a more sacred and indelible character to the civil consecration of the magistrate than to the religious one of the priest; the prejudices of immoral and unprincipled men, who form a numerous class everywhere, who never having felt the restraints of moral law are not troubled by the misfortunes springing from unhappy marriages, but, on the contrary, are glad to take advantage of them; finally, with the prejudices of some serious-minded persons, who are afraid that in sanctioning divorce the Republic may appear to violate the respect due to marriage. The last aspect of the question has been ably supported by a deputy, M. Louis Legrand, in his interesting study, “*Le Mariage*,” but M. Naquet finds no difficulty in proving that marriage is more respected where divorce is possible than where judicial separation only can be obtained, nor in showing religious men that the Church has always recognised fourteen cases in which marriage becomes void, whilst the French law only recognises one, mistaken identity, which practically never occurs.

We have but to open a French novel, or visit the theatre, to convince ourselves of the necessity of divorce. Mme. Gréville, in “*Lucie Rodey*” (Plon), depicts a young woman reduced by her husband to the most wretched condition, with no resource but resignation and a pardon all but dishonourable to her; Mme. Bentzon, in “*Georgette*” (Lévy), describes with exquisite delicacy the painful position of a woman who, separated from her husband, and living on terms the world condemns with a man of elevated character, is driven in the presence of her innocent daughter to blush for a position the disgrace of which her own elevation of sentiment had hitherto veiled from her. Half the novels in France turn on the domestic misery arising from the indissolubility of the marriage tie. Hackneyed as the subject is, it presents so many aspects that new effects can always be derived from it. Such dramas will ever remain the most touching source the imagination of the novelist has to draw upon. From the princess to the peasant, humanity is the same in its affections and sufferings. If you want to know how the peasant suffers read “*Un Coin de Village*,” by M. Camille Lemonnier (Lemerre), a picturesque and piquant young writer, who combines

the touching grace of Erckmann-Chatrian with a power of realistic observation quite his own. If you wish for something more *recherché*, dealing with the richer and higher classes of society, M. Gualdi, a young naturalized Italian, French in talent, provides you with a drama of the most brilliant originality in his "*Mariage Extraordinaire*" (Lemerre). A charming but poor girl, Elise, is on the point of marrying a man she does not love to save her parents from ruin. She is attached to a young man, Giulio, worthy of her, but poor also; he has been obliged to expatriate himself, and Elise's mother makes her believe that her fiance has forgotten and betrayed her. The Comte d'Astorre, an elegant and magnificent *vireur*, with a generous soul under his frivolous exterior, is touched by Elise's fate; to enable her to escape a hateful marriage he offers her the shelter of his name and house, promising that he will consider himself as a friend, not a husband. For a time the compact is kept, but the Comte d'Astorre ends by falling in love with his wife; the quondam *vireur* becomes the timid, trembling, and naïf suitor. Elise ends by allowing herself to be moved, and when poor Giulio comes back from India, true to the faith he had sworn, she repulses him, first in the name of duty, and soon, one is made to feel, in the name of a new nascent love. This singular and delicate theme is treated by M. Gualdi with a refinement of touch that indicates the acute psychologist, and the passionate scene between Giulio and Elise on their meeting again is really beautiful.

To ascend a step higher in the social hierarchy and learn what a queen, wounded in her feelings as a woman and a mother, can suffer, read M. A. Daudet's last novel, "*Les Rois en Exil*" (Dentu), in which he continues to work the vein he opened so successfully in "*Le Nabab*," the portraiture of Parisian life, viewed from its most brilliant side as from that most flecked with impurity, disorder, and adventure. In the "*Nabab*," M. Daudet had the advantage of describing the world he had been most familiar with, since his two chief personages were M. de Morny, whose secretary he had been for several years, and M. Bravay, his former friend. But this advantage was also a defect, for no true novel is possible with very well-known contemporary personages for the characters; and the "*Nabab*," marvellous as regards truth and vivid detail, was poor as regards composition. In "*Les Rois en Exil*" we again meet with a number of well-known personages: the King of Hanover, the Queen of Spain, the Prince of Orange, the Queen of Naples, Don Carlos. Elysée Méraut, the little prince's tutor, is said to be the portrait of an excellent youth, by name Therion, also entrusted with a prince's education, and who was horrified to find that he believed more firmly in the principles of legitimacy and divine right than his pupil's parents. The father of Elysée Méraut, the old Legitimist peasant who sees his son's future insured because the Comte de Chambord promises to bear him in mind, is no other than A. Daudet's own father. But all the real portraits are secondary characters that form the background of the

picture. The leading personages of the drama, Christian II., the dethroned king of Illyria, who takes his exile very lightly, and forgets it by wallowing in the mire of Parisian dissipations; his wife, the noble Frederique, who lives but for one thing, the recovery of the throne of her husband and son, and in that hope endures every affront; their trusty attendants, the two Rosens; and finally John Lévis, the unscrupulous man of business, who knows the tariff of all the vices, and with his wife Séphora, takes advantage of the dissolute weakness of Christian II.,—all these leading figures, though compounded of traits, if not real at least profoundly true, are the author's own creation. They are artistically superior, moreover, to those of the "Nabab," more complete, more lifelike even, for they are stripped of such traits as are too personal, secondary, fleeting, contrary to actual reality, and wear rather the character of types. Types they truly are, this king and queen, representative of all the grandeur and vileness, the heroism and cowardice, the noble pride and foolish prejudice, dwelling in the exiled sovereigns who came to Paris, some to weep for monarchy, others to hold its carnival, some as to the centre of pleasure, others to that of political intrigue; and is there not a philosophy, historical and political, in M. Daudet's novel, in his picture of Christian II. forced to abdicate his royal pretensions after sacrificing them to the love of an unworthy woman who has fooled him, and Frédérique bidding farewell to all the hopes that centred in her little Zara, forgetting everything besides being a mother, and devoting all her powers towards rescuing her child from the sickness that is killing him? It is unfair to M. Daudet to say that he only possesses the art of painting the *châtoyant* lights, the picturesque outside of Parisian life, the dresses, the furniture, and the scenery; to represent him as merely a skilful manufacturer of *bimbeloterie*. We may tax him with abuse of description, and that habit of *reportage* peculiar to the daily press; and it would be vain to look in him for the sobriety that enhances the beauty of some immortal works of art; but such sobriety is incompatible with an art which aims at painting human life in all its aspects, all its details, all its colours. Neither Shakspeare, Dickens, nor Balzac is sober. To be sure M. Daudet is neither a Dickens nor a Balzac, but his delicate sensibility makes him penetrate far below the outer crust, to the human ground of the characters, and the life they live is a real one. On account of this, the first quality of a novelist, one forgives the brutality and the pretentious passages, an imitation, the one of M. Zola, the other of M. de Goncourt, and the inequalities of a style which is, nevertheless, in wonderful harmony with the world he paints.

That which constitutes M. Daudet's great superiority over other novelists of the realistic school, is that he has no contempt for humanity, that he always loves it, often pities, and sometimes admires it. Nothing can be more false, more unpleasant, or, we may venture to say, more tiresome, than the view taken by a certain would-be

scientific pessimism of humanity, as being nothing but a compound of vileness, rapidness, and folly. M. Zola is learning it to his cost. After the immense success of "*L'Assommoir*," due to the great power of the painter, as also to the horror inspired by scenes of unparalleled crudeness, he wished to outdo himself and depict in "*Nana*" the lowest depths of Parisian corruption. To make the impression the more complete, he has not let in a single breath of pure air; or introduced a single character which was not insipidly stupid and sensual, enslaved by the lowest appetites, incapable of a single noble thought or generous sentiment. The effect on the public was weariness rather than disgust. *Le Voltaire*, which had expected to make its fortune by bringing out the book in *feuilletons*, was greatly surprised to see its circulation rapidly fail, actually on account of M. Zola's novel. We are afraid the same thing will happen with regard to the work announced by M. Flaubert. This great writer and conscientious artist is unfortunately persuaded, in spite of his admiration for I. Tourguéneff (that true painter of humanity, of its virtues as of its vices), that the novel should confine itself to the portrayal of the mediocre and uniform mass which makes up the majority of men. Already in "*L'Education Sentimentale*" he sought to show the vulgarity and coarseness that generally conceal themselves under what is called love; in the novel he is now engaged on he shows us two men brutalized by the mechanical routine of a bureaucratic career, studying every human science, and finding in the study merely an occasion for the better display of their incurable folly. Such mistakes committed by men of genius cause us the better to appreciate less powerful certainly, but more human, works, by writers who seek to render life attractive to us, such as A. Theuriet, for instance, who has just produced a new novel, "*Le Fils Mangars*" (Charpentier). M. Theuriet is one of the few French writers of fiction who, instead of dealing with the tragedies of guilty passion succeed in shedding a dramatic interest over the affections and sufferings of pure young hearts. In this he resembles the English novelists. Innocent love forms the groundwork of his books, and constitutes their poetry and their charm. "*Le Fils Mangars*" is the first of a series of studies entitled "*Nos Enfants*," dealing with the various complications arising out of the disagreement of parents and children. In "*Le Fils Mangars*" we are introduced to a father, who has devoted all his efforts towards amassing a fortune for his son, has to that end made use of dishonest means, and finds his punishment in the loyalty of the one for whom he committed the wrong. His son refuses to benefit by the wealth dishonestly acquired, and falls in love with the daughter of one of the men his father has ruined. This poignant theme is handled with the airy and attractive delicacy that characterizes Theuriet's touch.

Were the surly critics to be trusted, we should not be leaving the domain of fiction in turning to the new volume M. Renan has devoted to

the history of the sources of Christianity, entitled "*L'Eglise Chrétienne*" (Lévy). It deals with the definitive constitution of the Church, at the moment when dogma forms itself by contact with, and in opposition to, the various heresies, and the organization of the hierarchy takes place. It is true that M. Renan could, if he so wished, be a wonderful writer of fiction. With what art he brings on his personages, how admirably he infuses life into the thousand dry and scattered fragments collected by erudition, and forms them into a co-ordinate and complete whole! With what psychological penetration he enters into the minds of his personages, and makes us familiarly acquainted with the Roman Cæsars or the Church Fathers! What wealth of imagination! what witchery of style! At times he is, no doubt, led away by his imagination; too often the desire to invest old facts with life and reality leads him to compare, or even assimilate, the present with the past, and, in his exposition of ancient ideas, to mix them up with his own, ideas so peculiar to our time and to M. Renan himself, that the intermixture produces a false impression. It is daring to ascribe the Fourth Gospel to Cerinthus, and still more so to regard the letter of the Lyons Church on the martyrdom of Pothin and his companions as a proof of the Lyonnese being false-minded, and to connect the fact with the Socialist tendencies of modern Lyons. From his comparing Hadrian in some respects to Nero, we gather that M. Renan has yielded to the indulgence he had already testified towards Nero in his volume on "*L'Antéchrist*," an indulgence grounded on the artistic tastes, or rather pretensions, of the royal stage-player. But these blemishes, and occasional breaches of historical truth or good taste, ought not to blind us to the historical value of a work which, if it be the work of a great artist, is likewise that of a scholar of the first order. Numbers of men can pore over texts and critics, but to revive the past, and introduce into the domain of history, and make the general public familiar with subjects reserved hitherto to theologians and critics by profession, is the work of a genius only. Scholars find much to censure in Michelet's "*Histoire de France au moyen Age*;" but whatever its inexactitudes, he is the only man who has succeeded in restoring to life the France of bygone days. And is not life one of the most important elements of reality? Even an imperfect acquaintance with a living man enables one to form a truer notion of the man than the most minute autopsy of a dead body. Moreover, as regards the past we have not the whole body, but only scattered fragments; the breath of genius must pass over these dry bones—restore to them flesh, blood, colour, movement, and voice.

But genius can only do her magic work when the materials that are to serve for this wonderful transformation have been collected by erudition. M. Renan would not have been able to construct his historical monument had not German criticism prepared the way for him. Erudition occasionally arrives at astonishing results by digging, either in the earth which has swallowed up the ancient buildings or in the dust of the

archives. Here is an individual who played a very important part in the fifteenth century in the struggle between France and England, who, though a stranger and fighting more especially as an adventurer greedy of spoil, helped to restore France to independence, who was almost unknown, whose name was not mentioned in any of our histories. M. I. Quicherat has brought him to life, and "*Rodrigue de Villandrando*" (Hachette) will see his name cited in all the histories of the reign of Charles VII. The book is a model of historical reconstruction. It is wonderful to see how, with a series of scattered indications, most of them the very driest of documents, not only the incidents of a life, but the features of a character, can be pieced together again.

Such a character as Rodrigue's is not very complicated, it is true. There are historical personages to penetrate the depths of whose nature an accumulation of documents and testimony would be necessary. Such is Napoleon, whom each day throws some new light upon, and on whom, after his having been magnified beyond all measure, posterity will, no doubt, be called to pass severe judgment. Never was such overwhelming testimony pronounced against him as in the "*Mémoires de Madame de Rémusat*," the first volume of which is just out. Mme. de Rémusat was so placed as to be more thoroughly acquainted than any one with the character of Napoleon. Lady-in-waiting to Josephine, and wife of one of Napoleon's "*Maîtres du palais*," she bowed for a long while to the ascendancy of Napoleon's genius, and the liking he testified for her was sufficiently strong to awaken, though unjustly, the momentary jealousy of Josephine. The speaker is not an enemy, therefore, but an old friend who tries to explain at once her adherence to the imperial régime and the motives that caused her to alter her political creed. She is thus in the best state of mind, according to M. Renan, for judging a great man or a doctrine, that of having believed and believing no longer. Add to this the sweetness of mind natural to a woman, and the kind of indulgence peculiar to times when sudden political changes lead to frequent changes of opinion. All these considerations only render Mme. de Rémusat's testimony the more overwhelming for Napoleon, and its value is singularly increased on its being seen to agree with that which all the sincere witnesses of the time, Ph. de Ségur, Miot de Métilo, as well as Sismondi, lead us to infer. The genius of Napoleon is not diminished, and nothing is more remarkable than the conversations related by Mme. de Rémusat, wherein he judges everything, literature, politics, and history, with a haughty originality from the point of view of his own interests and passions. Some of his sayings relative to the government of men are worthy of Machiavelli. The reasonings whereby he explains and justifies the assassination of the Duc d'Enghien would form a splendid chapter to the "*Prince*." But from the moral point of view Napoleon strikes us as the most perfect type of a tyrant. No moral law exists for him; he does not admit the obligation of any duty; he does not even recognise

those duties of a sovereign, that subordination of the individual to the interests of the State, which constitute the greatness of a Cromwell or a Frederick II. ; he recognises but one law, that of his nature, which insists on dominating and being superior to everything that surrounds him. *Quia nominor Leo*, is his only rule. Morals always have their revenge on those whose encroaching personality refuses to recognise laws. Writers or sovereigns, whatever their genius, relapse into falsehood and extravagance. This was Napoleon's fate. You are always conscious in him of the *parvenu* acting a part—the *commediant*e *tragediant*e, as Pius VII. put it. He had fits of goodness, of weakness even, but his human and generous sides had been crushed by his frightful egoism. He liked to make those he loved best suffer. He treated his wife and his mistresses with brutal contempt ; he could no longer lament the death of those who seemed dearest to him. " Je n'ai pas le temps de m'occuper des morts," he said to Talleyrand. By the side of this great figure Mme de Rémusat has, in her Memoirs, sketched many others—the frivolous, good, touching, and unfortunate Josephine ; the amiable Hortense Beauharnais, the dry, cold Louis, Napoleon's sisters, jealous, proud, and immoral ; and others—but all pale before the imperial colossus.

Besides M. Daudet's novel, M. Renan's new volume, and the Memoirs of Mme. de Rémusat, the last three months have witnessed another literary event of some consequence—the birth of an important Review, which aims at the position occupied for thirty years past by the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. The *Nouvelle Revue* was started and is edited by a woman, Mme. Edmond Adam, known as a writer under the name of Juliette Lamber. A new phenomenon this in the literary world, the strangest feature of it being that Mme. Adam has taken exclusively upon herself the bulletin of foreign politics. If the task of editing a Review be arduous for a man, who in the interest of his undertaking must brave every enmity and quench his individual sympathies, how much more so for a woman whose staff of contributors is recruited from the *habit*és of her *salon*, and who must be constantly tempted to carry into her official transactions the habits of gracious hospitality which have made her house one of the most courted political and literary centres of Paris ?

The aim of the *Nouvelle Revue* also is to be up with the times, it is inclined to judge an article rather by the fame of the name at the end of it than by its own intrinsic merit : it will insert the superficial lucubrations of General Turr or M. Castelar, which but for the signature are worthless. It gives political questions an importance hardly appreciated by those who find all their political needs supplied by the daily press, and look to a Review for literary or scientific interests. Finally, the chief obstacle in the way of the *Nouvelle Revue* is that our best essayists are bound not only by chains of gratitude and habit, but also by chains of gold, to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Nevertheless there is plenty of room in our literary world for a new review, so far at least as writers are concerned. If she makes talent her aim, and not merely opinions agreeing with her own, Mme. Adam will not want for contri-

butors. To get readers will be more difficult in a country of routine, where the *Revue des Deux Mondes* has become an indispensable item of every respectable family's household furniture. Until now the *Nouvelle Revue* has been successful; the sale has reached from 6000 to 8000 copies per number, and, without having yet published anything very first-rate, it has been fairly well supplied with pleasant articles. The recollections of the singer Duprez have hitherto been its greatest attraction. A novel by Mme. Greville, and articles by MM. de Bernier, Bigot, and de Gubernatis also deserve mention.

Perhaps, after all, our judgment is partial, and the success of the *Nouvelle Revue* is due to its attention to the immediate interests of the present, and the space allotted to politics. The number of those who take an interest in literature daily grows smaller in France. Of those not absorbed by politics some forsake pure literature for erudition, and the greater number give themselves up to science. It is owing to the scholars that the *Revue Philosophique* is succeeding so brilliantly; all the scientific societies are flourishing, and L'Association pour l'Encouragement des Sciences again verified its growing advancement at its late meeting at Montpellier. The geographical section, recently founded, promises to become one of the most active, for geographical studies, so long neglected in France, have suddenly made an extraordinary start. The Geographical Society now has 1700 members, and has built itself a magnificent *hôtel*; the Alpine Club, a geographical rather than a climbing society, is increasing so rapidly in numbers that it is impossible to give the exact figure. It amounts to several thousand. If unscrupulous speculators have taken advantage of this reawakening zeal for geographical study to publish a swarm of superficial and hastily compiled handbooks, and carelessly engraved maps, some works of real merit have appeared that do credit to our French editors. And here the firm of Hachette holds the first rank. "La Tour du Monde" is an illustrated journal of travels, admirably arranged and printed; the great Historical Atlas and Universal Dictionary of Geography of M. Vivien de Saint Martin have but one fault, the excessive tardiness of their publication. M. Elisée Reclus's handsome work, "La Terre et les Hommes," on the contrary, is issued with unexceptionable regularity. The fifth volume, now approaching completion, comprises the countries of Northern Europe, principally Russia, which is now attracting the attention of historians and politicians generally. M. Reclus's point of view is especially calculated to answer to the nature of the present interest, for he enters more particularly into the relations of the people to the soil; to the administrative geography, details concerning which are to be found everywhere, he pays only secondary attention, devoting himself more especially to the physical geography, customs, and institutions. His book is more particularly a work on geology, ethnography, and sociology, and therein lies its originality and usefulness. Hachette is also engaged in publishing a map of France that exceeds in beauty and precision everything that has ever been produced of the kind until now.

It is drawn by the Service des Chemins Vicinaux at the expense of the Ministry of Interior, and will consist of 467 sheets. The scale is 1:500,000. The admirable engraver, M. Erhard, has been entrusted with the execution, which is beyond criticism alike as regards fulness of detail, clearness, and colouring. Each sheet costs only 75c., a moderate sum, considering the exceptional merit of the work, the most considerable of its kind since the Staff map. A proof of the importance attached in these days to the study of geography is the foundation of Chairs of Geography in several of our Faculties of Letters—Bordeaux, Lyons, Nancy—and a course of lectures on historical geography at the École des Hautes Études. This course will be given by M. A. Longnon, whose works on "*Les Pagi de la Gaule*" and "*La Géographie de la Gaule au sixième siècle*," have made him a European authority. By the combined use of the philological laws of the transmutation of sounds, historical documents, and archaeological data, he has reached a precision it seemed impossible to attain in these matters. He may be said to have founded a new science, and the happiest results are to be expected from his teaching.

There is always a lull in the artistic as in the literary and scientific world during the summer and autumn, so that there is little of importance to be noted. The designs sent in for the monument to Rabelais, for the statue of the Republic, for a decorative curtain to be executed by the Gobelins, all public works opened to competition, have been exhibited. The question of such competitions was much discussed on the occasion. It seems at first sight the best way of securing the highest work, but practically it is not so. Artists of acknowledged merit do not generally care to enter into competition with brother artists; they shrink from the expense, often considerable, which, in case of failure, is thrown away. That incurred, for instance, by the competitors for the statue of the Republic, amounted to about 4000 francs, and the premium awarded to the three best designs to just that sum. It would evidently always be better, when a really fine work is required, to choose the artist most capable of executing it well, and leave him free to follow his own inspiration. This method seems too little democratic for the days in which we live, so under colour of democracy a number of poor devils are made to involve themselves in enormous expenses for nothing.

The most notable events of the last three months in the artistic world have been the deaths of men variously famous. M. Viollet Le Duc leaves behind him the twofold reputation of a learned archaeologist of the first order and an archaeological architect still more remarkable. He had fame, indeed, of a third kind—as a stirring and noisy politician, who, from having been one of Napoleon III.'s familiar associates, and a constant guest at Compiègne, became one of the most advanced members of the Municipal Council of Paris, a *courtisan* of the multitude. But one is glad to forget him under these unfavourable aspects and to think of him only as the author of the two great historical dictionaries of "*L'Architecture*" and "*Le Mobilier*," and the clever and learned re-

storer of our mediæval monuments. Thanks to him, Notre Dame has been completed and finished, and reconstituted in the very spirit of the thirteenth century; thanks to him, we have at Pierrefonds the perfect model of a feudal castle. An indefatigable worker, this Radical has allied his name in a manner as glorious as it is indissoluble to the visible memorials of Catholic and Monarchical France.

Of a slighter, but perhaps more universal kind still was the reputation of the caricaturist Cham, or, to speak more correctly, the Viscomte de Noé. Son of a French peer known for his retrograde opinions, Cham worked all his life for the Republican papers, though people say he adhered to his Legitimist opinions. But he enjoyed an independence in the Republican papers which would not have been allowed him by the reactionary press; and a caricaturist's first condition is to have plenty of elbow-room to be able to give free play to his humour. The spring of Cham's humour was inexhaustible. An indifferent and monotonous draughtsman, his mind was wholly and entirely in the story of his drawings. The war of ridicule he waged in 1848 against the Socialistic theories of Proudhon, Pierre Leroux, Cabet, and Considérant exercised an undoubted influence on the public mind. His comic reviews of the annual Salon contained, amongst many amusing follies, some just and stinging criticisms. Cham leaves no successor, Bertall, who is a cleverer draughtsman, has none of his wit; Grévin can only sketch with exquisite grace the ladies of the demi-monde and the young fops of the boulevard; Gill's political caricatures are either bitter or violent. The lively and good-natured raillery of Cham has no doubt vanished for ever.

In conjunction with these two artists the name of a man should be mentioned, who, himself an indifferent artist, was the unfailing patron, the providence of artists, Baron Taylor, who died almost at the same time as Cham. He it was who taught artists to form themselves into associations against want. He was in particular the soul of the Société des Artistes Dramatiques, and amongst the immense crowd that attended his funeral were, no doubt, hundreds indebted to him for an easy career and a sure means of existence.

We are a long way removed from the time when the life of an artist was one long struggle with misery, when men of the first class continued obscure or barely maintained themselves by their works. Many difficulties still remain no doubt, but how much smoother the road has become! Musicians, more especially, found themselves in those days condemned to obscurity and oblivion. Now, thanks to concerts and theatres, they can almost always have the public for their judges. The Opera is at present in the hands of an enterprising and intelligent director, M. Vaucorbeil, who is anxious to rescue it from the groove it has been dragging on in for so long, with its current repertory of two or three antiquated works, barely bringing out a new one in four or five years. True, we have not got beyond good intentions until now, M. Gounod still intending to retouch the "*Tribu de Zamora*," M. A. Thomas to finish his "*Françoise de Rimini*," and M. Saint Saëns still

unsuccessful in getting his "Etienne Marcel" accepted. Besides the Grand Opéra there is L'Opéra Populaire the located in the Gaité's old quarters, which intends, it is said, to revive the lost traditions of the lyrical theatre, and to be the theatre of the young generation and of reform. But at present it is to the Padeloup and Colonne Concerts that the rising musical school owes the opportunity of making itself heard, and the Parisian public its familiar acquaintance with foreign works. The great reputation M. Saint-Saens now enjoys was made at Colonne Concerts at the Châtelet. Lately Schumann's "Manfred" was given there. At the Cirque the "Symphonie Fantastique," by Berlioz, was played with immense success, also for the first time a pianoforte concert by the Russian composer, Tchaikovsky, and M. Padeloup shortly intends to give a performance of the whole of the music of "Lohengrin."

Considered apart from music, the theatre is far from improving, and has, moreover, become the scene of performances that bear no relation to dramatic art. At the Nouveautés, Professor Hermann, of Vienna, is performing sleight-of-hand feats bordering on the miraculous; at the Variétés the Haulou-Lers have transformed the stage into a gymnasium where they defy every law of equilibrium and gravity. Helden Marionettes, also one of the great attractions of the day, are not more dislocated or agile than these wonderful mountebanks. In the way of new plays the great rage at present is "Jonathan," M. Gondinet's latest work, which is being played at the Gymnase. Neither its wit nor its cleverness, any more than the talent of the actors, are to be denied; but what are we to think of a dramatic art whose sole end would seem to be to get accepted on the stage a story so scandalous that a brief account of it would be intolerable? By dint of shifts, doubtful insinuations, fun and spirit, the sight of it is just rendered endurable. No heed is paid to truth, nor to either character or manners. It is the last utterance of the literary decadence. We thought that with "Bébé" we had reached the utmost limits of this kind of piece. To "Jonathan" is due the honour of having extended those limits.

One feels grateful to those who, like M. Claretie, dare to shed a pure atmosphere over the stage. "Les Mirabeau" is far from being a master-piece. It exhibits, like all M. Claretie's works, rather a careless facility, but at the same time a true understanding of the Revolutionary period; the tone is strong and healthy, and some scenes, in which Mlle Rousseil shows herself a great actress, are exceedingly dramatic. It is given at an enterprising theatre, the Théâtre des Nations, which is devoting itself to historical drama, and, in a double series of dramatic matinées held on Sunday afternoons, is giving, on the one hand, a set of plays relating to every epoch of French history, on the other, a set of foreign plays translated into French, and intended to promote the knowledge of the dramatic works of other countries, ancient as well as modern; an ingenious and happy undertaking, to which we cannot but wish every success.

G. MONOD.

ANNEX





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